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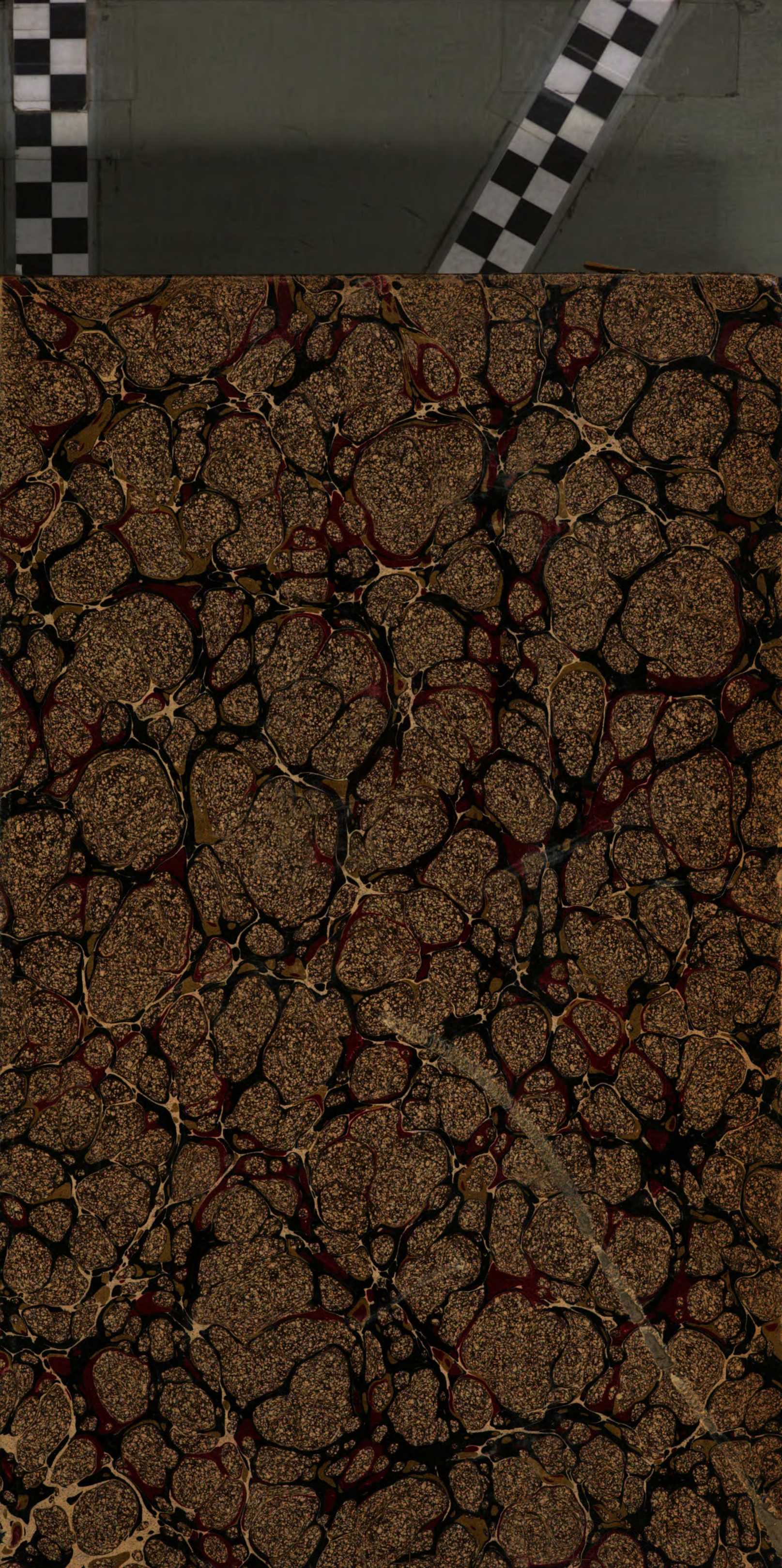

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 216.] SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1901.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY AT PORTSMOUTH.

After the lunch on board the "Ophir" the members of the Royal Family, with the exception of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, who had said her last good-bye previously, went to the "Victoria and Albert" to say a few words of final farewell. The King walked first, followed by the Queen and the Duke of Cornwall and York. Behind them came the Duke of Connaught and the Princesses. The domestic aspect and real sadness of this family parting will appeal directly to all who during the past mouths have seen their relatives and friends "ordered South."

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

A Delusion and a Snare.

THE more the Government proposals of Army Reform are discussed the less they are liked. And, since they have been discussed very fully and continuously during the past fortnight in clubs and places where they talk, the dislike of them has by this time reached considerable proportions. Mr. Brodrick's scheme is what a great many people feared it would be—nothing more than a War Office delusion of the old familiar kind. On paper we shall have so many Army Corps, consisting of so many men, disposed at such and such places. In reality we shall muddle along just as we have done before. It is the old story of

"The devil was sick;
The devil a saint would be.
The devil got well,
And devil a saint was he."

When we are in a tight place we make good resolutions. "Really, this time, we must put the Army on a proper footing." Then we get out of our tight place. Something has to be done, for public opinion is still excited; public anxiety demands changes of some kind. But all that is done is to produce a wonderful plan on paper, to dazzle the public eye with visions of a new and invincible force, to muddle the public mind with heaps of figures, and, behind all the flourish and tall talk, to go on in the same way as before. After the Crimea we talked much and did very little. After the Indian Mutiny we made resolutions and failed to keep them. After the war in South Africa we are doing just what we did on previous occasions.

The most disheartening aspect of the new proposals is their utter failure to set forth the basis on which our Army must be established. Granting that we need an Army as well as a Navy, the first thing an Army reformer ought to do is to make up his mind what we want the Army for. Now, we have tried to make it clear over and over again in these pages, and the best authorities on Imperial Defence have tried to bring home to the British nation elsewhere and on a thousand occasions, the fact that we do not need a large force for the defence of this country. The Duke of Devonshire is president of that mysterious body, the Cabinet Council of Defence, and the Duke of Devonshire has laid it down in perfectly clear terms and with a complete grasp of the situation, that "the maintenance of sea supremacy has been assumed as the basis of the system of Imperial defence against attack from over sea." That is to say, putting the same thing into other words, the Navy is our mainstay for defence, and, unless we keep command of the sea, we can do little or nothing with our land forces. Captain Mahan, again, pointed out long ago that the operations of a British army must always be preceded by operations of a British fleet, or, at any rate, must be dependent upon the Navy controlling the sea which has to be crossed. If the Navy, for example, had not been strong enough to keep our transports secure from attack, we could not have landed our troops in South Africa. Now, if the Government realise the truth of what the Duke of Devonshire said, and what so great an authority as Captain Mahan has said, and if they have framed their proposals accordingly, why in the world do we want three Army Corps to defend these shores? The scheme, recollect, provides for six Army Corps altogether—three to be always ready for foreign service, and three to stay at home. But then comes this dilemma. If the Navy controls the sea, we cannot require 130,000 men, in addition to nearly 200,000 in home garrisons and 100,000 set apart for "London defences," to repel possible invasions; no invasion on a large scale is possible. On the other hand, if the Government contemplate the possibility of losing our Naval supremacy, the three foreign service Army Corps will be useless, for they will never be able to leave England. Of course, if we shipped them all three off to India or Canada or South Africa, and then were beaten off the sea, both sets of Army Corps might be brought into play. But it would not be for long. The foreign service troops, cut off from their base, would either have to surrender or to settle down permanently as colonists, holding by force whatever country they happened to be occupying. And as for the home troops, why, if every man, woman, and child in Great Britain were trained to arms, we should still be starved into submission as soon as ever the food routes were blocked by hostile fleets.

What we want, as we have said again and again, is a highly-trained Army ready to go anywhere at short notice, and to act in conjunction with Imperial forces from other parts of the world. We do not need a large force to defend these islands. So long as our Naval supremacy lasts, all we have to do is to be prepared against possible raids. We cannot afford to keep up a military force sufficient to do the police work of the whole Empire. To spend enormous sums of money on improving troops who cannot be sent out of the country is sheer waste. To imagine that we want 425,000 men for service within the boundaries of the United Kingdom is sheer folly.

Another thing is that we shall never, under the present system, get men enough to keep our six Army Corps up to the standard. The Government seem to recognise this, but yet they do not propose to alter the system, either by improving the conditions of service or by departing from the voluntary enlistment plan. The only theory upon which we can explain the War Office scheme is that they want to give us an object-lesson showing the absolute need for conscription. "Here," they say, "is the least number of troops the country can do with; if you can't get them on the voluntary system, you will have to introduce compulsion. We know you can't get them without compulsion, and when we have proved this to you next year, compulsion you will have to accept."

Into the details of a scheme that is condemned wholesale by its guiding principles there is no need to enter. One detail, however, we may be sure will not be carried out, and that is the proposal to hand over the defence of coaling stations to the Navy. The Admiralty have always set their face against such a transfer, and they will be quite right to do so still. The fact that Mr. Brodrick has proposed it shows what a very imperfect grasp he has of the problem with which he is attempting to deal. His scheme is a delusion and a snare, and, if it be accepted this year by an obedient party majority, it will surely have to be superseded twelve months hence by some other scheme which will give the opportunity for another "lucid" speech, and in all probability be as futile as those which have gone before.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"UNIFORMS OF BRITISH REGIMENTS AT WATERLOO."—In our issue for December 29, we expressed a doubt whether any book could be found giving a complete account of the uniforms worn at this period. Two correspondents have kindly written to controvert this statement, which we gladly modify accordingly. The first correspondent says he has made a complete collection of coloured drawings of all the troops engaged at Waterloo, and refers us to "an authentic work of the period," of which, however, he does not give the title. The other correspondent is more explicit. He mentions as the best contemporary work on the subject in question, Hamilton-Smith's "Costumes of the British Army, 1812-15," which contains sixty coloured plates, with descriptions of regimental facings, lace, etc. A copy of this can be seen in the Print Room of the British Museum. Another valuable work is "Military Costumes of Europe, 1812," published by Goddard, and containing thirty coloured plates of British uniforms. Atkinson's "Naval, Military, etc., Costumes of Great Britain," published in 1808, is also useful for reference, and like the foregoing can be found in the King's Library at the British Museum. Caricatures by Deighton and others, and some of the regimental records lately published, are valuable additional sources of information. Our thanks are due particularly to this latter correspondent for his interesting letter.

* * * *

"YEOMANRY AND VOLUNTEER BRIGADES."—1. The 2nd Yeomanry Brigade is composed of the Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire Yeomanry; the Leicestershire and Derbyshire Regiments form the 6th Brigade; the 11th Brigade is the only one composed of three regiments, and is formed by the Ayrshire and the two Lanark corps; the 13th Brigade consists of two Yorkshire regiments, viz., the Yorkshire Hussars and the Yorkshire Dragoons. There is no 10th, 16th, or 18th Brigade. There are eighteen brigades in all, but the 10th and 16th have dropped out, and the three after the 17th are not numbered, but have territorial names. 2. The Volunteer Infantry Brigades are not numbered, but each brigade has a territorial title according to the locale whence the battalions forming it are drawn.

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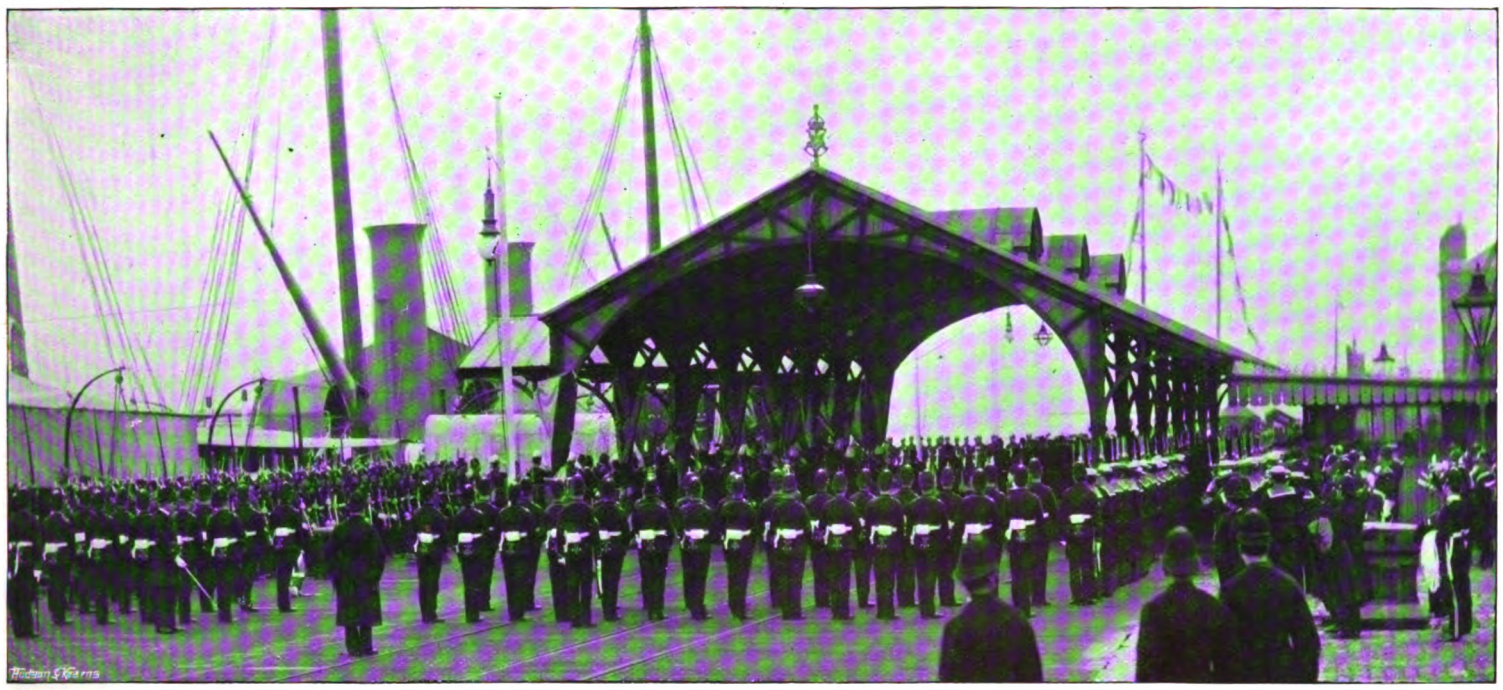
Scenes at the Sailing of the "Ophir."



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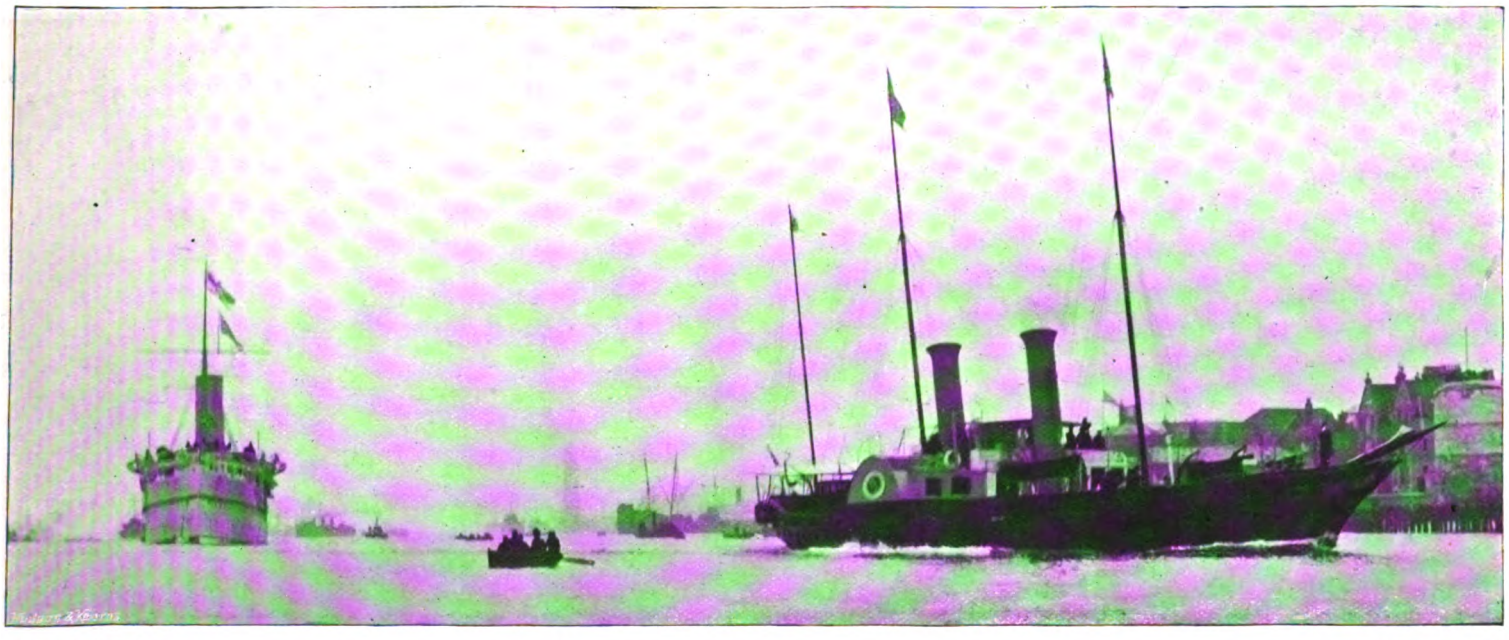
REWARDS FOR VALOUR AND RESOURCEFULNESS.

The King Presenting Medals to the Windsor Guard and South African Heroes.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

A FAMILY PARTING AND A SERIOUS MISSION.

The Duke of Cornwall and York Returning to the "Ophir" from the Royal Yacht.



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A PLEASANT VOYAGE AND A SAFE RETURN.

The "Ophir," Led by the "Alberta," Leaving Portsmouth.

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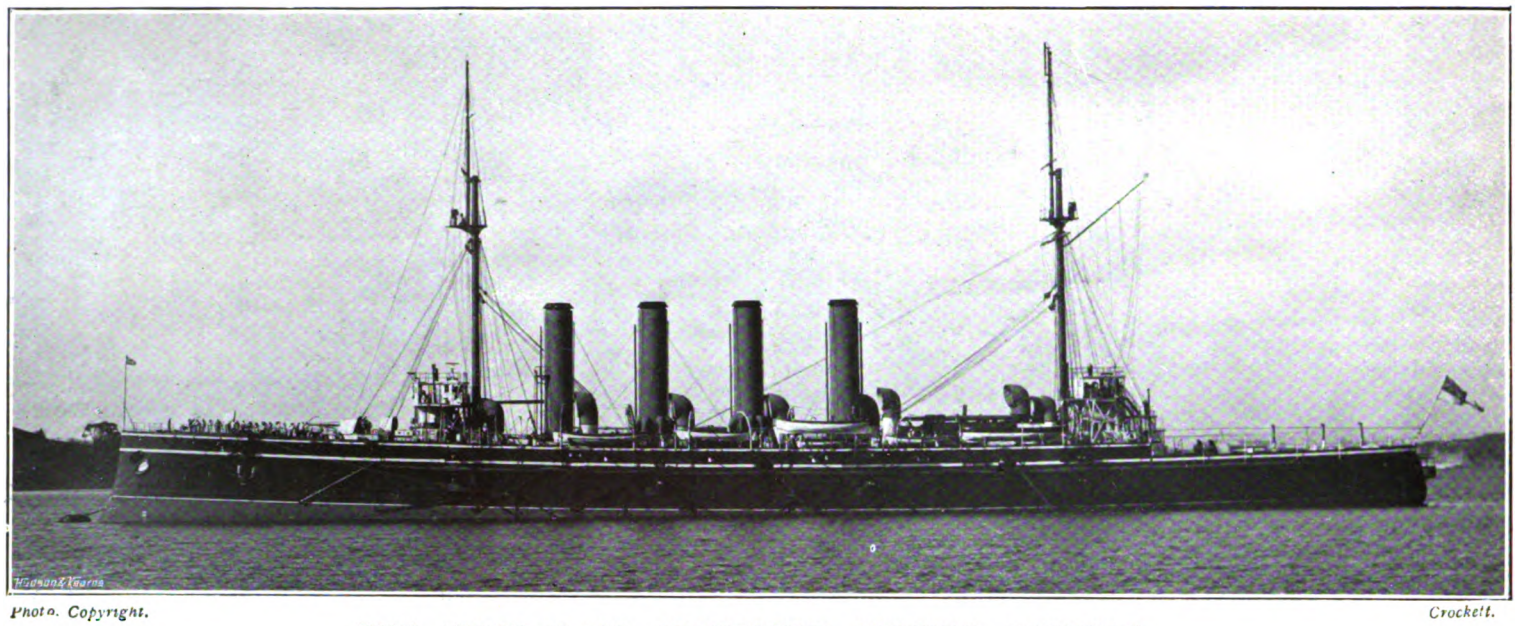
The Duke of Cornwall's Naval Escort.



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THE FIRST-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISER "NIOBE."

Which Convoy Led the "Ophir" as far as Gibraltar.

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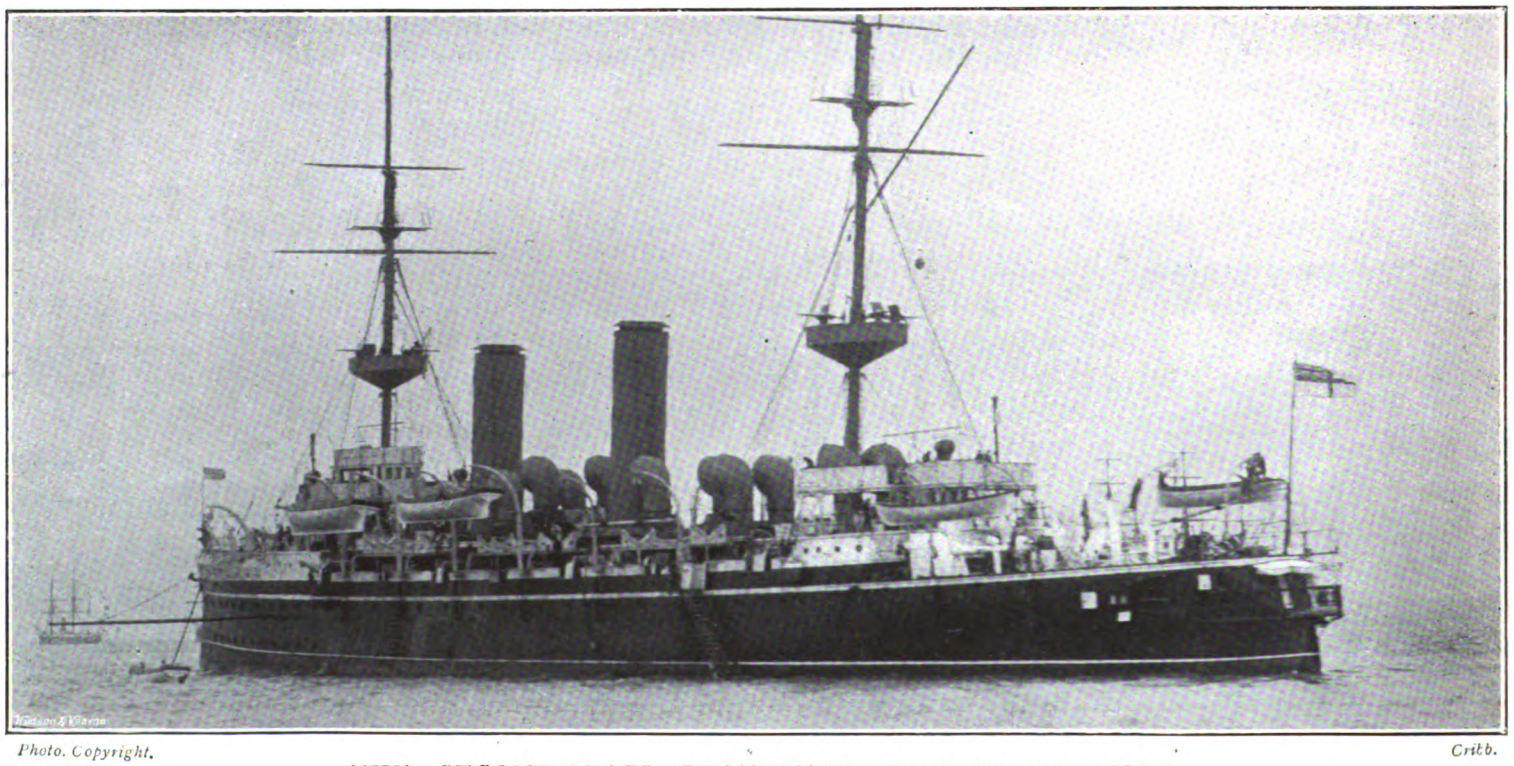
THE FIRST-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISER "DIADEM."

Escorting the Royal Travellers to Gibraltar.



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THE SECOND-CLASS PROTECTED CRUISER "DIANA."

Which in Company with the "Andromeda," Convoys the "Ophir" from Gibraltar to Malta.

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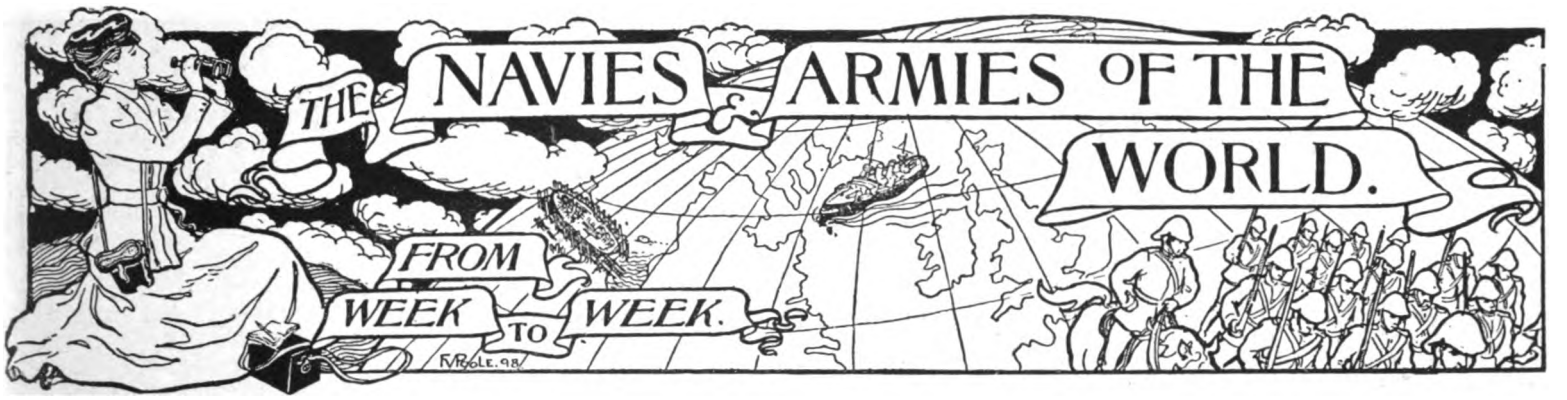

MR. BRODRICK'S speech in introducing the great scheme of Army reorganisation will not improbably be found to mark an important date in our history. There would be rashness in saying that it certainly will, and for the following reason. Those of us who are more than some twenty-five years old, or thereabouts, can remember a good few military reforms from which grand things were expected, but which have not been found in the end to make the vast changes looked for. We all know how an elastic resisting medium will wear out a vast quantity of mere shoving, and there has been an obstacle of that kind in the way of military reforms. The next ten years will show whether it has lost its strength. If not, then it will weary, or, at any rate, will outlive, the present Secretary of State for War, and the Commander-in-Chief also. Yet the conditions have changed for us a good deal in this world, and they have so altered as to tend in the direction of making us more alive to the need for military efficiency. Time was when our frontiers over-sea were in unsettled countries, or brought us only in contact with uncivilised peoples. Comparatively few troops would do, and even if they were defective in many ways, they were far better than their opponents. This state of things is altering. On all sides, and in three continents, we are coming into "contact of irritation" with other Europeans as well armed as ourselves, and quite as capable of using good weapons.

* * * *

Of course that makes a vast difference. We have changed from being a Sea Power whose "march" or frontier was "on the mountain wave." We have become one with more, and in some respects more vulnerable, land frontiers than any other. From this comes a manifest liability to have to maintain a military force on land in proportion to what we have to defend on land, in addition to a Navy which many among us think insufficient when it is only equal to the two next strongest in the world. Some there are who will maintain that the burden is too great. So much the worse for us if they are right; but the fact is patent, and Mr. Brodrick was quite correct when he spoke of the frontiers we have to fight for in three continents. They must be protected, and if hundreds of thousands of soldiers are needed to protect them, then the hundreds of thousands must be forthcoming, or they will be lost. It is as certain as gravitation. These things being thus, there is a probability that Mr. Brodrick's speech may mark the exact moment at which the British Empire became a Military Power, with all the consequences which the position entails. Characteristically enough, the psychological moment is taken for tying the Navy still closer to the land by throwing the care of the coaling stations upon its shoulders. We want to have our soldiers free to make up strength elsewhere. So we make shift with the Navy, though by so doing we hamper it for its proper work. Whether the Navy will accept the position remains to be seen.

* * * *

Supposing this to be an approximately correct estimate of the case, the new Army scheme has the serious defect that it does not go a tenth far enough. How absurd it is, for example, to talk of defending our frontier in America (for that is one of the three continents, presumably, since we have frontiers there, but none in Europe) with three Army corps, not one man of which would be in the New World when the war began. Half a million would be the minimum figure, of which Canada would not supply more than a fifth, even with universal and obligatory military service. According to our present scheme, the British army would have to be sent across the Atlantic after the quarrel with the United States broke out, and would be turned into a country of which it had no previous knowledge. Can anything be more contrary to common-sense? The very least we ought to do is to station 200,000 men on the Canadian frontier at all times, and keep them in constant practice. It may be replied that this is nonsense. Well, to be honest, so it is, but it is nonsense which follows inevitably from the assumption that we can defend the frontier of Canada with troops. On the supposition that we entertain no delusion as to our powers in that respect, is it not a pity to talk about defence in three continents? We throw a shade of humbug over our serious talk about the reform of our Army and our new military organisation by pompous phrases which correspond to no substantial fact. The other two continents will give us quite enough to keep our hands full, and the sooner we recognise the fact, the sooner will we give proof of the political capacity of which we are rather by way of boasting. The fourth continent, which I take to be Europe, brings us to the question of invasion. On that subject it is throwing words away to argue. Nobody will invade us until he is master of the water round our shores. When he is, he will have the most effectual means of forcing us to accept all terms short of the actual loss of our national independence, and would have even if 5,000,000 of the most scientific soldiers that ever were stood drawn up from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

* * * *

To come to a mere detail, though not one of trifling importance, there is a haunting suggestion of something sham in what we are told concerning the reduction of the expenses of the British officer. Mr. Brodrick says he does not believe in sumptuary laws. Well, they have been the subject of a good deal of ridicule, and pass for having been mostly unsuccessful. But here, as elsewhere, one ought to distinguish. Sumptuary laws which forbid people to put showy toggery on their silly backs have generally failed, because human vanity is against them. But those which have made it incumbent on men to go about as resplendent as pæonies and sunflowers have uniformly succeeded, because human vanity worked in their favour. Now, it happens that in most armies, and more especially, of late years at any rate, in the British Army, sumptuary laws of the second class have abounded. They have not been wholly, nor perhaps even chiefly, made by the War Office. They have been made by the public opinion of the Army itself, which has always strained after smartness and show, which are not to be attained without money. A state of things has got up in which a gentleman engaged in the noble and martial occupation of commanding a regiment, is expected to concern himself with the question whether the trousers of his subordinate heroes fit correctly across the hips, and flow down with that simple grace approved by the best æsthetic tailor's criticism.

* * * *

So long as this endures, it is idle to suppose that any good will be done by allowing officers to buy their uniforms in Government establishments at cost price. Clothes made in that way will never be up to the West End standard. If the officer who can afford to go to the West End is allowed to do so, he will always be smarter than those who do not. Then the opinion of the Army will compel everyone to level up. Besides, the officer who chooses to spend money on his toggery, or get into debt for it, can buy more uniforms than another, and the game of smartening up can be played in that way. If we are to stop it, then we must do more or less what is done in the French Army in garrison towns. The authorities fix the restaurants at which the officers can dine and the price of the dinner, which is regulated by what can be afforded by the officer who lives on his pay. All are compelled by regulations to dine there, and not elsewhere. A sumptuary law of this nature could be enforced here, *pace* Mr. Brodrick, both as to uniform and as to mess expenses.

* * * *

The Colvile debate was not an attractive subject, but it produced one statement of remarkable interest, namely, Mr. Balfour's declaration that the general was not accused of an offence for which he could be tried by court-martial. Well, he is only accused of failing to help brother officers and soldiers twice over—that is all. And this is not an offence for which he can be sent before a court-martial. Many wonderful things have been said about military matters in the House of Commons in our time, but this is monumental. What does constitute an offence for which a general officer can be tried? In the Navy it is not doing your utmost. In the Army it is—what?

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE first stage of the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York through the British Empire was concluded this week by the arrival of the "Ophir" at Gibraltar. Since Queen Victoria consented that her grandson should open the maiden Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, the scope of his journey has been very greatly enlarged, owing to the widespread desire that the heir to the throne should visit as many parts of the King's dominions as possible, and the tour appropriately began with the landing at Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean. It would have been pleasant for the Duke to accept the invitation of our good ally Dom Carlos, but, if the "Ophir" had put into the Tagus, it would have been more than a little difficult to decline the invitations of other friendly States. To Englishmen, however, using the word in its widest sense, it is particularly gratifying that this cruise is to be altogether of colonial character. We may usefully remember that, just 118 years ago this March, the great siege of Gibraltar by the combined forces of France and Spain, which had lasted nearly four years, was brought to an end after an heroic resistance by Lord Heathfield, and that then, in the year 1783, the general peace was signed at Versailles, which made the rock of Gibraltar a permanent possession of the British Crown. The celebrations prepared to do honour to the Royal visitors were well planned, and the further progress of the Duke and Duchess will be watched with the keenest interest wherever the British flag flies. On Monday, the "Ophir" is timed to reach Malta, our great Naval base in the Mediterranean.

MAJOR T. E. SCOTT, D.S.O., I.S.C.,

At the Head of a Handful of Stalwart Bearded Sikhs, was the First Officer to Enter Besieged Peking. And it is not the Only Time in our History that "Kindly Dark Faces" have brought Salvation to White Women and Children over whom Hung the Ghastliest Form of Death. Scott Won his Spurs on the Indian Frontier, his D.S.O. and the Star of the Brilliant Order in Zanzibar, and his Brevet Majority in Uganda. A very Typical Specimen of the Officer that the Indian Staff Corps Produces.

LORD HOPETOUN has already approved the programme for the reception of the Duke and Duchess at Sydney, which place they are expected to reach on May 27. One interesting incident in the Commonwealth celebrations in January might be appropriately repeated at that time. It was a commemorative dramatic representation of the landing of Captain Cook at Kurnell, Botany Bay, on April 28, 1770. A capital cast had been arranged, and the scenes were closely based on facts collated by Mr. F. M. Bladen, barrister-at-law, while the work of organising the performance had been undertaken by Lieutenant Victor Cohen. The performance began with a corroboree of natives on the beach, which was interrupted by an alarm at the appearance of Cook's ship in the bay. The women thereupon ran into the bush with the children, while the men, in a manful way, marched down to the shore, by which time Captain Cook, with Banks and Solander, was approaching in a boat, in the bows of which a native of Otaheite offered coloured ribands and beads to tempt the vanity of the natives. They proved obdurate, and Captain Cook, after discharging a musket into the air, ordered a marine to fire at the legs of the foremost native. The coast was thus cleared, the landing effected, and Captain Cook proclaimed: "In Britain's name, and in the Royal name of George our King, I claim this glorious land." As a matter of fact, formal possession of the place was not taken until some weeks after Captain Cook left Botany Bay, but dramatic licence was allowable. The actual landing-place has now been dedicated to the public, and for two years has been in the hands of trustees, whose honorary

Photo. Copyright *Mann*

COME THE WHOLE WORLD IN ARMS.

Our Picture shows the Officers of all the Colonial Contingents that Attended at Sydney to Take Part in the Military Honours that Ushered in the Inauguration of the Great Australian Commonwealth. The Group was taken just after the Ceremony, and is Striking, for it is Vividly Emblematic of how Close Knit is the Empire at the Opening of the New Century. It is no Mere Pomp and Ceremonial, for the Late War has Shown us how Gloriously our Colonial Brethren have Lined Up in Defence of the Empire.

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secretary, Lieutenant Cohen, was the organiser of the recent performance. It could not take place exactly on the spot where Cook landed, owing to the monument which has been erected there.

———

THE complete recovery of the German Emperor from the somewhat serious wound inflicted upon him by the mad workman is a source of hearty congratulation in this country almost as much as in Germany. His sympathetic attitude at the time of the late Queen's death made him very popular in England, the more so, perhaps, because, without reference to politics, he responded to the feelings of his own heart. It was not necessary for Count von Bülow, a fortnight ago, to inform us, however needful it might be to remind Germans of the fact, that German foreign policy is not determined by love or hatred, by dynastic considerations, or by family connections, but solely by the interests of the State calmly and coolly weighed, nor that the Kaiser's attitude is governed by the most conscientious solicitude for the well-being and safety of his Empire. If his visit to this country, and the more recent one of the King to Germany, should contribute to the cultivation of more friendly relations between the two countries, so much the better. But it is from the personal point of view, and chiefly regarding the Kaiser as the King's nephew, that English people congratulate him upon his escape from what might have been a very serious injury.

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A NOTABLE occurrence this week is the launch of the "Discovery," which is to convey the British Antarctic Expedition on its voyage of exploration. The vessel takes the water at Dundee, where she has been built, after very careful investigation of all possible contingencies. The design of the "Fram" was very carefully considered, but, in view of the fact that the "Discovery" will not only have to withstand great pressure from the ice, but will probably encounter very heavy weather also, the lines of Nansen's ship have not been adopted. The displacement of the "Discovery" is 1,500 tons, and she is 171-ft. long, constructed on whaler lines, and in every way adapted for the work to be undertaken. Lieutenant R. F. Scott, R.N., who will command the expedition, states that all the preparations are ready, and that the ship, after being handed over by the contractor, will be brought round to the Thames, where her equipment and provisions will be put on board. The expedition is not expected to reach Melbourne until November, when its actual work will commence. It is contemplated that the "Discovery" shall enter the ice in the Ross quadrant, and shall pursue the work of that great explorer. She will be equipped with provisions and stores for three years, though at the present time the funds will allow of only a little over two years' wages.

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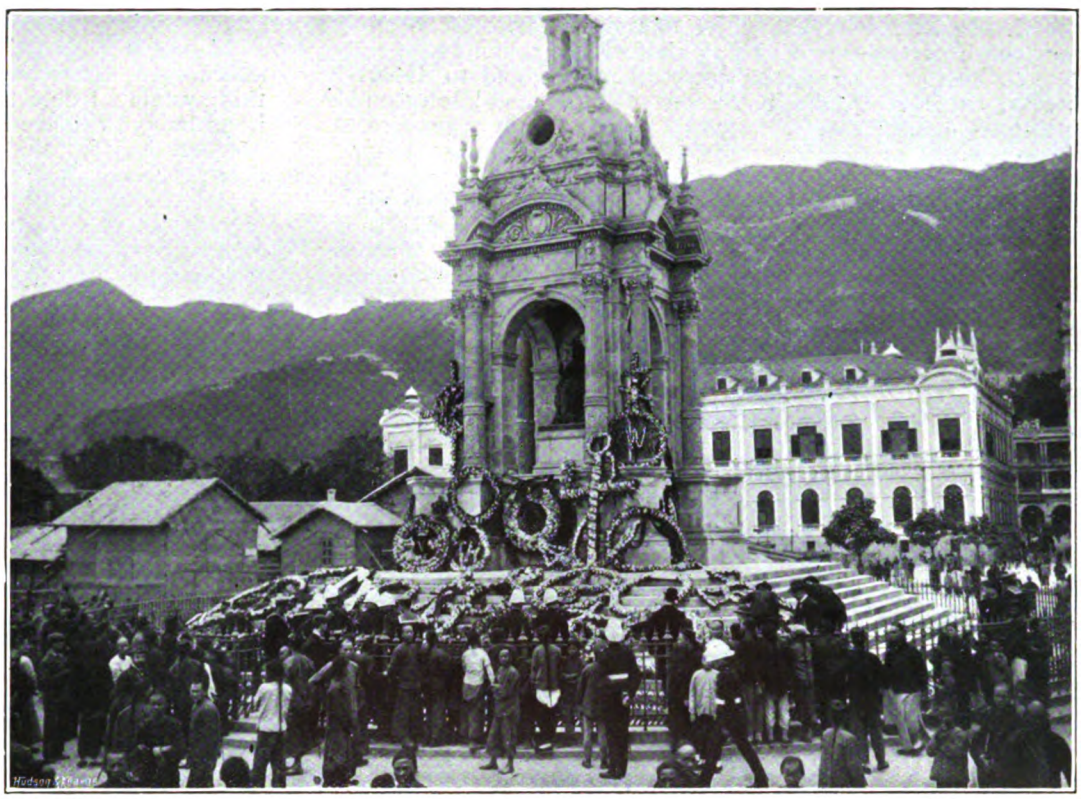
LORD CURZON'S explanation of his views in regard to the reorganisation of the Indian frontier has been received with general satisfaction. It was assumed that a great change was to be made, but the plan is much more moderate than that of Lord Lytton, which proposed to form the whole of the Trans-Indus region, including Sind, into one vast frontier province, far too huge for one man to administer. The proposal for a separate administration for the North-West Frontier has been entertained by many eminent authorities, including Sir H. Durand, Sir R. Sandeman, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir W. Lockhart, and Sir R. Warburton. The intention is now to form into a Trans-Indus province the districts of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, Dera Ismail Khan, Dir, Swat, Chitral, Khyber, Kurram, Tochi, and Wana, Peshawar being



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IN MEMORIAM, VICTORIA THE GOOD.

The Superb Statue which was Erected at Hong-Kong to Commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria was Decorated with many Floral Offerings on the Day when the Greatest of English Queens was Borne with all the Honour and Regret the Nation could Pay her to her Last Resting-place. Many of the Wreaths were Laid in Memory by the Chinese of the Colony; but the Great Anchor was the Navy's Tribute to their Beloved Mistress.

Photo. Copyright. Leon.

PROCLAIMING THE KING AT TRINCOMALEE.

To the Man in the Street, especially the Globe Trotter, Colombo and Kandy are the Whole of Ceylon, but the Little Island also Includes Trincomalee, which is a Trifle Important, for it Happens to be the Headquarters Base of the Naval Forces that Police the East Indies Station. The Proclamation of Edward VII. was Read there with all Due Ceremony by Mr. C. M. Lushington, Assistant Government Agent. The Troops that Paraded were the 9th Madras Infantry, the Ceylon Artillery Volunteers, the Ceylon-Mauritius Battalion R.G.A., the Ceylon Submarine Company, and the 41st Company of the Royal Engineers.

Photo. Copyright. J. Watts.

PROCLAIMING THE KING IN NEW ZEALAND.

The Huge Crowd here Depicted were the People who Shouted "God Save the King" when the Mayor of Dunedin Read the Proclamation Announcing the Accession of Edward VII. Scotsmen have Played no Small Part in Making our Great Empire and especially in New Zealand. The City was to have been Named "New Edinburgh," but by a Happy Suggestion of Dr. Chambers, of Edinburgh, the old Celtic Designation of the Scottish Capital was Given to it.

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the headquarters of the chief commissioner. Only one-fourteenth of the area of the Punjab will be taken away, and it is claimed that the new scheme will put an end to departmental irresolution, dissipated responsibility, and long and injurious delays, and will shape a channel for the direct responsibility of the Government of India for frontier affairs, enabling the Viceroy to conduct the most important business of the department of which he is personal chief. Those who understand tribal management will be entrusted with the work of administration, and Lord Curzon believes that a school of officers will be trained up worthy of the most critical but splendid duty that is imposed upon the officers of the King's Government in India.

SO utterly dead is the duel as a means of repairing impugned honour in this country, that it is hard for Englishmen to understand the tenacity with which foreigners cling to the practice. It is not very clear to common-sense how the scratches which French journalists inflict upon one another can either assuage outraged honour, or salve the sore smartings of offended vanity. The Germans regard the practice of duelling more seriously, and quite lately General von Gossler, Minister of War, undertook to defend the appeal to arms where physical violence had been offered. He seemed to imply that the duel had arisen out of the intolerant state of affairs which had formerly existed in the Army, and that it might, in course of time, be eliminated from the code of the military forces. The Minister declared, however, that nothing had arisen calling for fresh action in the matter, and he declined to enter into the notorious Mörchingen tragedy. Indeed, he cited the testimony of General von Groeben, whom he declared to be absolutely free from prejudice, but who expressed the belief that a duel was justifiable where the challenger had been accused of cowardice, had been insulted by violence, or where his moral integrity or that of his family had been impugned, and with this view General von Gossler entirely concurred.

CLEARLY the code of honour is a variable factor in the inspiring ideas of various races. The schoolboy code is well known, and finds a very curious illustration in the extraordinary proceedings at the United States Military Academy at West Point. If unfortunate Cadet Booz had not succumbed, apparently to the ill-treatment he had received, this system of detestable tyranny might have gone on, and it probably will even yet go on. At least, General Wesley Merritt declares that "hazing" cannot be stopped unless drastic measures are employed. Those most given to the practice are young men coming from some of the best families in the United States, who have no compunction in exercising tyrannous cruelty against the unlucky "plebe." Distinctions in social standing seem to make no difference in the matter of hazing. General Merritt remembers one popular cadet whose family were in indigent circumstances, but who was very kindly treated, whereas George Vanderbilt, son of Commodore Vanderbilt, was put through the paces with great rigour. One ingenious method of torture, in the case of those youths who are descended from or are related to the great American soldiers of the Civil War, is to make them go through a pantomime parody of their famous kinsmen's achievements. But such practices are not of high antiquity. Hazing was unknown in 1838, although then pranks were played which were sometimes funny and sometimes silly, but never brutal. In its present form hazing is an exaggerated development of fagging, with many cruel excrescences added, and it seems quite likely that the West Point cadets, whom a distorted code of honour compels to adopt it, will defeat the authorities who are trying to put it down.

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NEW DRILL HALL FOR PORTSMOUTH VOLUNTEERS.

A Magnificent Drill Hall for the 3rd (Duke of Connaught's Own) Volunteer Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment has just been Opened by the Lord Lieutenant of the Southern County at Portsmouth. The Earl of Northbrook is in the Centre of our Picture, and the Guard was Supplied by the Service Company which the Regiment is Sending to South Africa. The Site was Conveyed, and the Cost of the Building Paid, by the Admiralty. The Old Quarters have been Acquired in Connection with the New Naval Barracks.

Photo. Copyright. *Rennard*

WELL-EARNED TROPHIES.

Our Picture shows the Flags and Guns won by the German Troops of the China Expeditionary Force being handed over to the Custody of the Officials of the Naval Academy at Kiel. Stalwart-looking bluejackets are the Men who form the Guard of Honour, and the whole Parade is One that must Tend Forcibly to bring Home to Germany the Importance which she has recently Attained as an Over-seas Power.

THE rebellious Filipinos seem not to be without affinities with the irreconcilable Boers. According to General Otis, a few insurgent leaders in the islands will continue resistance as long as their imaginative minds can discern a possible chance of ultimate success, and will encourage revolt by infamous statements, while they appeal to philanthropic people proclaiming patriotic purposes and humane intentions. The population of the Philippines is made up of heterogeneous and discordant elements, and race enmity often manifests itself, while the natives are incompetent to erect or maintain a stable government of any kind; but they are not deficient in intelligence, and many of them are eager to learn.

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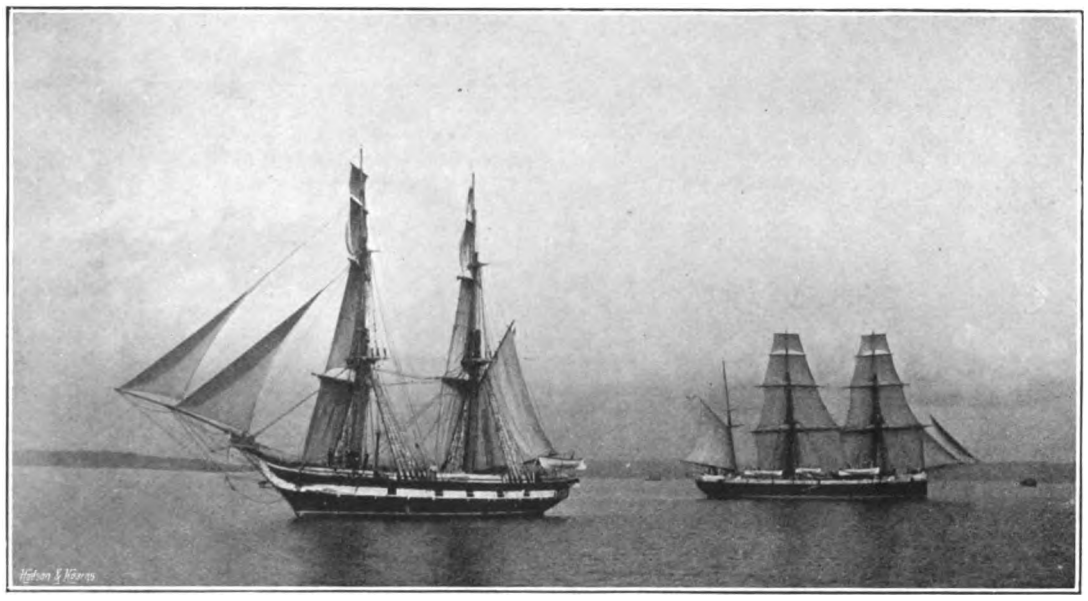
The Making of the Seaman.



A PRETTY SCENE OFF PORTLAND.
The "Dolphin" and "Seaflower," Tenders to the "Boscawen" Training ship.

WE have just reached an important period of the year in the process of the training which eventually produces that highly-finished article, the seaman of the Royal Navy, of whom all Britons are so justly proud. Last week—to be precise, March 14—witnessed the commissioning of the flotilla of small craft—sloop, barque, and brig—which are attached to the various stationary training-ships for boys, and which during the summer season take the lads for short cruises in order to give them practical experience in the life of a sailor. Everyone knows that the method this country adopts in obtaining the raw material from which to manufacture its seamen is different from that used in recruiting for the Army. The embryo sailor is caught young, and his professional education is carried out in a training-ship, while so great is the popularity of the Navy that only the pick of the lads that volunteer are accepted, fully 40 per cent. being refused. The days are past when either the scum of our urban population or the fool of the family could find a place in the Navy. Nowadays a seaman must be endowed with a certain amount of brains and perseverance, and must be able, when accepted as a boy, to show that he is of good character. There is no room for boys from reformatories. A lad enters between the ages of fifteen and sixteen and a-half, and he must be of robust frame and reach a certain standard of height and chest measurement. Moreover, he must produce the written consent of his parents or guardians and a certificate of birth. If he is then accepted, he signs an agreement to serve in the Navy for twelve years from the time he attains the age of eighteen, and is forthwith sent to one of the training-ships. These are the "St. Vincent" at Portsmouth, the "Boscawen" at Portland, the "Lion" and "Impregnable" at Plymouth, the "Ganges" at Harwich, the "Caledonia" at Queensferry, and the "Black Prince" at Queenstown. Once on board, a boy at once dons a sailor's uniform, and the lads are excellently cared for. The food is sufficient and good in quality; the treatment is kind; and the lads are allowed to spend at home seven weeks of each year, spread over three visits. Spacious cricket and football grounds are provided for their hours of recreation; they are taught to keep themselves and their belongings clean and neat, and to wash and mend their clothes, while, in addition to lessons in the ordinary elementary school subjects, they learn such practical subjects as seamanship, knotting and splicing, making, reefing, and furling sails, rowing and sailing in the numerous boats attached to the ships, swimming, and a little gunnery. After twelve months the boys are allowed to go in for examination in seamanship and gunnery, and those that pass are rated as first-class boys, and receive more advanced instruction in seamanship, in signalling, in the use of small arms and the cutlass, and so on. The very life-like picture which we give on another page shows the lads engaged in learning to reef topsails on the drill mast of the "Lion."

This, however, is far from comprising the whole of the instruction which our typical lad receives. It has been said that a flotilla of small sailing craft exists in connection with the stationary training-ships, and the vessels comprising this little squadron make voyages for exercise five days a week with a number of boys on board, and return to harbour in the afternoon or evening, while in the later period of a lad's career in the training-ship he is sent on a six weeks' cruise in one of these small craft, to continue his education in practical seamanship. One of our illustrations shows the "Dolphin," sloop, and the "Seaflower," brig, which are two of the sailing tenders to the training-ship "Boscawen" at Portland. In these vessels a lad becomes more familiar with the handling of sails and the uses of rigging, and he learns to heave the lead and to take his turn at the wheel—the subject of another of our pictures. It might have been thought that these little sailing vessels were relics of the days when wind was the only propelling power, but this is not the case. On the contrary, they have been built expressly for the duties which they now fulfil. The "Dolphin"—whose name commemorates the capture of the Dutch frigate "Delfinen" of thirty guns in 1652—was launched in 1882; the "Seaflower," the fourth vessel of that name since 1782, in 1873. The "Pilot," whose name is a reminder of the capture of the French "Pilote" by the "Jupiter" in 1779, and the "Nautilus" were launched in 1879, while the "Martin," named after a ship taken from the Dunkirkers in 1651, was built as recently as 1890.

The whole period spent in the stationary training-ship is two years, and a lad is then sent either to a seagoing training-ship or possibly to the depôt, or direct to some man-of-war in ordinary commission. At the age of eighteen he is rated as an ordinary seaman, and is then expected to be able to steer, take soundings, row, splice, knot, handle sails, and understand how to fill every number at the gun except No. 1. Thenceforward, his career depends on his own smartness and ability; but he has blossomed into the seaman, and passes from our immediate ken. The results of his training have recently been demonstrated in China and South Africa, where the Bluejacket of to-day has proved himself the worthy successor of his gallant predecessors.

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TAKING A TRICK AT THE WHEEL.
Teaching the Young Idea how to Steer.

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Learning the Work Aloft.

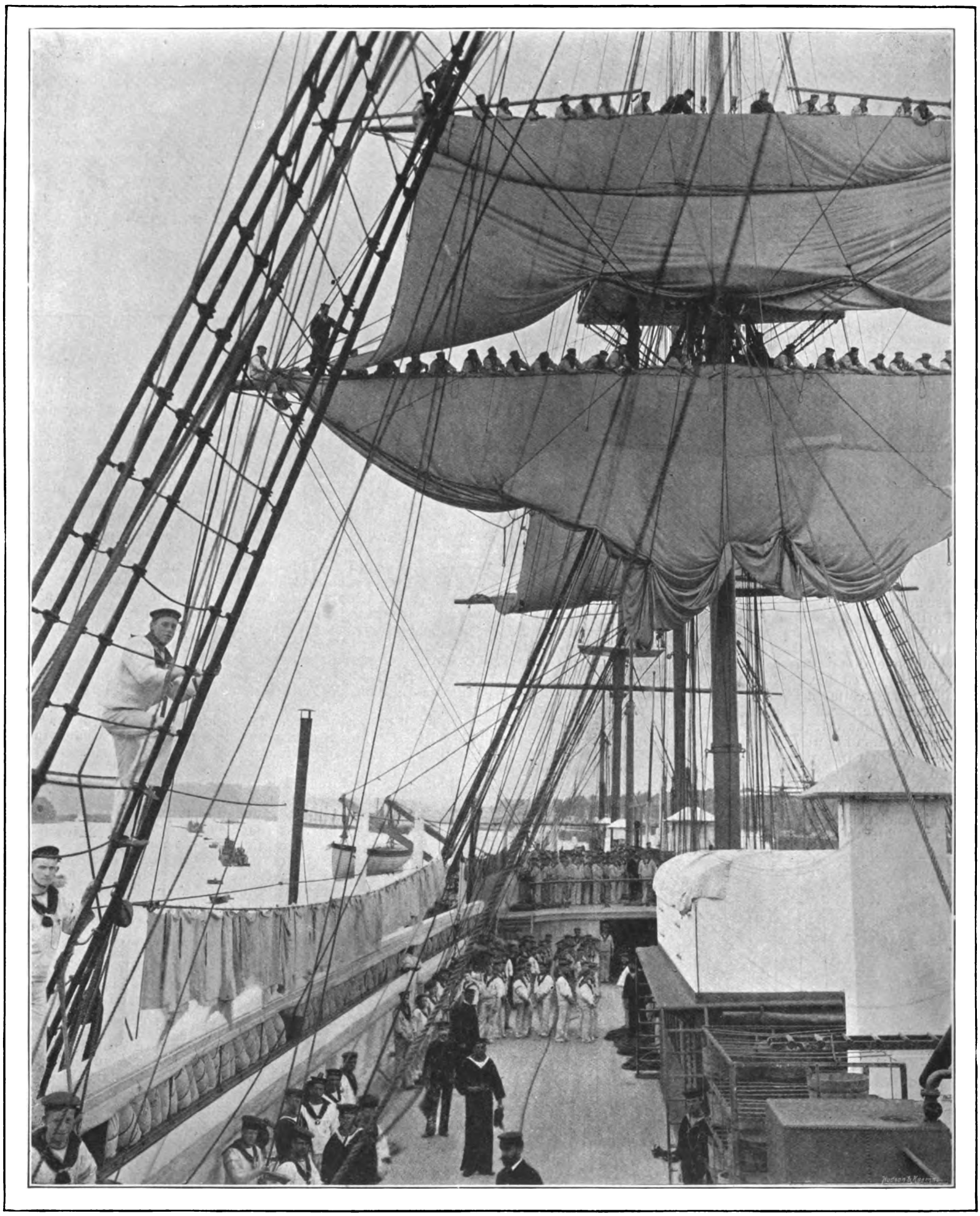

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

REEFING TOPSAILS ON BOARD THE "LION."

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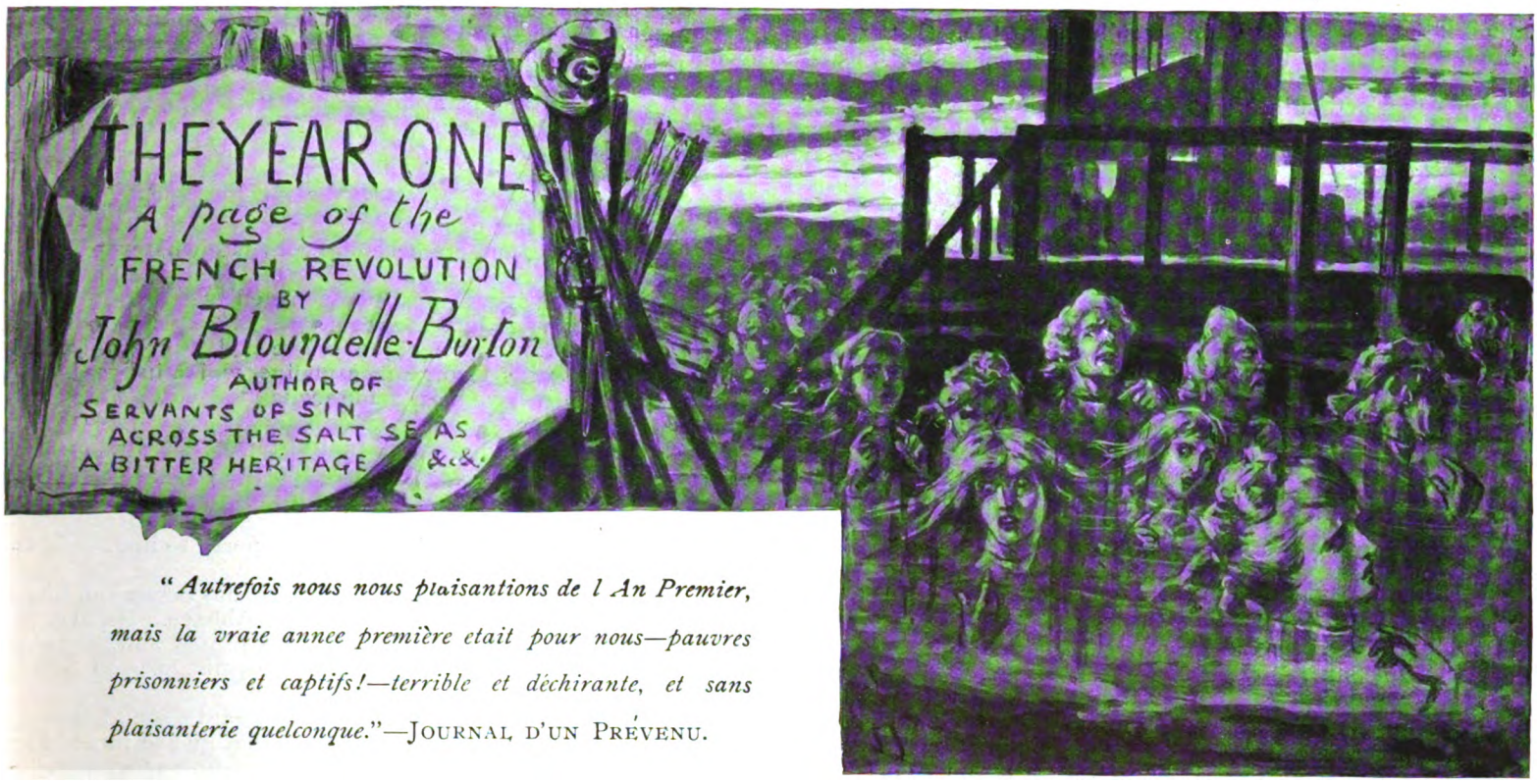

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l An Premier, mais la vraie annee première etait pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE earlier part of this narrative has dealt with an attempt made by an English Naval officer—Lieutenant George Hope—to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, at her own request, to escape out of France, by taking her off to the ship of war to which he belongs, and which is cruising in the Channel. The attempt failed, however, in consequence of their being intercepted by the boats of a French warship, which boats were defeated by those in the English launch. The latter were, however, owing to the disablement of their craft, unable to prevent themselves from drifting back to the French coast, where they were arrested. The marquise is actually endeavouring to escape from her husband, a man of low birth whom she had been forced by her father to wed; but in doing so she has laid herself open to one of the gravest charges possible during the French Revolution—viz., that, being an aristocrat, she has endeavoured to emigrate. Consequently she, with George Hope, is taken before her own husband—the Mayor of the Commune—is forwarded to Paris for trial. Reaching Paris, the waggon containing Lucienne and Hope, as well as many other prisoners of all classes, finds itself in the thick of the revolt during which the Swiss Guards were massacred. In the massacre, the marquise is knocked down insensible and left for dead, while George is sent on to the prison of La Force. The former, however, recognises how much her liberty may be utilized in the service of her friend, and for his safety, if she can only disguise herself as a woman of the people. An opportunity arises for her to do this by changing clothes with one of the latter who has been shot in the riots, and she is able to disguise her own identity the more effectually by placing her *acte d'accusation* in the pocket of the dead woman, so that, the next morning, the body which is flung into the Seine is supposed to be that of the marquise. The latter afterwards meets a woman who is a shopkeeper named Verac, whose sentiments are with the Royalists, who succours her, and suggests that she shall pass as her niece, Margot Verac, and as Margot, the marquise has been enabled to gain admission to La Force. Here she arranges that George Hope shall escape on the same night that most of his fellow prisoners are murdered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEPTEMBER 2.

ALL was very still in the prison that night, so still that a call from one warder to another who happened to be on a lower or higher flight of stairs could be plainly heard and the words distinguished, while even the shuffling tramp of the sentries of the National Guard in the Rue du Roi de Sicile and in the Rue des Ballets was quite perceptible to those within the walls of La Force. For, to-night, the *ribauds* and *ribaudes* seemed to have ceased their horrible orgies earlier than usual, as though they knew, or at least suspected, the doom which was hovering over, and about to fall upon, some of those who were incarcerated in the place which was henceforth to be accursed.

Yet, as evening grew into night, there came sounds from the outside world which seemed to speak of some deep stir or commotion that was gradually gathering force. Occasionally, though slowly at first and then more frequently, the tocsin was heard ringing from one belfry after another, but more particularly from the eastern end of Paris, from the St. Antoine end; while, following this, there broke upon the air, and so upon the ears of the prisoners within La Force the sounds of drums and trumpets, which told those acquainted with such things that a general call to arms was being beaten.

But, ere this latter sound had forced itself upon any ears except those which were most keen, and while, as yet, the deep ringing of the tocsin from that one direction alone—the direction of St. Antoine—had not become continuous, Lucienne, creeping in the darkness up a flight of stairs, was drawing near to where George Hope was kept a prisoner. Up that flight of stairs she crept as if in terror of being seen, though, in truth, there were none about to observe her now since all were kept carefully to the places (the cells and rooms, or the big common room of the *coquins* and *coquines*) which were allotted to them. And thus she mounted until she reached a landing from which there ran a long narrow passage that was lit, both at the further and the nearer end, with a candle in a wire frame, and on either side of which were doors having white numbers painted on them.

"It is No. 53," she whispered to herself, "and in the middle of the passage. Ah! what is he doing? What! And—and—will it make him happy to see me again? Or—has he forgotten the woman to whom his miseries are due?"

Yet, since there came a wan smile, a ghost of what a smile should be, upon her face, she could hardly have believed that to be the case.

Then she went on farther along this passage, while noticing even in her trepidation that the tocsin was sounding more loudly and continuously now, and so, at last, she stood outside the door of No. 53.

In her hand, which she had drawn swiftly from her pocket as she approached the spot, she held a key, one that had been detached from a bunch by Jules and given to her when he told her that she might at last go up and see the prisoner, the *scélérat* for whose liberation by his rich friends—doubtless all *scélérats* like himself—ten thousand livres were to be paid on the morrow. But, even as the man had handed this key to her, he had reflected, "Even if he should not escape, the money will still be ours. It will be upon his body; we shall get it. Only—this Margot's *dot* will have been paid to Isidore without the encumbrance of the wife."

Still, since he had a very shrewd suspicion that his friend desired both *dot* and wife, he gave Lucienne the key and let her go forth to No. 53, while bidding her to be sure and remember all that had to be done, and carefully done, on the morrow.

At first she scarcely knew when she stood outside that door (while her heart beat as though it would burst beneath its conflicting emotions) how best to attract his attention, or how to make her presence known to him. If she unlocked the door and entered while he was asleep, he might start up with a cry which would disturb other gaolers near—men who were not in the secret possessed by Isidore and Jules; men who, it might be, were more faithful to their miserable duties and their miserable rulers than those two ruffians were—and thus suspicions might be aroused; all might be rendered impossible and lost. The chance of saving him might be gone for ever.

"Yet if I whisper to him," she thought, "how shall I make him understand that it is I? One name I cannot utter here; no! not though its bearer is deemed dead. While as for his—to call him Monsieur Hope!—Ah, no! no! How can I speak so coldly to him? To him who is in this place through me. To him who is ruined—lost—for me."

Then, suddenly, while remembering that there was no

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time to be wasted, while recollecting, too, that every moment which she threw away here gave some other warder the opportunity of discovering her, she decided on her action and put that action in practice. She gave one tap, gentle yet firm, upon the panel of the door, and anxiously, feverishly, awaited the response it might call forth.

A moment later, she, bending her ear to the panel while pressing both her hands to her beating heart, heard a slight movement in the room and then a voice—his voice—asking who was there.

"It is I!" she whispered. "I—Lucienne!"

"Lucienne!" she heard him gasp. "Lucienne! Ah heaven! not you. Not you. Ah! say it is not true. Say it. Say it. Yet if it is true, and this is no trick, for God's sake begone! Do not stay a moment in this place." Then she heard him moving inside, she knew that he had left his bed and was coming nearer to the door; a moment later she heard him speaking again. "Go, I implore you," he said now through the door. "Go. We are doomed. All in this place who are not scoundrels and women of the lowest class are lost. I know it. Go, I beseech you. Go at once."

But, ere he had uttered his last words, he heard—he must have heard—the key thrust into the lock. And, next, he understood that it was turned, he felt the door pushed against him; a moment later Lucienne stood before him, her figure and face visible in the dull light cast by the candles at each end of the passage.

"It *is* you," he said in a tone that was almost an affrighted one, while as he did so she saw that his hands were thrust out before him, not as though to send her from him but instead, as if in supplication to her to depart. "It *is* you. Oh! that you should ventured here."

"It is I," she whispered. "Oh! Oh! I cannot speak. Yet—yet—ah!—Monsieur Hope—George," she said, suddenly abandoning all false delicacy—was this a time for such things! "George, I am here to save you—if God permits."

"To save me," he repeated, while as he spoke he seized both her hands in his and—once—he lifted them to his lips. "To save me. It is impossible. Yet, still, I was made so happy, so—so—happy to think, to know, that you were saved yourself. Lucienne, at first I deemed you dead. I saw you fall as they dragged me away that night. I thought that you—had—left—me—for ever. How did it happen that you escaped?"

Very briefly she told him of all that had occurred since the night of August 11, yet even in the telling she could not divulge all. Standing there before him in that room, gazing into his eyes which were never removed from her face, she could not bear to tell him of those whom she had made her companions, of those whom she had allowed to deem themselves her intimates—her lovers! She could not do that, notwithstanding all had been done and suffered for his sake. Wherefore she glossed lightly over several particulars and contented herself with saying that on the morrow, if Heaven should but prosper her endeavour, he would be free.

"For that, for your sweet mercy," he whispered, since he knew that his voice must not be raised, "I thank you. I worship you for your charity and goodness——"

"My charity and goodness! To you, who are here through me alone!"

"Never speak of that! But, instead, grant me one prayer. Leave this place now, at once. Leave it while there is still time. And then—then—if I escape to-morrow, if all that you have striven to do for me succeeds, we shall meet again. Once more I can endeavour to assist you to leave this country. To be free."

But, as he spoke, he knew by her action that his words were falling vainly on her ears, that his desire would not be fulfilled. He saw that she had seated herself on the one wretched chair which the room contained, and that there was no sign of compliance upon her face.

"Leave this place!" she said a moment later. "Leave you here. Ah! *mon ami*, I shall never leave it except we go forth together. And if that is not to be, then we stay here and meet our fate together."

"Lucienne!"

"Afterwards, if we should escape—you—may leave me if you wish, and—even then—you will leave me your debtor."

Once again George Hope muttered "Lucienne," though with a break in his voice that rendered the word indistinct.

"Now," she said, thrusing her hand into her pocket and drawing forth a bag. "Now, take this and keep it secure. To-morrow—when we—when you are outside the prison, give it to the man who is with you——"

"It is money," he said. "I cannot take it from you. Money from you to buy my safety; it is impossible."

"Impossible!" she murmured; "impossible that you will let me save you—after all that I have striven so hard to do. Impossible that you will accept aught at my hands. Ah, God! if that is so I would that I had died that night in the boat, I would that the bullet which slew that wretched woman who became my substitute had found my heart instead."

While, as she spoke, she wept, her strength failing her at last, her strong indomitable will deserting her before his resistance of all her hopes and wishes.

"Lucienne," he said, his own heart wrung by her tears, even as, a few moments before, it had leapt joyfully within him at the discovery of how steadfast she had been in her determination to save him; "Lucienne, give me the money. I will take it, use it as you wish. And, surely, the day must come when by some chance—when you and I shall be——"

As he spoke, and ere he could conclude whatever he had intended to say, they heard a footstep outside the door, while, a moment later it was pushed open gently and the head of Jules was protruded into the room.

"Be ready for any emergency," he said, and he directed his glance towards George in a manner which inferred that, by now, he must have been made acquainted with all that was about to be done. "Be ready. There is bad news. The Germans are advancing rapidly into France; the Judges may come at any moment to—to empty the prisons. Already the Gendarmerie are here to reinforce the National Guard. The trials may commence at once. And a great crowd is outside."

"Is Isidore here?" Lucienne whispered to him. "Is he at his post?"

"Nay. The devil only knows what has become of him! Yet they say that many are gone to the Abbaye. He may be there. But have no fear. He will surely return, and they will begin with the aristocrats; with the Royalist women first." And he disappeared.

As he did so Lucienne and George heard a sound outside the door, and understood in an instant that he had turned the key upon them. Once more they were prisoners together.

"Is this treachery on his part?' George whispered.

"It is impossible. He knows, or supposes, that you have the money ready to pay for your deliverance, as well as that there is nothing against me. Ah! what is that?"

She might well utter the exclamation, since now there arose a terrible hubbub from the courtyard below—which was overlooked by the window of the room they were in—a hubbub caused by screams from women, by cries from some men and oaths from others. There were, however, other sounds which mingled with those shouts and cries—the rattle of musket-stocks on the stones of the courtyard, while some military orders were bawled—but these were outside in a street. And above all there rose an indescribable uproar from some large mob which was evidently assembling in that street as well as from others in the neighbourhood; mobs which now began to shout and sing the eternal "Dansons la Carmagnole," which, mingling with the loathsome *Ca ira* shouted by another portion of the crowd, caused a horrible discord.

"What are they doing now?" asked Lucienne to George, who had mounted on the table to look out into the courtyard, such action being necessary in consequence of the window, or *guichet*, being some eight feet from the floor. "What? And are the Judges come?"

"Not yet, so far as I can see. But the yard is full of men and women. They stand on different sides, and the former look more terrified than the latter, who laugh and jeer and join in the singing. Now—now, a fresh band of armed men has come in, and they dispute with the woman who entered my name in the list—the woman Hiancre. I can hear what they say. They demand Madame Lamballe; alas! poor lady. The woman refuses to give up her keys, and they say they will wait till the judges come. There is a hideous hag amongst them whom they hail as Angélique, as well as Mère Voyer; she swears she will not—nay Lucienne, I may not repeat it." As, indeed, it was well he should not do since the horrible wretch had that moment sworn, amidst loud acclamations from the mob, that she would have a human heart for her dinner next day.

"There is a man arrived now," George went on, "whom they hail by the name of Dangé. It is the women who are clapping their hands because he says he is going to set all of those free who are not here for political offences. The men dispute this, so, too, do the public who have entered. Some of the public look like savage animals; there are children amongst them who scream for *le spectacle*, also people who weep as though they were friends of the prisoners. And—and—already the mob seems getting beyond control. Some have burst into a lodge off the courtyard—it is that of the gaoler Bault—and are coming out with bottles and glasses in their hands; already they seem mad with drink. One of the female prisoners has fainted and a gendarme cuts her laces with his sabre, and—and—My God! that man is free already."

"What man?" whispered Lucienne, "what man?" Yet as she did so, she strove to make her voice sound strong and fearless, she strove also to quell the awful feeling of horror that had seized upon her at all which George described. Above all, she strove to so hide her weakness and womanly fears from him for whose safety she had worked so hard, and was still working so hard, that he should never guess that she had any doubts as to the ultimate accomplishment of that work.

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"What man?" she whispered, not knowing to whom George might be referring, yet with some feeling of dread tugging at her heart.

"One—a scoundrel—a forger of assignats who has been here longer than I. One whom all the others said was surely doomed. Yet, now, he mingles with the crowd that has entered as though he were one of them. He cries "*Vive la Republique.*" Death to the *scèlérats* and aristocrats." He winks, too, at a warder who returns his glance. Heaven! will they set such as he free?"

"Life is dear to all," gasped Lucienne, affrighted at his words. "To all. Even better to escape as he has done—as—as—a forger of assignats, set free by his companions than to die. And there is no need to slay a forger. Perhaps, too," she whispered, "he is none. Under that guise he may have gained the friendship of the mob—their protection—and so escapes."

"If so, he is a cur. Is it not better to die a gentleman than to owe one's life to so foul an artifice. To die honourably. Lucienne!" he cried, hearing a moan and then the sound of a fall. "Lucienne! What is it? What?"

Yet no answer came from Lucienne's lips. She had fallen fainting—swooning—upon the horrible floor of the room. His words had struck her senseless; the swift, the sickening fear which had come upon her that now—with supreme moment of his salvation or his death near at hand, he would choose the latter in preference to dishonourable safety—had deprived her of consciousness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Les Septembriseurs.

All through that night—and long after George Hope had restored Lucienne to consciousness and had again and again tried to soothe and cheer her—the awful turmoil went on in the prison-yard; the yells and shouts and screams, the oaths and hideous blasphemies continued, and not only continued but increased, while mingling with other sounds as terrifying if not as horrible. Since, now, from countless churches all over Paris the tocsin rang, the deep-toned bells of Notre Dame and of the Hotel de Ville boomed clear and distinct above the others; drums were heard beating loudly the call to arms, trumpets brayed, and the tramp of heavy feet were heard—even the cannon roared in the distance. For, besides the deeds that were to begin at dawn in the Prisons of La Force, L'Abbaye, and many others, there were other causes for the feverish excitement which that night drove all Paris mad and sent the Parisians into the white heat of delirium and frenzy to which at intervals they have so often been stirred.

"The Princesse de Lamballe faints."

Longwy had been taken by the Austrians and Prussians who were now near Paris, some cried; while others screamed that, when they came, they should at least find the prisons empty or only filled with dead, and a moment later howled for the massacre of every prisoner to commence. Upon the façade of the Hotel de Ville a black flag floated on which had been hastily inscribed the words "*La patrie est en danger*"; upon the Champs de Mars Danton harangued a mob of nearly 50,000 people and told them that Prussians, Austrians, emigrants, and all suspects and prisoners had combined in a deep-laid plot to overthrow the Government and slaughter all who were not of their following.

In La Force itself, as well as around it in those streets which enclosed the prison, the horrors of the day had commenced at dawn. For them the Judges, Hébert and L'Huillier had assembled, and already the trial (*sic*) of all those who had not been released during the night to the amount of 120 persons had commenced. And, though the room in which these "trials" were conducted was not visible to either George or Lucienne—the latter of whom stood upon the table by the former's side while holding his hand as she gazed, fascinated, at the revolting saturnalia which was taking place in the courtyard below—it was still possible for them to hear the harsh rasping voice of the Public Accuser of the moment and place, Pierre Chantrot, as he unfolded the *crimes* of those whom he sought to slay. To hear also the voices of the judges, the cries of "*Grace! Grace!*" uttered occasionally, though not often, by the mob, and the words which sounded to their ears as words of acquittal—the words "*Elargissez, Monsieur*" or "*Elargissez, Madame.*" Those words sounded so to them because they thought that the expression meant what it signified, not knowing that, in actual fact, it was an arranged signal for the victims to be led out and slaughtered as they reached the streets—as, also, the expressions "*A l'Abbaye*" or "*A Coblenz*" meant the same thing. Similarly, neither of them knew that the cry of "*Vive la Nation*" meant that the prisoner before the Judges was absolved.

"There is another forger set free," said George to Lucienne, as suddenly an evil-looking man appeared in the courtyard; one about whose neck a dirty dishevelled girl of the people hung, while men of his own class grasped him by the hand and thrust bottles to his lips. "Another! And to think of all who are here, yet innocent. The Princesse de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, Madame de Rochefeuille."

"Better free than dead," murmured Lucienne, almost beside herself at hearing George again refer to the escape of the forgers and vagabonds. "Better free than dead. And this man's pardon makes the case of the others no worse." While, as she spoke, her heart sank within her at the fear that, if he should learn under what guise his own escape had been planned, he would not accept his freedom, but that, instead, he would firmly refuse to avail himself of it. Whereupon she resolved that if, by any power on earth, she could prevent his knowing the secret of how he was to be set free of this horrible place, she would do so. Only—could she by any chance prevent that knowledge reaching him? Could she? Fervently, beneath her breath, she prayed God it might be so.

"You are right," she heard George saying to her, even as these thoughts, this determination, came to her mind. "You are right. Better live than die, better live to lead a better life than die in one's shame. Yet I would that those poor innocent ladies could live, too, and that they might escape from the hands of these ruffians. What crime but that of being loyal have they committed? Is honour a crime?"

Meanwhile the horrible, hideous uproar still went on below them; still more and more released prisoners, all of the lowest class, burst into the courtyard and were welcomed with wild shouts and delirious greetings. Men rushed into the place at this time with their faces and hands and garments blood-stained; the hag, Angélique Voyer, appeared with a great slice of *pâté* in her red hands, and from outside, from where the Rue du Roi de Sicile was, there arose at swift intervals shouts, shrieks, the sounds of clapping hands, and roars mingled with the strains of the Marseillaise. Then George, lifting Lucienne to the ground, bade her look forth from the window no more.

At that moment the key turned in the lock, and, an instant later, Isidore Dubroc stood before them—a terrible sight. He, too, was stained—was, indeed, wet with blood, while in his hand he carried a bludgeon which was also stained.

"Come," he cried, "Come! Be ready. Quick, follow me. Or, stay—first let me go to the other end of the passage and see that all is clear. They are fetching Lamballe now;

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she will not take long. When they have passed we can go out, perhaps, by another door. Yet, I am not sure. Therefore, prepare for the worst. If I can do it I will, but," and he repeated his words, "I am not sure. Prepare for the worst." And he left the room.

"Prepare for the worst," Lucienne moaned, "for the worst! Oh God! and I had hoped so for the best. Ah! my heart will break," she murmured while weeping piteously.

"Lucienne," George said now, his whole soul overmastered by her grief; "Lucienne, be brave. We have done our best, each for the other. Yet—yet—I know, I feel and see it in that man's tone—we have failed. Lucienne, let us make our farewells. Our chance is gone," and now he held out his hands to her as though he would draw her to him, while she—who had been so strong, so courageous, and had borne so much—abandoning herself, was drawn towards his breast, upon which an instant later she was sobbing bitterly.

"Farewell," he whispered, "if it is farewell. Adieu, Lucienne. And—and—even now, since still there is some chance remaining, I must not tell you all that is within my heart, all that has grown and dwelt in it since first we met. Yet—Lucienne—had we escaped, and you had been free to come to me ——"

"George, George," she murmured through her sobs. "Oh, God! have pity on us."

"Farewell," he said again, "if so it has to be. We are in God's hands. He must decide. And if there is no hope left, if to-day I give up my life, your image shall be the last one in my thoughts, your name the last upon my lips." Then, drawing her still closer to his breast, he kissed her as a brother might have kissed her, once, upon her brow, while she, unable to utter any word, still clung to him as though her heart was broken.

But now a tread was heard outside, and an instant later Dubroc had re-entered the room.

"Come," he cried, "come quickly. If we can reach the door leading to the Rue des Ballets before your name is called we may be in time. Quick! Margot, what are you weeping for! There must be no weeping if we would pass freely through the mob, but, instead, laughing and rejoicing. Come," and he flung open the door.

There came, however, an interruption which prevented them going forth at once, an interruption that might have called forth pity from the stoniest heart; that did call forth pity from them.

Along the passage there passed a lady whom George knew to be Madame de Tourzel, governess to the Royal children now in the Temple, supporting another who was almost middle aged, but who bore upon her face the remnants of a sweet, soft beauty which, in her youth, must have been extreme. Now, she was almost prostrate with fear as the other assisted her, and, a moment later, fell half fainting on to the steps of a staircase at the end. That she should do so was not strange, for, even as some name was shouted out in the courtyard by the hastily improvised *greffier* of the Court below, the seething mass of murderers and murderesses yelled. "No, no. Give us Lamballe. It is her turn. Her turn now."

"It is not her turn," whispered Dubroc to George. "Not yet. The man whom they are calling now died from fear last night. It is *yours*, or that of one before you. Come!" and he hurried them down the corridor in the opposite direction from that in which the Princess had been taken.

So they went along passages and corridors which skirted two sides of the courtyard; passages in which were windows giving on to that courtyard, and through which they could cast hurried, frightened, glances. On they went with the dead man's name still being bawled fiercely, and clashing with the louder shouts of "Lamballe, Lamballe. The Bourbon woman! Give her to us." On, until at last they stood above a short flight of stairs which led down to an opening into the courtyard.

If they could once reach that and George was not recognised and denounced, his freedom was at hand.

Yet, suddenly, all three paused—Lucienne with a shiver, George in consternation, Dubroc with a hideous curse upon his lips. The *greffier* was bawling another name now—since no reply could come from that poor dead man who had been recently called—the mob were re-echoing it. All around the court it was being taken up by scores of voices.

And the name they called was 'Ope. Accentuated sometimes into 'Opé, but still his. His turn had come.

"You are anybody—anything but that now," whispered Dubroc, with white, trembling lips—for the 10,000 livres in gold seemed to be receding from his grasp!—"anybody, anything. Dubois—Lemaire—the first name that comes to me. While as for you, Margot, you are his wife, his girl, his mistress, anything. Also kiss him, embrace him as we go through; dance, be mad—act—pretend. Now come. Now! now! And be bold."

With a rush he ran down that short flight of stairs, his hand on George's sleeve while bidding Lucienne to hold him in the same way on the other side, and to act—above all, to act as she had never acted before in her life. With a cry he dragged the former into the courtyard amidst the reeking, gesticulating, howling mass of filthy humanity, while he shouted, as he waved his stained hands above his head:

"Released! Released! He was no forger, no *scélerat* as the good judges knew. Released to serve the people. *Vive la République!* His girl has saved him. Our own Dubois is saved."

"*Vive la République! Vive Dubois!*" the crowd cried. "A brave girl that. See how she clings to him; look at his arm around her waist. Lucky Dubois! Her embraces will be softer than the bascule of La Guillotine; her lips sweeter than those of the *coutelas*."

"Cry *Vive la République!*" whispered Dubroc to George (while the gaoler shouted, "'Opé! 'Opé! Where is he? 'Opé!"); "cry it or you are lost."

"Cry it," whispered Lucienne also, and then cried it herself, while she snatched off her red cap and waved it in the air; "cry it—for my sake—for me."

Whereupon he cried it, even as he cursed himself for doing so.

Yet, all the time, they were going on towards the courtyard door which opened into the Rue des Ballets, on, with blood-red hands thrusting bottles towards them, and with repulsive wretches shrieking to them to drink. On, with startled looks on other prisoners' faces and strange interrogative glances from their eyes—yet, to their eternal glory, with no word uttered, no hint given of how the tigers within were being robbed of their prey; on, past a room from the window of which the sad face of the Duchesse de Rochefeuille gazed out, she, too, being silent—as none who knew her could have doubted she would be—while over her face there spread a look of joy extreme. On, and nearly through the mob now, with George still holding Lucienne close to him in his arms and murmuring words of comfort in her ear, while she addressed him in the terms she had heard used by the woman with whom she had lately mixed to those they loved; and pausing only to shriek wildly, "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la Nation!*" and once, beneath her breath, to whisper, "I have saved you; I have saved you."

On, amidst continued shouts of "'Opé! 'Opé!" mixed still with others of "Lamballe! Lamballe! the Royalist, the Bourbon's widow"; on, until they were free of the mass and stood before an open door—the door leading to the Rue des Ballets.

Yet, as they reached that door, Lucienne gave one wild shriek while, throwing her arms above her head, she fell senseless into George's arms. For she had seen outside in the street that which might well have caused the boldest to be turned to stone. She had seen a mass of dead men and woman,(*) a heap of slaughtered human beings lying in that street, their heads battered in from behind and, in some cases, cut off; their clothes covered with mud and filth and soaked with blood. And this was but the first day—the beginning—of the massacres! Those massacres during which the Parisian mob had once more become cannibals—cannibals such as they had often enough been before, and such as they were to become more than once in after years. Cannibals in all but one thing, at which alone they stopped short. They did not eat their victims.

"Carry her," cried Dubroc, "carry her. *And up on to that heap.* Up at once, and cry '*Vive la Nation.*' Up, I say," and he leapt up himself while trampling on the bodies of the dead and shouting the words he had bidden George shout.

"He cannot mount with his *belle-belle* in his arms," the people cried, while something—some strange chord in their mad, savage nature was touched by the sight of the newly-released man carrying the senseless body of his sweetheart in his arms. "Let him cry on the ground." And all echoed the words, "Cry! Stand there and cry!"

And George did cry aloud, "*La République!*" though the word he mumbled before those two was far removed from the word "*Vive.*"

"Fiacre! Fiacre!" shouted Dubroc now, while, on seeing one standing close by in which there sat a pale-faced, shuddering man who was simply there for the purpose of regarding the massacre, he unceremoniously turned him out of it and bade the driver go to a street he named. That street being the one wherein he himself dwelt.

"You have the money?" said Dubroc to George, as the latter supported Lucienne in his arms and endeavoured to restore her to consciousness. "Now is the time to pay it. *Mon ami*, it has been well earned. If some of those now in La Force knew of what I have done it would not be long ere I formed one of that heap too."

Without a word George drew forth the bag and gave it to the ruffian who, in a moment, had torn off the string by which it was tied, and in another was gloating in the sight of so much gold. Then, suddenly, while he was letting a stream

(*) "Une montagne," many writers term this heap

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of *louis' d'or* run from one palm to another, he stopped and glanced out of the window at another fiacre which was passing slowly by. A fiacre in which there sat a woman dressed in the garb of the people, yet with her cap of Liberty strangely pulled down over her brows. While, as he did so, George heard him mutter to himself, "She here again."

"You know her?" the latter exclaimed, "you know her!"

"Yes, I know her; and," said Dubroc, "so do you. I can see it in your face. You suspect, too, that she hates her," and he touched Lucienne with his finger.

"Yes, I more than suspect that. But how comes it that you possess such knowledge?"

"No matter. Let me get down. I must follow her. And go you with Margot to the address I gave. I shall be there ere night. Quick, let me get down."

"She is, as you say, this girl's enemy. Surely you will not betray her."

"Betray her. No. Never. But I may betray that other one. Quick, let me get down." While, without troubling to stop the fiacre, he leapt out of it and shouted to the driver to proceed to the destination he had been told of.

"*Dieu!*" he muttered to himself as he ran swiftly after the other vehicle, which was still proceeding at a walking pace, "*she* is an aristocrat, even if those others are not. And if she has not also got some money it shall go hard with her. Very hard. For, even though Margot herself is one, she has the devil's own boldness and, at the worst, she has put a good thing in my way to-day. Also, she is too good, aristocrat though she may be, to be injured by that spiteful viper." Whereon, having by this time come up with the fiacre in which Adèle Satigny sat, he kept close behind it as it made its way slowly through the crowds that filled the Paris streets.

Meanwhile, the carriage in which were George and Lucienne was also making its way slowly in another direction, and Lucienne, opening her eyes at last, looked up into his face and whispered, "George, we are saved!"

"You have saved me," he answered. "God in His mercy bless and prosper you. You have saved a life that is yours to use as you see fit."

Then, putting his head out of the window, he bade the driver proceed to a very different place from that where Dubroc had said that he would find them later on; namely, to a spot a hundred yards away from Madame Verac's shop.

(*To be continued.*)

SWISS RIFLE SHOOTING.

By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

An appendix to the National Rifle Association's annual report is exceedingly interesting reading. It deals with the methods of the Swiss clubs, which are credited with making the finest body of rifle shots in the world. It is a report by Mr. A. P. Humphry on rifle clubs and ranges; that gentleman having been, I believe, commissioned by both the War Office and the National Rifle Association to make a stay in Switzerland for the purpose of discovering wherein methods there adopted could be safely grafted on to our own methods.

Mr. Humphry starts out by affirming that the Swiss rifle clubs have a close connection with the military system, and owe their prosperity to it. That is a connection which some of the principal rifle clubs in this country scout, notably that of Birmingham. Possibly, however, now that Lord Roberts comes fresh to the War Office with a knowledge of what civilian soldiers are worth, all this may be changed, for already the Commander-in-Chief has asked the National Rifle Association to give him full particulars of the wants of rifle clubs, and this, Sir Henry Fletcher says, has been done. Moreover, the latter adds that the question of excise has not been forgotten. It could hardly have been otherwise, having regard to the publication of Mr. Humphry's report, which shows that not only is there nothing to pay for learning to shoot in Switzerland, but that a good shot can make money by it. Moreover, the condition imposed by our own War Office, or perhaps by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that only those rifles belonging to a club, and kept by it, can be granted freedom from licence duty, is distinctly opposed by the Swiss practice, which not only permits the private shooter to have charge of and to keep his own rifle, but also provides that rifle for him free of cost.

Then Mr. Humphry tells us that the Swiss Government, besides providing ammunition free for the regulation shots which are supposed to make every man an efficient militiaman, supplies all men for private practice at the rate of six centimes per round, the cost to itself being no less than eight centimes. This is somewhat different from our own War Office method, which is to supply a very small quantity of cartridges per civilian rifle club man, at invoiced price, and therefore, we understand, at somewhat higher cost than the clubs can get the same ammunition for direct from the makers.

But before Swiss methods can be thoroughly understood, it is perhaps necessary to quote Mr. Humphry to show in what manner the clubs depend upon the military system, and how private practice in them is merely an addition to compulsory practice. Mr. Humphry says: "The Swiss Army consists of a militia, in which all men are liable to serve between the ages of twenty and fifty years. In the first year (speaking of infantry only) each man undergoes a recruit's course of forty-five days, after which he is for twelve years a member of the 'Elite,' in which he undergoes a training of sixteen days every second year. From his thirteenth to his twenty-fifth year of service he is a member of the 'Land Wehr,' and undergoes a training of five days every fourth year.

"Thenceforward, until he is fifty years of age, he is a member of the 'Land Sturm,' a force of which 30 per cent. are armed, and are required to undergo inspection once a year. Every member of the 'Elite,' the 'Land Wehr,' and the armed 'Land Sturm' is obliged annually to perform a rifle practice similar to our 'class firing,' consisting of from thirty to forty rounds, which he may do in a recognised shooting club under strictly regulation conditions. Having done this, he is exempted from a musketry course lasting three days which he would otherwise be required to undergo." It will be seen that this "conscription" is a particularly mild form of service, after all, and one which probably nobody in this country would mind in the least, provided that they could be as assured as the Swiss are that the very existence of such a general militia adds to the improbability that their services will ever be wanted.

For the above regulation practice the Government pays to the clubs the value of the ammunition used, and the firers can claim it as a right from the clubs. If a man obtains the requisite score with a small number of shots, he can claim a larger sum than his ammunition has cost him; whereas if he has to fire the maximum forty rounds he is a slight loser, and Mr. Humphry thinks this is an inducement for everybody to do their best.

The military authorities are represented on the committees of clubs, and the latter have to admit inspecting officers at any time during firing.

In 1898 there were 3,446 rifle clubs in Switzerland—there are just 113 in this country — the membership being 210,491, and the cartridges fired over 16,000,000, which must have cost the country about £80,000.

The members' subscriptions to the clubs range from nothing to 10-fr. or 12-fr. a year. Probably the reason of the popularity of rifle shooting in Switzerland is that it

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is the only kind of open-air athletic exercise that takes place upon Sundays, when sweepstakes and other matches for small amounts are commonly arranged. It is possible that without this Sunday shooting the bulk of the population would never have had a chance to practise. It may be urged that if this British national movement depends upon breaking into Sunday, it were best to leave it alone. Without giving any opinion as to that, I would point out that the old "merrie England," the memory of which it is the fashion to regret, was not so straightlaced; in fact, it was ordered by both the Tudors and the Stuarts that men should attend Sunday service and practise archery afterwards. James I. went so far as to say that which was obvious to the meanest comprehension, and should be equally so now—that if recreation was denied to the people upon Sunday, they would be without any from the day of their birth to that of their death, and this he considered bad for the contentment of his subjects. James I. was not perhaps a success as an English monarch, but it should not be forgotten that he did but follow the Tudors in this, and that a truth is none the less true whoever utters it. It would be well at any rate that those who believe in a nation with each man capable of using a rifle, should ask themselves when, if ever, working men are to learn to shoot if not upon Sunday.

The popularity of Sunday shooting in Switzerland is not only a consequence of its being a day free from toil, but also because the ranges are much safer on that day than on any other, because of the absence of the people from the fields. Before coming to the question of ranges Mr. Humphry sums up the advantages enjoyed by the Swiss rifle clubs as follows:

(*a*) Recognition for the purpose of military regulation rifle practice.

(*b*) Supply of Government ammunition below cost price.

(*c*) Possession by the men of Government rifles in their own homes.

(*d*) The small expenses with which ranges can be made and worked.

(*e*) The custom of shooting on Sundays, when men are free from work.

(*f*) The great popularity of rifle shooting and belief in its value for national defence; and, partly as a consequence, freedom from competition of athletic sports of other kinds.

Next, perhaps, to Sunday shooting, the question of ranges is one which has the most important bearing for this country. First, it is necessary to remember that the Swiss are credited with being the finest rifle shots in the world; second, that all their practice is done within 300 metres and 400 metres. In this respect they do not very much differ from the Americans, also a nation of shooters, who believe that the best practice possible for distances up to 500-yds. is that obtained at 50-yds. and 100-yds. I am talking now of shooting in the West, where in most cases the mountain ranges form the butts, and where no marker is used in practice. This is very important indeed from the point of view of national rifle practice for England, for, as a matter of fact, long-range firing must always be very limited, because there are so few places where safety for it is to be ensured; but if, on the contrary, 100-yds. will do, there is no reason why every parish should not have its butts, as in the days of archery. In Switzerland there is usually a forest or mountain background to be had, but beyond this there is "no insistence upon an impractical degree of safety."

Besides these advantages, the Swiss parish is bound to find the ground for the ranges, and the club has only to provide the targets and the markers. Owners of land raise no objection on account of the popularity of shooting; neither does the preservation of game interfere, for the simple reason that shooting rights are public property, and are annually let or sold by auction. It is easy to understand that where this spirit pervades the people there will be shooting, however inexpensive and crude the arrangements may be; so that a paper target, hung upon a rough fir frame upon a hillside, often does the whole duty of a regular club range.

In these cases the markers often have no shelters, but stand on one side as far away from the shooting as they think safe. But although such arrangements answer well enough for small villages, some of the ranges in populous places are very elaborate affairs indeed. One made in 1898 at Albisgütli, near Zürich, is provided with a shooting-house offering fifty-three firing points under cover at the 300 metres range, and fifteen at the 400 metres, as well as revolver ranges. Here, in addition to a tunnelled way between the firing point and the markers' trench, every target is in direct electric communication with its firing point. The arrangements are peculiar, as the firing is done from two stories, the one at 300 metres being the lower, so that the 400 metres firing point is above the other, and at a point of the hill further away. The targets can, moreover, only be seen from their own proper firing points. This place is a popular Sunday resort for the Zürich folk. It has a large hall capable of seating 1,500 people, and out of door refreshment accommodation for three times as many more.

The rapidity of marking is well known to be a great feature in rendering rifle shooting popular, and Mr. Humphry thinks that we have a good deal to learn from the Swiss in this respect. The spotting disc is not used, but the position of the shot is indicated by the edge of the marking disc, not its centre, being placed against the shot hole. By this means no dummy target is required, and a pair of targets, alternately used, save much time. There are no absolutely protected safety ranges in Switzerland—that is, there is no tunnel shooting. These safety ranges have the great objection that distances appear so very deceptive through them, that it is with satisfaction I find we shall not get a false lead from the Swiss in that direction. The nearest approach to a safety range is that at Berne, where about 6-yds. in front of the firing house is a high concrete wall with holes through it for each shooting point. But there is nothing here to stop the glancing bullets if they hit the sides of these openings. Mr. Humphry evidently believes protected ranges to be impracticable. He points out quite correctly that changes of distance would only be possible by the removal of the nearer targets when firing at the further ones, and, moreover, that the various positions adopted by different shooters would necessitate some arrangement whereby all would be raised to one level; he thinks that safety ranges, if possible, must involve "so much expense and restriction of convenience as to be applicable only to exceptional circumstances."

Up to the publication of the National Rifle Association's report ninety-two clubs had become affiliated to the Association, and there were a good number which had not then done so.

The "Navy and Army" Rifle Trials.

THE four o'clock wind was gusty and uncertain on Wednesday, February 27, and the range was in no way protected, so that the scoring was not high by any means, and there were no targets at all which had all the bullets in the 3-in. bull, or anything like it. No doubt the heavier rifles and charges had the advantage under these circumstances, and there is every reason to believe that the very light loads with which the name "miniature rifle" is mostly associated at present, will require a good deal more regulating before really accurate shooting is to be got out of the weapons hitherto used. As it is part of the bargain that no publicity is to be given to defeated rifles, I can only speak generally of what I have seen at present. The most noticeable feature is the difference in the ammunition supplied. It is much too early to assert that there are no makers in this country who load their cartridges regularly enough to quickly teach shooting; but when one sees, as was the case on February 27, a batch of cartridges making diagrams from one rifle four times as large, superficial measurement, as those made by another batch with the same rifle and shooter, it is not too soon perhaps to indicate that there are greater defects in cheap cartridges than there are in cheap rifles, and that some cartridge manufacturers, at least, have a great deal to do before they will assist the national cause of rifle shooting by means of miniature rifles.

Another point that deserves attention is that the 100-yds. range outclasses the ordinary rook and rabbit rifle. Whether or not rifle shooting can be as well learnt at 50-yds. as at 100-yds. is not for me to decide. The National Rifle Association evidently do not think so, and they make their competition at 100-yds. In this I am thoroughly convinced that they are right. There is at 100-yds. the element of wind to consider, and this can safely be neglected at 50-yds. As is very well known in the gun trade, a miniature rifle to shoot well at 100-yds. is a new demand in England. Of course, those which will do this are the high-velocity weapons—the ·303, Mauser, and Mannlicher. But the ammunition for these is a very expensive item, and, as is well known, a good deal of the practice in the Army is consequently done with the Morris tube. This arrangement would be everything that was wanted for miniature rifle clubs if it could compete for accuracy with the best rifles made, but the question is, Can it? That I hope to find out. There is another point on which I am already convinced that many makers of rifles go wrong—their fore sights are not fine enough; they cover up vastly too much of the target, and for this reason a great deal more than need be is left to guesswork when it comes to making a bull's-eye diagram. Then, although several rifle-makers have set themselves to the task, I do not think any have yet succeeded in turning out a first-rate telescopic sight at a price which would tempt most miniature-rifle shooters. There is an American telescope fitted to an American rifle at a low cost, but it is a long, narrow tube which excludes a great deal of light, and would apparently only be of much service on a bright day.

(*To be continued.*)

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Representative Naval Officers.

Photo. Copyright. *Herost.*

THE NAVY AND THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

Our picture shows the representatives of the Navy that assisted at the inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth on the first day of the new century. Rear-Admiral Pearson, who was then commanding on the station, has just arrived home in the "Orizaba," and he is shown in our picture with his staff and the commanding officers of His Majesty's ships on the station. He has handed over his command to Rear-Admiral Beaumont, who will do the Naval honours for H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall and York.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

VETERANS OF TWO ARDUOUS CAMPAIGNS.

The "Terrible," the captain and officers of which are here portrayed, has, in the commission in which she has been commanded by Captain Percy M. Scott, C.B., sent officers and men to play a big part both in South Africa and in China. It was owing to Captain Scott that we were able to mount the 4·7-in. and 6-in. guns on carriages that made them field-pieces. The Naval Brigade from the "Terrible" have done as good service in China as they did in South Africa, which is giving them about the highest praise possible.

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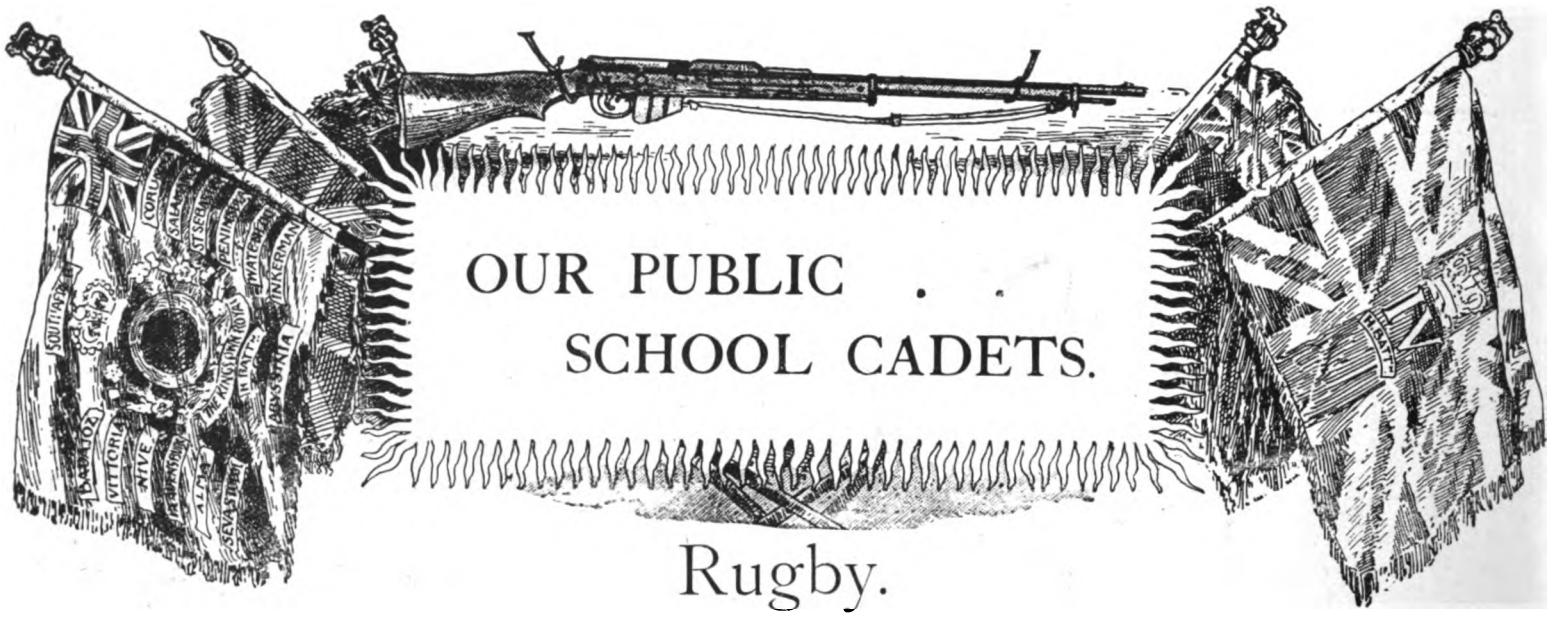

Rugby.

By Callum Beg.

ALTHOUGH all our great public schools can boast of a cadet corps, the military spirit, as far as most of them are concerned, did not take definite shape until after the birth of what is now generally known as the "Volunteer Movement." In the majority of schools, cadet corps were, therefore, unknown until after 1868, and not a few corps are of much more recent date.

Not so Rugby. As long ago as 1803 the scholars had displayed their patriotism in a pre-eminent degree, and had, with a view to aiding their seniors to repel an invasion, banded themselves together in the form of a corps. Yet they do not seem to have been armed to any purpose. Their services were never called upon, and this is no matter for surprise when we consider that the corps was armed with no more deadly weapon than a heavy wooden broadsword!

As far as the uniform of those early days was concerned, the pattern adopted left little to be desired in the way of smartness. Indeed, it can well be imagined that it compared favourably with that now in use, for the tunics were of blue with scarlet cuffs and collars.

This species of uniform was not at all uncommon at the beginning of the last century, as reference to a chart published at the time and giving the uniform of every volunteer corps then in existence will prove.

These gorgeous uniforms in which our forefathers were wont to disport themselves are now—if we except one or two yeomanry corps—no longer to be met with. No doubt they fulfilled their mission when "pomp and circumstance" counted for something in the game of war; but gay-coloured costumes are now recognised as unsuitable in face of modern long-ranging arms. Even those still in use at home stations are condemned by military critics as useless and unserviceable.

Our soldiers are now clothed with some regard to comfort and utility, and this is especially so in the case of cadet corps should they desire to avail themselves of a recent privilege granted by the War Office. The question of expense has hitherto prevented many head-masters from forming cadet corps in their schools, and the subject is, of course, closely connected with uniform. Many head-masters, too, objected to the ordinary pattern of uniform worn by cadet corps as being tight fitting and unsuitable for growing lads.

This matter was, last year, taken up by the Lads' Drill

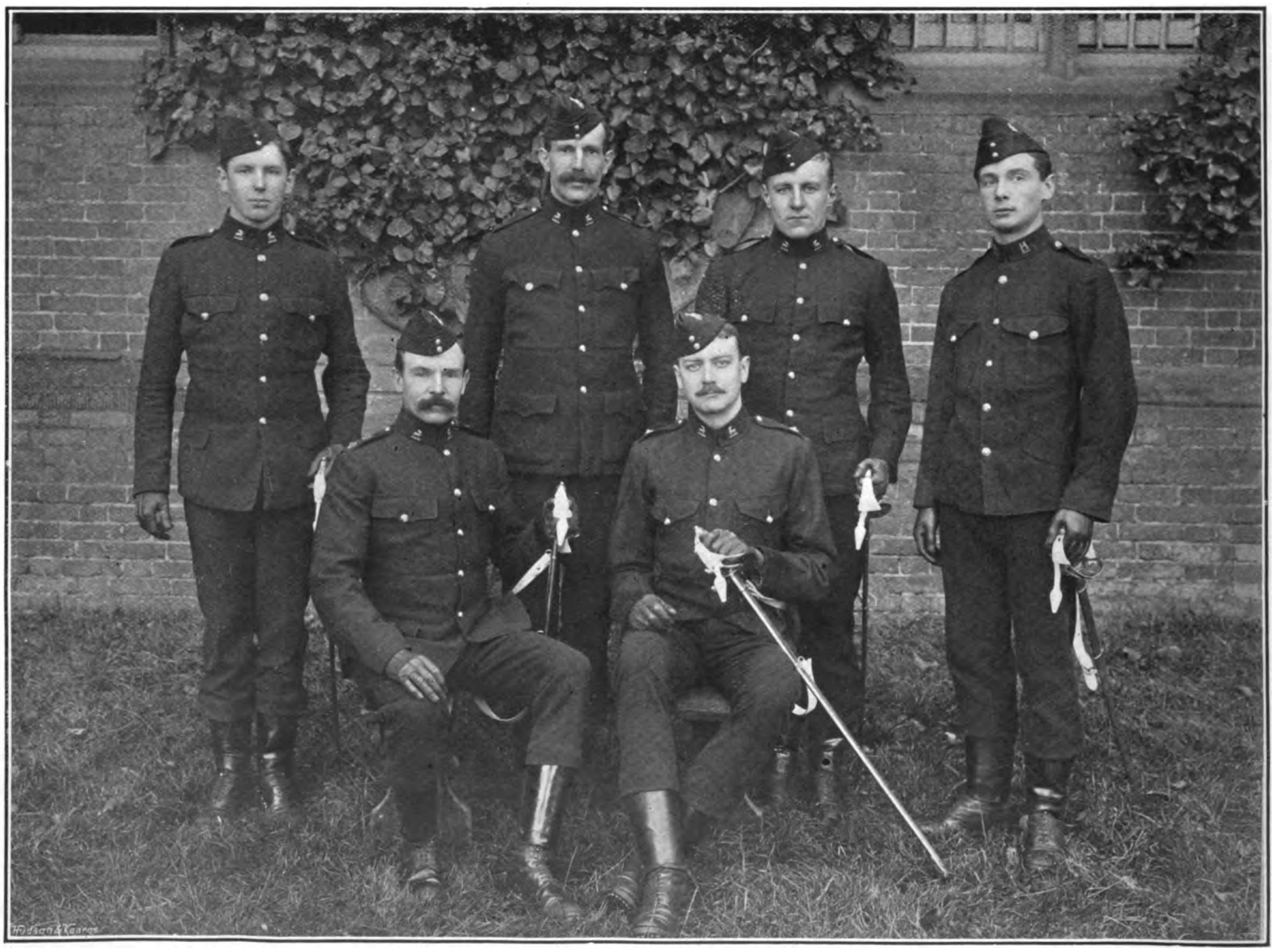

Photo Copyright. THE OFFICERS OF THE RUGBY SCHOOL CADET CORPS. A. H. Fry, Brighton.

Cadet Officer R. M. Birkett. Lieutenant C. W. Little. Cadet Officer V. H. Cartwright Cadet Officer F. C. M. Cruickshank.
Captain S. Barnard. Lieutenant C. E. M. Hawkesworth.

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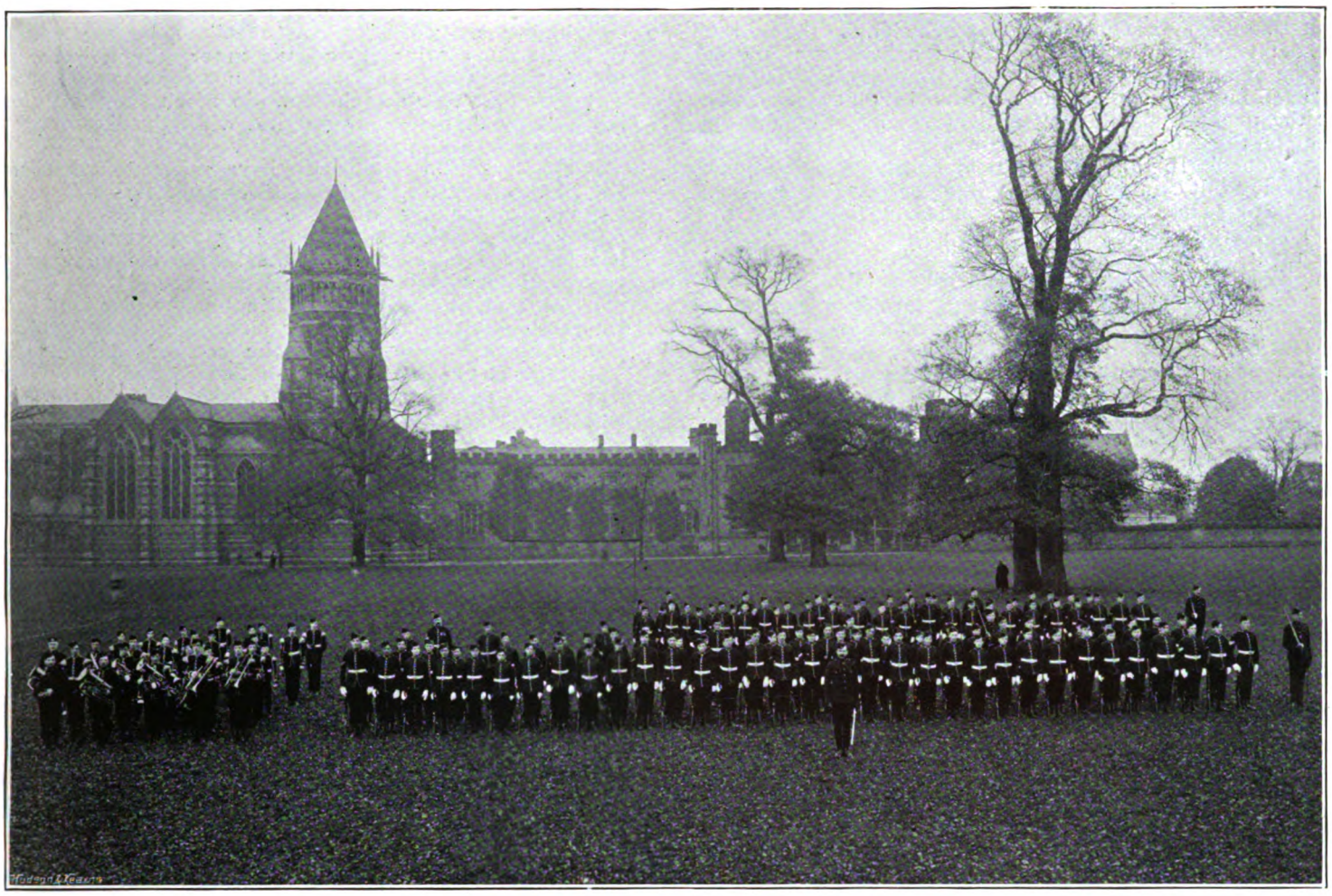

THE RUGBY SCHOOL CADET CORPS ON PARADE

Since 1858 the Senior Officers have been Selected from among the Masters.

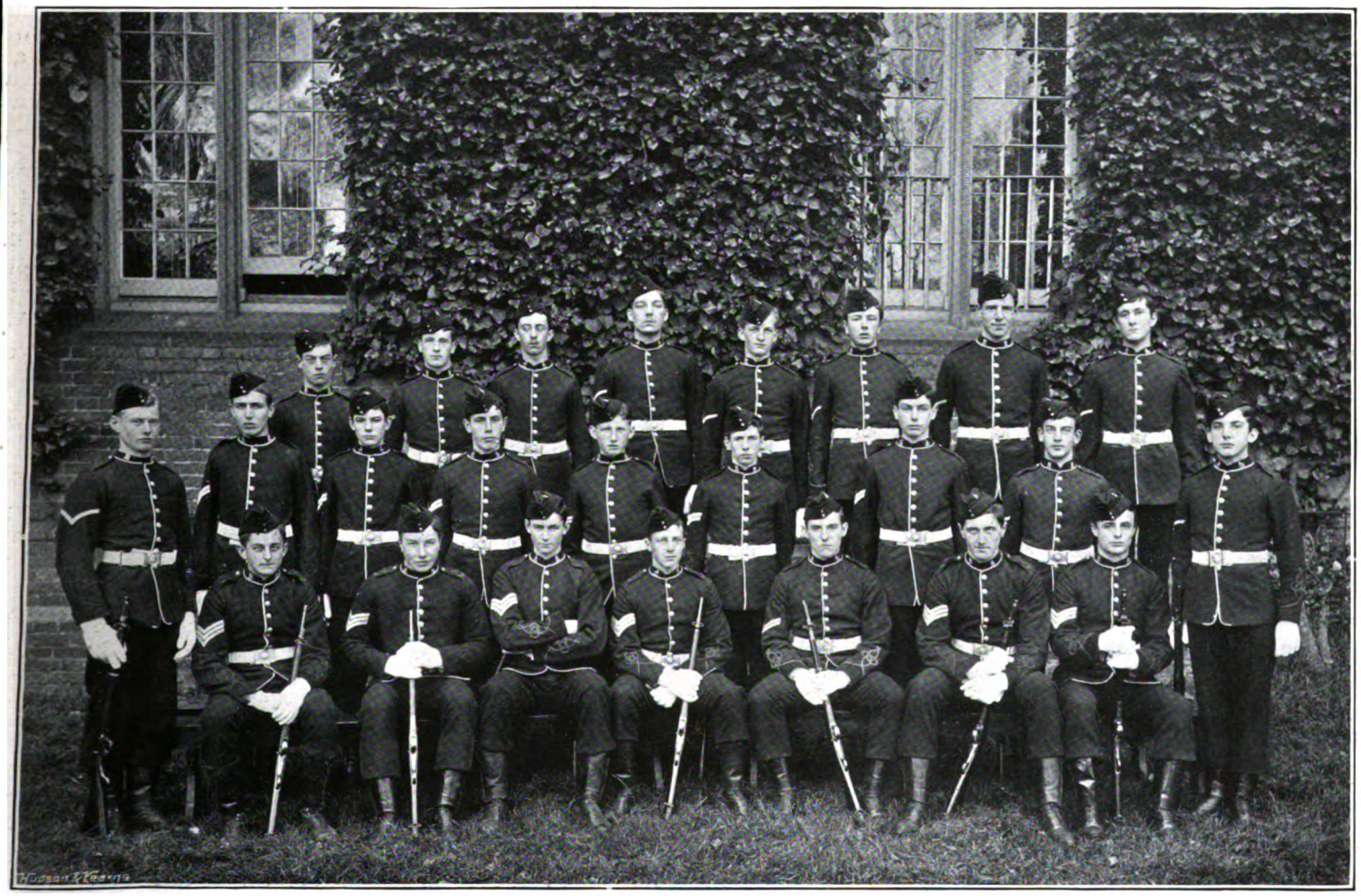

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Selected from the Ranks of the Cadets.

Lance-Corporal F. A. Cobb. *Lance-Corporal* S. J. M. Sampson. *Sergeant* J. C. O. Kell.

Lance-Corporal J. Lees. *Corporal* P. Collins. *Sergeant* L. E. L. Maton.

Lance-Corporal A. C. P. Hill. *Corporal* G. N. Hunter. *Sergeant* J. C. Campbell.

Lance-Corporal G. M. Ellison. *Corporal* M. G. Hepburn. *Sergeant* A. D. Stoop.

Lance-Corporal H. T. De Wolf *Corporal* H. O. Hutchison. *Sergeant* J. V. Nesbitt.

Lance-Corporal J. Walton. *Corporal* J. F. Bradbury. *Corporal* W. R. Sinclair. *Sergeant* H. W. Stirling.

Lance-Corporal G. Dugdale *Lance-Corporal* E. J. Maude. *Lance-Corporal* D. Mills. *Lance-Corporal* J. G. Beasley. *Sergeant* H. T. Treves.

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Association (over which Lord Meath presided), with the result that the War Office was approached upon the subject of cadets' uniform. The Association suggested a simple uniform of a grey Norfolk jacket and trousers, and the War Office fell in with the idea and sanctioned it on the condition that the material should be "serge of a neutral tint, and the jacket of the Norfolk pattern with a roll collar and not an upright one." In this respect cadet corps are more lucky than their adult comrades in the Volunteer force, except such of the latter as have adopted khaki on leaving for the front.

The Norfolk jacket may not present much of an appearance upon what are known as "show" occasions, but no one who gives the matter a moment's thought can doubt that not only for grown men but for growing lads a workmanlike uniform such as we have described, is more desirable than the "kit" of our grandfathers.

Gorgeous as were their uniforms, however, the volunteers of 1803 were not destined long to remain in arms, and upon the general disbandment the Rugby corps, wooden broadswords and all, went the way of their fellows. But military ardour at Rugby was not dead. We may say that it merely slept until, in 1859, the audacity of the French raised the whole country to a pitch of patriotism almost unprecedented. Corps were formed everywhere, and Rugby again came forward and formed the nucleus of the present cadet corps attached to the 2nd V.B. Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

On its formation officers and privates alike were members of the school, but since 1868 the senior officers have been selected from among the masters. Such an arrangement is, of course, for the good of the corps. Discipline is thus properly maintained, and the interior economy is under the direction of those who are better able to control it than could the boys themselves were the corps entirely officered by them.

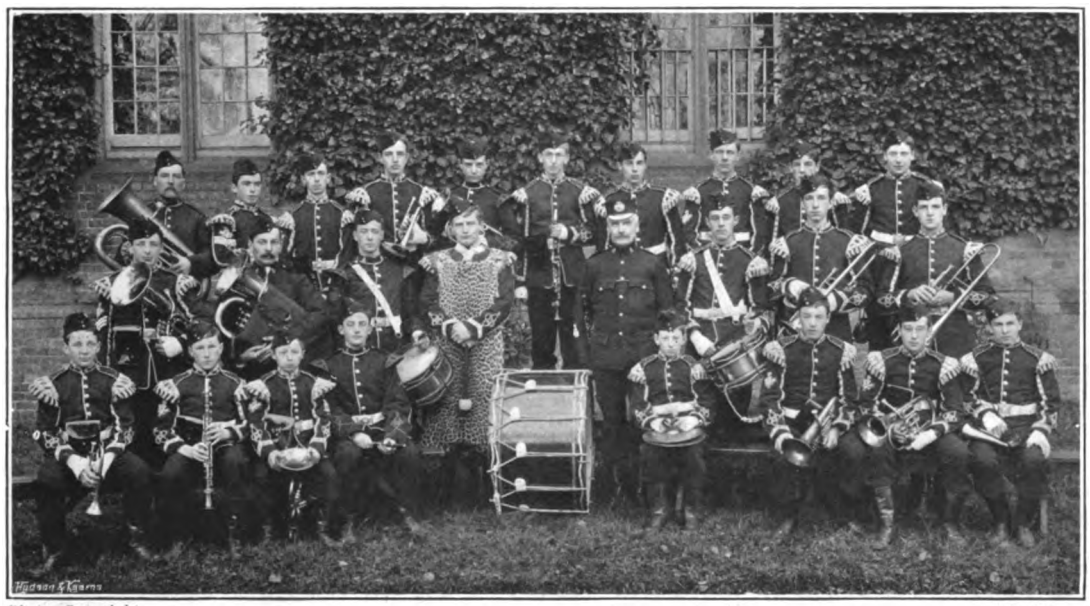

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry.

SCHOLARLY MUSICIANS.

The Band of the Rugby Cadets.

In addition to the masters, however, there are several cadet officers selected from among the boys, and the system of promoting the deserving, no doubt, acts as an incentive to those in the ranks. If all the rank and file do not carry with them a field-marshal's bâton, they may certainly hope to rise in their own corps to command their comrades on parade. This fact, of necessity, makes the cadet corps more popular with the boys than it would be were the ranks of the officers recruited solely from among the masters. The strength of the corps is some 260 of all ranks.

In the regular Army it has been the custom to divide each company into sections, and, if necessary, sub-sections, these living, sleeping, going on guard, and taking their places in the field together. This system cannot be carried out to any great extent in an ordinary volunteer corps, but in a school cadet corps everything is in favour of the section system, as it is called, working successfully; consequently it answers well at Rugby, where the members from each house form a permanent unit in the shape of a section or sub-section. The non-commissioned officers are thus charged with no small share of responsibility, and in one respect, at least, they have to all intents and purposes the power of an officer, for in their hands lies the nomination of men to fill the position of lance-corporal. This grade of non-commissioned officer, it may be said for the benefit of our non-military readers, is not the least important in the corps. Although he stands on the lowest rung of the ladder, he is called upon to perform harder work in many ways than either a corporal or sergeant, and if his duties are light at headquarters, he has, when in camp, little spare time at his disposal. From *réveille* to lights-out there is not an hour passes unbroken by the bugle-call known as "orderly corporals." These same orderly corporals are continually on the move, and it is from the ranks of the lance-corporals and not from among the *full* corporals that they are chosen. So much for the duties of lance-corporal, for we would not willingly discourage any cadet from seeking promotion.

The system to which we have referred has naturally the effect of creating an *esprit de corps* and rivalry between the various sections, and the former quality (which unfortunately is not well expressed by any equivalent in our own language), as every old soldier knows, is the life and soul of any military body.

We find, then, that at Rugby the sections yearly compete against each other for challenge shields, which are placed in the house hall of the sections gaining them. The subjects for competition are three, namely: (1) Manual and firing exercises, motions of the rifle on the march and the bayonet exercise; (2) Smartness of dressing; and (3) General efficiency, including attendance at drill and a tactical exercise carried out by squads of twelve, with a non-commissioned officer in command.

In light of recent events in South Africa the practical reader may regard the first two as being superfluous, but without entering here into a military discussion it may not be amiss to remind such that discipline and drill go, to a great extent, hand in hand, and when time is plentiful there is no reason why all the rank and file should not be made smart "drills," while learning also the elements of work in the field. The latter is certainly not disregarded. The Rugby cadets are to be seen at the two large public schools' field-days held every year, as well as being present at minor field-days and marches out organised from their own headquarters. After these minor "battles" instruction is frequently given to officers and non-commissioned officers, and the mistakes made on either side are pointed out for the benefit of "all concerned," to use a term which is constantly employed by the War Office.

The corps is fortunately situated with reference to musketry practice. It possesses the exclusive right to use a range, situated in the Avon valley, granted by Mr. Boughton Leigh. Here are seen no old-fashioned devices—iron targets and the like. Everything is conducted on the newest principles. Canvas targets are in use, and a telephone runs between the firing point and the butts. Add to these advantages the fact that the range is situated no further than a mile and a-half from the school, and it can be truly said that the corps is much more favourably placed than are numbers of many similar bodies.

The Ashburton Shield has twice been won by Rugby. To the cadets belongs the honour of having captured the trophy the first year it was put up for competition at Wimbledon, and again in 1894 this gauge of prowess found its way to Rugby. Twice, too, the Spencer Cup has been won by the school, namely, in 1889 and 1890; and the Cadets' trophy and the Veterans' trophy have each been won once by the school.

Last year, although Rugby did not again win the Ashburton Shield, the team shot well and took an honourable position. Out of twenty-five teams, each representing one of our public schools, the Rugby team took sixth place with a total score of 416. At 200-yds. the score was 214, and at 500-yds. 202 points. The team was made up of the following members of the corps: Bandsman H. A. Hyde, Colour-Sergeant J. F. Laurie, Private F. L. T. Barlow, Cadet-Officer Edmondson, Sergeant W. E. Bousfield, Colonel J. H. Henderson, Sergeant A. M. Macnab, and Lance-Corporal T. N. List.

Twice has the blue ribbon of the National Rifle Association Meeting fallen to an old Rugbeian, for in 1868 the Queen's Prize was captured by P. B. Carslake, and in 1871 by A. P. Humphry.

The prizes at Bisley are not, however, the only rewards for which the members of the corps compete. Various challenge cups are competed for among the members, including a House Cup for teams of three from each house; the Denman Cup; the Humphry Cup; the Wimbledon Cup, for the highest score at Bisley; the Town and School Cup; and the Wratislan Cup for individual marksmen.

[Bradfield College Cadets were dealt with on February 23, and Charterhouse on March 9.]

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For the Making of Empire.

PORTSMOUTH will not readily forget the departure on Saturday last of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their voyage to Australasia, South Africa, and Canada—a voyage so freighted with the destinies of Empire. The inhabitants of the great British Naval port are tolerably case-hardened to spectacular effects, but they are, moreover, essentially loyal, and it was to their loyalty and not to their love of display that appeal was made this time. It is easy for crowds to turn out and to cheer when some great panorama is being presented which appeals to their imagination; but neither on the occasion of the arrival of the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on the Friday, or in the scenes antecedent to the departure of the "Ophir" on Saturday, was there anything in the nature of a brilliant display. That there should be guards and such-like was inevitable. It is rarely that Royalty can so far drop the penalties of its rank as to escape from these accessories, but the family aspect of the gathering of the members of the Royal House was preserved as far as possible; and sympathy with the task on the performance of which the Duke and Duchess were bound must have shared with loyalty to the Throne in inspiring those crowds whose loud cheers greeted the passing of the Royal train on Friday, and of that no less enthusiastic crowd which, in spite of a fitful drizzle, lined Southsea Beach on Saturday in order to see the "Ophir" steam out of harbour and start on her journey. One of our pictures gives an idea of an important part of the internal fittings of the "Ophir." It shows the sitting-room of the Duke of Cornwall and York, with a glimpse through the open door of his bedroom beyond. His apartments are on the starboard side of the state saloon forward, while those of the Duchess are on the port side, and it will be observed that the fittings of the Duke's rooms certainly convey no appearance of excessive luxury. By the way, an interesting feature connected with the journey was the presentation to the Duke by the London Fire Brigade of a Royal Standard bearing his arms and of a white ensign, both intended for boat use, and Sir Charles Cust has written on behalf of the Duke to assure Commander Wells that "the flags will always be used by his Royal Highness upon all occasions of ceremony afloat during the cruise of the 'Ophir.'"

Photo. Copyright. THE ROYAL MARINES FOR THE "OPHIR." *Sharman.*

Including Lieutenant Rait, R.M.A., Major Clarke, R.M L.I., Colonel-Commandant H. St. G. Schomberg, and Lieutenant Stockley.

Saturday's ceremonial opened with the presentation by the King of South African medals to some officers of the Duke of Cornwall's staff and some men of the "Ophir's" crew who were with the Naval Brigade, and of decorations and medals of the Royal Victorian Order to the officers and men who drew the gun-carriage at Windsor on the occasion of the late Queen's funeral, or who shared in the melancholy reception as a part of the guard of honour on the jetty at Portsmouth. Then came a luncheon on board the "Ophir," and the beginning of sad leave-takings. The Duke accompanied his parents to the "Victoria and Albert," and then returned on board his own ship, and then the procession began. The "Irene" led the way; the King and Queen followed in the "Alberta"; then came the "Ophir" accompanied by a double line of torpedo-boat destroyers. The salutes thundered out from ship and fort—Nelson's "Victory" taking a fitting part—and the momentous expedition had fairly started. By and bye the other vessels returned, and the "Ophir" went on her way, escorted by the huge first-class cruisers "Diadem" and "Niobe," which had joined her at Spithead. We give pictures of both of these fine vessels, which belong to the same class and have been detached from the Channel Fleet to escort the "Ophir" as far as Gibraltar. There she will be taken in charge by the second-class cruiser "Diana," of which we give a picture, and the "Andromeda," a sister-ship to the "Diadem," of which an illustration appeared in our columns in August last. At Aden, which marks the limit of the Mediterranean Station, the duties of escort will be undertaken by the first-class cruiser "St. George," of which we published a picture in November, 1899, and the "Juno," of which a representation appeared in our pages on November 11, 1899.

It was the urgent desire of the late Queen that this tour should take place, and the King and Queen have shown an enlightened patriotism in giving their consent to a proposal which, under changed circumstances, it rested with them to accept or to negative; while at least as much must be said for the Duke and Duchess who have undertaken the journey. For the Duke and Duchess—but for the Duchess especially. Let us forget Royal surroundings for a moment and look at it only from the standpoint of everyday life. Will anyone suggest that the Queen felt less the parting from her only surviving son than any other mother throughout the Empire would have felt a similar separation? Or does anyone seriously dream that a Royal Duchess is less conscious of the pain of parting from her young family than would have been the humblest mother in the Empire? Her children are at an age when their rapid development endears them doubly to a mother's heart. Moreover, the closeness of the ties which bind together the members of the Royal Family is well known; and it says much for the patriotism of the Duchess of Cornwall and York, that she is willing to sacrifice her instincts as a young mother on the altar of the welfare of the Empire. For of the fact that this tour of the Duke and Duchess is Empire-making, there can be no doubt whatever. The King said on Saturday that one of the chief reasons of the tour was his desire to acknowledge, through the Duke, the loyal help the Colonies had given to the Mother Country during recent events. This is no doubt an important reason, but it is avowedly not the only one. Political federation may be as far off as the Greek Kalends; this is a point which we cannot discuss; but the acclaim which will greet the Duke and Duchess in the great Colonies which they are to visit—an acclaim which will only be redoubled as the tact and courtesy and charm of manner of both Royal visitors are appreciated—will be the joy bell announcing the birth of a real federation for Imperial interests—an union for all those purposes to pursue, for all those causes to defend, in which the recognition of community makes for Empire. Something was needed to give the initial impulse, and the graves lying side by side in South Africa supplied it. The visit of the Duke and Duchess to Australasia and Natal, to Cape Colony and Canada will complete the work. It was a significant accident that as the "Ophir" left Portsmouth Harbour, the figures of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York standing together in the bows were outlined against a huge Union flag.

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Queen Victoria Memorial Services

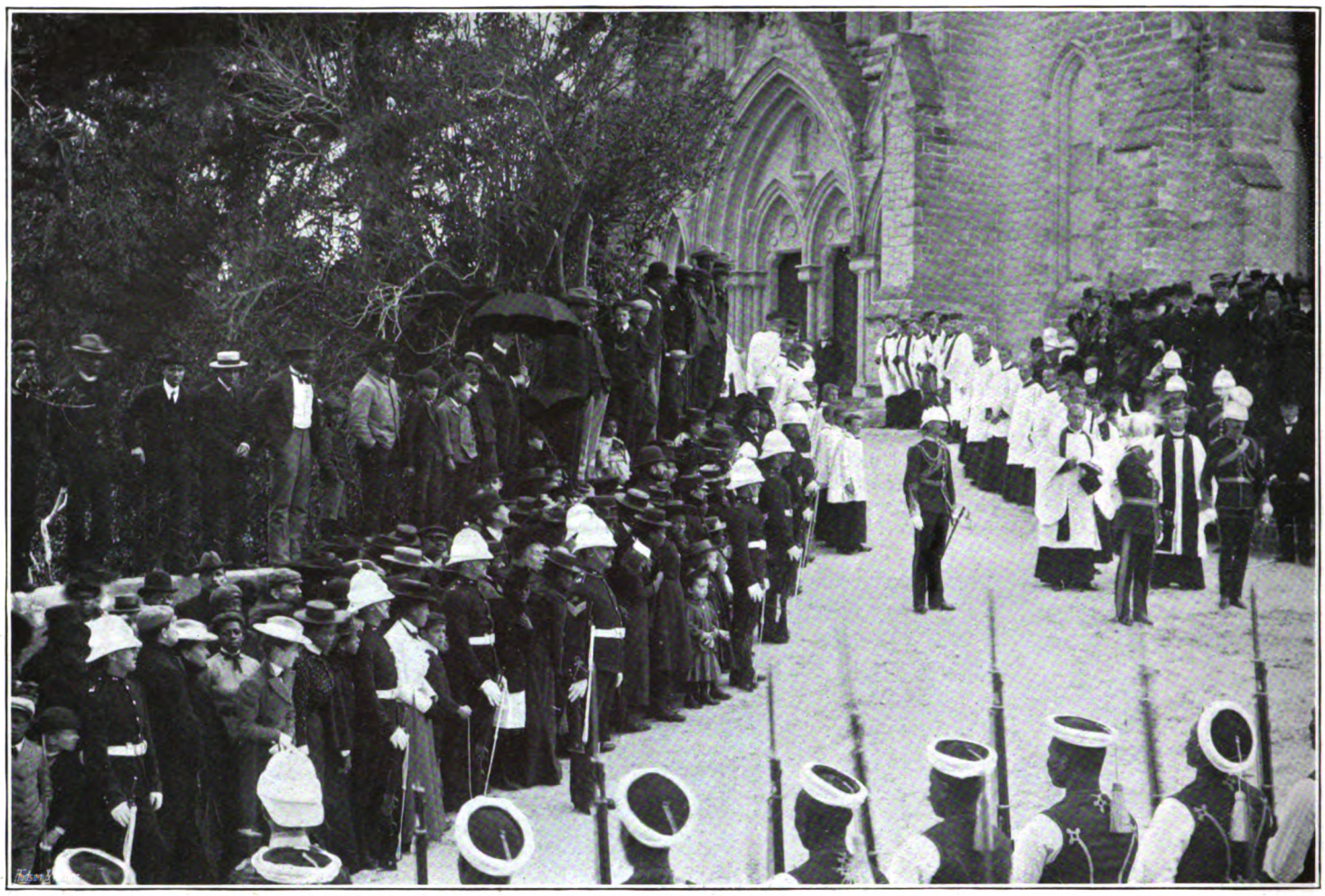

Photo. Copyright. *Lusher & Son.*

AT HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

This beautiful service was held on February 2 at the Bermuda Cathedral. Our picture shows the Governor of the Islands, Sir G. D. Barker, saluting the colours; the clergy and the choir boys are grouped in the background, and in the foreground is a picturesque guard of honour of the 1st West India Regiment.

Photo. Copyright. *Mann.*

AUSTRALIA'S SOLEMN TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Here we have the Imperial Guard of Honour passing down Collins Street, Melbourne, on its return from the memorial service. The spectacle of these picked troops from the Mother Country, together with a fine representation of the Indian Army, strongly accentuated the memories of the late Queen which were so freely evoked by the sad occasion.

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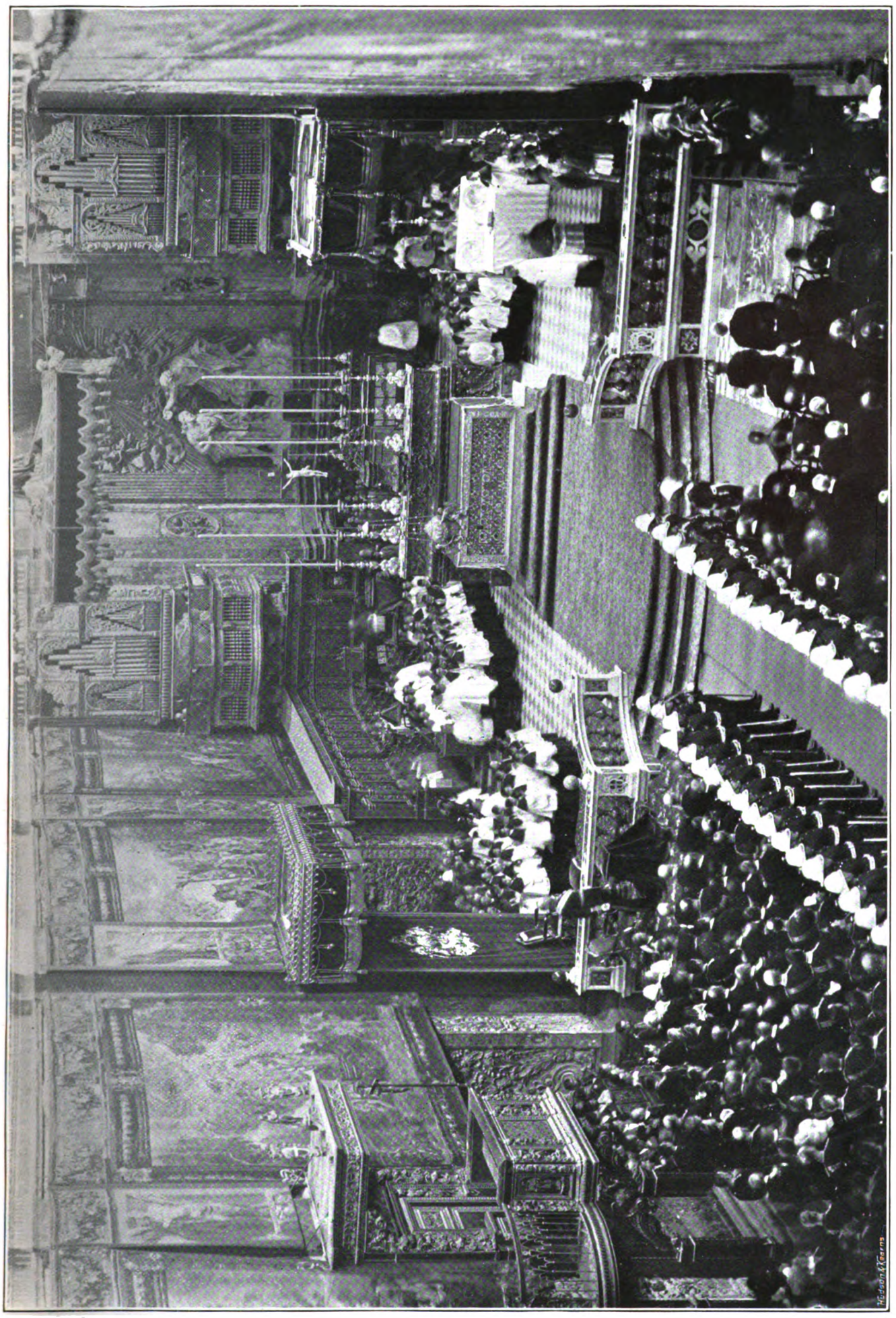

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

A SOLEMN FUNCTION IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, MALTA.

The Thanksgiving Service for the King's Accession.

There can be no visitor to Malta who is unacquainted with the solemn grandeur, the stately beauty, and the ornate adornment of the principal Roman Catholic church in the island, the magnificent pile which bears the name of St. John's Church, Valetta. Our picture conveys a very good idea of the magnificence of the interior, with its wealth of sacred paintings and priceless tapestry, though it necessarily fails to show one great feature—the stone slabs which constitute the floor and which mark the resting-places of so many gallant Knights Hospitallers. It was in this church that, by the authority of the Bishop of Malta, a solemn Te Deum was sung on March 7 to give thanks for the accession to the throne of King Edward VII., and to invoke the Divine blessing upon him. The 2nd Battalion of the Royal Malta Regiment and the Royal Malta Artillery lined the church and the approaches to it; enormous crowds filled the church and the streets; and the service was attended by the Governor and his staff, the representatives of the Navy and Army, the Judges, the Members of Council, the foreign Consuls, and, in fact, all that goes to make up Society in Malta.

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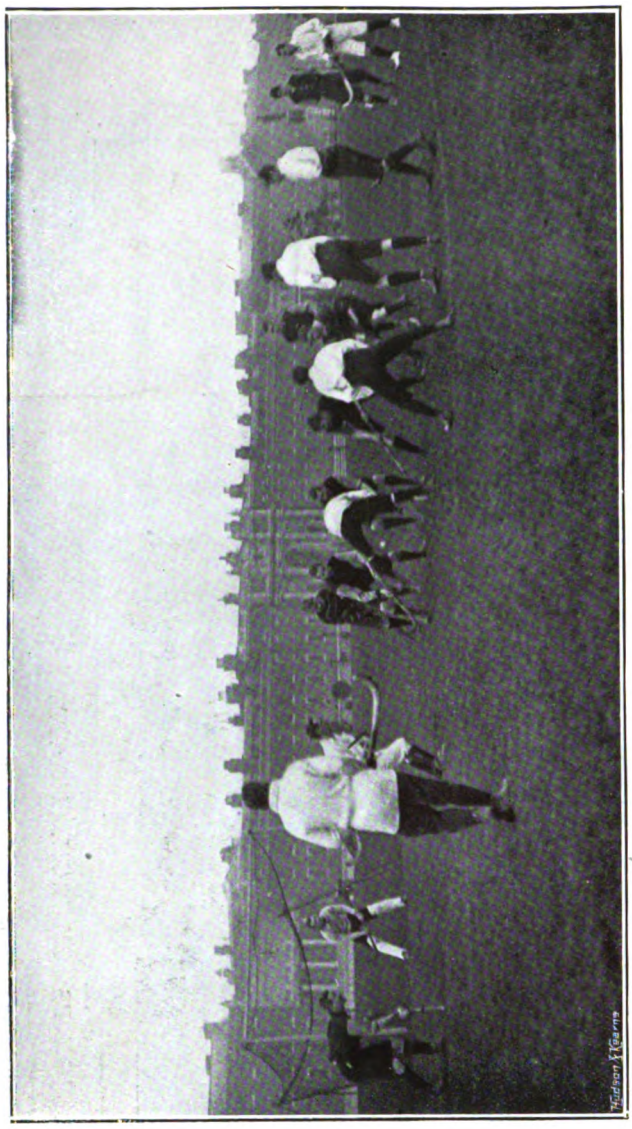
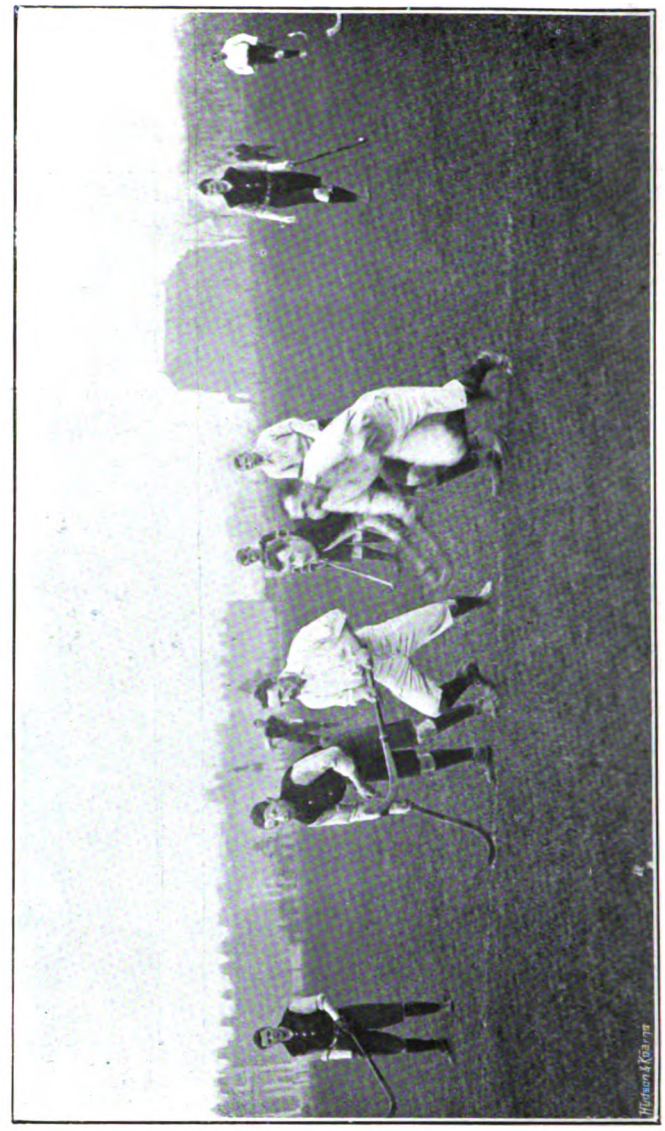
Hockey in the Army.

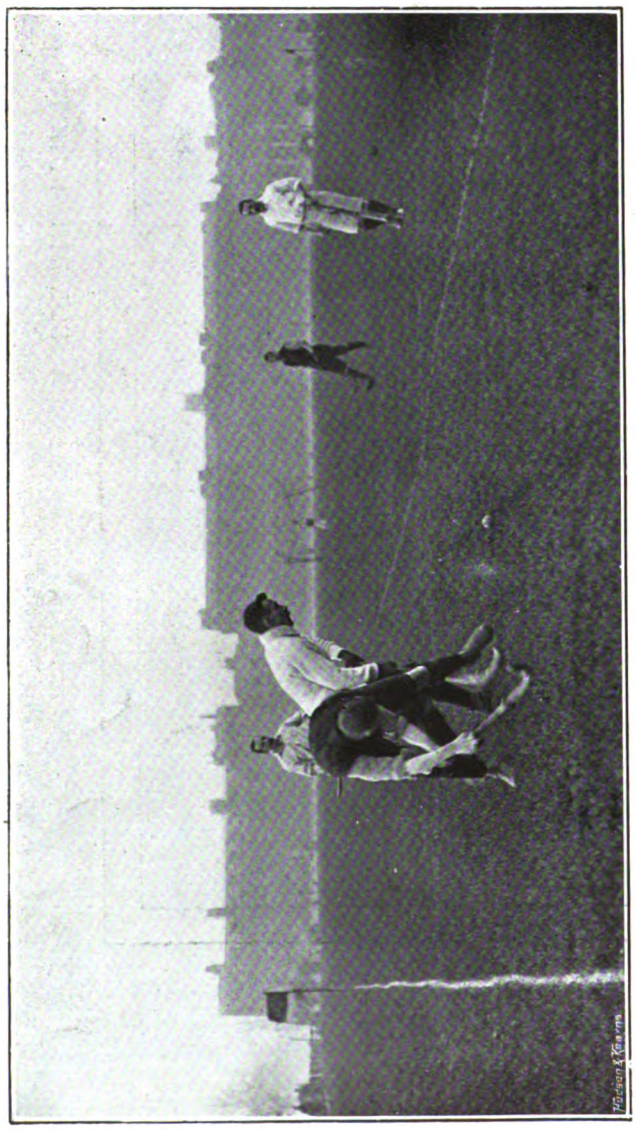
WOOLWICH GARRISON *versus* THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLWICH LAST WEEK.



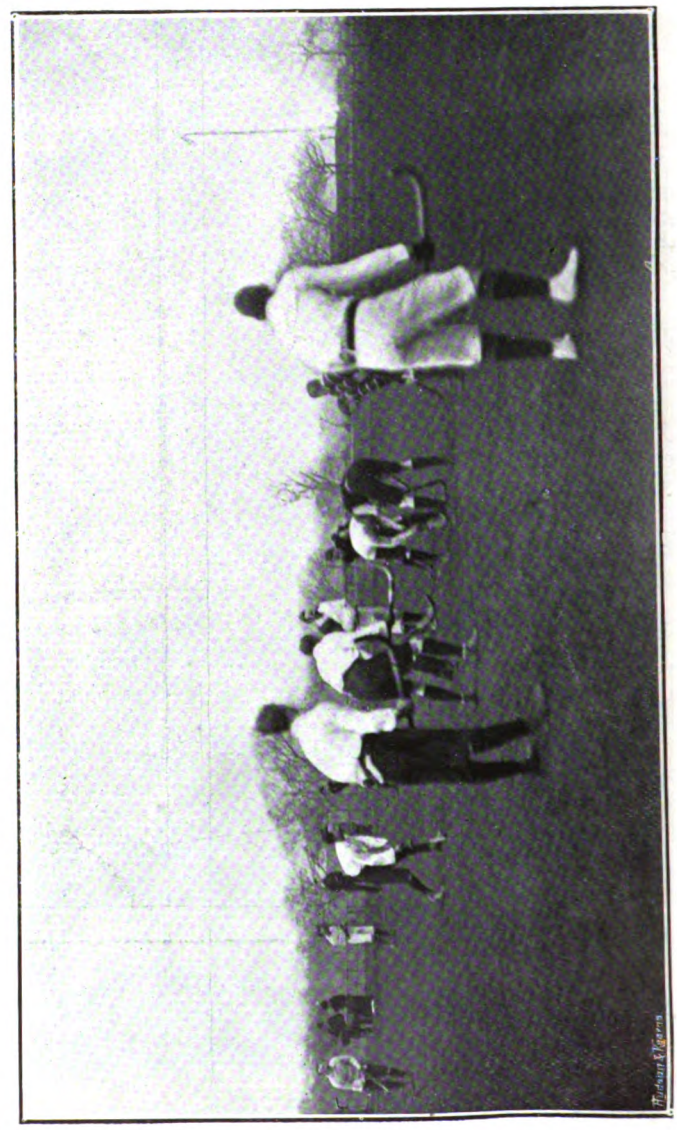
IN FULL PLAY.
The Academy Goal in Danger.



A THROW IN.
All Eager for the Fray.



"STOP HIS STICK."
A Determined Tussel for the Ball.



IN MID-FIELD.
After the Third Goal.

From Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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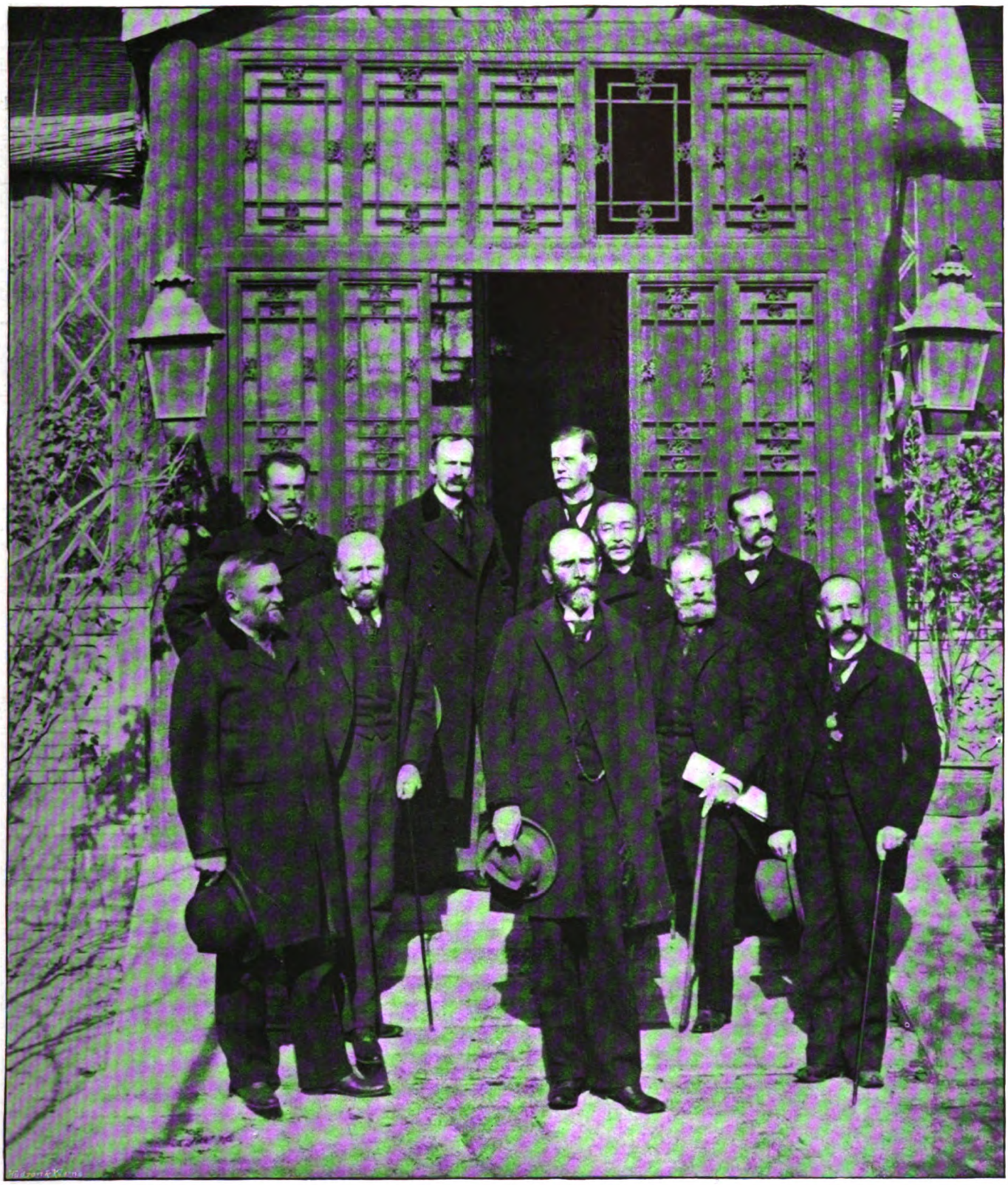
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 217.] SATURDAY, MARCH 30th, 1901.

Marquis J. Salvago Raggi. (Italy). *Baron d'A. de Wasservass. (France).* *Sir E. Satow. (Great Britain).* *Baron Nissi (Japan).* *M. M. Joostens. (Belgium).*



Major E. H. Conger. (U.S. America.) *M. De Giers. (Russia).* *Don B. J. de Cologan. (Spain).* *Baron M. C. de Walltom. (Austria Hungary).* *Dr. von Mumm. (Germany).*

REPRESENTING THE POWERS IN PEKING

This interesting group shows the Ministers who have been representing the Allies in the Chinese capital during a crisis which may come to have a marked influence on the history of the world. To the firmness and cohesion of these diplomatists is due what promises to be a great victory over Chinese obstinacy and unscrupulousness. Trusted by their own Governments, and backed up by a considerable Military force, they have been as the velvet scabbard which contains the sword of steel, and the civilised world respects them accordingly.

From a Stereoscopic Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, London, Copyright, 1901.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The King and the Empire.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has a very interesting little article in the *North American Review* this month. He calls it "The King of England," and he takes the opportunity of explaining why he, one of the least monarchic in inclination of British Members of Parliament, cannot help regarding the Monarchy as an institution peculiarly suited to the British Empire at the present time. We can all remember how Sir Charles Dilke once avowed himself a Republican in the House of Commons. What has happened since then to alter his view and to turn him into a staunch supporter of the Throne? Simply the growth of the Empire. Thirty years ago there was a prevalent impression that the Colonies, as soon as they could stand and walk alone, would throw off the bonds that tied them to the Mother Country and become independent States. This was what the upholders of the Republican idea counted upon. Now we see how much at fault the Republican expectation was. Instead of separating themselves from Great Britain, the Colonies are knit closer to us to-day than ever they have been in the past. And the consequence is that we need more than ever some rallying-point for Britons all over the world, some one prominent figure to serve, as we said a fortnight ago, for a perpetual symbol of the general welfare which it is the business of all parties and of every citizen of the Empire to promote. "I cannot but feel," Sir Charles Dilke says,

> "I cannot but feel that in the last quarter of a century the growth in the Empire of India and of the Colonies has withdrawn the adoption of Republican institutions from practical politics. The difficulty of the adoption of federal forms in the case of an Empire so dispersed, and representing forms of civilisation so diverse, is immense. To bring India within the working of a Parliamentary Constitution which would also include such democratic states as the Australian Commonwealth, is in my mind impossible; and the alternative means of keeping together the Empire is rather an increase than a diminution in the *status* of the King."

Here is practical statesmanship and political wisdom of a high order. If all our leading men would take the trouble to think out the reasons for the faith that is in them, and to place these reasons clearly on record, we should have more respect for them and we should also be better governed. If, for instance, the Secretary of State for War had ever sat down and thought out the problem of Imperial Defence, he would never have produced the delusive scheme of Army reform which is now before the country. If the Prime Minister had ever gone aside to consider what course in China would best serve British interests, and had then determined to follow that course, we might have consolidated our position in the Far East, instead of frittering away our influence and falling into the contempt in which the *Times* special correspondent in China tells us we are now held. What we need especially at the present time is a national policy, and no policy, whether national or individual, whether affecting the interests of a great Empire or the petty gains of a small trader, was ever arrived at without taking thought, was ever conceived between sleeping and waking, or in that indolent frame of mind which regards all evils as "inevitable" and counts procrastination the highest form of statesmanship.

Sir Charles Dilke is undoubtedly right. The King is an integral factor in our Imperial problem. The most of mankind live by symbols, and can only appreciate inward and spiritual forces by contemplation of their outward and visible forms. All the great religions recognise this and act upon it. A great polity must take account of it no less. What the shallow pedant and the hot-headed revolutionary never understand is that logic has as little to do with the practical affairs of life as the solar system with the baking of bread. A community consisting entirely of persons who lived by reason alone would provide for itself some form of government strictly in accordance with reason. But no such community has ever existed, nor, so far as we can see, is ever likely to exist. Therefore we must consider, when we discuss the best form of government, not only what is strictly logical, but what is demanded by the sentiment of the majority of the human race, and by their inability to grasp abstract ideas, unless these are presented to them in a symbolic shape.

The King is a symbol of the unity of the Empire. All oaths of office and allegiance are administered in the King's name. A crime against society is a crime against the King, for it is he who, through his officers, watches over the interests of society and stands for a type of the common weal. Around the person of the Sovereign cluster the sentiments and associations that have always moved men, and still move them, to think no labour too heavy, no enterprise too desperate, so it be undertaken in the King's name. Of actual governing power he has little. The gradual development of the democratic idea of government has placed this in the hands of the people's delegates. The House of Commons, which is delegated by the nation, and the Cabinet, which is delegated by the House of Commons, have been invested with "the power, pre-eminence, and all the large effects that troop with majesty." The King of England might say with King Lear:

> "Only we still retain
> The name and all the additions to a King;
> The sway, revénue, execution of the rest
> Be yours."

But there can be no greater mistake than to suppose, because the King does not actually govern, that the usefulness of his great station is diminished. It is, on the contrary, as Sir Charles Dilke points out, actually increased. It is his part to stand forth in the sight of the Empire as the representative of its vast world-power. It is his privilege to feel that in him the inhabitants of every corner of the Empire see the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual tie that binds us all together. And it is the duty of all King's men to fulfil their part of the compact as loyally as the King carries out his, by doing their utmost to build up the Empire strongly and to further the great idea which the Monarchy represents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"GORDON HIGHLANDER."—It is not correct to say that the promotion of Lord Kitchener to the rank of lieutenant-general created a vacancy in the promotion list of the field officers of the Royal Engineers. Lord Kitchener is not on the establishment of general officers, but is borne on the list as a supernumerary. But for his promotion for distinguished services in the Soudan in September, 1896, his name would still appear in the list of colonels of the Royal Engineers. The name above him would have been that of Sir Reginald Hart, and following immediately below him would have been that of Major-General (Colonel) E. Wood, C.B.

* * * *

"GROGO."—Your question was recently answered in an article in these columns. The rum, which is the only alcoholic drink issued by the Admiralty, is sent to Deptford at a strength of 40-deg. above proof, and here, in thirty-two large vats, having a total capacity of 230,000-gal., the strength is reduced to 4·5-deg. under proof. The largest of these vats is two-thirds the size of the well-known Heidelberg tun, or of a capacity of nearly 33,000-gal. From the vats the rum is run into the familiar casks issued to the war-ships all over the world. Taking up savings means that a man may receive a money allowance in lieu of his allowance of victuals. Thus a teetotaller can commute for the money value of his allowance of half a gill of rum a day. It is a grave offence for one man to give his rum to another, or to attempt to smuggle liquor on board. Officers' messes are in the same position as passenger steamers, in being able to purchase their wine out of bond and free of duty.

* * * *

"A. N. OTHER."—The general rule is that Dragoon Guards are distinguished by wearing scarlet uniforms with velvet facings, and helmets of gilt brass which bear on the front a laurel wreath enclosing a silver eighteen-pointed star. The centre of the star is formed by a gilt garter, pierced with the motto or designation of the regiment, and enclosing either the number or device of the regiment. The exceptions to the rule are the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), who wear cloth facings, and the Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards), whose uniform is dark blue with cloth facings. The three Dragoon regiments wear scarlet uniforms with cloth facings. The two Dragoon regiments wearing helmets (1st Royals and 6th Inniskillings) have them of white metal with gilt star and ornaments. The other regiment of Dragoons, the 2nd Royal Scots Greys, wear bearskins. Another difference between the regiments of the Dragoon Guards and the Dragoons, is that the former each have a "standard" of silken damask, while the latter have each a "guidon" of silk.

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The New Command on the Cape Station.

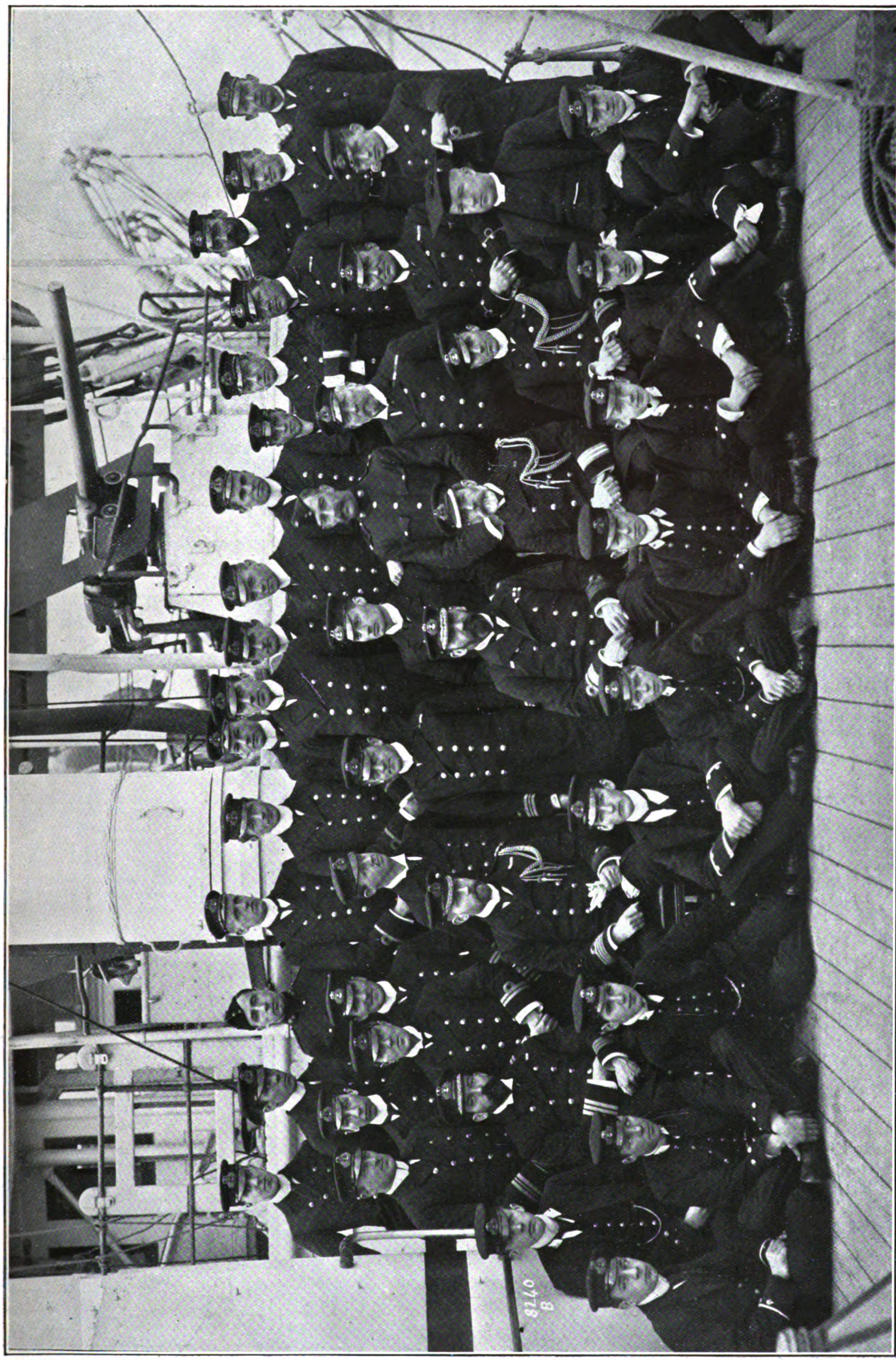

Photo. Copyright *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

REAR-ADMIRAL A. W. MOORE, HIS STAFF, AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "GIBRALTAR."

Rear-Admiral A. W. Moore relieves Sir Robert Harris in command of the Cape station, and takes to his new command an important strengthening of the station, for his flag-ship, the "Gibraltar," is a fine first-class cruiser, which will replace the second-class cruiser, the "Doris," which up till now has flown the Commander-in-Chief's flag on the station. The admiral is seated in the centre, with, on his right, his flag-captain, Captain A. H. Limpus, and on his left, first, his secretary, Staff-Paymaster W. C. Gillies, and, next, his flag-lieutenant, W. F. G. Talbot. As will be noticed by the medal ribbons that decorate their breasts, all these officers have seen considerable war service. Admiral Moore takes over a command of the greatest importance, and one that grows daily of more importance.

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The Duke of Cornwall and York's Tour.

STAFF-SURG. H. W. MACNAMARA, R.N.

COMMANDER R. E. WEMYSS, R.N.

COMMODORE A. L. WINSLOE, R.N.

LIEUT. W. G. E. RUCK-KEENE, R.N.

THE officers whose portraits fill this page are to be envied, as in a way they will fill a niche in the temple of history, for the cruise of the "Ophir" is bound to be one chronicled in our records. The accession of Edward VII. saw the Empire in the throes of the biggest struggle it has ever been engaged in. Every colony the Mother Country has planted loyally took her place in the defence of the Empire, and the unity of that Empire was proved to the hilt to an impressed world. How could the occasion be more worthily honoured than by the monarch of the Empire, of which we now only know the strength and magnitude, sending by his only son and heir cordial thanks and greeting to his subjects of that Greater Britain that makes the Empire of which this little island is the hub? The cruise of the "Bacchante" was an interesting episode; the cruise of the "Ophir" is an historic event. The officers here shown are the quarter-deck complement of a ship that will live in history. In the captain and commander of the "Ophir," the Duke has with him in Commodore Winsloe and Commander Wemyss old shipmates and messmates. Captain Winsloe was flag-lieutenant to the Earl of Clanwilliam when he flew his flag in the "Bacchante," and Wemyss was term-mate with the Duke in the "Britannia," and shared the hardships of the gun-room with him in the same frigate, at that time the finest in the Royal Navy. Commodore Winsloe served in Egypt in 1882, and for his services received the medal with clasp and bronze star. Again in 1890 he was mentioned in despatches and awarded the medal with clasp for the good work he did with the Vitu Expedition. Commander Wemyss saw service in Egypt at the same time as Commodore Winsloe, receiving the medal with clasp and bronze star as did his brother officer. He also saw fighting in East Africa in 1893, and in Gambia in 1894, receiving the medal and clasp for his services in connection with the latter expedition. The first lieutenant of the "Ophir," Lieutenant W. G. E. Ruck-Keene, also saw his first service, as a Naval cadet, in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and, as a lieutenant of the "Rodney," risked his life to save life in the "Utopia" disaster in 1891, for which he wears on his breast the Italian medal "Al Valor di Marina." The "Ophir" is, of course, commissioned in every respect as a man-of-war, and is in every sense a Royal Yacht. Moreover, she is a link between the Navy and the Mercantile Marine, that bears the commerce upon which this country exists, in a sense that no other ship has ever been. And she is, apart from this, a record ship, for she was the first twin-screw steamer built to run between this little island and the big nation that we built up in Australia. She had trying weather in her run out to Gibraltar, and her seagoing capacities have been well tested at the outset. She has, of course, proved herself one of the finest of sea-boats, but there is no doubt that in her selection a very prominent factor was the fact that in the opinion of Naval architects she was declared to be one of the safest vessels, if not the safest vessel, afloat. And she is as speedy as she is safe, for in one of her earliest trips she landed her mails in a record run — twenty-four days two hours out from Albany, the quickest known delivery in London of colonial mails. The Bluejacket is the finest seaman in the world, the "Ophir" is the pick of the finest Mercantile Marine in the world. On this occasion both personnel and material have been most fittingly combined for the tour of the heir to our Sea Empire.

STAFF-PAYMASTER E. D. HADLEY, R.N.

SECRETARY W. GASK, R.N.

SUB.-LIEUT. J. H. BAINBRIDGE, R.N.

LT. C. M. CRICHTON-MAITLAND, R.N.

ASST.-PAYMASTER G. A. MILLER, R.N.

SUB.-LIEUTENANT G. A. WELLS, R.N.

PURSER J. C. GIBBONS.

REV. H. S. WOOD, R.N.

SURGEON R. HILL, R.N.

CHIEF ENGINEER GRAY.

Photos. Copyright.] [Symonds.

The Officers of the "Ophir."

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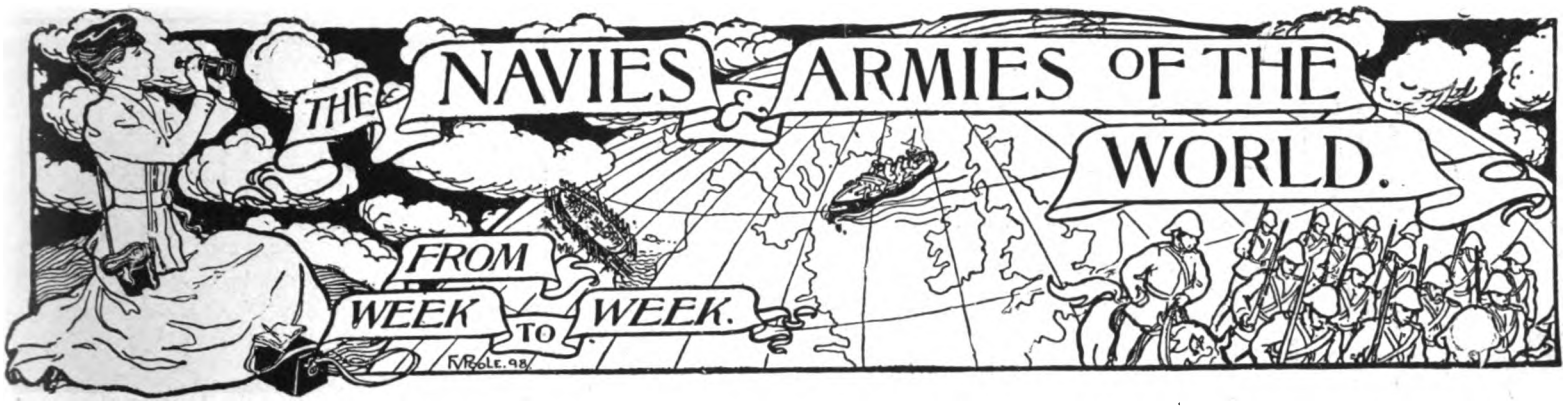

WE ought all to have a profound respect for our betters—and, of course, "our betters" include all Honourable, and still more all Right Honourable, Gentlemen holding high official posts. If they sometimes make it hard for us to entertain proper sentiments, then it is only the more virtuous in us to do as we should. Yet there are times when to do the proper thing all but passes the powers of an ordinary sinful man. One of them, I think, is when he puts what Mr. Brodrick said about the transfer of the minor coaling stations to the Navy alongside of what was said on the same subject by Mr. Arnold-Forster. The Secretary of State for War gave it as his opinion that the time had come when "smaller coaling stations" ought "to be taken over by the Admiralty." He did not mean "fortresses like Malta and Gibraltar, but the smaller stations, like Singapore and Colombo and others, which are not attackable from the land." One would think that a statement like this would hardly be made by a Minister introducing a great measure of Military reorganisation until it had been so considered by all concerned that they understood it in all its bearings. However, this was clearly not the case, as we learn from the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, who told us that My Lords have not yet had time "to examine with the minuteness it requires this important project." They would look at it in all its bearings, and, when they felt free to think anything, would say what they thought. It really looks as if that august body, the War Office, were "trying it on" with that no less grave body the Commissioners for discharging the office of the Lord High Admiral.

* * * *

If any private person were to talk as Mr. Brodrick did, one would really feel justified in saying that he was singularly muddle-headed. The coaling stations to be taken over by the Navy are to be such as are not attackable from the land. It is not to have Malta, because that is "a great fortress." But few places are less liable to attack by land. If any enemy did make a raid, the mere fact that the coal was lying within a great fortress would be the one consideration which would render his efforts entirely nugatory. You cannot take great fortresses by mere raids unless they are in the condition of Porto Bello when it was seized by the landing parties of Admiral Vernon, that is to say, unless the guns are unmounted, and the garrison not only insufficient, but panic-stricken. But the Navy is to be entrusted with Colombo, which is quite as liable to assault from the land as Malta, and, not being "a great fortress," would be much harder to defend against raiders. The case of Singapore strikes the deferential listener as amazing. It is a trading port of the first importance with a dangerous population. Is the whole force—Indian troops mainly, if I am not mistaken—maintained there to be under the Admiralty? If not, we should have a Military officer under the Indian Government and a Naval officer answerable to Whitehall in the same place, which would introduce the very conflict of authority it is proposed to avoid. It is all a muddle.

* * * *

Really it does seem as if the War Office had thrown out this distracting proposal without for one moment thinking under what conditions coast towns ever have been, or ever could be, attacked. If they are not to be got at from the land, the Navy ought to defend them by dealing on the sea with the enemy who comes oversea, which it will always be fully able to do if it is sufficiently numerous, well appointed, and zealous. But the case may arise that you have no Naval force at hand, while the foe is near and enterprising. Then your coaling stations may be raided, as Drake pounced on San Domingo, as the Buccaneers took Guayaquil and other places, as Anson seized Paita, as Vernon took Porto Bello, as the Bailli de Suffren captured Trincomalee during the absence of Admiral Hughes. That is undoubtedly the case; but how were these places taken? Every one of them fell to attack from the land, except Porto Bello, which collapsed from internal weakness; "you cannot," says the Spanish proverb, "make an empty sack stand upright," and this once famous achievement proves nothing except that want of foresight and want of spirit will cause the loss of any fortress. Porto Bello was being turned into a very powerful place, and if it had been properly supplied with mounted guns and a decent garrison would have made thorough work of Vernon's ships.

* * * *

On the other occasions mentioned, and in the vast majority of attacks from the land, what has happened has been this—that the assailant coming oversea has landed men on one side of the town, and has made his way into it from the land side. Drake landed 1,200 men to seize San Domingo—half at least of the total force he had in his ships. He would never have dared to do this if Pedro Melendez de Aviles or the Marquis of Bazan had been in the West Indies with a dozen galleons. Or if he had dared, and either of those officers had fallen on him while his ships were half manned, the famous expedition of 1585 would have ended in a hideous disaster. The Buccaneers landed to attack Guayaquil and Anson to occupy Paita. The Bailli de Suffren put troops ashore to overpower Lieutenant MacDowall's little garrison at Trincomalee. If he had not done so, he might have remained in front of the place until Sir Edward Hughes came up with the English squadron. It was by just such a combination of ships to transport and soldiers to land that D'Estaing and the Marquis de Bouillé took St. Vincent from us in the early days of the American War, and that Barrington played the French a return match by capturing Santa Lucia. And, in fact, so it must always be. No place that is fortified in any serious sense on the sea-front and is defended with any spirit can ever be taken by ships alone. Of course, if it is so weakly protected that it cannot stand being fired into at all, or is a mere open town, ships may hammer it into submission; but to keep the coal which you need to maintain the mobility of your fleet where it invites attack to this extent is insanity. From the moment, however, that the enemy has landed the affair becomes one of Military operations, which are the proper business of the soldier, and not of the sailor.

* * * *

Let us take a test case. The name of Colombo will serve as well as another. The supposition is that we make it one of the coaling stations in charge of the Admiralty, and that the Navy is not in such strength in the Indian Ocean but that the Japanese, or whoever you please, can make a grab at it. If it has no forts or guns, or has a mere show of them, then unquestionably it can be overawed by ships. Allowing, however, that it is well fortified on the sea-front, but not on the land, then the raider can disembark to right or left, and turn the defences. For the sake of argument we will allow that he does, though it is difficult to see how he could spare men from his ships, unless he brought a considerable detachment of troops with him. What now follows? If there is a very weak garrison, he will be master of the town in a few hours. Supposing it can make any sort of fight behind barricades and loopholed houses, so as to delay capture, then, I presume, the officer commanding the troops in the island will collect all the men he can, and make all convenient haste to send the raider packing to his boats. It would be his duty to make the invader pay for his audacity, precisely as the French made us during the Seven Years' War, when the combined expedition came to a dismal end in St. Cas Bay. But this is and must be soldiers' work. While there is no difference in principle between holding a town and relieving it, both alike are Military operations, which fall properly under the land officer. Besides, where are the men required to garrison the minor coaling stations to come from? Mr. Brodrick left the impression that they are to belong to the same bodies which supply the crews of our ships. The mere suggestion is enough to justify another "Breeze at Spithead" with My Lords and all the Admirals in command this time. The alternative would be that a force of soldiers for work ashore only should be added to the Navy, which is absurd. There was some, though not much, sense in the claim of the French Navy to take charge of the ports of war, for it did possess a corps of soldiers not meant to serve at sea—the Infanterie de la Marine, which has now been passed over to the Colonial Army.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Royal progress by sea has been marked this week by the splendid reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall at Malta, where the Mediterranean Squadron was assembled to render worthy honours on this memorable and most gratifying occasion, and where the Naval, Military, and civil officers vied with one another in making the event what a Royal reception should be. As a Naval officer, the Duke is well acquainted with our great Naval base in the Mediterranean, and the whole Maltese people have been delighted to welcome him with the Duchess. The Maltese have now for just a century been under our sway, and are most loyally attached to the Crown. It was in September, 1800, that the French troops left in the island by Bonaparte during his adventurous passage to Egypt surrendered after a long blockade, and the capture of Malta thus made us masters of the Mediterranean. But if we had not discerned the hidden ways of our wily opponent, the island might have slipped through the hands of the half-mad Tsar Paul to the French. Happily, we retained it from 1800 onward, and it was finally annexed fourteen years later, to the great joy of the Maltese, who have learned in a century of British rule to value the freedom it bestows, and have nobly expressed their loyalty.

Photo. "Navy & Army."
GENERAL RATCHEV-PETROFF
Is the Recently-appointed Premier of Bulgaria. A Strong Man, as his Portrait shows, he is the Right Man in the Right Place, although his Training has been as much Military as Diplomatic. He Entered the Army in 1879, and, after a Special Training at the Military Academy at St. Petersburg, was attached to the Staff. Coupled with his Position as Premier he also holds the Portfolio of Minister of the Interior.

THE eighty-second birthday of the Duke of Cambridge shall not pass unnoticed here, for there is not a soldier in the Service who does not value the veteran who has devoted a long lifetime to the welfare of the Army, and who commanded a division against the enemy before many of our generals were born. Whatever disputes may arise as to the powers of the Commander-in-Chief, every soldier knew, when the now venerable Royal Duke exercised the office, that the welfare of the soldier was at his heart. For close upon half a century the Duke was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and during the whole of that time he possessed the confidence and was the valued adviser of his cousin Queen Victoria. A typical English soldier, whole-hearted in his service, loyal in every duty, sparing himself in nothing, has been the Duke of Cambridge, and we hope that he may yet be spared many years to the Army his sterling qualities of head and heart have adorned.

VERY near to the heart of Queen Victoria were those personal sorrows of her people which arose from the South African War, and so deeply touched were all classes of her subjects by the graciousness of her sympathy that it was determined, as an expression of reciprocal feeling, to establish a permanent memorial of her well-loved grandson, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, who died in the service of his country. The intention has not been changed by Queen Victoria's death, for the love and gratitude of the people were deepened, and Lord Roberts, the president of the general committee, and Sir Redvers Buller, chairman of the executive committee for carrying out the object, make an appeal for donations and offers of assistance in collecting subscriptions, which may be sent to the Prince Christian Victor Memorial Office, Horse Guards, or to Messrs. Lloyd's Bank. An admirable form is to be given to the memorial. It is to be a fund for founding and endowing beds in the Princess Christian Cottage Homes for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, and Princess Christian, the deceased Prince's mother, knowing how devoted he was to such purposes of charity, has approved the plan. Could anything be better? Those who

Photo. Copyright. Bayley.

LAYING THE KEEL-PLATE OF A FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP

Is a Ceremony more Honoured in the Breach than in the Observance, but it was Duly Observed when the Keel-plate of the "Queen" was Placed in Position at Devonport. The Plate, Suspended a Foot above the Blocks on which it was to Lie, was Guided into its Place by Four Ladies, whose Names are Engraved upon it. These were the Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe, Sister of the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, Lady Charles Scott, Wife of the Naval Commander-in-Chief at the Western Port, Mrs. T. Sturges Jackson, Wife of the Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, and Mrs. Champness, Wife of the Chief Naval Constructor

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have lost those near and dear to them in the war, or who are receiving their loved ones safe from the perils, have here now their opportunity. Let us recall the fact that there is a Princess Christian Home at Portsmouth for twelve men, that there are four at Bisley, built by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, and six more being erected by the Allied Building Trades' Association, besides ten other Princess Christian Homes in various parts of the country. It is truly noble work, deserving all the help that the charitable can give to it, and many should help in founding and endowing "Prince Christian Victor Memorial Beds."

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A CHANCE is now afforded to those who would like to help the many Naval and Military charities calling for aid, while giving pleasure to themselves and their friends. The Lord Mayor presided on Tuesday at the Mansion House at a meeting of the council of the Naval and Military Exhibition which is to be opened at the Crystal Palace in May, when the purpose was fully explained. The Crystal Palace Company do not disclaim their purpose of making their institution popular and attractive, but they desire at the same time to do a useful work in aiding the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, the Royal Naval Fund, the Royal School for Officers' Daughters, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society, the Officers' Families' Fund, the Central British Red Cross Committee, and the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. To this end they have offered to the authorities of these institutions 50,000 Crystal Palace guinea season tickets, and the whole of the proceeds of the sale of these tickets will be credited to the societies which dispose of them. There will also be special tickets to enable purchasers to invite friends to accompany them to the Crystal Palace. In regard to the exhibition, it may be said that it is intended to illustrate the important changes made during the last half-century in the various branches of Naval and Military warfare, including transport, ordnance, equipment, and hospital arrangements, and concurrently there will be various displays, tournaments, mimic battles, tableaux, and so forth, while the historical collections should be very interesting.

FACE TO FACE WITH RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST.

A Group of the Officers of the Hong-Kong Regiment, the Corps that Held the Railway Siding at Tientsin in the recent little Imbroglio. Read from Left to Right, in consecutive Rows from the Background, their Names are: Lieutenant Bridges, 5th Gurkhas; Lieutenant Hutchinson, 22nd Bombay Native Infantry: Lieutenant Duxbury, 4th Bombay Cavalry; Lieutenant Moberly, Hong-Kong Regiment; Lieutenant Pye, 5th Hyderabad Cavalry; Captain Johnson, 3rd Punjab Cavalry; Lieutenant St John, 20th Punjab Infantry; Lieutenant Rudkin, 20th Bombay Native Infantry; Colonel Retallick, Commanding Hong-Kong Regiment; Lieutenant Creagh, 4th Punjab Infantry; and Lieutenant Ducat, 20th Punjab Infantry. The mere Enumeration of the Regiments is in itself Sufficient to Show how the Indian Army Contributes to the Defence of the Empire.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE NAVY.

Newfoundland, England's First Colony, with its Hardy Fisher and Seafaring Population is an Ideal Recruiting Ground for Strengthening the Royal Naval Reserve, and One which is now for the First Time being Exploited. A Vessel is now Fitting Out to Proceed to the Colony as a Permanent Drill-ship for these Naval Reservists. A Cruiser, the "Charybdis," Flies a Commodore's Pennant on the Newfoundland Station during the Fishery Season—May to October. This year, in her Winter Cruise to the West Indies, she Took in her Complement Fifty of the Colonial Royal Naval Reserve. These Men are shown in our Picture, Drawn up on the Poop of the "Charybdis," before they were Supplied with their Naval Reserve Clothing.

Indeed, if the promises are fulfilled, the exhibition should be a great success. There is a very influential committee of advice, and Earl Roberts is the patron, while Vice-Admiral G. Digby Morant is chairman of the executive committee, and Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. Massy secretary to the exhibition. The auspices are thus excellent and the opportunities manifold, and enjoyment and good work are expected to go forward hand in hand.

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THE present condition of affairs in South Africa brings to mind the very seasonable things said a fortnight ago by the Canadian Premier. The Dutch burghers in the Colonies, in their blind confidence in their own imagined strength and our assumed weakness, put the thing to the touch, "to gain or lose it all." There was logic in what they did. They laid down the principle that South Africa should be either British or Dutch, and the verdict of the God of Armies has been that it shall be British and not Dutch. They lose nothing by that. If they have forfeited independence by their insolence, they still possess freedom—that freedom which is ever found where the British flag flies, and they may look forward, having purged themselves of their offence, to a high and inspiring future such as Krugerism could never have given them, that future, let us hope, forecast for them by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wherein their people will flourish in a grand confederation on the pattern of that of the Canadian Dominion. It may well be a federation like that of Australia also, wherein Cape Colony and Natal, the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia shall be united under the British flag and under British sovereignty. Then, as the Canadian Premier said, they will have that which has been found for sixty years under the Flag—liberty for all, equality for all, justice and civil rights for British and Dutch alike. These things must Botha and De Wet remember while the burghers qualify for the future that is forecast.

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THE Home District Rifle Meeting will take place at Pirbright and Bisley on May 4, when there will be shooting for the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, the Dewar Trophy, and the General's Cups, these last presented by Sir Henry Trotter. There will also be a pool open to all comers. In the first two events the idea is to test the

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THE ROYAL INDIAN MARINE TO THE FRONT.

Here are some of the Officers who form the Transport Staff at Taku, where the Bulk of the Expeditionary Force Sent Over-seas to China was Landed. In the Top Row (Left to Right) are Captain Dredge, I.M.S. (Medical Officer of Transport Fleet); Lieutenant Headlam, R.I.M.; Commander Elderton, R.I.M. (Senior Transport Officer); Lieutenant Harold, R.I.M.; Mr. Murray, R.N. (of the "Orlando"); and Mr. Guy (Chief Officer of the Transport "Zibenghla"). In the Bottom Row are the Signalmen of the "Barfleur," and Lascars and Signalmen of the Royal Indian Marine.

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combined marching and shooting powers of the soldiers—an excellent thing—the targets being made to represent an enemy. In the case of the *Daily Telegraph* Cup the distance to be marched preparatory to firing will be about eleven miles, from Weybridge to Bisley, and in the case of the Dewar Trophy about eight miles, from Guildford to Pirbright. Considerable money prizes have been added. The cups presented by General Trotter will be competed for in two series, respectively for the teams which have taken part in the two previous competitions. Sir Redvers Buller will be the chief umpire. A great deal of interest has been taken in the meeting, and the excellent arrangements should make it a complete success.

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LADY KENNEDY'S "DITTY BOX."

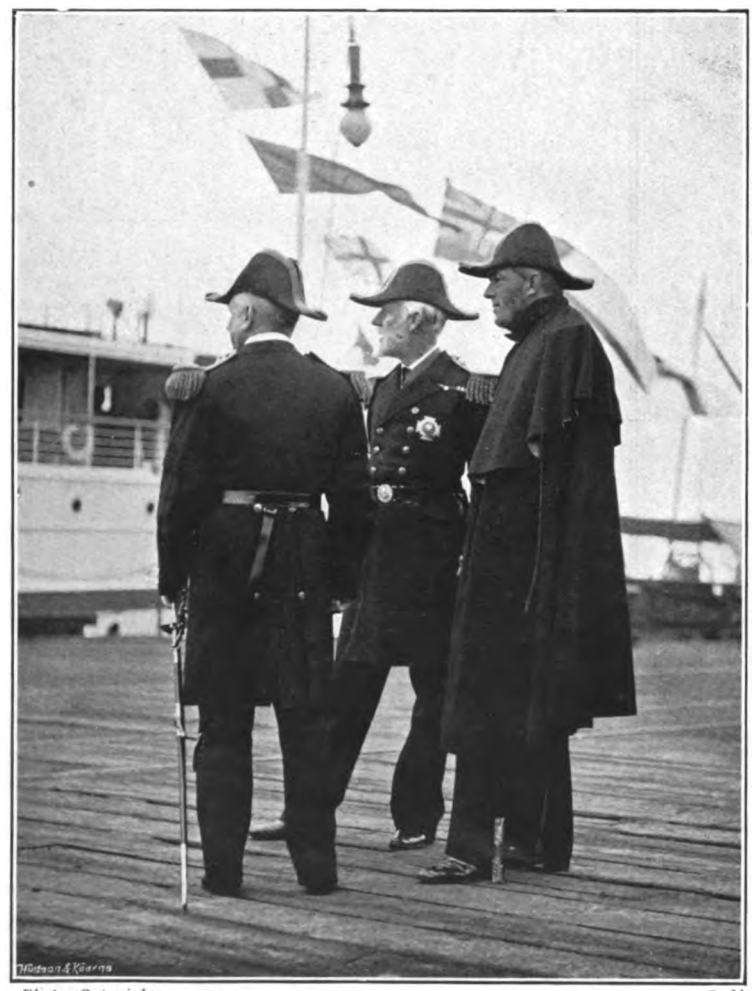
His "Ditty Box" is that in which the Bluejacket Stores his most Valued Souvenirs, and the One here Illustrated will undoubtedly be One of Lady Kennedy's most Valued Treasures, for it is the Casket Presented to her when she had the Honour of Christening to His Majesty's Service the First-class Battle-ship "Albemarle," Containing the Hammer and Chisel Used on that Occasion.

officers appear both to command parties in Congress, and their rights and wrongs have been freely discussed. The fault was not with the Naval Secretary, nor with the President, by whom recommendations were presented and endorsed, but the way was blocked in the Senate by the pitiless quarrel in which certain senators indulged, to the manifest injustice and positive injury of many officers and men. A very long time elapsed during which nothing was done, and, while the dispute went on, the reputation of the United States for eminent justice suffered somewhat severely. Secretary Long lately endeavoured to awaken Congress to a full sense of a duty descreditably deferred, and now at length the wrong should be righted.

DOUBTS as to the real significance of Count Lamsdorff's assurances respecting Manchuria find their complement in the suspicions entertained in another sphere of possible Russian aggression, among the Swedes. The Russification of Finland, which has been a cruel blow to the pride and historic traditions of an excellent race, is believed by many Swedish and Norwegian thinkers to be the preparatory step to a purpose of advancing through Swedish Lapland or Northern Tromsö to the Atlantic Ocean. The Baltic is an inland sea, commanded by a stronger rival, and the new Arctic port in the White Sea can probably never be of great value, but there is in the Ofoten Fjord in 68-deg. N. lat. a splendid position for a naval port on the Atlantic, and the district, which possesses coal, has also an immense cod fishery. There are thus several things that might tempt the Muscovites westward, and the danger suggested accounts for the great development which is going forward in the military defence of Sweden and Norway. Unfortunately the differences which have arisen between Sweden and Norway seem to offer opportunities to Russian cupidity, and the poet Bjornson has contributed to Russian papers articles inciting Russia against the sister country. But, in view of a common danger, differences of opinion will surely be laid aside, and a strong Scandinavian monarchy resting upon well-organised military strength should confront the eastern neighbour.

IT is somewhat astonishing that the Americans have only just found the means of officially rewarding as they deserved the Naval officers who took part in the Santiago Campaign. They were belauded for their services, and were described as heroes of the first water, which made it incomprehensible why they should so long have been neglected, except by private friends and admirers who have presented them with swords of honour. Naval Constructor Hobson and Captain Clark, who both greatly distinguished themselves, were among the forgotten. What made the case more curious was that those officers who were fortunate enough to serve under Admiral Dewey had been promoted, and that the Santiago heroes actually suffered in consequence. The dispute between Admirals Sampson and Schley is at the root of the neglect. These

LITTLE appears to be known in this country concerning the difficult work which attended the landing of the Indian troops at Taku and Shan-hai-kwan. The bulk of the force was disembarked at the exceptionally bad landing-place off the Peiho mouth, where the transports lay off the bar some ten miles outside the entrance. There they transferred their freight, living and otherwise, into light-draught steamers and lighters, which, in the case of the troops, proceeded to Sinho, some seven miles up the river, while the lighters with stores ascended the river to Tientsin. When the Naval transport officer and his staff were withdrawn, the Indian Marine took over the work, under Commander Elderton, R.I.M. The officers were working at Taku and Shan-hai-kwan from July to November, and the arduous character of their duties will be understood when it is mentioned that at Taku it blew a gale almost every two days, and that latterly the thermometer was down to 18-deg. At Shan-hai-kwan the difficulties were almost greater, and the lighters and junks were terribly damaged. At Taku alone some 20,000 men, 6,000 animals, and 70,000 tons of stores were landed, and the British were the only nation that landed everything before the river was frozen up on December 5.



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"ADMIRALS ALL, FOR ENGLAND'S SAKE."

Of the Three Admirals here shown one is Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, who Won Promotion and Bears on his Breast the Medal for Good Service done in Arctic Exploration; he is Standing on the Left. In the Centre is Lord Walter Kerr, First Naval Lord, a veteran of the Crimea and One of the "Shannon's" Naval Brigade. The Tall Figure on the Right is Rear-Admiral Fawkes, Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. The Occasion is the Departure of the "Ophir."

GENERAL RATCHEVPETROFF, the new Prime Minister of Bulgaria, was born in February, 1861, and in 1879 entered the newly-formed Bulgarian Army. He passed through the Superior Military Academy at St. Petersburg, and on his return was attached to the Headquarter Staff at Sofia, and at once attracted the attention of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the then ruler of the country. On the outbreak of war with Servia in 1885, though only in his twenty-fifth year, he was nominated Chief of the Staff, and it is generally acknowledged that much of the success of that campaign was due to his military prescience. On the advent of Prince Ferdinand he was named Minister of War, which post he held also under M. Stambuloff and M. Stoiloff. In 1897 he resigned, but last November Prince Ferdinand appointed him Minister of the Interior, with the Premiership *ad interim*, and he is now Prime Minister. It is felt that he is the right man in the right place.

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Army Transport in Olden Times.

ILLUSTRATED BY CONTEMPORARY PRINTS.

THE accompanying series of pictures is distinctly *apropos* of a war like that in South Africa, in which the always important question of transport and supply has assumed, is assuming, and must continue to assume, extraordinary dimensions. Never, perhaps, until this war was well under way did the general public realise to what an extent transport dominates military operations, and how repeatedly and effectually great and telling strokes of strategy are delayed, if not altogether frustrated, by the want of means whereby not only fighting men, but also their baggage and food, can be shifted from one spot to another. Latterly, however, even the "lay outsider" has begun to understand pretty clearly that a modern army cannot go forth without due preparation in this respect, and that great strategical movements, as, for instance, the advance of Lord Roberts upon Bloemfontein, are literally based on most careful and elaborate calculation not of the endurance or marching powers of the fighting elements, but of the capacity of the transport to resist the tremendous strain which any such operation must necessarily put upon it.

THE ROYAL WAGGON-TRAIN.
The Forerunner of the Transport Branch, Army Service Corps.

Before glancing cursorily at our pictures, let us pause for a moment to consider in what essential respects military transport to-day differs from what it was in the time of the Great Duke. In one respect, at least, there is very little change. At the head of all transport animals for downright efficiency the mule maintains, and is likely to maintain, its place, unless, possibly, zebras, or some other little-known quadruped, may hereafter be pressed into military service with unexpected success. In the Peninsula, of course, mules were freely used for transport purposes, and so were asses, which are, at any rate, never used nowadays except by the merest chance. During Massena's retreat from Torres Vedras in 1811 he ordered 5,000 asses to be hamstrung to prevent their falling into the hands of the British, an act of cold-blooded ferocity towards dumb animals which has seldom been surpassed. Of other transport animals which were available in the Peninsula we have still the horse, pony, and bullock in common use, and in Wellington's earlier days he had full experience of the elephant and the camel, which for special purposes form such an important feature of military transport in India.

A PORTUGUESE BULLOCK-CART.
Wellington Employed Numbers of these Vehicles in his Advance on Salamanca.

But in one particular direction we have travelled far beyond the ideas of the Wellingtonian epoch. The Great Duke would, if recalled to life, probably find few stranger and more unexpected developments of the military art than steam traction as applied to the operations of war. This is not the place for a dissertation upon the astonishing success which has attended the use of these apparently unwieldly but in reality most manageable, as well as powerful, engines on the rolling veldt of South Africa. But no comparison, however sketchy, between the transport of 1808-1813 and that of 1901 would be complete without a brief allusion to this singularly up-to-date product of combined military ingenuity and engineering excellence. Steam traction as applied to military purposes is no new idea. Wellington himself, who lived to see the railway system of the country considerably developed, may have had it at times in view, although one fears that he would have very summarily dismissed any inventor of traction engines who approached him on the subject. But the actual use of steam transport in the field must emphatically be reckoned as one of the "lessons," and, that by no means the least, of the great war which is giving us as a nation quite as much thought and trouble as the operations in Spain and Portugal gave our grandfathers and great-grandfathers and the Government of that day nearly a century ago.

And now to turn to our pictures, which afford a singularly complete representation of military transport in the Peninsula days, both from a peaceful and warlike standpoint. For in one of the series we have reproduced from Atkinson's "British Costumes," a most interesting presentment of a military baggage-waggon, accompanying what is evidently a regiment marching in course of relief, or, at any rate, changing its quarters at home. For on the top of the miscellaneous baggage which is packed in the waggon are to be seen several of the women of the regiment, while underneath the cart walks one of the regimental dogs. It will be noted that an ordinary carter in a smock frock is in charge of the

A TRANSPORT CATASTROPHE.
Horses Bolting with a Waggon the ammunition in which has been Exploded by a Shell.

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waggon, which has doubtless been hired for the occasion, and which, though a sufficiently roomy and substantial vehicle, is very far removed from the regimental transport waggon of to-day, with its smart driver in uniform, and general aspect of being able to carry easily as many heavy cases of baggage as can possibly be stowed away in it.

In Wellington's time there was, of course, no such thing as regimental transport, which, indeed, is a very modern idea as applied to the Home Army, although in India it has, as far as the native cavalry are concerned, obtained for some considerable time. Nor was there, equally of course, any Army Service Corps, which, like regimental transport, is a very modern development—and a very good one too. The functions of the Army Service Corps, in so far as they related to transport, were more or less—chiefly very much less—efficiently carried out by the Royal Waggon Train, although it should be noted that in the later years of the Peninsular War Wellington formed a Land Transport Service on his own lines, which, we may be sure, was an improvement on the existing organisation. For into everything that related to transport and supply the Great Duke entered with extraordinary thoroughness and knowledge of detail. "I may not be much of a General," he once said modestly, "but I do know that I am a first-rate commissariat officer." And commissariat and transport are so near akin that it is scarcely possible even to think of one without thinking of the other. Which leads one by easy stages to recall the story of the commissariat officer who complained to Wellington that General Picton had threatened to hang him. "Did he, indeed?" replied Wellington; "then I advise you to be careful, for if General Picton said he would hang you, he most assuredly will!"

An interesting picture of an officer and a waggon with drivers of the Royal Waggon Train forms one of our series. The uniform appears to have been smart and, on the whole, serviceable, while the waggon may have worked fairly well on ordinary roads. The officer is gorgeous in cocked hat and plume, a very different figure from the transport officer of to-day, especially when the latter is on service.

ON THE LINE OF MARCH.
A Baggage-train Following in Rear of Wellington's Army.

The Portuguese cart depicted in another illustration reminds one of the familiar Indian bullock gharry, but appears to be a still more lumbering and generally inconvenient vehicle. Still, like the Indian cart, the Portuguese variety "arrived" somehow, and Wellington was glad enough to procure a number of these clumsy wains when advancing on Salamanca. The Portuguese carter seems able to control his team with a long stick, and does not find it necessary to twist their tails and make disparaging remarks about their female relations, as the Indian bullock driver does.

Two striking pictures complete this little gallery, one of an ammunition-waggon on fire, the other giving a general idea of the march of the baggage-train in rear of an army. The incident of the ammunition-waggon on fire is included to show the type of vehicle used for the purpose named, but the incident itself occurred at Waterloo. The contents of the waggon were exploded by a shell, and naturally enough the affrighted horses bolted in an agony of terror.

A REGIMENTAL MOVE.
Baggage-waggon Accompanying a Corps on the March.

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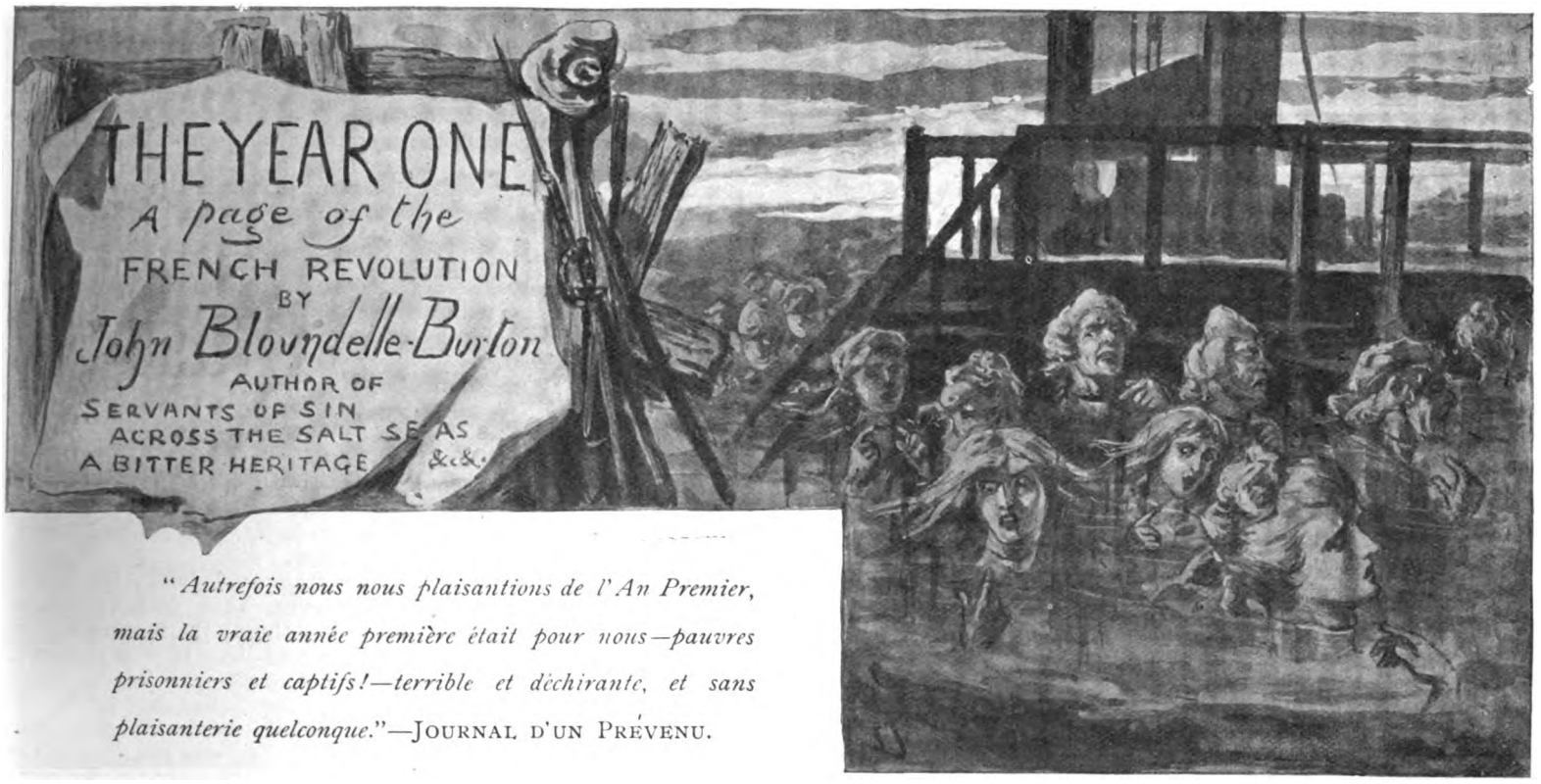

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE story has dealt with the attempt of an English Naval officer, Lieutenant George Hope, to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, to escape from France and the Revolution, as well as from a bad husband whom she has been forced to wed. The attempt has, however, failed, owing to their being denounced by the husband's acquaintance, Adèle Satigny, who aims at becoming his wife, and they have been sent to Paris for trial. The marquise has, however, managed to escape and to pass as a woman of the people, while her champion has been sent to La Force, while all the efforts of the former are exerted to enable him to regain his liberty.

CHAPTER XXV.

DUBROC IS ABSENT.

THERE were other people missing—and wanting—in the courtyard and neighbourhood of La Force that day besides the unhappy man who had died of fever in his *cachot* overnight or the man with the strange name of 'Ope who could not be found, and who, many thought, had doubtless walked out of the prison while mingling with the mob, as it was afterwards calculated more than fifty prisoners had walked out from the various prisons on September 3.

Among others, Isidore Dubroc was missing; none but his companion, Jules, having the slightest suspicion of where he might be, while many of his friends—especially the *bourreaux* who, like himself, had been sent there at a wage of twenty-four livres *par tête et par jour*—imagined that he must either have turned craven at the sight of what had been done and the thought of what was still to do, or have got more drunk than they were themselves. Yet, it was a pity, they said, a thousand pities. What things he had missed!

"He has missed the Bourbon woman's cry, '*Je suis perdue*,'" said Angèlique Voyer, gloatingly, "he has missed seeing Charlat fell her to the earth with his log of wood, and Grison, the butcher, cut off her head as easily as he has often cut off a sheep's. And now they are going to have the hair of the head curled and powdered, and carry that head round on a pike. Bah! he is a fool."

"Why did they let that woman, Tourzel, go?" asked a savage-looking, red-haired girl of one of the gendarmerie who passed close by her at this moment. "She was the governess of Capet's children, and was in the carriage with them when they fled to Varennes. She would be dead by now if I had been one of the judges."

"*Hé!* Why? Because she threw dust in their eyes—blinded them. She asked them if she did wrong to carry out the duty she had sworn to fulfil, even though it was sworn to a king. And some of those judges are half drunk in there. They have become maudlin, and so she played on their feelings. Bah!" and he spat on the corpse of a female prisoner lying close by.

"And why did they let the woman—that *puante aristocrate*, that Duchess, the woman Rochefeuille—go? Did she play on their feelings?"

"No. But one of the judges had been a scullion in her father's house when she was a girl, and he told the others that he remembered she was sent away from the Bien Aimé's court in disgrace because she would not become his mistress."

"*Diable!*" cried the girl, "and so they should! That animal's mistress! That *saleté!* Faugh!" Then she cried. "Ha! observe! They lead out the *ci-devant* Comtesse de Sombreuil. Come, let us go and see her cut down." And she sped away to observe an old white-haired woman bludgeoned to death on a heap of other dead outside. Yet, still, there were many others who asked where Isidore Dubroc was, and said "the pity of it! that he should be absent and miss his share in the great work."

Nevertheless, Isidore Dubroc would have laughed in his sleeve if he could have heard his friends lamenting his absence. For he thought and believed that this was his day of days, the one on which he was going to become rich for life. He thought that the ten thousand livres in gold which he had in his pocket would very possibly be twenty thousand ere he had finished with the woman whom he had termed in his mind "a spiteful viper."

"And then," he muttered, as slowly he tracked the fiacre in which Adèle Satigny was, and followed it as it passed through the crowds in the streets, or ran a little as it lumbered along more freely when it had crossed the bridge by the Rue du Bac—"and then I do not know if I will marry Margot, even though she should turn out to be one of us and no aristocrat. It is only fools who marry when they are rich. With twenty thousand livres in gold" (he never forgot that the ten thousand livres he already possessed were in gold) "I may have a hundred wives. Yet, all the same, Margot shall go free, aristocrat or no aristocrat. She is a rare bold one, such as I love—and—and—aristocratic though she may be, she has made me rich. None shall harm Margot, while, if these cursed Prussians and *emigrés* get here, and we are undone, she may prove a true friend at court. One must always think of the future."

It was owing to his thoughts of the future that he tracked that fiacre now; to his thoughts of how from the woman in that carriage a great deal more money might be extracted which would go to swell all that he had that morning obtained. To these thoughts his actions were now owing, and to a feeling which he could not have explained, and which, perhaps, the greatest philosopher could not have explained either, since it was a strange one to have arisen in the mind of so degraded a brute as he. This feeling was one of hate which he had conceived for Adèle Satigny from the first moment that she stood before him, and he discerned that she on her part hated and desired to injure Lucienne; a feeling combined with another and a better one to the effect that the girl who had not only trusted him, but had also kept her promise as to providing him with a remunerative task, should not be harmed by the "spiteful viper."

So—actuated both by his greed for more money and his determination to protect Margot, aristocrat as she might be or not—he kept on, sleuthhound-like, upon the track of that fiacre, and followed it to the end of its course.

That end came at the corner of the Rue Charlemagne (to be renamed a fortnight later the Rue de Consolation—Consolation for what!) when Dubroc, still keeping a discreet distance behind the carriage, saw that it had stopped, and promptly hid himself in the porch of an old and empty house close by. From which place he observed that the woman

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insi.le got swiftly out, and, tossing a piece of money into the driver's hand, walked away rapidly. Yet not so rapidly but that Dubroc was still enabled to track her, to keep her well in view, and, since she never looked back once, to creep a little closer to her as she neared her destination.

That destination he soon saw was an old, solid-looking house shut in by four walls, over which the fast-turning leaves of many limes and sycamores peeped, and upon which walls he saw the legend "Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!" freshly painted, as well as another statement recently used by all good citizens; the statement that, *Vous êtes avertis qu'ici l'on se tutoye.* And he perceived also that, where once the heraldic devices of some noble family had stood on each of the great gate-posts, there were now figures of women seated upon bundles of arms and holding in their hands pikes with the Cap of Liberty upon them.

"They *are* aristocrats," the vagabond whispered to himself. "They protest their revolutionary feelings too much."

Yet he was extremely puzzled at what he saw next, as still he kept watch from another coign of vantage which he had secured near the house at the moment when Adèle Satigny drew close to the great gates. He was extremely puzzled at seeing a small hand-cart, upon which were placed two or three valises, coming out from those gates, which cart was being pushed forward by an elderly-looking man clad in plain, rough clothes. Yet not so much puzzled, perhaps, at the sight of this man and at the hand-cart, as at the behaviour of the woman whom he had now been tracking for some hour or so. For she, on observing the other come forth as she drew near the gateway, had started back in considerable excitement, and then, a moment later, had gone towards the hand-cart and, with one hand extended and pointing to it, as Dubroc could very well see, had commenced an excited conversation with the man.

"*Nom d'un chien!*" Dubroc muttered, "she has caught one of her *officieux* in the act of fleeing from even so pronounced a revolutionary house as this," and he glanced at the mottoes and the figure of Liberty with a saturnine grin, "and she is turning him back. *Diable!* she has a temper. La! La! See! she kicks the truck with her foot, while, as for her eyes! *Mon Dieu!* her eyes! If she has still some of those aristocratic tendencies left of which our fathers have told us, she will have him beaten when he is inside, or, if she is short of lackeys, will beat him herself. The fellow was a quarter of an hour too late. Just one quarter! Poor animal! 'Tis pity. Ha!" he went on, noticing everything and reciting it to himself in the manner of a chorus. "Ha! she turns him back. He enters the gate, and she by his side. And now—now—it is shut. I heard the bar fall. *Mon Dieu!* I would give one of my *louis d'or* to see and hear what goes on inside. I have some time to kill while waiting for Madame l'Aristocrate to come out again, or until I, becoming impatient, go in."

What Dubroc would have seen and heard had he been inside the old Hotel d'Aubray at this time might perhaps have astonished him even more than what he had already seen, since he would have discovered that the man who had been compelled to return into the courtyard was no *official*, nor servant, but, instead, the owner of that mansion which he had recently endeavoured to quit.

"Beast! *Vil metal!*" he would have heard Adèle Satigny say. "So! it was as I suspected. As I have suspected since we have been in Paris. You intended to escape—to—to—leave me."

"Nay, nay, Adèle," the other answered, almost with a whine. "Nay, you misjudge me. I was but about to take our effects to a safer spot than this, and then return for you. I——"

"Our effects!" the woman exclaimed furiously, her whole face, indeed her whole frame, convulsed with passion. "Our effects! Is one of those valises mine? Is there in them one garment, one ribbon, that belongs to me? Answer, *valet*."

"I was coming back for yours," Jean Aubray stammered.

"Liar! You were fleeing from Paris, perhaps from France. Of a certainty, from me."

"No! no!" the man cried, and Dubroc outside might almost have heard that cry! "No—no," and he approached her fawningly as he spoke. "I love you——"

"Love me! Faugh! I despise, I spit upon your love. *Lâche! Poltron!* Your wife is no sooner dead, the one bar between us is no sooner removed"—it was strange how she still continued this fiction, knowing that, but two hours ago, Lucienne was alive—" than you endeavour to escape from me. Yet, beast though you are, you shall never escape until you have made me your wife. Then, if you choose, you may go where you will. To the guillotine, the galleys, the fiend himself. But not before—not before."

As she spoke there was such a tone in her voice, such a determination in her manner, that none could have doubted that she thought Lucienne was actually dead. None, except those who might have been able to read her thoughts, to see deep down into her heart, and there discover a determination to in some way compass Lucienne's death ere long; to cause her to be actually and truly as dead as she, in her fury, stated her to be.

"I do not believe Lucienne is dead," Aubray stammered, though with now a little more courage in his manner than he had previously shown. "I do not. There is no proof. And," waxing still bolder, "who knows but that you say so because you wish her dead, because you hope to make me give rash promises."

With a harsh, bitter cry the enraged woman sprang at him, while scarcely knowing what she intended, yet feeling that she must either tear his eyes out or maim him somehow, and actually seizing him by the neckcloth with one hand while with the other she gripped him by the throat. "Dog! Brute!" she articulated hoarsely. "Animal! You do not believe! Not when I tell you that I saw her dead in her lover's arms to-day at La Force, not when I tell you that I saw him carrying her dead body away. That lover with whom she has been for days and nights in the prison—the man whom she loved from the first moment he tried to save her from you. *Va-t'en! canaille! Juif! Grec!*" and she flung him violently away from her.

"Now," said Aubray, as he staggered back, his face hideous to behold, and, in his eyes, that little yellow-brown speck that always came to them in moments of extreme agitation. "Now, I know you lie. If she is dead as those papers said, you could not have seen her in that man's arms. And, in spite of all her faults, her pride of race, her contempt and scorn of me, Lucienne was an honest woman. *She* had no lover. *She* was not one who would give herself to any lover," and the specks flashed like discoloured topazes at Adèle Satigny.

Whatever opprobrium, whatever further words of hatred sprang to her lips as suitable replies to the man's well-understood taunt, she suppressed them, and, instead of giving them utterance, stood there gazing at him. Gazing, not as though seeking for some fresh form of violence against him, either by hands or tongue, but only as one who gazed into some near, yet impenetrable, darkness. Then, suddenly, she wheeled round and, going towards the great gates turned the key that was inside the lock, when, holding it in her hand, she came back to him.

"You will have no further opportunity of escape," she said; "either from me or others. None. There is one other door opening into the Rue Perche; that also I go to lock. Here you will stay until—until—I choose to set you free." And again she turned on her heel and strode towards the house itself.

"Adèle," he said, "Adèle, I never meant—ah, God!" he cried, breaking off, "do not look at me like that." For, as he uttered her name the first time, she had stopped and looked at him; had looked at him once as she put her foot on the first step, and the look had almost frozen him to stone.

Not one word of all that had passed had reached the ears of Dubroc, in spite of his having drawn even closer than before to the walls of the hotel. Not one, though once he had caught the sound of a harsh bitter cry from within, and, later, had heard the great key creak in the lock. Yet this was enough, enough to tell him that behind those walls there was something going on which it behoved him to know, something that—should he penetrate the mystery—would be of use, of value, to him. Of so much value to him that he did not doubt it would increase his ten thousand livres—in gold—twofold.

Wherefore he determined to wait patiently, to watch and wait here, even though he should have to do so through the whole of the night which was now close at hand, or even though he should in some way have to find an entrance to this mysterious house.

He did wait, watching eagerly for any sign that might appear, listening for any sound that might be made—watching, waiting always. And, so he heard the great bell of Notre Dame boom out seven o'clock—it was almost dark now—then half-past seven, and it was quite dark. And, at last, his excitement became more than he could bear. He must see, must know, more than he could gather from this side of those white walls with their false, lying mottoes and sentiments—unmeant and unfelt—painted on them. He must do so!

Therefore, he drew nearer to those walls and calculated their height and scanned every stone of which they were composed in the hopes of finding a foothold. And then he laughed softly to himself. For what was the great ironwork of the gates, what the twisted bars and scrolls, the battle-axes and fasces worked into them, but footholds themselves? What were such things as these to him who had often in his time broken into lonely houses by the aid of far less handy things?

A few moments later he was on the wall and had crept to the further end of the side he had gained, where, sheltered by the still unfallen, bronzed leaves of the trees inside, he could

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gaze into the great flagged courtyard. He would be able to see well now, he whispered to himself; if anyone came out he would see without being seen. That was good. Very good! Again he heard the great bell of Notre Dame, striking eight now—and no one came. It struck the quarter after, and still all was quiet as death itself. It struck the half-hour. And then, since he could observe all plainly—he saw a woman—the woman—come out into the courtyard. How like a cat she walked, he thought; how like, or perhaps, more like that tiger creeping through the jungle of which his elder brother, who had been in the Indies with Count Lally, had told him. How like! Yet why did she creep thus? Why? And why go to that stable on the left? What was she doing?

A moment later he saw the woman come out from the stable. And now he nearly fell from the wall in surprise, for on one shoulder she bore a light ladder—he could see her arm thrust through the rungs—in her hand she carried two flags. Flags having on their bright blue ground the silver *fleur de lis* of the cursed Capets and, beneath those emblems, a king's crown. Flags of a kind which, he knew, had often been used a few years ago to adorn the houses of the aristocracy on *fête* days. Flags that, if found in an aristocrat's house at this time, meant death. Death! Nothing short of that!

With eyes almost starting from his head in his wonderment and agitation, Dubroc watched the woman as she now, still cat-like, still tiger-like, crept towards the gates; with an amazement that was almost fear in its excitement, he observed every movement on her part. He watched her place the ladder against the wall and, mounting it, throw one of those silken Royalist banners over the pike held in the hand of one of the statues of Liberty, and then, descending and moving the ladder to the other side of the gate, do the same thing there. "God!" he whispered to himself. "I understand. I begin to understand."

But still he never took his eyes off the woman, he never missed one action of hers. For an hour he peered through the darkness and saw her crouching against the gate, crouching an indistinct heap beneath and between those two flags above, which now rustled to the breath of a light breeze.

For an hour he watched, as he could tell by those deep tones of the bell from the great cathedral.

At which time there fell upon his ears another sound, one that was approaching, drawing nearer and nearer every moment, becoming louder and clearer. The sound of a drum mingling with that of some wind instrument, the drum being, however, the loudest. And, now, shouts and cries reached his ears, too; the shouts and cries of drunken, infuriated men and women.

"It is some of the National Guard coming back from the business across the water to their *caserne* here. So! They must pass this way. Well, well! We shall see."

Yet he did not desire to be seen himself, wherefore he dropped gently from the wall into the street, letting himself down with extended arms so that his fall made no noise. But, ere he did so, he looked once more at that woman below and saw that she crouched no longer, but, instead, stood erect. Erect, yet in an attitude of strained attention.

And, then, from the hiding hole to which he returned, he saw that he had guessed aright. Those beating the drum were some of the National Guard returning to their barracks, followed by their usual accompaniment of scum and offal—now the murderers and murderesses—of the lowest part of the population. He saw all this, and a moment later he heard a voice from the midst of that guard cry out, "*Ventreboumine!* see there, above; upon that gate. They are the flags of the vile Capets. *Dieu!* do they court death?"

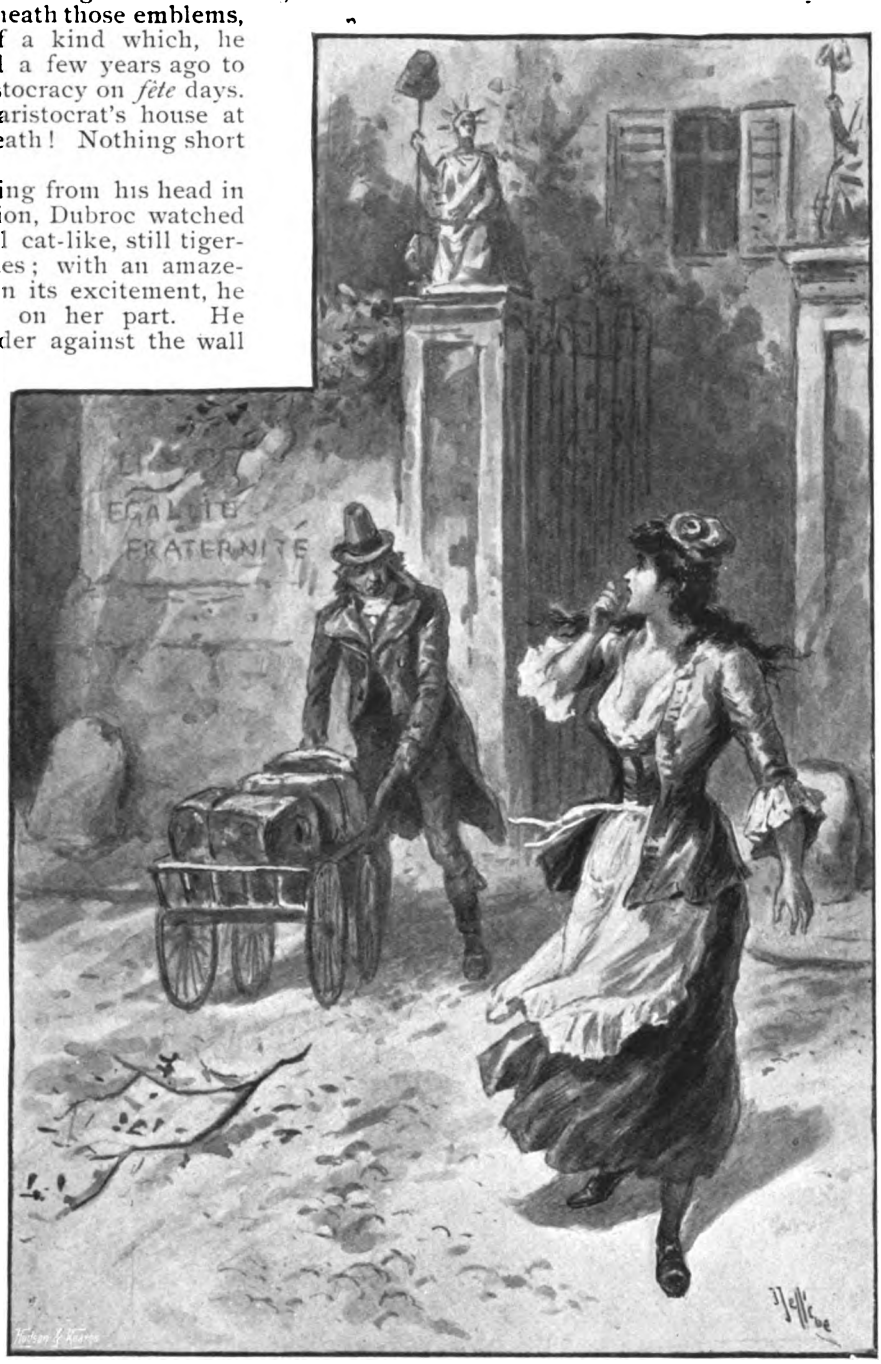
"They are mad," the crowd said. "Those within must be mad to insult the People thus. Blow down the gates! Search the house! Burn it to the ground, *notre capitaine*. Slay all. Shall they mock us on such a day as this? Our day of days!"

"Whose house is this?" a fierce voice cried from out of the midst of guards and rabble. "Answer, someone within. Or we will fetch cannon from the barracks and blow it to pieces. Answer!"

"It is the house of the Marquis d'Aubray de Bricourt," a deep gruff voice replied from inside the wall; a voice that Dubroc recognised, no matter how much its owner might attempt to disguise it. "*Vive le Roi!*"

"Madman!" cried the other. "Scoundrel! *Vil aristocrate*. You shall lose your head for this. For insulting us with the name of the tyrant, for exhibiting his flag."

"One tyrant is better than fifty thousand," the gruff voice replied. And again it cried "*Vive le Roi! A bas la Nation!*"



Adèle Satigny and Jean Aubray.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DOMICILIARY VISIT.

THERE was a hush, a stillness over Paris as the twilight of the soft September night fell upon the city; a silence such as that city had only known once or twice before since the revolt had turned into a revolution, and never before, perhaps, in her long history.

To-night, all were ordered to be indoors—all except the pikemen of the National Guard and some mounted men of the gendarmerie, who sat upon their horses at the corners of streets or by the bases of empty pedestals for statues in the open *places*. All the shops and theatres were shut. Upon the river there moved up and down boats full of armed men. At every fast-closed barrier—from that of Vaugirard to the one now known as the *Renversée* (because it had once been styled the Barrière du Trône)—men of the Marseillais troops were placed. Moreover, every vehicle, no matter whether carriage or waggon, diligence, fiacre, or cabriolet, was, by order, confined to its own yard or coach-house; upon the walls were posted large and staring notices containing the warning that every person who was abroad as dark came on was to repair to his own dwelling under pain of being considered a suspect and, consequently, of being arrested. Every place was as empty and deserted, and almost as quiet, as it usually was at the break of dawn in tranquil times.

Yet as the night went on, and more especially as midnight approached, some sounds disturbed the silence now and again. In the streets themselves the footsteps of the pikemen were heard as they began to circulate; knocks, harsh and peremptory, sounded upon the doors; low cries—orders—were shouted that a candle should be placed in every window. Nor, at this time, were there wanting strange sounds even, from within the houses themselves. Sometimes a muffled dead noise would catch the ear, a noise the meaning of which was not always understood, yet was strongly suspected

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by some who had been in Paris during former domiciliary visits. For that dead noise was, in truth, the last surreptitious hammerings of a muffled mallet upon the nails which closed up the panels of some suspect's hiding-place, or of the fastening of some cask or barrel in which another suspect had been thrust by those of his family who themselves had nothing to fear. And to such, and similar, noises others of an even stranger nature were occasionally added. More than once from some roof or open window at the back of a house, a stentorian voice would shout "*Vive le Roi*," and, next, give forth a bitter, mocking laugh as though defying the bloodhounds of the Legislative Assembly to discover who it was that thus taunted them. Sometimes, too, there would steal forth the sounds of musical instruments playing Royalist tunes; once, a rich baritone voice was heard trolling that most proscribed of all Royalist songs, Grétry's well-known air, "O Richard, O mon Roi."*

But, soon, the time had come for the visits to commence, since it was now almost one o'clock; and soon, too, the dead, flat stillness was broken by turmoil, by shrieks and cries that caused even the most timorous to show their faces at the windows, so that, ere long, staring eyes might be seen glaring out from behind the drawn-back curtains, as well as the backs of listeners bent in an attitude of attention. For that turmoil was hideous, fearful, terrifying, since it was caused by the cries of shrieking relatives whose proscribed fathers or brothers had been unearthed from behind panels and wainscots, or from cellars or roofs; fathers and brothers who were now as surely doomed as though the guillotine's knife was already descending swiftly upon their necks. It was a turmoil partly produced by agony and grief and misery on one side, and, on the other, by the savage shouts of those who had found their victims and were dragging them forth into the streets, there to be received with further yells of "*A la lanterne*" or "*Les aristocrates! à la guillotine.*"

In the Rue St. Honoré, a street in which on that night many victims were discovered by the searchers, Lucienne, George Hope, and Madame Verac listened eagerly to all the excitement and turbulence that was going on. They knew that, ere daybreak, the turn of this house must come, and they knew also that from it there was no escape, since those who quitted any doorway or leapt from any window at this time were certain to meet their doom. The patrols had received orders to fire on those whom they saw attempting to leave the houses, and, even as these three listened to all that was taking place outside, they heard the discharge of muskets at intervals.

They stood all together now at the window of a room on the first floor of Madame Verac's house, a little salon which she had for years been decorating and making a comfortable and cosy apartment; a place in which she sometimes received her friends and relatives from the country and made little occasional *fêtes* on high days and holidays. But, now, there was no appearance of gaiety or pleasure about it; the room was lit with only one candle guttering in the window, and its owner sat weeping unrestrainedly on her little sofa.

"If," she sobbed, "you would but go, if you would both consent to hide in the back-yard, you might yet escape. So many did escape thus on the night of the tenth of August, as I have since heard. Monsieur Maillardoz of the Swiss Guard was saved by being buried between two mattresses; the Marquise de——"

"Dear one," exclaimed Lucienne, who was holding the hand of this true friend, "dear one, there is no need. I have been out amongst—amongst—God help me!—my *friends*, the *sans culottes*, the *bourreaux* and murderers, and know what will take place. Two National Guards will search each house, ostensibly for hidden arms, but actually to see if any of the noblesse, any of the unhappy King's followers are secreted behind panels or wainscots. Finding none, they will depart."

"Yet, if either of you should be recognised. If you, monsieur, should be remembered as a late prisoner in La Force——"

"Remembered, madame," George replied. "Nay, there is little fear of that. If Lucienne is recognised at all, it will be as one of the people only," and he sighed as he spoke, recalling all the hateful, revolting associations which the girl had been forced to submit to during the past three weeks on his account, and through her determination to save him.

"But you! You, monsieur! Oh! I shudder at what may happen to you within an hour if you are known to any."

"Fear nothing. I beseech you to set your mind at rest. Lucienne has discovered—Heaven bless her for her courage and fearlessness!—that none who were at La Force will be employed on this night's work. The Assembly are ashamed—if such a body can know shame!—of what they have done. Danton rages against the massacres, and especially rages against being regarded as the author of them—which some say he is not. And he has sent all the hellish crew who took part in those massacres at La Force and L'Abbaye out of Paris. There is nothing to fear."

"Yet, still, I do fear. We might have taken a panel from the wall, or hidden you in a cellar beneath a load of fruit. Oh! Oh!" she moaned piteously, "I tremble with apprehension."

"I would to God," whispered Lucienne, "that we had never brought this on you. I would that we had gone elsewhere on the day when we escaped from La Force, and so have spared you this. Oh! Agathe, if I had but known, but thought of what trouble we might bring on you——"

"No, no!" Madame Verac cried, springing to her feet and falling on Lucienne's neck, "never say that, never. It is not for myself, but for you and him that I fear. Ah!" she whispered, as at this moment a heavy knock was heard at the door below, and a voice cried "Open. In the name of L'Assemblée Legislative, open." "Ah, they are here. Heaven help us!"

"Be brave," George whispered in return; "be brave and fear nothing. We have resolved upon our course, rehearsed our story. Now, let me go down and admit those men. Be brave. You will, I know," he murmured in Lucienne's ear.

"Always," she answered, "always. To the end."

A moment later George had reached the door, upon which the knock had already been repeated more than once, and the two women above heard him draw back the bolt and ask what was required.

"Required, citizen," some man replied; "why, little. Only to search this house for hidden arms, and, perhaps, for other things also hidden. That, and the opportunity of drinking the health of all within, and, so, away. Citizen, tell me, to commence with, who you are."

"I am Henri Verac, heir to Madame, the proprietress, and a sailor."

"A sailor. *Hein!* Good! A sailor. One who serves his country well, I hope."

"I hope so, too. I have done my best."

"Good! Good! The devil himself can do no more, though he does not always succeed. Are you on leave?"

"Yes, on leave. Absent."

"Good. We will drink a cup directly. Who is upstairs?"

"My aunt, Madame Verac, and my sister, Margot."

"Margot, your sister. If she is as well favoured as you she must be pretty. *Is* she pretty?"

"I think so. But, then, that may be—humph!—partiality!"

"Well, we will see. I know a pretty girl when I come across one. We will soon see."

During this conversation, those above stairs had heard the men below walking about the passage, going into the closed shop, and then clattering down the stone steps to the cellars, the scabbard of the National Guard and his followers clanking heavily all the time. An instant later, Lucienne and Madame Verac knew that they had finished with this portion of the house and were mounting the stairs to the room in which they were.

"Now for the pretty sister and the upper part of the house, and then away. After a drink to the sister's *beaux yeux. Hein!* I wish all houses were like this. Then our duty would be light."

"This," said George, as now he led the way into the little salon, "is my aunt, Madame Verac, and this my sister, Margot. They are a little nervous, as you will comprehend, citizen. But you are a brave man, you understand how to appease their nervousness."

"*Ma foi!* if they are afraid of me I shall be desolated." And he made a clumsy bow to each of the two women. "Madame Verac need have no fear of me. *Mon gars*," he said to his follower, "go, make a search upstairs. Yet do it with the delicacy of a true citizen of the grandest nation in the world. Destroy nothing, tumble nothing. As for panels, tap them—it is a mere matter of form," he said to Madame Verac, with another clumsy bow—"a mere form. This is no hiding hole for aristocrats, as I can well perceive. And, perhaps, madame would like to accompany my man She can show him what there is to see."

"I will go," Madame Verac said. "Certainly, I will show him all. We shall not be long. There is nothing to find."

"One can see that with half an eye. It is a mere matter of form," he repeated. "And now, my pretty," he said when Madame Verac and the other man had departed. "Now to be gay for ten minutes. Citizen, you spoke truly. Your sister is a pretty girl. *Diable*, she is. Are you not, Margot?" and he gazed in admiration on her.

"You say so, citizen," Lucienne replied with a well-acted laugh, and once again playing a part. "It is to be supposed that you know. You are not ill-favoured yourself, you see, as many a girl has doubtless told you."

"*Oh, avec ça, ma belle*," the fellow replied, with a self-satisfied air, "I have had my affairs, you know, like most

* Monsieur Seron, Procureur au Parlement, played this air on his flute at a slightly earlier domiciliary visit than the one here described. He was discovered, arrested, and sent to L'Abbaye, where he was massacred on September 3.

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of us. Yet, Margot, you would do for me. You would, in truth How would you like a corporal of the National Guard for a husband? *Hein?*"

"You must ask my brother, citizen. If—if he approves of your courting me, I might think of it—some day."

"You might meet with a rival, you know," George said with a laugh. "Others might love Margot, as well as you."

"Others? *Diable! Have* others loved you, Margot?"

And Margot answered softly, "Nay, how can I say?"

So, with her heart beating in agitation as it had so often beaten before at some supreme moment of her task, Lucienne bantered with this man while counting every moment that passed; and acted, as some clever actress might act, while all the time her heart was almost broken. She counted every moment till this visitation should be over without any contretemps, if God so willed that it should be, and they able then to put in practice some scheme for escaping out of the tempest-tossed land. If God so willed it!

"Go, Margot," George said now. "Go and get a bottle of the blue seal. You said you were thirsty, citizen. We must drink a bottle together. To our next meeting."

"And to Margot!"

"Ay, and to Margot."

Whereupon Lucienne left the room to descend to the shop in which, an hour or so before, Madame Verac had placed some wine while pointing out to George and Lucienne where the bottles were, since, as she said, shrewdly enough, none who reached that house this night would go away until they had been plied with drink.

"We have had more than one domiciliary visit in Paris, of late," she observed. "We know what is expected of us. And specially expected when nothing can be brought against us; nothing which ruins us and puts money in the pockets of these wretches."

Lucienne left the room, and, turning on the landing, was about to run swiftly down the stairs to the shop when she paused astonished, indeed, affrighted. For the passage door was open a foot or so, and, standing in that passage was some figure with its back against the wall. Some person who, as it seemed to Lucienne, had drawn back behind the half-open door as he or she heard descending footsteps, and now stood there observing whoever it might be who was coming down.

"Who are you?" Lucienne said, taking another step towards that figure, while still refraining from going the whole depth of the stairs. "Who are you? What do you want?"

But no reply was given, nor was any movement made by the person standing crouching behind the half-open door.

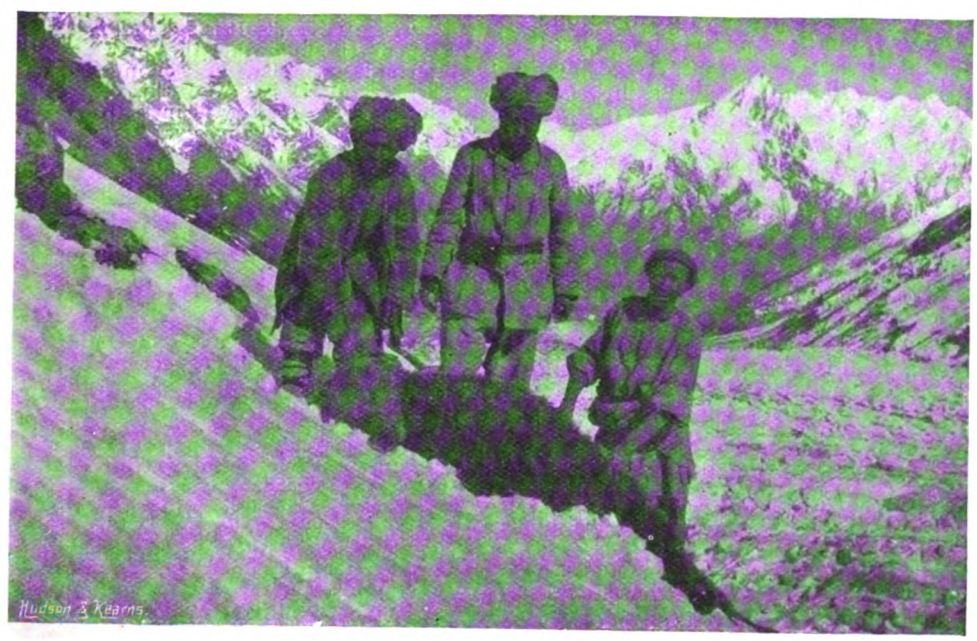
Yet, a moment later, there passed down the street another band of searchers composed of men of the National Guard, accompanied by locksmiths who were employed to break open doors in cases where resistance was offered, and by, also, men bearing torches and lanterns. And the light of those torches and lanterns flashed into the passage and through the crack where the door swung back, and shone upon the face of the intruder. While, as it did so, Lucienne, seeing the light fall upon a pair of glittering, evil eyes, gave one shriek, and fled up to the room in which were George and the corporal of the National Guard. For in that flash, sombre though it was, she had recognised the eyes and also the features of Adèle Satigny.

(To be continued.)

SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE HIMALAYAS.

THOUGH only one or two regiments can be said to be quartered in the Himalayas, and those mostly native ones, few soldiers serve many years in India, except quite in the South, without seeing something of the "hills." Fifty years ago, or even earlier, these noble mountains afforded perhaps the most sporting shooting ground in the world, the most convenient centre then being Cashmere. Two kinds of large deer, two of bear, two of wild goat, three of wild sheep (but these necessitated going a little further afield), two of goat-antelope, the jungle sheep so-called, and the musk deer, with occasional tiger, panther, and snow leopard, formed the game list. Now Cashmere is pretty well shot out, though it may be, if the present severe game laws are well enforced, that it will, in time, to a certain extent restock itself. Anyway, for practical purposes it may be neglected. The long and weary journey to Ladakh will not be without its reward, but every year the prospects in these often visited shooting grounds grow poorer. Still there are burrhel, shapoo, and ibex in the nullahs branching off the route, and for those who reach Leh, Thibet antelope and gazelle, and even a chance, albeit not a great one, of yak—the blue ribbon of Himalayan sport. Of this sport the "Old Shekarry" gives the following lively account: "Two days after this I again caught sight of the same old solitary bull who had baffled us on a previous occasion, and this time I was more fortunate, although I was fully three hours in circumventing him before I dared venture within range. Even then I was afraid of attempting to get within 400-yds. of him, as he was standing like an outlying sentinel on a small eminence, whilst I managed to take up a position on an adjacent height, from which I could observe all his movements. I watched him for at least twenty minutes before commencing offensive operations, for the distance was too great for me to make certain of killing, or even mortally



A Balti Bear.

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wounding him; and there was a deep khud, or valley, where the drifted snow appeared to lie deep, which I could not hope to cross without being seen. At last I fancied he was about to move away, and as his position seemed to offer a fair shot I put up the back sight of my heavy 2-oz. rifle at the 400-yds. range, and deliberately aimed at his brawny shoulder. The grooved bore carried truly; for, when the smoke cleared away, I saw the huge beast was brought to his knees, and in a moment more he careered on his side, and rolled over on his back with his four feet in the air. I gave him the contents of the second barrel, which did not seem to affect him, for his position remained unchanged; so having carefully reloaded, I approached him, keeping myself in readiness to receive his charge, which would be the more impetuous as it would be made downhill. As I drew near I heard him making a peculiar moaning noise, accompanied by a succession of loud grunts, which I knew betokened extreme distress; and when I mounted the crest of the hill I saw at a glance that the game was nearly over. The poor beast was in his last agony, and too far gone to notice me; so stepping up, I put him out of pain by shooting him between the eyes, when a convulsive quiver passed over the body and all was still. I found my first shot had proved fatal, having entered just behind the shoulder and penetrated the lungs; whilst the second had passed through the neck. The dimensions of this bull far exceeded any we had hitherto killed, and his mane, forelock, and the hair on his flanks were much longer. His horns were nearly 18-in. in circumference at the base, and short in comparison. The bunchowr, although not so high at the shoulder as the bison of the low country, is a larger and more formidable animal than the American species." No doubt the wild yak is a formidable-looking animal, but I have never heard of any sportsman coming to grief in its pursuit. As I am criticising my author, I may add that his shooting was on this occasion little short of marvellous, considering the weapon used, and would have been very creditable with the best of modern Expresses.

The finest place probably now left for sport in the Himalayas proper (exclusive of Thibet and Nepaul, which are closed to us) is the Cadmeri territory of Gilgit and Chitral. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to work it, except indeed for those stationed there, and they are but few. These places can only be reached in summer, and even then permission to go there is difficult to get. In summer the melting snows enable the game to go so high into the great hills that it is fairly safe from the sportsman. Nevertheless the big heads secured by the lucky few who spend the winter there make one's mouth water.

On the whole, therefore, I should feel inclined to draw the attention of soldiers, and especially those going to India for the first time, to that part of the great range lying east of Nepaul. Of this, the easiest and most accessible district is Sikkim. From any part of India, Calcutta is accessible by rail; and the railway will carry the sportsman on to Darjeeling. It will readily be understood that so handy a country is one in which one's game has to be worked for; but there is game—indeed, sambur, bear, and jungle sheep may be found within a very few miles of Darjeeling itself. By those who push on to the frontiers of Sikkim, shapoo and burrhel, and possibly even a chance at the nyan (ovis Hodgsoni), will be obtained. This is a country I have mapped out for an early trip myself, but at present my knowledge of it is only second-hand. It has one drawback—transport is very dear, being no less than eight annas a day, whereas four annas pays a coolie elsewhere. A single man with the smallest shooting requires a dozen coolies, so this means forty-two rupees a week for this alone (say £3). Another very probable difficulty is as to shikaris, and most people, unless they get a man actually recommended by a friend, will do well to fall back on local men when they get to their intended shooting ground, and never give them a loaded rifle to carry—a fruitful source of accidents in the East. Indeed the last sentence applies in its entirety to most parts of India, if not all.

I am inclined to think that much of the Eastern Himalayas will yet furnish good shooting grounds, but that will not be till Thibet, Nepaul, and Bhootan are thoroughly open to the sportsman. Meanwhile the lower slopes of the hills afford sport by no means to be despised. Many sportsmen have written highly of the pursuit of gooral, the Himalayan chamois, and these can be found very near some of our hill stations. The small game shooting in the lower Himalayas is often very good, but requires good dogs. Lastly, there is often excellent fishing.

I will close this paper with a description of sport of this kind from the same pen as I have already borrowed from—and I may here add that throughout this series every quotation has been from the writings of a soldier.

"The next morning at daybreak we all started in different directions to look for thar. . . . After several hours' fag, during which I traversed several likely-looking patches of oak-forest without seeing anything except an occasional pheasant, at which I would not fire for fear of disturbing other game, just as I was thinking of making my way back to the tent—empty-handed—a herd of five thar was discovered browsing on the grassy slope of a little ravine some distance below us. With the aid of my glass I made them out to be all males, with long shaggy hair streaming in the wind. Having carefully marked the spot, which appeared extremely favourable for stalking, I made my people lie down, and, slinging my second gun over my shoulder, commenced the descent, taking care to keep well to leeward. Creeping noiselessly down, I succeeded in gaining a long, low ridge, which ran parallel to the hollow in which I had marked them, and, looking cautiously over, there they were still, unsuspectingly feeding not more than sixty paces distant. Selecting the one that appeared to have the finest horns, I took a steady aim just behind the shoulder, and he dropped to the shot; my second barrel brought another fine fellow floundering on the ground, with a bullet through his loins, that passed out of the opposite shoulder. The three survivors, startled at the report of my rifle, rushed forward a few paces, and then turned and stood as if bewildered, giving me another fair double shot with my second gun. I rolled over a third dead, with a bullet through the neck, and broke the leg of a fourth, which, however, went off at a good pace." This last, to cut a long story short, was also recovered.

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16.]

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"ENLISTED."—It is difficult, when so much recruiting is going on, to be quite satisfied as to the claims made in connection with the subject you mention, but that which appears to be most thoroughly substantiated comes from Accrington. At about 5.30 p.m. on the day that Queen Victoria died, Staff-Sergeant J. O. Hanlan, of the Suffolk Regiment, took before Justice Lupton, a magistrate for the Borough of Accrington, in the County of Lancashire, two men who were then and there sworn in. These two men, H. Street, for the East Lancashire Regiment, and Luke Collary, for the Royal Field Artillery, appear, therefore, to have been the last two men enlisted in the late Queen's Military Service.

* * * *

"SALVAGE."—There are two vessels specially built and equipped for salvage purposes at Gibraltar, both of them owned and maintained by a private German trading firm of ship salvors. The ship's names are the "Newa" and the "Herakles." The two ships carry a number of divers, and are completely fitted out with diving apparatus and mechanical appliances of every kind for submarine operations, such as patching up damages to ships and blasting rocks under water. The "Newa" and "Herakles" are permanently stationed at Gibraltar by their owners as a convenient centre, and are supposed to have steam always up, and a sufficient crew to go anywhere and do anything that may be required is kept on board day and night.

* * * *

"GUNNER R.N."—It is not easy to say definitely which gun is the best in the world. A comparison of the Krupp, Armstrong, and Schneider-Canet guns shows that while the Krupp 9½-in. quick-firing gun can perforate 30 centimetres of Harveyed steel up to a range of 3,100 metres, an Armstrong of the same calibre, and greater muzzle velocity of projectile, can, owing to the form of projectile, only do this up to a range of 1,250 metres. Harveyed plates 25 centimetres thick are pierced by the Krupp up to 4,500 metres, and by Armstrongs up to 2,400 metres. The Schneider-Canet can only perforate such plates up to 2,000 metres. At the same time, the greater weight of the Krupp shell reduces the total number of rounds which can be carried for each gun on board ship, and also tells against the rapidity of handling.

* * * *

"GERMANIA."—It is certainly not incorrect to say that the German Emperor is following the precedent of Frederick the Great, his professed exemplar, in the interest he takes in pushing German maritime affairs. I find this cutting from an old newspaper of January 5, 1748, preserved in my note-book: "His Prussian Majesty, it is said, is firmly resolved that his subjects shall become great traders, and that himself and his successors, shall for the future be considered in Europe as a maritime power. In order to do this he is actually taking abundance of foreign seamen into his Service, and has sent to all his Ministers at foreign Courts a rescript, conceived in very strong terms, in reference to the respect that he insists will be paid for the future to the Prussian flag, where and whenever it appears."

* * * *

"ARTILLERIST."—The highest velocity of a projectile recorded at Woolwich is 3,000-ft. a second, and the Americans claim to possess guns of 48 and 50 calibres—for those who do not know the technical meaning of the phrase, I may explain that it means the length is forty-eight or fifty times the diameter of the bore—with a muzzle velocity of 3,000-ft. In the case of our own guns, the velocity they are credited with is nearly always less than that obtained at the proof butts, as the pressures used on service are less than on trial. At present Woolwich Arsenal is experimenting with new powders which, giving greater pressure, will give greater muzzle velocity. The objection to using higher pressures has hitherto been, especially with nitro-glycerine compounds, that there is a serious erosion of the bore of the gun, resulting, for future shooting, in decreasing the velocity of the projectile and the accuracy of the firing. It is possible that one or two guns of great length may have been made for the purpose of getting an abnormally high velocity of projectile, as length of bore is another factor on which the velocity depends. When we get to velocities of over 3,000-ft., the ordinary methods of measuring cease to be accurate.

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ON the first day of the year 1651 Charles II. was crowned King at Scone with all due pomp and ceremony, but at the same time not without degradation, for he was first called upon to mourn publicly for his own sins and for those of his father and grandfather; whilst not only did he treacherously accept the Covenant, but at the same time he humbly begged his ministers "that if in any time coming they did hear or see him breaking that Covenant, they would tell him of it, and put him in mind of his oath." But, humiliating as such an attitude should have been to any man, Charles cared nothing if only he might have those things on which his heart was set—his crown, his sceptre, and his kingdom.

The ensuing weeks and months were spent in levying troops in Scotland, in overruling the wavering ministers of the kirk by urging them "to think of their country rather than of their ecclesiastical parties," and in winning the hearts of the people by his gracious manner and sweet-sounding words, of which Charles was ever so ready and insincere a master. By June the army was ready, strong in numbers, but wanting the moral strength of enthusiasm for its cause, of loyalty and respect for its commander, wanting also in discipline and in training, and divided amongst itself by the antagonism of its units, Highlanders and Lowlanders standing shoulder to shoulder, yet absolutely apart in thought, sympathy, and tradition.

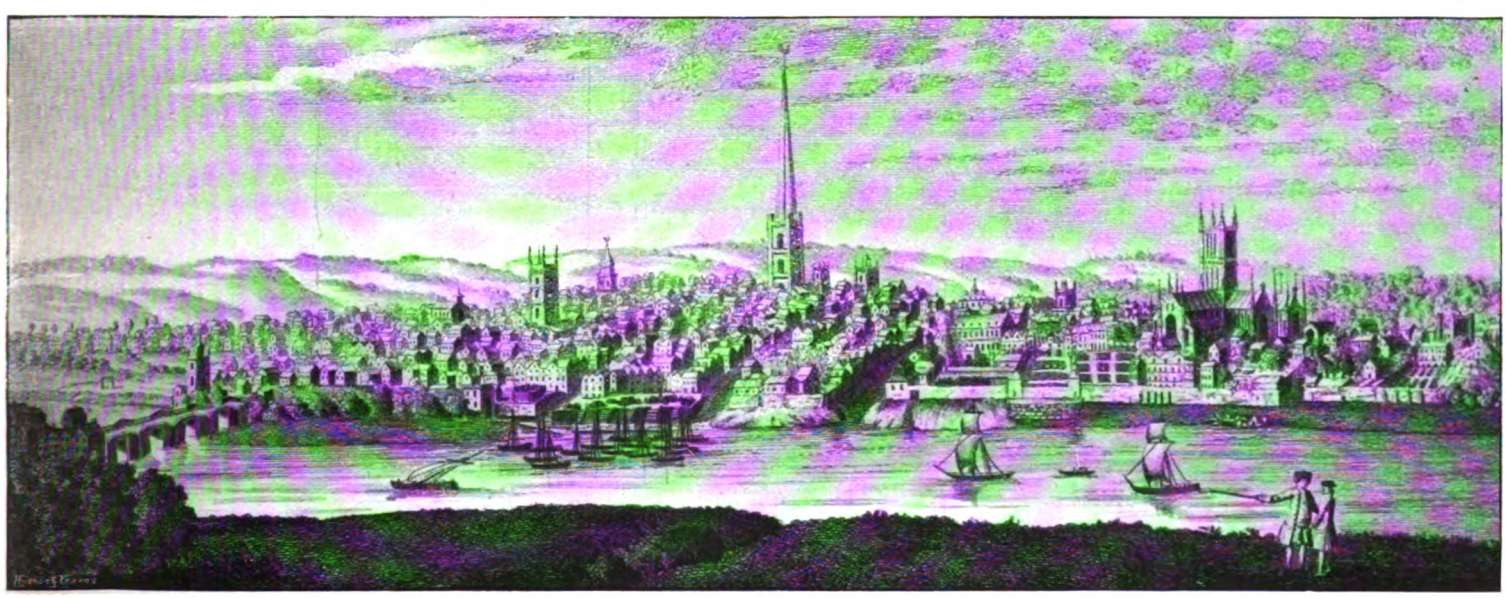
But although the army was lacking in so much that tends to success, the position it had taken up on the hills south of Stirling was strong and, indeed, almost unassailable. On the 30th Cromwell, leaving his camp at Braid Hill, moved towards the enemy, hoping to draw them from their stronghold. But the Scots had too well learnt the lesson of Dunbar to be tempted into the plains, and it was necessary for Cromwell to use other tactics if he were to give them the crushing defeat on which he felt the happiness of his country depended. The situation was a difficult one. Whatever he might do, he must lay himself open to very serious dangers. If he were to remain where he was, the Scots would in all probability withdraw into the hills, there to carry on a guerilla warfare which would expose his men to the hardships of another winter campaign; whereas if he were to move North, so as to set himself between Charles and his supplies, he would leave unguarded the way of the Scots to England, which "will trouble some men's thoughts; and may occasion some inconveniences."

This latter danger was by no means to be treated lightly, but Cromwell without hesitation faced it. First sending Lambert with 4,500 men across into Fife, where he defeated the Scots at Inverkeithing, and despatching Harrison to the border, he with the main army moved on to Perth, which surrendered to him on August 2. Here rumours came to him that what he had expected had happened—the Scots had started on their march to England. But Cromwell was not disconcerted. He had done what seemed to him best, as he assured Lenthall in a letter written to pacify the fears of those at Westminster, in which he also took the opportunity to implore them to have in readiness any forces that could be mustered to check Charles and his army on their march southward.

Harrison was by this time in Newcastle collecting a force of cavalry, and by the 7th he was at the head of 3,000 horse, besides foot which he had mounted for the sake of speed, and full of enthusiasm and confidence, which somewhat atoned for the smallness of his force. "Considering," he wrote to the Yorkshire committee, "the battle is the Lord's and not ours, and it is alike to Him to save by few or many, I hope we may be useful in this juncture, though we be few, mean and none more unworthy."

Cromwell himself, having left Monk to garrison Perth, started from Leith on the 6th to follow the enemy in full pursuit, whilst Lambert, with a force of 3,000 horse, was detached to hang upon their rear. In the South there was a sufficient force to protect London and Westminster, whilst the militias were called out to protect the invaded counties.

By this time Charles and his army were marching steadily southward, and by the 16th they were in Lancashire. But as yet they had met with no signs of the rising on which their hopes had rested. Lord Derby, it is true, had called a Council of War, when it was resolved that the county should raise a force of 1,300 horse and 6,000 foot, but time was necessary to bring the resolution into effect, and this time was not to be allowed him. And meanwhile Charles had marched on, hope dying in the hearts of his adherents as town after town refused to obey the summons to the Royal Standard. Keeping to the West, and clinging to the borders of Wales, where sympathy might be expected, the weary army tramped on until, on the 22nd, they reached the loyal city of Worcester, which afforded rest and shelter for the King and his tired troops. Here, too, Derby joined him with the story of his disaster at Wigan, where at the head of 1,500 men he had fallen in with Lilburne,



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE CITY AND CATHEDRAL OF WORCESTER.
From an Old Print.

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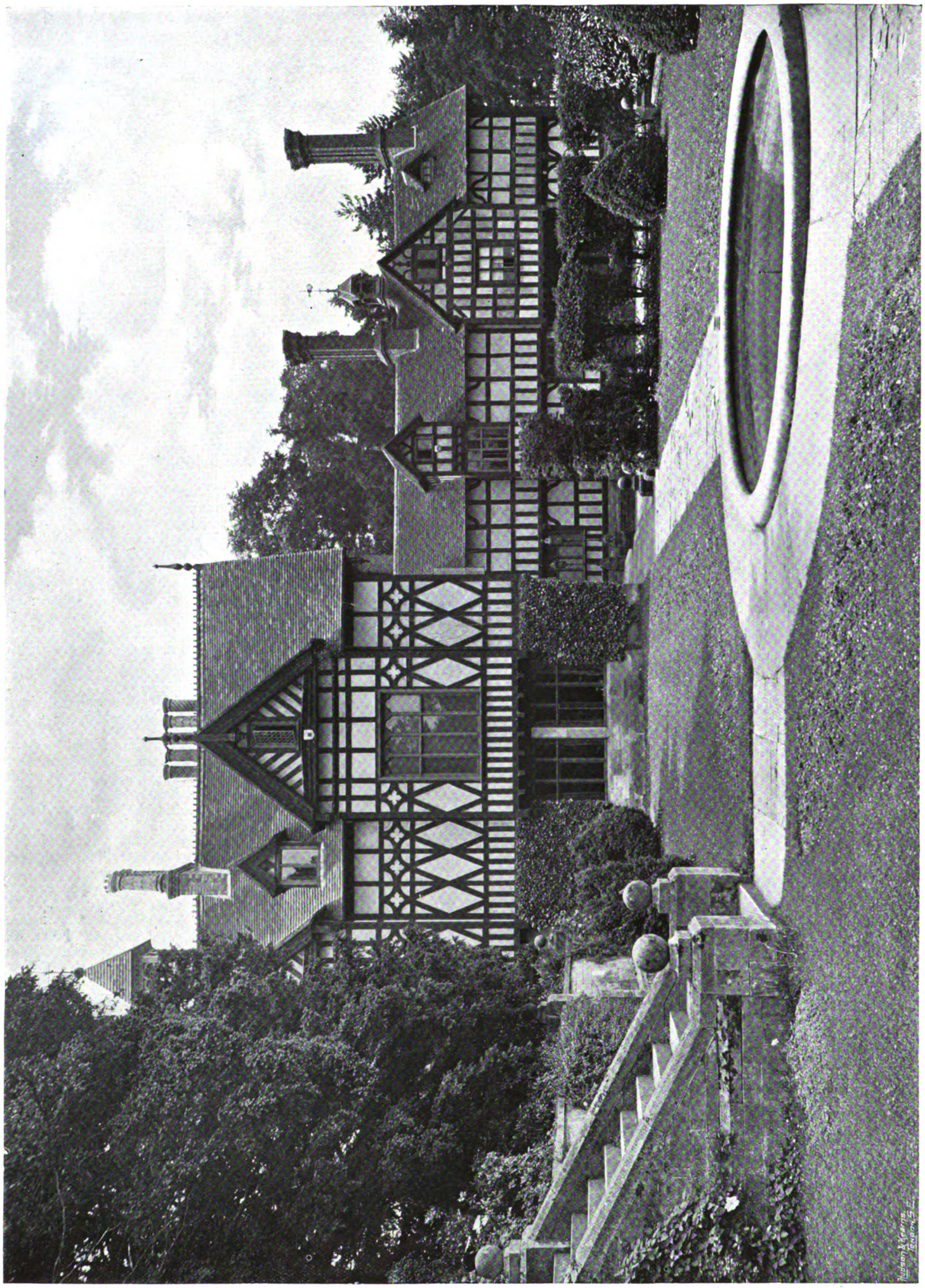

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ROUS LENCH COURT FROM THE NORTH.

Where Oliver Cromwell Slept the Night before the Battle of Worcester.

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by whom he was absolutely defeated, most of his men being either killed or taken prisoners, whilst he himself escaped to bring the news to the Royal Army.

One division of the Royal Army was now set to repairing the half-demolished fortifications of the city; another was stationed at St. John's, a suburb across the river; a detachment garrisoned Fort Royal, to the south-east of the city; whilst the King took up his post on the top of the Cathedral, from which point of vantage he could watch every movement of the enemy so soon as they had arrived before the town.

Cromwell, on the other hand, had kept to the Eastern road, and had marched by Yorkshire, Nottingham, Coventry, and Stratford, raising all the county militias as he advanced, and on the 24th he effected a junction at Warwick with Lambert's column, whom he had left to hang on the enemy's rear, and with Fleetwood, who had marched up from the South. On the 28th the combined forces were at Worcester, lying to the south-east of the town, 30,000 men in all, and 80,000 more ready, if necessary, to flock to the standard of the Commonwealth. Moreover, Cromwell now heard news enough to strengthen his hand, for the King's manifesto, containing his assent to an Act of Oblivion, and the promise of his adherence to the Covenant, had been burnt in London by the common hangman; whilst his order that all persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty should meet on the 26th at Pitchcroft, a meadow near the Severn, had been almost entirely disregarded, only a handful of men taking this opportunity of showing their loyalty to the new King.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FLEETWOOD.
General Commanding Division of the Commonwealth.

Cromwell now divided his army into two divisions. His own division he placed to guard the road to London; the other, under Fleetwood and Lambert, he ordered "to cross the Severn and hem in the invaders on the south and west." The bridge was broken, but Lambert's men "straddled across by the parapet," threw themselves into the church before the enemy were aware of their arrival, and drove them back; the bridge was quickly repaired, the whole division passed over to the west side of the Severn, and both sides of the river were at once in Cromwell's hands.

Although Fleetwood had crossed the Severn, there was another barrier between him and his objective—the enemy's outposts at St. John's. The tributary Teme flowed into the Severn at a distance of about two miles from Worcester, and this had to be crossed. There was a bridge near by, at Powick, but it was commanded by the Scots. An improvised bridge of boats had to be made. So "boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers, and implements in great abundance contributed by the neighbouring towns," were set to work, and the bridge was made; also another "within pistol shot of it" across the Severn, so that the two divisions of the army might be in close communication. By the evening of September 3 all were in readiness for the attack, the whole division having been hurried across the improvised bridge, Cromwell himself helping Fleetwood, leading "the van, and being the first to set foot on enemy's ground." They at once met with fierce resistance, for the Scots were in no mood to give them an easy victory. Every step of the ground was disputed manfully; but little by little, from hedge to hedge, they were at last beaten back and across the Severn into Worcester. All this Charles watched from his post on the Cathedral. He saw the bridges being made, he saw Fleetwood and his men crossing the river, and then, seizing the opportunity when Cromwell's division was at its weakest, he put himself at the head of his troops, marched out of Worcester by the Sidbury Gate, fell upon the English, and drove them back, until Cromwell, seeing their danger, hurried up with reinforcements. Back again into the city the Scots were forced to retreat, Cromwell taking possession of Fort Royal and turning its guns against the enemy. Hemmed in on all sides, the Royalists fought desperately in the streets of Worcester, until every corner of the town became a scene of the most terrible slaughter, every man preferring death to surrender, even though "My Lord the General did exceedingly hazard himself riding up and down in the midst of the fire; riding himself in person to the enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot." All the foot were killed, every man of them, whilst the horse who managed to escape were shot down in the various villages through which they took their flight. Baxter describes the scene of the flight as he saw it from his own house at Kidderminster: "I was newly gone to bed," he writes, "when the noise of the flying horse acquainted us of the overthrow; and a piece of one of Cromwell's troops that guarded Bewdley Bridge, having tidings of it, came into our streets, and stood in the open market-place before my door, to surprise those that passed by. And so when many hundreds of the flying army came together, when the thirty troopers cried stand, and fired at them, they either hastened away or cried quarter, not knowing in the dark what number it was that charged them; and so as many were taken there as so few men could lay hold on; and till midnight the bullets flying towards my door and windows, and the sorrowful fugitives hasting by for their lives, did tell me the calamitousness of war." David Leslie and Middleton were captured near Rochdale, Derby and Lauderdale were taken prisoners by a captain of Lilburne's Horse, whilst the King himself "escaped by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind." And after many romantic adventures he joined the Queen Henrietta Maria in the Louvre on October 29, without "one shilling towards the support of himself and his family."

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PACKINGTON HALL.

Jane Bentley, who Helped to Save Charles II. in his Flight, was Afterwards Dame Fisher of Packington.

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Literary Notes and Books to be Read.

THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

A MARVELLOUS series of books truly is that which has been brought together under the modest title of the "Library of Useful Stories" (Newnes). There have been parallels for such a series in the issues of old Lardner and others, but never such an accomplishment, and still the work goes on. It is difficult, indeed, to see where the range of possible subjects should end, and each reader may select his volumes according to his tastes. Guided by the experienced writers who have penned these fascinating books, what a world—nay, what a universe—of wonder may he not explore? It is Nature, "the good old nurse," through the voices of many, singing ever "a more wonderful song," or "telling a more marvellous tale." What a range of subjects to place on a modest shelf, what a treasury of learning, what a fund of delight; how rare a present for the boy or the man, for the girl or her mother, to read! Here we explore the wonder-realm of the stars and pursue the comets in their courses. We are present at the birth of the solar system, learn the life of the sun, and master the marvels of the pathways of the planet-worlds. The powers that reside in inanimate nature, the forces of attraction, of electricity, of light, and of sound, the making of the globe that hangeth upon nothing—its atmosphere, its story in past ages, its moulding by heat and by water, and the carving of its surface by ice—of all these things is the story related. Then, in other volumes, the delights of forest and stream, of the plant-world, the wonders of the seas, and the wanderings of atoms are unfolded. Man, himself, enters upon the scene. We learn the mechanism of his life, and read the story of his mind; we are made acquainted with the early evidences of his existence; we are enthralled by the records of extinct civilisations, and learn the struggles of humanity in its upward pathway. We pursue the pioneers in their enquiries, and are with the earliest explorers who circumnavigated the globe, or who vie with one another in their haste towards the pole. The records of mankind in its races and achievements, its nationalities and its life, its civilisation and its art, are brought before us. Such is a brief view, and an imperfect one, of what is to be found in this "Library of Useful Stories." Useful, indeed, they are, and much is due to the publishers, who, in a series of shilling books, each of some 200 duodecimo pages—a most useful size even for the pocket—have concentrated so much, and concentrated it in so delightful and well illustrated a form. Nature, animate and inanimate, and man, in all his achievements and spheres of activity, have been treated, or are being treated, in this extraordinary set of volumes, in which a liberal education may be found.

So much having been said about the scope and character of the series, it may be well to speak of certain of the volumes, though obviously, where so many are concerned—there are already over thirty of them—it will be impossible to do anything like justice to all or to more than a few. The more Science advances, says Leibnitz, the more it becomes concentrated in little books. What may be described in a true sense as the initial volume is "The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., wherein the star clusters and systems are explained, and the light recorded which photographic methods have thrown upon the study of the star depths, as well as the abundant fruit of spectroscopic enquiry. The same writer pursues his fascinating work in a volume on "The Story of the Solar System." Here, again, he employs the latest methods, and has given a deeply interesting exposition of the mechanism of that region of the universe in which we live. The latest discoveries in solar physics are explained, as is the character of each member of the planetary organisation. Those who have been attracted by the speculative suggestions recently offered as to the existence of intelligent life in the planet Mars, will find in Mr. Chambers's volume reasonable grounds for arriving at a conclusion as to the conditions which suggest the likelihood or otherwise of the existence of life in that and other planets. Those who read the series methodically will perhaps next turn to the globe itself, and here they will find Professsor H. G. Seeley an excellent guide in the volume on "The Story of the Earth in Past Ages," which is a brief and lucid summary of the latest conclusions of geologists. Not less interesting, touching the same subject, is Mr. W. A. Brend's "Story of Ice in the Present and the Past," which explains glacial action. A particularly interesting book is "The Story of a Piece of Coal," by Mr. E. A. Martin, F.G.S., which is both geological and practical in regard to manufactures. Other volumes in the series which belong to the same order can only be mentioned here. They are devoted to the forces which exist in Nature. In "The Story of the Wanderings of Atoms," by Mr. M. M. Patterson Muir, M.A., there is a sound grasp of the conceptions of the atom and the molecule, and of the developments of chemical science. "The Story of the Chemical Elements," by the same author, is another excellent book, and further kindred volumes in the series are upon electricity and the earth's atmosphere.

We have, so far, only alluded to those books which deal with the building up of the material world, but there are many others which treat of animate nature. Thus, from the pen of Mr. Edward Clodd, there is one upon "The Story of Primitive Man," while Mr. H. W. Conn has contributed a volume on "The Story of Life's Mechanism," which is extremely instructive. We are then led on through other paths of enquiry to the mental constitution of man. "The Story of Thought and Feeling," by Mr. F. Ryland, is sound and thoroughly well informed, and, in the same connection, may be mentioned "The Story of the Alphabet" from the pen of Mr. Edward Clodd. One of the most interesting volumes in the whole series is that by Mr. R. E. Anderson, M.A., on "The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the East," which gives complete conspectus of the ancient world. Then Mr. Joseph Jacobs shows us how the world became known in his "Story of Geographical Discovery," which is a little book of rare fascination, embodying a vast amount in its small compass.

Enough has perhaps been said to show how this "Library of Useful Stories" approaches man from the scientific standpoint. It includes many volumes which are occupied, and promises others which will be still more so, with the achievements and the interests of men of various races. What could be more attractive, for example, to us than Mr. John Monro's "Story of the British Race," in which is an account of the successive waves of invasion, and of the resulting racial types found in these islands, characterised by great extensive knowledge and great discernment? Here we learn what is meant by the British race. Another book of much interest, and particularly so at the present time, is that by Mr. G. B. Rawlings, on "The Story of the British Coinage"; and what could be more suggestive than "The Story of the Potter" (by Mr. C. F. Binns), that ancient figure who has always stood as the type of the craftsman, and whose work has developed with developing civilisation? "The Story of Art in the British Isles" covers a vast subject, and is a volume in which Mr. J. E. Phythian sketches the artistic work of our people from pre-historic times even to the present day, and that not only in pictorial directions, but in the achievements of the ecclesiastical and military architect.

Another range of these attractive books is devoted to those subjects which awake the curiosity and hold the interest of very many enquirers. For example, one volume deals with "The Story of Bird Life," which is admirably treated by Mr. W. P. Pycraft. Another gives the "Story of Photography," and here Mr. A. T. Story has contrived to embody a great deal of most interesting and useful information in a very concise form, and his illustrations are particularly good. Those who are interested in plants have an excellent guide in a volume by the late Mr. Grant Allen. It may be enough also to mention "The Story of the Weather," being a treatise of meteorology, "The Story of Germ Life," and "The Story of the Cotton Plant," as examples of the class of books referred to.

In conclusion, it may be said that the "Library of Useful Stories" is supremely valuable, as our remarks will have suggested. The books, published at the price of 1s., are in a form which is all that could be desired. The illustrations are well chosen and of good quality, and are illustrations in a true sense, being selected, not as adornments of books, but as elucidations of the subjects in hand. Obviously, such a set of volumes must be well suited to the perusal of the young. They embody the fruit of a whole world of research, and, in these times of high pressure, when it is impossible to know everything thoroughly, and men are more than ever specialists, it is an extremely useful thing to have brief treatises, sufficient in themselves and yet suggestive of further enquiry, dealing with a great number of subjects of scientific, artistic, literary, and historical interest. This is what we find in the "Library of Useful Stories," and the idea which inspired the series has been most successfully accomplished. The volumes have had an enormous sale, and is not to be wondered at, considering how exactly they fit into a need of the times.

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The handsomely bound volumes of the *Captain* and the *Wide World Magazine* have just appeared. They are excellent companions to the *Strand*. The former is an immense favourite with boys, and the latter is full of very fascinating records of adventure and discovery. Both are admirably illustrated, and most tastefully bound.

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Uniforms on the Stage.

ONE reason why Britons take so great a delight in uniforms is that they see so little of them. When a French or German or Austrian mechanic or clerk or peasant hears the drum and bugle, he hurries out, as readily as the English peasant or mechanic or clerk. But it is not merely to "see the soldiers" that he leaves his work. He knows well enough what they look like. He has worn the uniform himself; has "trailed the puissant pike," or, rather, the puissant rifle; has known the pains of a long route march and the compensating delights of the halt at a village under the admiring glances of Lisette or Kätchen. He runs out to see whether by chance it is his old regiment that passes; whether he can shake the hand of any old comrade; perhaps get a friendly nod from some officer under whom he once served. He is moved by a social, not by the spectacular, instinct. Here in England, on the contrary, the immense majority of us like soldiers because they are a fine spectacle. Their clanking spurs and sabres, their gaily-pennoned lances, the "dashing cockade" in their headdress, their smart accoutrements—their whole appearance, in short, is so different from the workaday garb and habit of the civilian worker. They seem to bring into dull lives an element of romance, a reminder of the great world outside the petty routine of trivial daily tasks. It is quite an illusion, of course. Your soldier has as dull a time as anyone, except when he is fighting, and even that becomes monotonous in time, as returned warriors from South Africa testify with the "strangé oaths" that spice the soldier's conversation as picturesquely to-day as they did in Shakespeare's time. But other people's occupations always seem to us to be more attractive than our own, and a gay coat thrown in, with the admiration it is supposed to excite, adds greatly to the imaginary joys of the soldier's calling. We all agree at heart with Mr. Gilbert's soldier as he sings:

"When I first put this uniform on,
I said as I looked in the glass,
'Now, it's one to a million
That any civilian
My figure and form can surpass.
But gold lace has a charm for the fair,
And of that I've enough and to spare,
And a lover's professions
When uttered in Hessians
Are acceptable everywhere.'"

Abroad, too, uniforms for classes of workers other than soldiers are far more common than at home. The Paris omnibus-conductor wears a military *képi*, which gives him a smart, rakish air. The German railway station official looks for all the world like a soldier, and even wears a little sword, which irreverent English tourists have been known to call a toasting-fork! Even the porters in their regulation costume of blouse and peaked cap have a military air, and make vastly better figures than our porters in their corduroy suits. If we had some system of universal military training, we should find that Englishmen would look just as well in uniform of any kind as do foreigners. But, at present, with their slouching carriage and their feeling that a uniform is derogatory to their pride as citizens, our guards and porters cannot compare in bearing with their continental comrades. The District Messenger Boys look well in their neat suits and forage caps—far smarter, for instance, than the Post Office telegraph boys. Perhaps in time we shall allow our fondness for looking at uniforms to overbalance our dislike to seeing them worn by civilians. When we do, we shall certainly improve the appearance of the streets.

BRITAIN'S DEFENDERS BY SEA AND LAND.

A GAILY-UNIFORMED AUSTRIAN REGIMENT.

That we are fond, as a nation, of looking at uniforms is beyond doubt. Look at the popularity of military plays and entertainments. The foreign military dresses in "The Gay City" ballet at the Alhambra Theatre—of which we publish some illustrations this week—excite the liveliest interest. Most of them are as truthful as uniforms can be when they have to be adapted to the forms of ladies of the ballet. The French and Russian are particularly good. The Austrians are hardly smart enough. The traveller in Austria is struck at once by the beauty of the soldiers' uniforms and the fine bearing of the men who wear them. I remember once, on the way to Vienna, my carriage was invaded by several long-limbed, handsome giants in tight-fitting light cavalry uniforms. They looked the embodiment of all one's ideas of what cavalrymen ought to be. And the effect was not spoilt even when, at Prague, they paraded up and down the platform, their long swords jangling after them, with a hunch of bread in one hand and a sausage in the other, taking alternate bites, and much enjoying this impromptu lunch! The Italian soldier seen in our picture wears in his headdress the cocks' feathers which show that he belongs to an Alpine regiment. Splendidly hardy troops these Alpinists are, and their annual manœuvres among the mountains are particularly interesting. The German representatives might have been chosen with a keener eye to effect. Why does not the Alhambra show us the Emperor's guard with their wonderful silver-gilt helmets, bearing as a crest the Prussian eagle with its outstretched wings? But there are many more striking uniforms to be seen on the Continent than those which this ballet shows us—the French Dragoons with long tails of hair drooping from their helmets, the Algerian Zouave with his picturesquely baggy costume, Hungarian troopers in sky blue, the Russian crack cavalry officer with his furred cloak and smart sabre-tasche. Of the other soldiers shown in our pictures, the neatly-equipped American private with his useful shoulder-cape comes in for special recognition, and it is needless to say how hearty are the cheers which greet our own British Bluejackets. H. H. F.

Photos. Copyright. *Foulsham & Banfield.*
RUSSIAN CAVALRY FROM THE STEPPES.

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The Armies of the Nations in "The Gay City."

TO GUARD THE STARS AND STRIPES.

FOR ITALIA'S FLAG AND FREEDOM

Photos. Copyright.

MILITARY TYPES OF *LA BELLE FRANCE.*

Foulsham & Banfield.

READY TO DEFEND THE FATHERLAND.

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South African Developments.

SURELY there never was a story more difficult to tell than that of the South African War. If other proof of this proposition were wanting, it would be found in the fact that the newspapers are beginning once more to use headings such as "Nearing the End," "Hourly Expected Surrenders," and so forth, which they used with equal confidence many months ago, only to find themselves compelled to have recourse to phrases very much less cheerily optimistic within a very few weeks. This time it really does seem as if there were a prospect of bringing at any rate General Botha into a peace-making frame of mind. At the time of writing, negotiations are in progress which promise well, and it is fairly certain that Botha's burghers are in such straits that they will not stubbornly oppose his submission. But every sane critic of the war has long ago given up all idea of prophesying what may be done by, or happen to, De Wet. After the complete failure of his last attempt to effect an entry into Cape Colony, the Irrepressible One turned northwards, and, at the time of writing, was not far from Brandfort. Pursuit was being rendered difficult by continuous heavy rains, as well as by the extreme mobility of De Wet's following, which consisted of only about 400 men, each, however, with a couple of led horses.

Some idea of the extraordinary task which is being undertaken by Lord Kitchener may be gathered from the fact that in the Orange River Colony alone there are at least eight separate guerilla commandoes at work, and twenty-seven British flying colums seeking to circumvent them. Batches of prisoners and captured horses are being brought in from time to time to Bloemfontein, and every effort is being made to establish a strong civil administration. In some quarters it is predicted that the end will come with a rush, and that Botha's surrender would bring the end of the war swiftly within measurable distance. But such hopes have been too often disappointed in the past to render present speculation on the subject safe or profitable.

Some particularly interesting work is being done by General Bruce Hamilton's force, which very recently left Aliwal North, after figuring prominently in the operations undertaken with a view to preventing De Wet from entering Cape Colony. Indeed, there is little doubt that it was largely due to the rapid movements of this force that De Wet's bold attempt resulted in a failure. The column was formed two months ago, and has since undergone a great deal of fatigue and discomfort, which has been cheerfully borne by all ranks. It is pleasant to notice that the loss in horses has been particularly small, which shows that the animals have been well cared for. The force is now entering upon another phase of usefulness, and may be looked upon as certain to contribute its fair share towards bringing the war to a successful termination.

Four of our pictures this week are connected with the movements of General Bruce Hamilton's force, and are pleasantly illustrative of the vicissitudes of transport oxen and captured sheep during a rapid operation of war. Our pictures of transport fording and being ferried over a river are not greatly dissimilar to some we have previously published, but they have a distinct individual interest for all that, and are full of "local colour." Apart from this, it is impossible to lay too much stress, literary or pictorial, upon this question of transport, since from it arises the main significance of our more recent operations against the troublesome and, withal, skilful enemy we have had to deal with in South Africa. We have not, perhaps, fully solved the problem of assimilating our means of transport to those employed by the Boers with such success that we are able to compete with them on their own ground. But at least we have broken away a good deal from the hard and fast methods employed in earlier stages of the war, and have in some instances succeeded, by sheer rapidity of movement, in pressing the enemy, mobile as he is, so hard that he has been forced to abandon his own waggons in order to expedite his flight.

This matter of transport has several interesting aspects, to one of which Lord Roberts alluded significantly in his despatches. Among many critics a system of regimental transport is advocated, but Lord Roberts does not believe in it so far as the war in South Africa, at any rate, is concerned. He considers that transport should be dealt with departmentally, with special reference, of course, to such sudden and incidental exigencies as those which have repeatedly arisen in connection with the present campaign. Without going deeply into a question which it would hardly be profitable to discuss in these pages, it may certainly be questioned whether any British regiment in South Africa or anywhere else would care to be permanently responsible for the maintenance and care of a few such teams of oxen as we here see crossing a stream in rear of General Bruce Hamilton's column.

Photo. Copyright *Horwich Brothers.*

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY.

The Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G., formerly Governor of Natal.

Turning to the two pictures which show a particularly fine haul of the enemy's sheep, and a number of these same sheep being ferried across a river, one might here wax deeply reflective, retrospective, and almost anciently historical, by recalling the herd and flock lifting propensities of some of our remote ancestors, more especially those who dwelt upon the northern borderland, and comparing them with these latter-day exploits in the "reiving" line. But perhaps a matter-of-fact view is more to the point. One can readily imagine with what keen satisfaction those principally concerned in carrying out a little transaction of the kind indicated in our picture must view the sight of their woolly spoil. In the first place, there is the pleasing prospect of fresh mutton in sufficient quantities to last at any rate some weeks—no slight consideration when hard marching has to be done and preserved rations have become unspeakably monotonous. Then there is the pleasant reflection that such booty involves serious inconvenience to those from whom it has been seized, and its passing into our possession may in the end mean the saving of many days, and possibly some valuable lives, by hastening an inevitable capture or surrender. Lastly, there is no question that deep down in the heart of most average men there is an unholy joy in absorbing an enemy's goods, provided that the spoil is fairly and squarely obtained and sanctioned by the usages of war. Small wonder, then, that these hauls of sheep were gladly welcomed, and that the British soldier lent a willing hand in ferrying the poor beasts when necessary over intervening streams, in the proud consciousness that they belonged in some sense to him, and, perhaps, with the added reflection that later on some portion—say a few chops—might literally fall to his individual share.

Our remaining picture is a portrait of the Hon. Sir Walter Francis Hely-Hutchinson, the new Governor of Cape Colony, who was appointed to that post when Sir Alfred Milner went to Pretoria as Governor of the newly-conquered territory.

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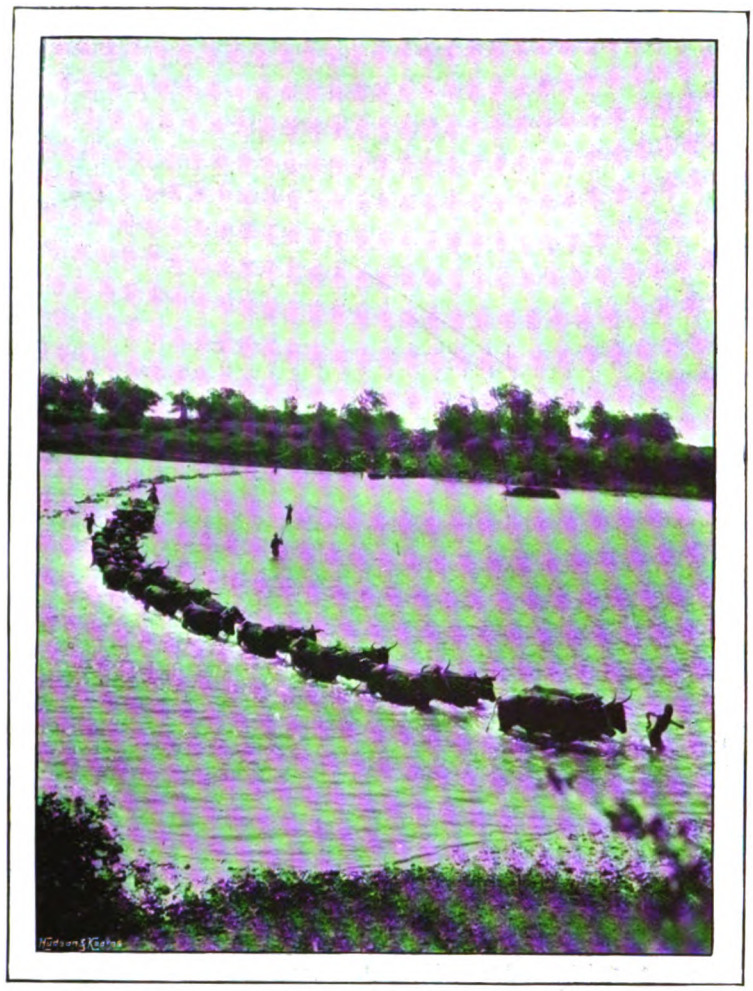
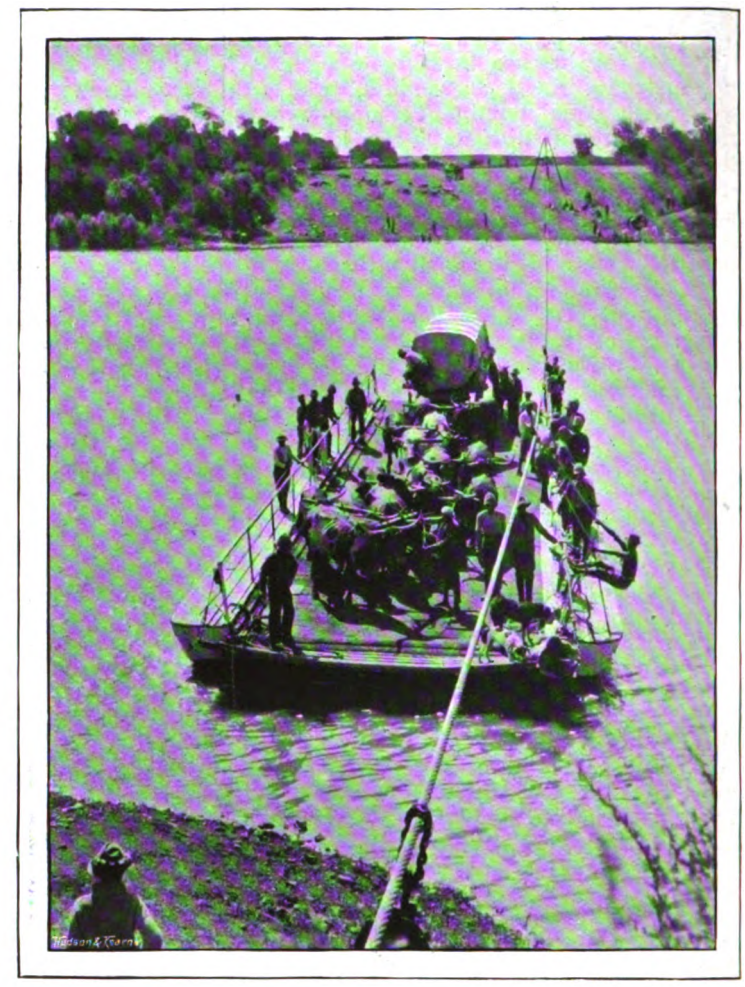
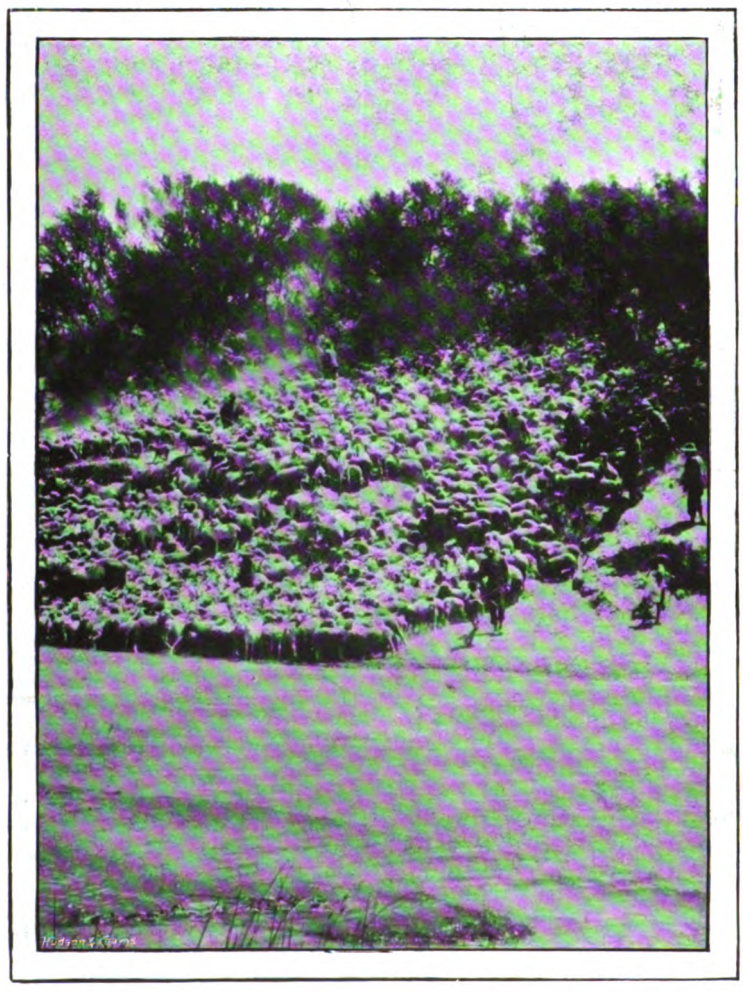
South African Developments.



WITH GENERAL BRUCE HAMILTON.
A Mighty Team of Oxen Fording a River.



NO FORD AVAILABLE.
Ox Transport being Ferried across a Deep Stream.



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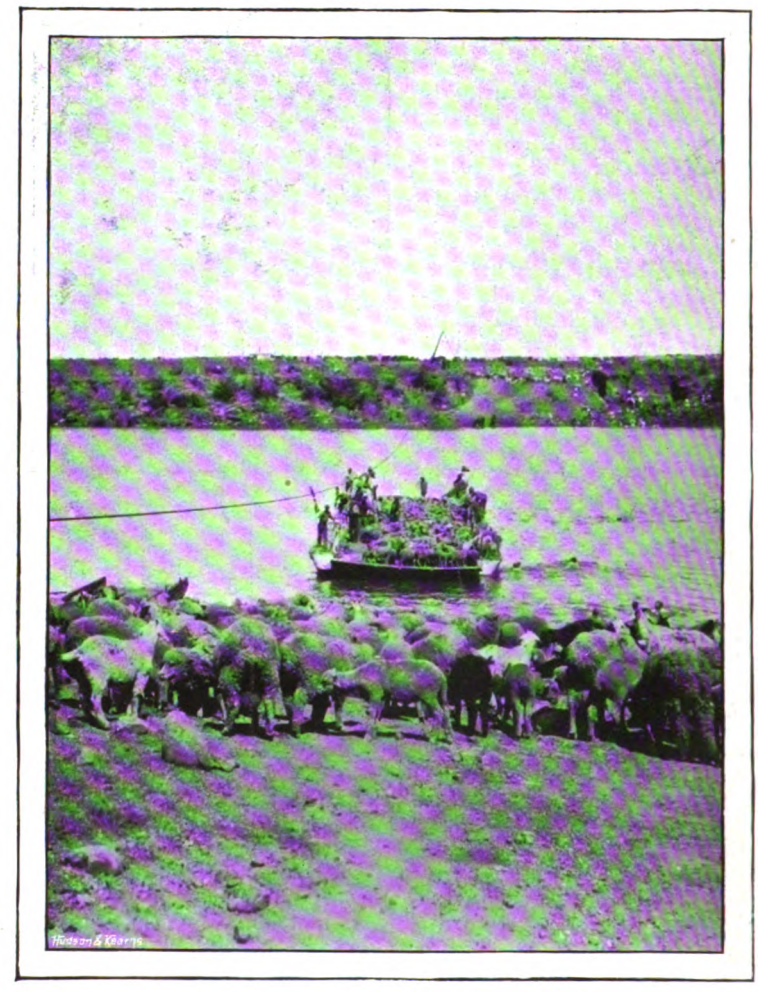
GOOD DINNERS IN PROSPECT.
A Grand Haul of Sheep Captured from the Boers.



"*Navy & Army.*"
FERRYING SHEEP.
The British Soldier has many Strange Tasks to Perform on Active Service

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII—No. 218.] SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

THE NEW CONTROLLER OF THE NAVY.

Captain W. H. May, whose promotion to flag rank must occur very shortly, and who has now been selected to succeed Rear-Admiral Wilson as Controller of the Navy, was only recently appointed Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes. He is an officer of great capacity and experience, and has held many important posts. He was until lately the Captain of Whale Island, the principal Naval gunnery establishment, and previous to that Chief of the Staff to the Admiral Commanding in the Mediterranean. He has also served in an Arctic expedition.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Speech and Sentiment.

IN these days all sorts of fads and fancies are able to obtain a fictitious importance by means of the newspapers. Some people think we have become more "faddy" and fanciful than we used to be. But this is surely a mistake. The only difference is that, whereas people used to make fools of themselves in private, they now perform in the full glare of the fierce light that beats upon the halfpenny journal. The consequence is that they are sometimes taken seriously. Most readers have very little sense of humour. A mountebank with a solemn face or a bore who refuses to be silenced can take them in completely. When Mr. Bernard Shaw says, without a twinkle in his eye, that Shakespeare was a dull fellow, numbers of respectable householders fall to wondering whether this be not a Daniel come to judgment. When Mr. George Moore pleads with frantic earnestness for the study of the Irish language (which, he admits, he does not know himself), there are many worthy folk who feel that the brutal Saxon ought to teach all the little Paddies the tongue of their remote ancestors, and that he will betray a sacred trust if he fails to do this. No doubt they would feel just the same about Welsh and Gaelic if Wales and the Highlands sent forth such impassioned advocates to plead for their bi-lingual privilege.

Now, there are some fads which may be smiled at with tolerant disdain. We can say of those who take them up that it pleases them and does not hurt us. But these dead language agitations are not of this kind; they are fads which ought to be actively discouraged. What, after all, is the purpose of speech? The French cynic said "to conceal thought," which was mildly amusing, but scarcely final. The only advantage which speech confers on man is that it enables him to communicate conveniently with his fellows. Animals can communicate one with another, but they cannot do it so conveniently as men; also they have less to say to one another. As soon as men developed into thinking animals and began to talk, they exchanged ideas and enlarged their intelligence. And as more and more people came to be able to share one another's thoughts, so did the average of intelligence rise higher and higher. If every hundred men had a language of their own, the world would remain stationary. The human brain would shrink, and we should go back to the state of monkeys. It is simply our privilege of bringing our minds into contact with other people's minds that keeps them active and permits of the spread of fresh ideas. The ideal condition of things would be, then, that everyone throughout the world should talk the same language. This, however, is not likely to be attained yet. All we can hope for, at present, is this—that the same language should be talked by all the inhabitants of one country, by all the subjects of an empire or a kingdom, by all the citizens of a confederation of free states.

The danger which may threaten an empire that includes a number of different nationalities all speaking different tongues may be seen just now in Austria-Hungary. There it is more than anything else the language question which is leading to the break-up of the Hapsburg power. The inconvenience which is caused by the lack of one language understood by everyone throughout a country is very forcibly impressed upon the traveller in Italy. He, poor man! thinks perhaps that he knows Italian, but he finds a different kind of Italian spoken in every district. There are in Italy no less than 700 local dialects, and however well you know pure Tuscan, such as you learn in grammars and reading books, you must give yourself the trouble of picking up the particular dialect of a place before you can talk or understand what is said to you with any ease. Let us take one instance. What is the Italian for "I say"? *Dico.* Very well, but this is only in the Tuscan dialect. The Venetian says *Digo;* the Milanese, *Disi;* the Piedmontese, *Dio;* the Sardinian, *Digga;* the Sicilian, *Dicu;* the Genoese, *Diggo;* and the citizen of Bologna, *A degh.* And these are only a very few varieties! The same sort of inconvenience is encountered in Wales and in parts of Ireland, where you may ask your way only to meet with a blank stare and a guttural noise signifying that the inhabitant has no English. From all points of view it is desirable that everyone should speak the language of the majority of his fellow-countrymen, and in the United Kingdom that language is English. If they like to learn Irish and Welsh and Gaelic as well, let them do it for their pleasure. But so far as State education is concerned, it ought to be in English alone. It is in the natural order of national development that languages spoken only by a few shall die out, and any attempt to arrest their decay is a waste of energy. If it could succeed, such an attempt would be inimical to the interests of mankind. It cannot succeed; therefore it is futile.

This language question is one of the most difficult that we have to face in South Africa. The demand of the Boer and of the Dutch in Cape Colony is that Dutch shall be recognised as well as English. Now this, it seems to us, is a very short-sighted demand, if the Dutch are prepared to become loyal citizens of the British Empire. If, on the other hand, they want to keep up their language only in order that they may remain a race apart from the British, then it is a traitorous demand and ought to be sternly refused. But there is no reason to take the latter view unless we are obliged. There is no reason to make this a party question—one which must of necessity range the friends of the Dutch on one side and the upholders of the Empire on the other. From the Dutch point of view, the keeping up of two languages will be a fatal mistake. The "Taal," as it is called, is not an historic language or one which has a great literature. It is a recent growth and a hybrid growth of which no one could be proud, least of all those who talk genuine Dutch. And it has never had a literature at all. It is only within the last twenty years that any determined effort has been made to keep it as a spoken tongue. Up to about twenty years ago English was making great headway, and the Dutch liked to learn and speak it. Then came the blunders which divided Dutch and English into hostile camps. Until we get back to the former state of affairs, South Africa will remain in a bad way. And it must always be remembered that one of the happiest features of that former state was the gradual absorption of all South Africans into one people, speaking one language and not two.

THE different kinds of rank in the Army are often very puzzling. The one which every officer, from second lieutenant to field-marshal, has is his substantive rank; this corresponds with his regimental rank, up to and inclusive of the grade of lieutenant-colonel, which is the highest regimental rank now existing. Brevet rank is conferred on officers of the rank of captain, major, or lieutenant-colonel, for distinguished services, and on lieutenant-colonels of four years' standing. It is Army rank, and gives no regimental seniority. A captain and brevet-major would, for regimental purposes, be junior to all those senior to him as a captain, but on garrison duty or when acting with other units, he would take his rank according to his seniority as a major. Local or temporary rank is sometimes granted to officers holding various appointments to give them greater authority. The distinction is that the former is only recognised in the locality to which it applies, whereas the latter, while it lasts, is world wide. Both cease on the termination of the appointment, and the officer reverts to his permanent rank. Honorary rank is granted to riding-masters and quartermasters, and to officers of the auxiliary forces, of fifteen years' service and over. It carries no military command whatever, and is purely sentimental. The practice of granting a step of honorary rank on retirement ceased some ten or twelve years ago. Relative rank differs from honorary rank in that an officer is not addressed by the title of the relative rank he may hold. Chaplains are now almost the only officers who have relative rank.

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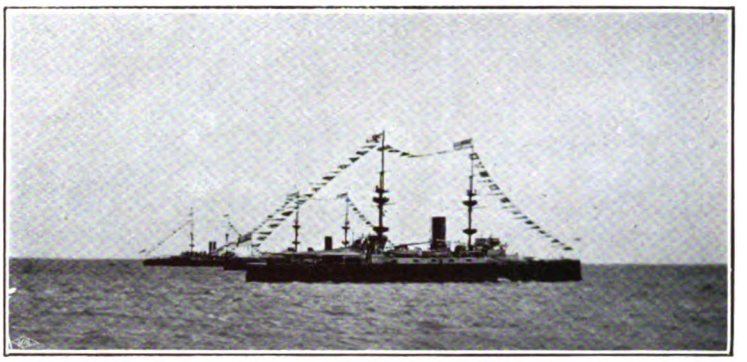
The Tour of the Duke of Cornwall.

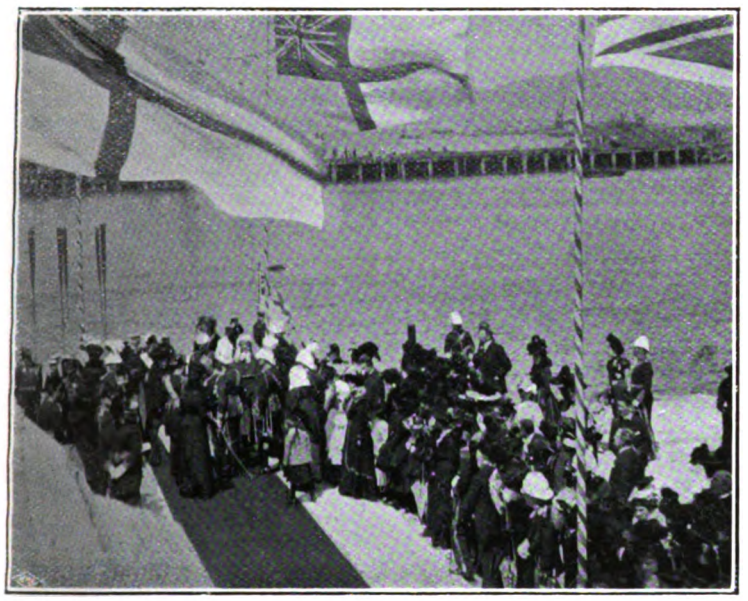
THE 'OPHIR."
Coming under the Shadow of "The Rock."

The Visit of the "Ophir" to Gibraltar.

Photos. Copyright.
AN HISTORIC FUNCTION.
The "Jupiter" Welcomes the Royal Visitors.



"Navy & Army."
THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.
Bidding "God-speed" to the "Ophir."



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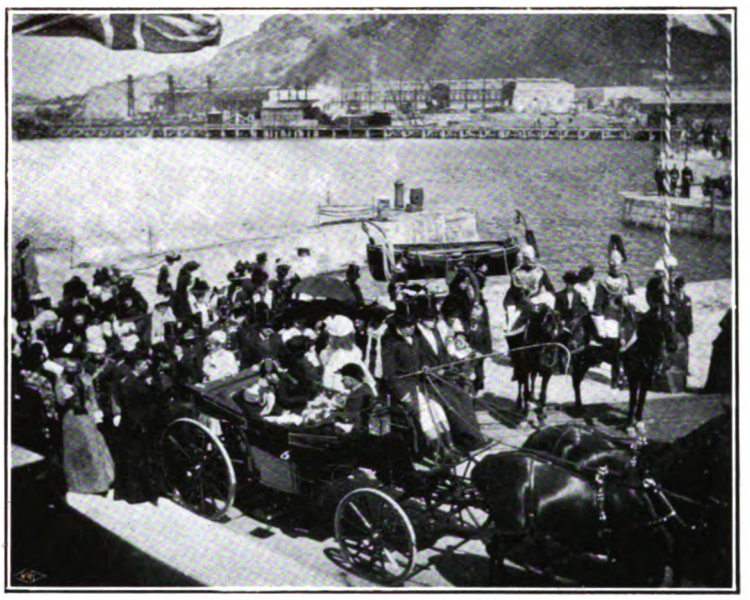
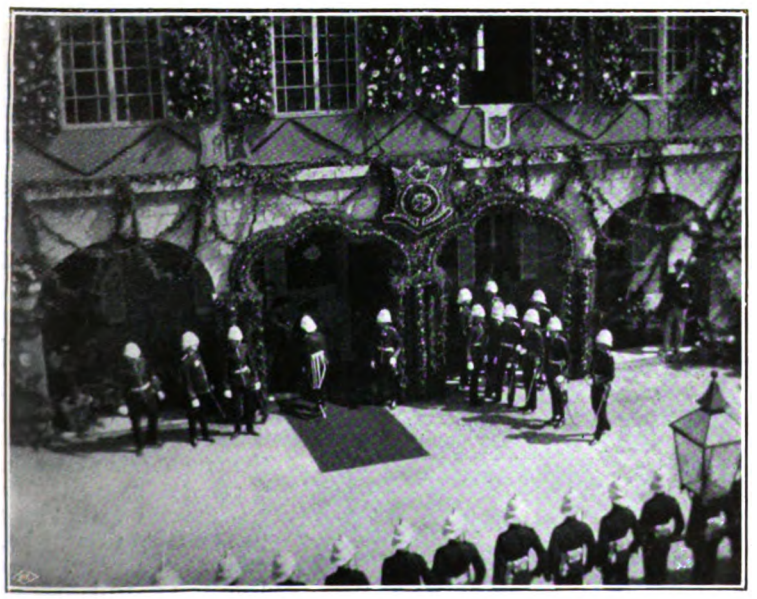
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT THE LANDING JETTY.
The Official Reception in Gibraltar Dockyard.



Cronie.
LEAVING FOR GOVERNMENT HOUSE.
An Enthusiastic Greeting from the People of "The Rock."



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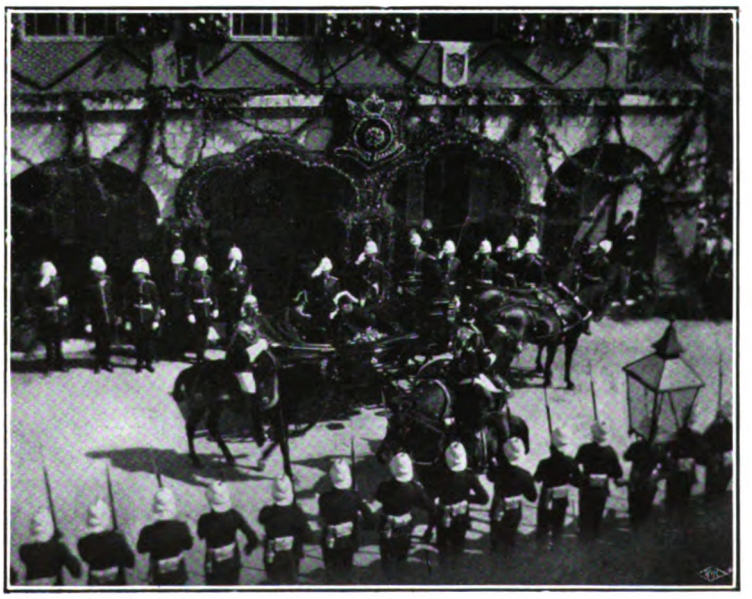
HIS OWN GUARD OF HONOUR.
The Duke is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers.



"Navy & Army."
ARRIVAL AT THE MESS HOUSE.
His Royal Highness and the Officers of the Royal Fusiliers.

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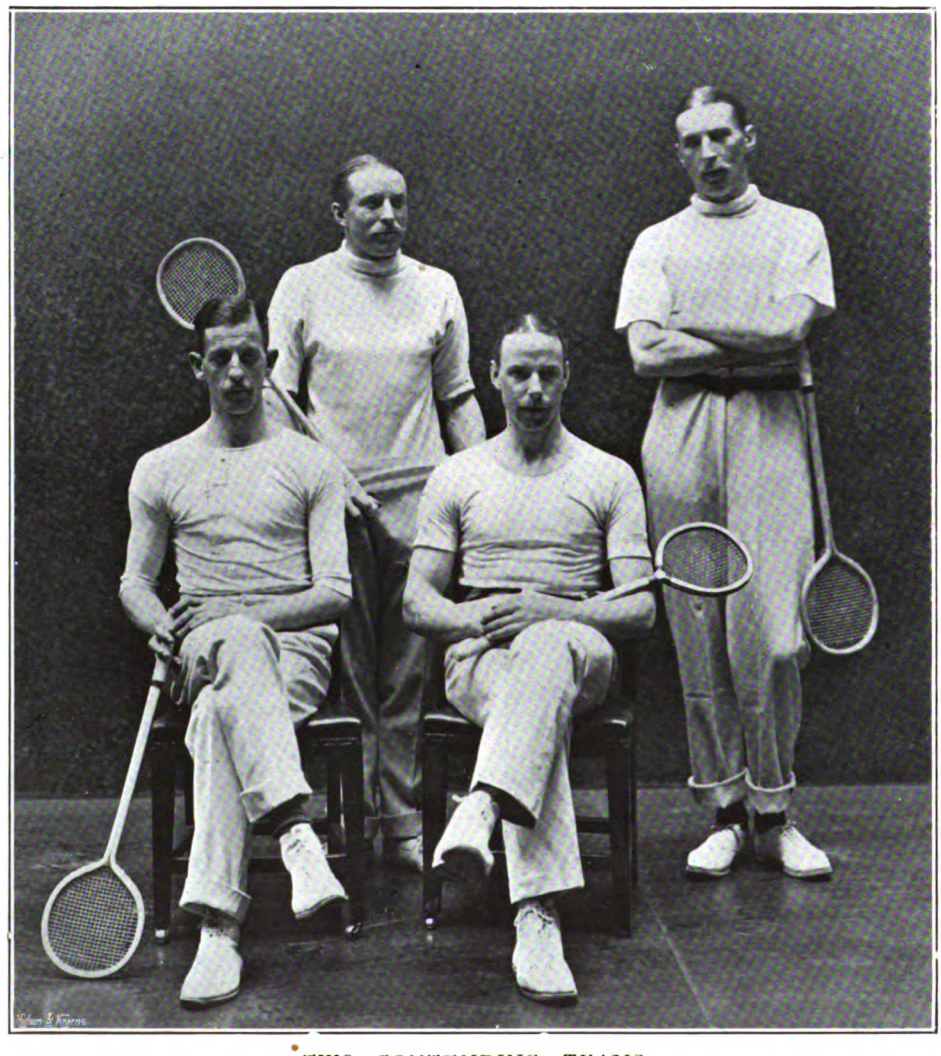
The Army Racquet Championship.

SPECTATORS OF THE RACQUETS MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP.

TO the sporting public the contest for the Soldiers' Racquet Championship is the biggest military athletic event in the year. Unfortunately, many of the regiments to which the best players belong are still in South Africa, notably the 12th Lancers, whose representatives, Major Eastwood and Captain Crawley, have had such a long run of successes, and the Shropshire Light Infantry, whose representatives, Colonel Spens and Mr. Sprot, won the cup from the Prince of Wales's Royal (Lancers) in 1899. The Shropshires, with their senior champion, now commanding the battalion in South Africa, were the challengers, and were naturally unrepresented. Moreover, two of the teams which had entered were compelled to withdraw from the contest. The 21st Lancers had to scratch, as they are under orders for foreign service, and Captain Dawkins, who was to have partnered Captain Braithwaite in the team that should have represented the Northumberland Fusiliers, is also ordered abroad. The first round was therefore narrowed down to two matches: the first between the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers, and the second between the pairs representing the 2nd Highland Light Infantry and the 1st Grenadier Guards respectively, while the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade had the "stand easy" of a bye. The first match was rather a walk-over for the Artillery, for though the Engineers won the first game, and both partners served well, brilliant back play in the rallies enabled the gunners to win by four games to two. The sappers were represented by Captains Blair and Bunbury, the gunners by Captains Perkins and Galloway. In the second match Messrs. Balfour-Bryant and Balfour represented the Highland Light Infantry against the Hon. B. Gordon-Lennox and Mr. C. V. Fisher-Rowe of the Grenadier Guards. Although the former won by four games to one, the play all round was good and the sets were keenly contested, but the winning team played splendidly together, and were all through just a wee bit too strong for their opponents. In the second round there was but one game, that between the Highland Light Infantry and the bye team, that of the 3rd Rifle Brigade, represented by Captain Bell and Mr. Percy Creed. As in their first game, the Scotsmen were just a little bit too good for their opponents, and though the Riflemen played with splendid vim, Mr. Creed especially playing a fine game in the track court, the upshot was decisive for the Highland Light Infantry, with four games to one.

An interesting contest ensued. The gunners lost the first game, but won the second after being only 9 to 13. Galloway's superb play won them both the third and fourth, and in the fifth game the score was level three times before the Highlanders won by 15 to 10. In the sixth game the Highland Light Infantry waltzed in with a majority of 15 to 3, thus making the match three games all, and, in an exceedingly close finish wore down their opponents by winning a hard struggle at 15 to 10. In our picture the winners are seen seated, the standing pair being their opponents in the second tie. In the picture of the spectators the first and second from the right are Mr. J. H. Saunders, Secretary of the Queen's Club, and Sir W. Hart Dyke, M.P. Fourth is Sir R. Harrison, inspector-general of fortifications, and next to him Earl Roberts. The twelfth from the right is Colonel Calley, second in command of the 1st Life Guards, who, with Mr. Ivor Johnson and Major Eastwood of the 12th Lancers, back from South Africa, officiated as umpires.



TWO CONTENDING TEAMS.

Standing: Lieutenant Creed. Captain Bell.
(3rd Rifle Brigade. Lost in Semi-finals.)
Lieutenant Balfour. Lieutenant Balfour Bryant.
(2nd Highland Light Infantry. Winners of the Championship.)

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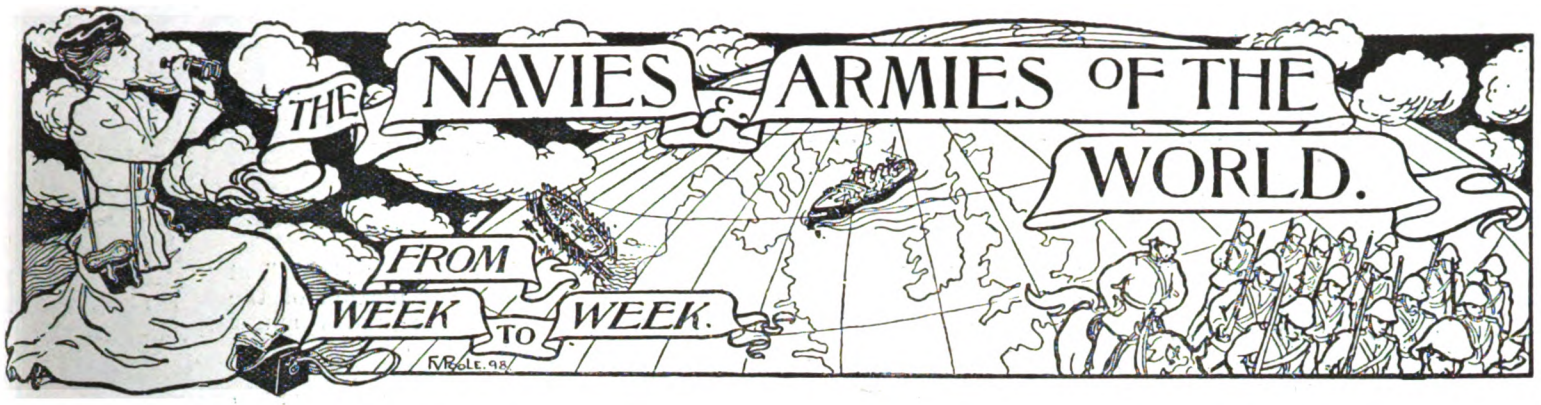

CONSCRIPTION has not advanced so far to the state in which it can be described as a burning question. Neither would it be just to say that any considerable body among our Army reformers, who may without much exaggeration be described as forming for the moment a majority of the nation, is hankering after the application of that device for filling the ranks. It has its friends among Army officers and outside military circles, who cherish the belief that if only compulsion was applied the difficulty of keeping up our strength would be notably diminished. Experience would probably convince them that they were wrong, and that we had only got rid of one form of trouble to incur others, and perhaps worse. But since we are turning round and round that unpleasant necessity, with an anxious fear that we shall have to submit to it sooner or later, there is sufficient reason for getting a clear idea as to what it is we are about, and how the thing is to be done, if at all. Of course, the State has always claimed, and in past times has frequently exercised, the right to compel men to serve in the Army for the defence of the country. Everybody knows that, though it is probable that not many among us know in what ways the right was exercised, or with what results. The common belief seems to be that there was a ballot for the Militia, and that it worked smoothly. A ballot there certainly was, but whole classes were exempt from its operation, and as for the smoothness of its working, we have only to look at the discontent caused at the beginning of the Seven Years' War by the measures of the elder Pitt, to learn that this is an entire delusion.

* * * *

The fact is that until well into the eighteenth century the press was applied for the Army as well as for the Navy. In very early times the King simply ordered some authority such as the Lords Marchers of Wales, or the Lord Deputy in Ireland, to impound fencible men and send them to the muster. It was in such a way that Edward III. got many of the soldiers he used in his French wars, and that Elizabeth raised soldiers for the Low Countries. But the precedents of monarchical times do not apply to periods of Parliamentary government. It is not necessary that they should, for Parliament itself has deliberately approved of pressing men for the Army. In 1779, for example, an Act was passed for "Recruiting His Majesty's Land and Sea Forces." According to the summary given in the "Annual Register" for that year. "Justices of peace, commissioners of the land-tax, and magistrates of corporations, in the commission of the peace, are empowered, within their several jurisdictions, to impress all able-bodied, idle, and disorderly persons who cannot upon examination prove themselves to exercise some lawful trade or employment for their support, and are to order a general search for all persons under this description. Persons convicted of running goods or smuggling, in a penalty not exceeding £40, may be raised and levied in like manner, in lieu of the punishment to which they are otherwise liable; as are persons convicted of running away and leaving families chargeable on their parishes. Bailiffs' followers are left open to the powers conferred by this Act, being expressly declared not to exercise an employment within the meaning of it."

* * * *

Parliament seems to have had its doubts whether this promising plan to sweep the refuse of the population into the King's regiments was likely to produce good troops. So it provided carefully that the idle and disorderly persons must also be able-bodied. It is expressly provided that "the men thus enlisted are to be free from bodily infirmities, between the ages of sixteen and fifty; if under the age of eighteen they must be 5-ft. 3-in. high; and if above that age 5-ft. 4-in. high, without shoes." The field opened to the recruiting officer within these limits cannot have been extensive. The compulsory defenders of their country were to be exclusively vagabonds and bailiffs' followers, who were also of a good height and sound in wind and limb. Members of Parliament were extremely careful to molest nobody who might also molest them. They not only exempted everyone in regular employment, which of course protected all their own servants, but they also declared that "no person entitled to vote at an election for a Member of Parliament is liable to be impressed either as a soldier or a seaman." This must have tended to keep things sweet with their constituents. The right to vote at the election of a Member of Parliament was not so common then as it is now by any means. It is to be observed, however, that it appears to have been thought possible that there were persons, able-bodied, idle, and disorderly, guilty of smuggling, destitute of regular employment, and convicted of leaving families chargeable on the parish, who still shared the privilege of choosing the collective wisdom. It is probable there were. The possession of a vote in a sufficiently rotten borough was a little income in those days, and quite compatible with a life of general vagabondage.

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Of course this precious Bill, which will probably not be quoted as a favourable precedent by the advocates of conscription, did no sort of good. Its practical result, I believe, was the collection, after a general search, of some hundreds of poor rogues whom the officers and men of the Army recruited with extreme disgust. As nobody would take the least trouble to keep them, and as they were remarkably expert, through long practice, in slipping round the corner, they all disappeared. This device for filling the ranks of the Army was given up, and will assuredly not be revived. We have finally persuaded ourselves that the patron of the casual ward and the confirmed tramp do not supply the material for good soldiers. Other sources will have to be tapped if obligatory service is to be revived. Something else will have to be done before we get even to that point. It will be necessary to decide what we need the conscription for, and so far we have not got to the point of settling this preliminary.

* * * *

Lord Stanley, speaking at Bolton on March 23, laid it down as a point on which we are all agreed, that obligatory service cannot be relied on as a means of providing an army for foreign service in normal times. If that is so, the whole question falls to the ground and is not worth considering. Our difficulty is precisely this, that we are likely to need a much larger Regular Army, and that we have reached the extreme limit of what can be supplied by voluntary enlistment. If that is the case, and we must not take conscripts for India and oversea service generally, what is to be done? The home defence side of the Army's duties presents no difficulties whatever. In the first place it is a mere formality till the Fleet is beaten, when we will be beaten altogether. In the second place, nobody need doubt that we can always find a quarter of a million of Militia and Volunteers for service at home, and it is a mere question of money to supply them with arms and other necessary equipment, as well as opportunities for practice. Such a force would be amply sufficient to dispose of raiders, and even, after it had been embodied for a time, to face any invading force which could be shipped over here. The question is not whether we can do this without the use of compulsion. It is whether we can fill the ranks of a Regular Army which grows steadily in answer to constantly increasing demands. To say that we must never appeal to conscription for this part of our forces is equivalent to reducing all talk on the matter to frivolity. To have compulsion for service at home, where there is not one chance in a thousand that an army will ever be needed, and to reject it where there is the certainty that the want of an army will be ever more pressingly felt, is idle in the extreme. However little we may like the prospect, it is as certain as gravitation, that if our engagements in distant parts of the Empire call for more men than can be found by voluntary enlistment, one of two consequences must ensue. Either we must fail to meet the call upon us for garrisons and armies in the field, or we must compel men to serve. Every extension of the Empire, every rise of a possible enemy near its borders, means a fresh call. Either the corresponding defence on our side must be provided, or the day will infallibly come when the frontier will cave in somewhere. That is the plain English of the case.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE taking of a census, reputed always to be a severe test for the domestic conscience, is still more a right occasion for the searching of the conscience of the nation. At this time the enumeration is taken which is to reveal to ourselves and the world ten years of the demographic history of the country. We are to learn not only the directions of national energy, but still more the measure of our expansion—to take stock of ourselves and see whether that marvellous racial vitality which has enabled us to send out wave after wave of men to people the vacant places of our British world is maintained in the same degree. We are to discover how far tendencies towards degeneration or the keen struggle for existence have crippled national growth. It is true that to some countries the census means more than it does to us. We have prosperous colonies, rich in vital force, ready to carry on and share in the work which the Mother Country began. They scan the lists with anxiety to learn how far their manhood will suffice to fill the ranks of their armies, raised to the figure of a groaning burden by the needs of national defence. Nevertheless, though, as an island people, we do not require 500,000 men under arms, we cannot regard the evidences of growth of population without concern, for our Military forces also have a direct relation to the number of inhabitants, and in future our forces of enlisted men will be greater than ever before.

Photo. *Symonds.*
THE LATE LIEUTENANT VERNON MAUD, R.N.
The Recent Cruise of the Reserve Squadron was Overshadowed by a Catastrophe which Robbed the Service of a very Smart Officer. Lieutenant Vernon Maud had been for Some Time in Command of the "Leda," the Torpedo Gun-boat which Acts as Tender to the "Australia," the Guard-ship at Southampton. When the Squadron was Lying in Luce Bay, this Officer was Returning to his Ship at Night and in a Heavy Squall. The Whaler was Swamped, and Lieutenant Maud and an Able Seaman of the Boat's Crew were Drowned. Lieutenant Maud had seen Considerable War Service in Egypt and the Soudan

WITH the arrival of the "Ophir" at Aden the oriental portion of the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall may be said to begin. It is very much to be regretted that the conditions of the journey did not permit a visit to some of the great cities of India, but that, of course, was impossible. So far the loyal enthusiasm of the King's subjects, who have so warmly greeted his son, has been in inverse ratio to their number, but at Colombo the fringe will be touched of the land of the teeming millions in His Majesty's Indian Dominions. Among the many gratifying events which have distinguished his accession, few things have been more satisfactory or pleasing than the numerous expressions of the abundant loyalty of the Indian princes and people. A quarter of a century has elapsed since the historic Indian tour of King Edward, as Prince of Wales, and perhaps in the fulness of time his son may be able to make a royal progress through India in the same state as direct heir to the throne. That event would be as gratifying to the Indian people as is the visit the Duke and Duchess are about to pay to the colonies.

WE are living in a cycle of great centenaries, and that of the glorious victory of Copenhagen on April 2, 1801, shall not pass unnoticed in this place. When Nelson left the Mediterranean, the scene of his splendid triumph of the Nile, and slowly journeyed to the North Sea, "to match

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory*

THE EMBARKATION STAFF AT SOUTHAMPTON.

On the Men whose Portraits are here Given the Burden and Toil of the Last Eighteen Months has Fallen Heavily. Sir Donald Currie, the Veteran Ruler of the Great Steam-ship Company which has now United the Two Steam-ship Lines that Run to South Africa, the Union and the Castle, is in the Centre. On his Right is Commander R. T. Hinny, Naval Transport Officer, and on his Left Colonel Stacpole. The Latter has Superintended all the Embarkations from Southampton since the Outbreak of the War, and has Well Earned the Decoration of the Victorian Order which the King Personally Bestowed on him on the Departure of the "Ophir."

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Photo. *Symonds.*
LIEUTENANT H. H. F. STOCKLEY, R.M.L.I.

Photo. *Russell.*
COMMANDER BRYAN GODFREY GODFREY-FAUSSETT, R.N.

Photo. *Symonds.*
LIEUTENANT G. L. RAIKES, R.M.A.

The Officers whose Portraits are here Given are Some of those who are Accompanying the Heir to the Throne in his Historic Tour of Greater Britain. Commander Godfrey-Faussett Goes on the Duke's Staff in the Capacity of Assistant Private Secre ary. Lieutenants Stockley and Raikes are the Subaltern Officers of the Strong Marine Detachment which Forms Part of the Complement of the "Ophir"

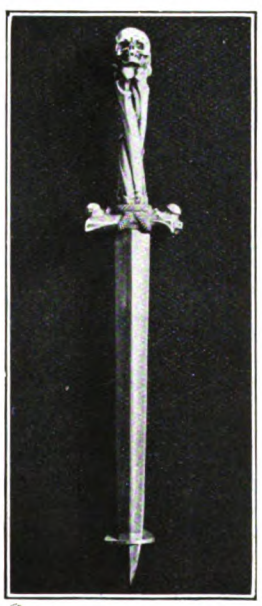
another foe," it was to fight the hundred and fifth engagement in which he had shared, and "the most terrible of them all." In all his great victories there was none in which his strong individual qualities were more clearly revealed. He had shown the spirit of tenacity and independence, in the Mediterranean, but the self-confidence with which he engaged the Danish Fleet and the defences of Copenhagen placed his readiness to accept tremendous responsibilities in a light that was new to his countrymen.

THE MALTA GARRISON HOCKEY TEAM.

Hockey is a Form of Sport that both Navy and Army take to with a Considerable Amount of Keenness. The Team here Depicted is the Pick of the Malta Garrison, and, Judging from the Men's Stalwart Appearance, they Form a Combination that would take Something very Strong Indeed to Vanquish.

THE tardiness of Hyde Parker fretted his impetuous spirit, when the opportunities of glorious service "set his oaken heart on flame." Not of any other battle have we such vivid pictures. "It is warm work. This day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands!" So did the manner mark the man. As to the famous story of the "blind eye" and the telescope we may still hold judicial minds. Was it a comedy or a tragedy? Was Parker's signal to cease action imperative or permissive? There are high authorities on both sides. But the latest opinion, that of Admiral Sturges Jackson, is that "a theory based upon the recollections of some military passengers cannot stand against the direct evidence of the logs and of the private account of such a distinguished seaman as Sir Thomas Graves." What is certain is that Copenhagen, in a certain sense, as Nelson said, was his "masterpiece," to be worthily celebrated in April, 1901, and that he did not go into action with the intention of turning back.

THE visit which the young German Crown Prince is to pay next week to the Emperor Frances Joseph at Vienna, proceeding afterwards to Buda-Pesth, preparatory to his two years' study at Bonn, will be an event of much pleasant significance. The relations between the two countries are most friendly, but there are Germans in Austria who agitate loudly for that Pan-Germanism which is a pious aspiration among some of the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm, and he properly desires in the most public way to show, by the personal intercourse of himself and his family from time to time with the Austrian Court, that "Alldeutschtum" is not cherished in the Imperial mind. In truth, the idea of creating a great Germanic confederation in Central Europe has not in these days more than a speculative interest. It is an attractive theory which commends itself to a select and uninfluential party, who look with fond admiration upon the map in the "Alldeutscher Atlas," wherein the black eagle overshadows a wide area, including not only German Austria, but Holland, Luxemburg, and much of Belgium as well. Some of the idealists are practical soldiers, it is true, but, while temperate counsels prevail, such as are manifested by the visit of the Crown Prince, and while Germany has her hands otherwise so full, there can be no possibility of the poetic dream of Arndt approaching realisation in the domain of practical politics.



Photos. *"Navy & Army."*
A REMINISCENCE OF BYGONE DAYS.
This Dagger, with its Skull and Cross-bones, Recalls the Old Buccaneers. But, as a Matter of Fact, he Blade is by Wilkinson, Sword-makers in Pall Mall, which Goes to Prove that we can Turn Out as Good Steel Blades as did our Ancestors.

NEXT week the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will ascend the throne of his ancestors amid great rejoicings in the Grand-Duchy, and Duke Johann Albrecht, who has been charged with the guardianship of his nephew during his minority, will be relieved of the burden of rule. The grand-ducal house is the only reigning family in Western Europe of Slavonic origin, and claims to be one of the oldest sovereign houses in the Western World. The new ruler is descended from Niklot, who died in 1160, and is twenty-fifth in the order of descent, being not only Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—the grand-ducal title was assumed in 1815—but also "Prince of the Wends." The political constitution of his country is feudal, the seats in the Diet belonging to the Ritterschaft, that is, to those possessing knights' fees, and the Landschaft, consisting of the burgomasters of forty-eight towns. The Grand-Duchy is a loyal part of the German Empire, but the Grand-Duke, as "Landesvater," is much nearer to the provincial German than is the Kaiser. He is a potentate at home, who will possess the affections of his subjects, to whom the latest developments of Imperial Germany are a little strange and abstract. What is called "particularism" is not strong in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, but it exists, as in other parts of the Empire, though in no wise to the endangerment of the Imperial idea.

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ONE of our illustrations depicts a very interesting weapon apparently of ancient date and curious character, but actually made by the Wilkinson Sword Company. That company has come very prominently into public note recently in connection with splendid swords of honour for Sir Redvers Buller, General French, General Pole-Carew, and other distinguished officers. From a time to which memory runneth not to the contrary the foeman has loved his trusted steel, and has adorned it with the lavish embellishments of art, and modern methods have added much to the beauties suggested by ancient masterpieces. The particular weapon we depict is an old dagger, such as was used by the Spanish buccaneers, and it illustrates the test of hardness and temper they exacted—that it should be driven through a silver dollar. The famous factories of Bilbao and renowned Toledo have fashioned many a "bare bodkin" that has served a hundred times in the sharp "embrace of foes." The "Bilbao blade, by march-men felt," that hung in the belt of Will Howard and gave him the name of "Belted Will," was a type of the weapon that has played its part in many a clash of arms, but this well-proved dagger demonstrates that modern armourers can emulate the old blade-maker's skill.

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THE vast inert mass of Russia has shown some signs of movement. Some fractions of the dumb millions have essayed to speak, but the depths of stolid ignorance cannot yet be stirred. The students who cherish dreams of liberty, freedom, and enlightenment have found the courage to proclaim their discontent, and their action has been in unison with a certain ferment in the public mind, and a spirit of rebellion in the workmen. Sooner or later a crisis is inevitable. The light of the Western world is penetrating the hidden places of Russia, and the autocratic government cannot for ever go on. A claim will yet be made for representative institutions such as other nations enjoy, and the government of some future Czar must choose between the expedient of granting a constitution by Royal grace, or having it torn from the Crown by the rough hand of revolution. The workmen of the cities are firebrands who carry to their villages the social principles which are slowly, very slowly, leavening the solid mass. This is the significance of the disturbances at Moscow and St. Petersburg by the students and artisans, a combination new to Russian internal politics.

SERVANTS OF THE KING.

A very Characteristic Group is the Above, which from One Family Gives to His Majesty's Service Servants in Every Branch of the State. In the Top Row, Standing, are a Staff-Sergeant of the Royal Artillery, a Constable of the Metropolitan Police, and a First-class Petty Officer of the Royal Navy. The Two Seated are—Reading from Left to Right:—a Sick-bay Steward, Ranking as a First-class Petty Officer, and that most Useful of Public Servants, a Postman. Not at all a bad Record for One Family to Supply to the Service of the King.

MEN WHO TRAIN MEN.

The Staff and Instructors of the Garrison Gymnasium at Gibraltar.

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"OBSERVATION! lo, the foundation of all experience, the beginning of all knowledge!" It was a sound truth uttered by Lytton, which may be commended to soldiers—and not by any means to soldiers only, for there is too much slackness everywhere—along with Sir Frederick Maurice's order to the officers and men of the Woolwich command. The men have eyes and see not, and it is the business of officers to reform this altogether. There are fire buckets hanging in the barrack-rooms, and those who live in the rooms do not know they are there. The excuse "I did not see it" is to be regarded as a confession of incapacity. A dangerous habit of going through the world with eyes closed is to be stamped out. Such a dulness of mind is dangerous for anyone, but it is doubly dangerous for the soldier. "A man who has two good eyes, but does not see with them, is a much more dangerous soldier than a blind man," says General Maurice. He is both useless and mischievous. The fault lies partly with the man, but partly also with the deadening effect of routine. It behoves schoolmasters, too, to see to it that boys are alert, for the boy is the father of the man. Recently in one of the monthly magazines a strange collection of instances of the blindness of Tommy Atkins was given by an officer who had watched him in South Africa, and General Maurice's order should have a salutary influence.

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THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA appears to be anxious for the construction of railways in the Celestial Empire. At first sight this enterprise seems strange on the part of the reactionary ruler, but its true meaning is revealed by the explanation that she wants the lines in question in order to bring up troops from the south to overawe the barbarians. It is understood that Director-General Shêng has received instructions in that regard, with stern reproof for his previous neglect. Apparently Her Celestial Majesty thinks a railway can be constructed with the same celerity that characterises the laying of telegraph lines. No doubt the marching of a Chinese army is a wondrous thing, and at the end of a long march the general looks upon a ragged and sadly diminished crew. If, then, the troops could be entrained in locked carriages, all would be well. Hence the Imperial vexation at the fact that Southern China is not a network of railways. Perhaps, then, there may soon be more openings for the investment of British capital and the exercise of British energy, but we must mind lest we be hoist with our own petard.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

"SONS OF WHOM ANY MOTHER MIGHT BE PROUD."

Were the Words in which Her Late Majesty Conveyed her Felicitations and Bounty to Mrs. Cater, a West Countrywoman, whose Seven Stalwart Sons are Serving under the White Ensign. Two are A.B.'s on board the "Cambridge"; Another is a Boy in the "Impregnable"; a Fourth is on Duty on Shore as Instructor to Royal Naval Reserves; Another is a First-class Petty Officer on board the "Hannibal"; the Sixth is a Warrant Officer (Gunner) on board the "Cambridge"; whilst the Seventh is a First-class Petty Officer on board the "Conqueror."

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A Naval Pantomime at Esquimalt.

A SAILOR is generally reputed to be capable of turning his hand to anything, and is called upon, in his time, to play many parts. This, indeed, is often literally true. On foreign stations, at any rate, time passed in port necessarily frequently hangs somewhat heavily, and the task of preventing a certain individual from providing mischief for the idle hands of the ship's company is one that is not always easy of accomplishment. Under these circumstances a very favourite method in a "comfortable" ship is to organise a theatrical performance. The necessary preparations afford plenty of occupation, and serve, moreover, to accentuate the good feeling which always should, and generally does, exist on board His Majesty's ships. Even the duties of blockading French and Spanish ports during the Great War were lightened by theatrical performances, and it was no uncommon thing on a calm day for a company which had been organised on board one ship to pay a visit to another ship for the purpose of giving a performance.

Photo. Copyright. *Jones.*

A VERY POWERFUL CAST.

The "Robinson Crusoe" Company of the "Warspite."

It was therefore wholly in accordance with the traditions of the Service that an amateur dramatic performance should be organised on board the "Warspite," which is now approaching the termination of her commission on the far-off Pacific station. Esquimalt, the northern headquarters of the station, is a charming place in summer-time, and offers abundant attractions in the way of sport and otherwise; but it is dull and dismal in winter, and even the memories of past pleasures do not suffice to sweeten the monotony. It is not surprising that in these circumstances the "Warspites" should fall back upon theatricals as a suitable amusement for all hands. With a modesty which well became them—though, as the result proved, their coyness was rather unnecessary—they decided to avoid the criticism which might have been aroused, the comparisons which might have been drawn, had they elected to act some well-known play. They determined, on the contrary, to have a pantomime of their own, and Messrs. A. Evans, F. E. P. Haigh, and V. R. Brandon undertook the task of preparing the book. As will be seen from one of our pictures, which represents the company, the authors did not fail to introduce a large number of characters; the topical allusions—relating to such things as the various incidents of the ship's commission and British Columbian life—were clever and mirth-producing, and there were some charming lyrics, for which Mr. V. R. Brandon was mainly responsible. The dresses were designed and made on board the ship, where, too, the scenery was prepared, so that the organisers might fairly claim that the whole arrangement was essentially the production of the "Warspite."

The young midshipmen to whom fell the female characters made a brilliant success both in manners and in appearance. Look, for example, at our picture of the charming, smiling Ruby, a part which was played by Midshipman J. E. Somerville. Or, again, who could wonder at Robinson Crusoe falling in love with pretty Polly as played by Midshipman B. des G. Ball? Let us see, however, what the plot was. The title of the pantomime was "Robinson Crusoe," and the title-part was played by Mr. R. G. Dinwiddy. The first two scenes were on board the "Calamity Jane," where the half-pay captain (Sub-Lieutenant H. V. T. Proctor) receives a commission, and starts off with his wife (Mr. Colvin) and friends to search for gold at Cocos Island. Of course, they get wrecked, and it is on this island that the indispensable man Friday is introduced. Instead of finding gold, the adventurers fall into the hands of King Spot-barred, who desires to kill them, and is only restrained by the pleading of the Princess, his daughter. As a result of her requests, the King offers the unfortunate shipwrecked crew their liberty provided they amuse him. This they endeavour to do, and start off with an excellently-executed ballet, which receives great applause, and then one by one the various characters show their talents, and finally the King decides that not only will he free them, but will accompany them to British Columbia, for they have sung the praises of Victoria and Esquimalt so loudly that he feels he must go and visit that delightful place; and when everybody has been paired off the curtain falls after a rousing closing chorus. The pantomime was first performed in the sail-loft of the Naval Yard at Esquimalt, and it was afterwards reproduced in the cause of charity at Victoria, where it drew large audiences and was a great financial success. As has been already indicated, such an experience is not uncommon in the Navy, but the "Warspite's" Dramatic Company is none the less to be congratulated.

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The "Ladies" of the Naval Pantomime.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SWEETHEART.
Midshipman B. des G. Ball as Polly.

MRS. CAPTAIN FITZNOODLE.
Better Known as Midshipman R. M. Colvin.

Photos. Copyright.

A VERY CHARMING RUBY.
As Impersonated by Midshipman J. F. Somerville.

Jones.

THE WIDOW CRUSOE.
"Her" Ordinary Name is W. A. Evans.

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Standards of Excellence for the Rifle.

By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

I HAVE received letters on the subject of rifle trials from many quarters, but one of the most interesting comes from India. In that country shooters are not always in the neighbourhood of gun-shops, and the recognised ammunition is frequently not to be had at any price. Consequently the reloading tools become a necessity, and the shells are made to serve many times over. There is no good reason why reloaded shells should not shoot as accurately as new ones, provided they are resized and externally coated with the proper proportion of dressing, and always provided that the loads used are not big enough to make the cases require resizing after every shot. When they do require this, every shot goes to weaken the metal of the case, and the greater ease of its expansion is certain to represent loss of power to the powder on the base of the bullet; this is almost equivalent to putting the powder in too great a space, as then the density of the charge is less, and its pressures fall below what they ought to be. These considerations make an enormous amount of difference, and in order to show how much, I propose contrasting some of the best targets from reloaded cartridges that have been sent to me from India with others made from factory ammunition from rifles of somewhat similar calibre; but before getting on to this I should like to give some idea of that which is—in a country of rifle shooting at short ranges, viz., 200-yds.—considered good. Gould, in his "Modern American Rifles," says: "Five consecutive shots, counting twelve each, have been made on the standard American rest target at 200-yds., and the diameter of that circle is 1 41-100-in." In my book, "Experts on Guns and Shooting," I have given a 5-shot diagram, made by Mr. St. George Littledale, which is considerably smaller than this, and right in the centre of the bull. This was done with the Mannlicher sporting rifle, by Gibbs of Bristol, and is such a target that the shooter of it (who has lately been after ovis ammon in the Altai Mountains, and has brought back the record head) would not fire again for fear of spoiling it. Gould says, "Five shots in the 12-circle have no special value; seven shots are more difficult and wonderful; ten shots never get attained; and beyond that the difficulties of the task are rapidly multiplied, and seem at the present time almost amongst the impossibilities." In reference to the remarkable American target described above, Gould says, "There are plenty of persons who would wager that the same rifleman and ammunition could not repeat the performance at a stated time, or place ten shots inside the 10-in. circle (3 36-100-in. in diameter), or fifty shots in the 9 circle (5 54-100-in. in diameter), or 100 shots inside the 8-in bullseye." Unfortunately the American distances and ours do not agree. Gould gives no records of 100-yds. shooting, but I think all riflemen will agree that the difficulty of the longer ranges does not increase directly with the distance, but almost as the square of the distance. So that if 4-in. diameter represented a possible at 200-yds., the equivalent at 100-yds. should almost be a 1-in. bull. There are a great number of records of Express rifle shooting to be had at 100-yds., but of miniature rifle shooting there are almost none. At the London Rifle Trials conducted by Mr. Walsh, more than twenty years ago, Messrs. Holland and Holland's ·295 rifle made a diagram at 50-yds. measuring 1¼-in. by 1¼-in., but at 75-yds. this jumped to 3⅞-in. by 2-in., and this rook rifle was not fired at longer distances. But this more than bears out my remark that double the distances necessitate nearly four times the target diameter, at least for the small bores. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Holland's was a 20-shot diagram, and was done at the first time of asking, which is, of course, a very different thing to unlimited entries. The same remark applies to the Express rifles shot at that time, and the diagrams then made with the larger or the smaller rifles do not compare favourably with the best 10-shot diagrams from the best miniature rifles I have already seen at Cricklewood. The best of the Express rifles at those trials made diagrams 3⅝-in. by 2-in. at 100-yds. I am inclined to believe that the high-velocity rifles can do a good deal better now, and that even the miniature rifles of these days can average as well as the best Express rifles of those earlier days. No gunmakers have been able to stand still, and the Mannlicher and the ·303 have set such a high standard of excellence that neither gunmakers, sportsmen, nor target shots are content with the shooting which was then thought wonderful. Messrs. Holland, Rigby, and George Gibbs, Westley Richards, and many others, have all been pushing on towards accuracy; but none of these experts have given their particular attention to the production of a rifle of miniature character for 100-yds. shooting. They have stood aside, allowing the Americans to work on starvation wages if they would; but two or three English gunmakers have quite lately taken up the subject and challenged the Americans, and in one notorious case undersold them with a rifle as good at least as the Americans can make—that is, judging from the shooting of it I have seen up to the present.

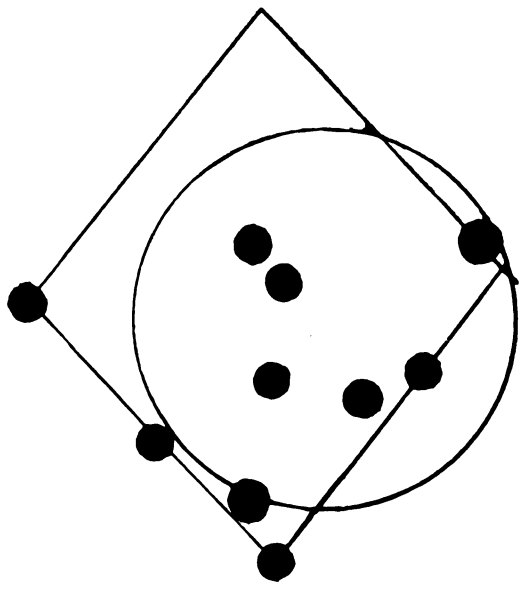

Diagram I.—2-in. by 1 7-8-in., Reproduced Full Size—2-in. Bull.

But there is another aspect of miniature-rifle practice which seems to be of the utmost importance to the nation, because our soldiers at present are not allowed enough practice with full charges in the ·303 to enable them to become expert rifle shots; and about the practice given to them with the Morris tube, it may be asked whether it is productive of that confidence in the shooter that Service charges can ensure.

After speaking of the perfection of the Winchester and "Ideal" loading tools, making reloading simple and easy, an Indian correspondent goes on to say:

"American cartridge-cases for miniature rifles also are very stout and can stand refilling to any extent, and primers or caps to suit either black or nitro powders are made for them. English cartridges can be refilled, but as a rule are not so good for reloading as the American ones. For short-range practice I find the following loads perfection:

"I. For the ·22-13-45 Winchester single-shot rifle, 5-gr. ·303 rifleite, bullet of 45-gr. weight cast of old Martini-Henry lead (1-13 tin). Winchester nitro primer. (*See I.*)

"II. For the ·25-20-86 Stevens or Winchester single-shot rifle, 5-gr. ·450 rifleite, bullet of 85-gr. weight of same composition. Winchester nitro primer. (*See diagram II.*)

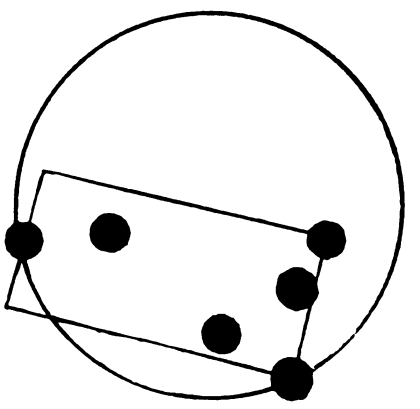

Diagram II.—1½-in. by 11-16-in., Reproduced Full Size—2-in. Bull.

"III. For the ·303 rifle (Government ammunition, Mark II. cases and primers):

"(*a*) For ranges up to 50-yds. or for gallery practice 5-gr. ·450 rifleite, or any other nitro powder, and a spherical bullet of 1-13 tin alloy, with a greased wad behind it. Spherical bullets must fit tight so as to take the rifling. (*See diagram III. a.*)

"(*b*) For ranges up to 100-yds. 6-gr. to 8-gr. ·450 rifleite, and bullet of 1-13 tin alloy cast in ·32-20 Winchester or Colt mould. (*See III. b.*)

"(*c*) For 100-yds. and upwards and for shooting antelope, etc., where the full Service or sporting cartridge is dangerous to use, 15-gr. of ·303 rifleite, and bullet 7-8-in. long of about 150-gr. weight. For game shooting this bullet should have a hollow point. With reduced charges the bullets should be at the usual position at the mouth of the case. The powder may be loose." (*See diagram III. c.*)

The first five diagrams illustrated on this and the next page show the results obtained with these charges. "The ·303 cartridge-case is very stout, and can stand refilling any number of times with reduced charges. It may require to be gauged the first time after being fired with a full charge, but the reduced charges do not expand it. With the Stevens 'Ideal' tool

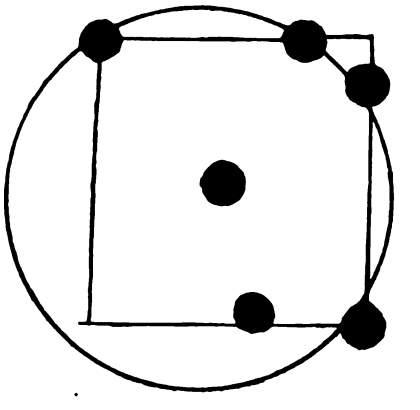

Diagram III.—(a) 1 3-8-in. by 1½-in., Reproduced Full Size—2-in. Bull.

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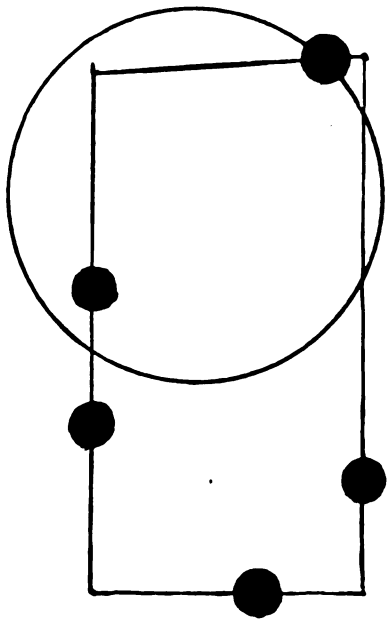

Diagram III.—(b) 2¾-in. by 1 3-8-in., Reproduced Full Size—2 in. bull.

the only extra implement required is a resizing die, as it casts the bullet, corrects it, decaps, and caps, and has a loading chamber. Lead bullets for the ·303 rifle have to be ·311-in. diameter to give good results. I have tried them in ·303 rifles of regulation and of American make with equal success. They are cannelured for lubrication. I find a mixture of beeswax and fat a good lubricator. I have tried some cheap American saloon rifles of ·22 calibre, the Stevens Favourite and the Winchester 1900 Model, and find them very accurate up to 50-yds. with the short cartridge."

He then goes on to describe results as follows:

"I. Ten shots at 50-yds. with ·220 C.F. Winchester single-shot rifle, charge 5-gr. ·303 rifleite, 45-gr. cast bullet (1-13 tin)."

Diagram I.—2-in. by 1 7-8-in. is not particularly good, and would probably represent an 8-in. diagram at 100-yds.

"II.—Six shots at 50-yds. with ·250 Stevens single-shot rifle, charge 5-gr. ·450 rifleite, 85-gr. cast bullet (1-13 tin)."

Diagram II.—1½-in. by 11-16-in. would be very good indeed if it had been a ten-shot instead of a six-shot performance.

"III.—(*a*) Six shots at 30-yds., ·303 L.M. Government rifle, 5-gr. Schultze sporting powder, spherical bullet (1-13 tin) with greased wad behind it. At 50-yds. the spherical bullets will group into a 4-in. ring with seven or eight successive shots."

I fear this must be dismissed as not good enough at any distance beyond 30-yds.

"III.—(*b*) Five shots at 50-yds. with ·303 rifle, charge 6-gr. ·450 rifleite, ·32-20 Winchester cast bullet 110-gr. weight (1-13 tin)."

This also does not seem to be good enough for practice with the ·303, as five shots in 2¾-in. by 1 3-8-in. is not good enough at 50-yds. to show when the man is in fault and when the rifle.

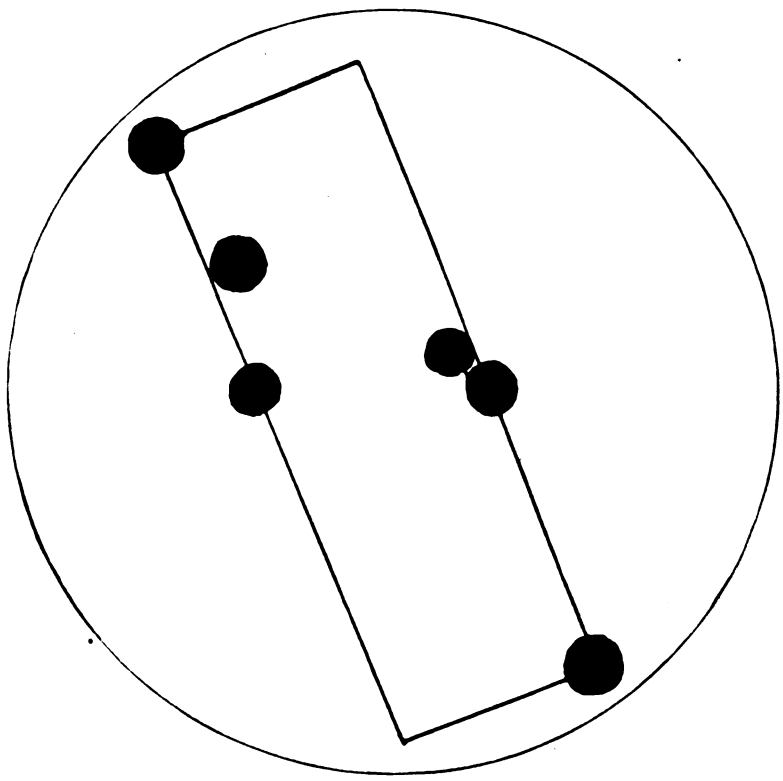

Diagram III.—(c) 3 3-8-in. by 1 1-8-in., Distance 100-yds., Reproduced Full Size—4-in. Bull.

"III.—(*c*) Six shots at 100-yds. with ·303 rifle, charge 15-gr. ·303 rifleite, 145-gr. hollow-pointed bullet 7-8-in. long (1-13 tin)."

Diagram III.—(*c*) 3 3-8-in. by 1 1-8-in. This shooting at 100-yds. seems to me to be wonderfully good if it can be repeated with any certainty.

My correspondent says: "The sighting of the ·303 rifle has to be varied to suit reduced charges. The regulation rifle has to be sighted for about 500-yds. and the carbine for 375-yds.; but a sporting Martini ·303 rifle with a rib on the barrel I found shot correctly with its ordinary sight. This is due to absence of flip with reduced charges in the thin barrels of Service arms, I think."

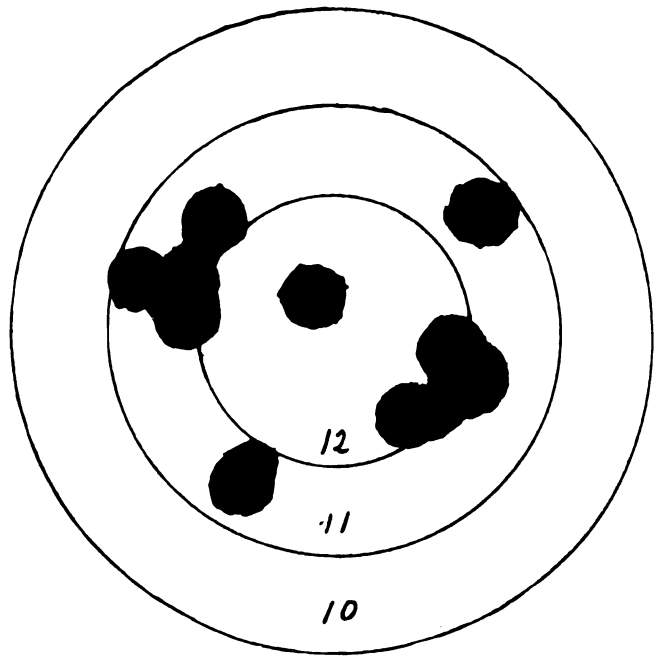

Diagram VI.—Reproduced Full Size—Shot at 200-yds.—from Gould's Book on the Rifle—Representing the Best Out of Many Millions of Diagrams Made.

I need hardly point out what a ready and cheap method of practice is possible for soldiers, and for clubs who possess Government rifles, if this extraordinary shooting from a partially filled case represents anything like that which can be regularly obtained from this loading. Of course, one diagram of six shots proves very little, but perhaps enough to induce further experiments; because not all miniature rifles, in fact very few indeed, can do better than this, and do it regularly. Having regard to the old shooting I have quoted, discarding the American diagram (VII) of 200-yds. as the best amongst millions, and from what I have seen at present at Cricklewood, I do not think 3-in. ten-shot diagrams, at 100-yds., are too large to demand from any suitable miniature rifle for club practice. On the same principle I discard the wonderful target of the Mannlicher reproduced in my book and made by Mr. St. George Littledale. Indeed, somewhat better than this (3¼-in. by 2⅜-in.) has been done *at the first try* by a shooter at Cricklewood with the ·310 Greener rifle.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

J. GOLDSTEIN.—When the Papal States were in 1870 declared an integral part of the Kingdom of Italy, the Pope was allowed to preserve his former rank and dignity as a sovereign prince. As such he possesses an army, the entire strength of which consists of 600 officers and men. This body is divided into three corps of Guards—the Noble Guard, the Swiss Guard, and the Palatine Guard. The Noble Guard is drawn entirely from the Roman aristocracy, and every would-be member of the body must belong to a family that has been of recognised nobility in the Papal States for at least sixty years, and must have a capital of not less than £800. The Palatine Guard is recruited from the lower middle class, while the Swiss Guards are, as their name implies, all Swiss.

* * * *

"BLACK SEA."—Two of the four ironclad floating batteries built during the Russian War of 1854-56, which rendered such useful service in the Black Sea at Kinburn and elsewhere, and without doubt gave the first idea from which the modern ironclad battle-ship has been developed, are still in existence. One is the "Terror," which has not long since been relieved as receiving-ship at Bermuda by the ex-Indian troop-ship, "Malabar," and the second the "Thunderbolt," which is still, I believe, in use, forming a jetty at Chatham Dockyard. At least, the old "Thunderbolt" was so employed until quite recently. The other two floating batteries, sister vessels, making up the four, were named the "Etna" and the "Glatton." They have long since disappeared.

* * * *

"LECTOR."—Yes, you are quite right; the paragraph in the King's Regulations dealing with the publication of military matters is very explicit. It is as follows: "Officers and soldiers are forbidden to publish or communicate to the Press any information without special authority, either directly or indirectly. They will be held responsible for all statements contained in communications to their friends which may subsequently be published in the Press. They are not to attempt to prejudge questions under investigation by the publication, anonymously or otherwise, of their opinions, and they are not to attempt to raise a discussion in public about orders, regulations, or instructions issued by their superiors." This regulation, it would seem, is very loosely interpreted by the authorities, if we may judge by recent experiences.

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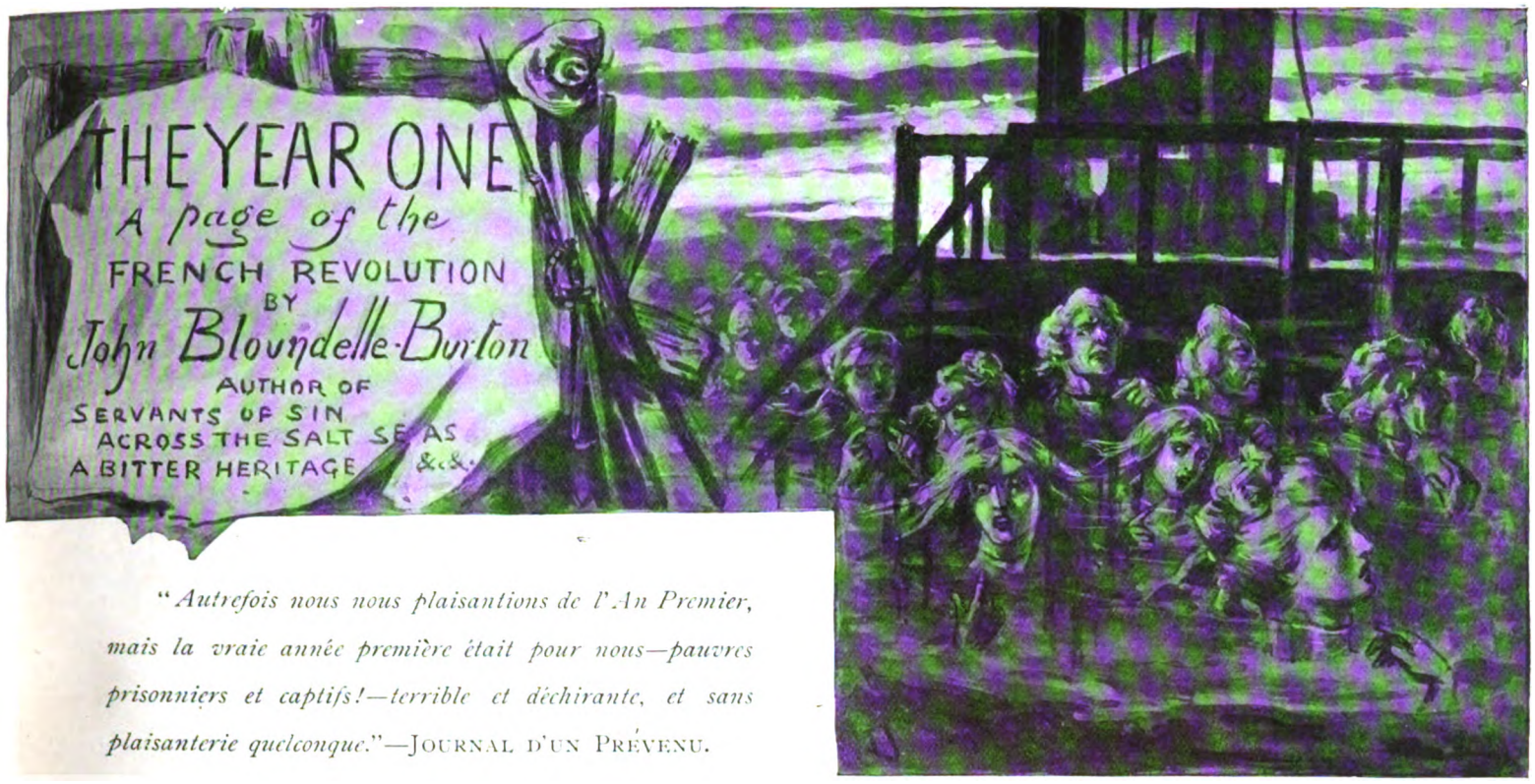

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE story has dealt with the attempt of an English Naval officer, Lieutenant George Hope, to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, to escape from France and the Revolution, as well as from a bad husband whom she has been forced to wed. The attempt has, however, failed, owing to their being denounced by the husband's acquaintance, Adèle Satigny, who aims at becoming his wife, and they have been sent to Paris for trial. The marquise has, however, managed to escape and to pass as a woman of the people, and thereby enabled George to escape from La Force. They are now at the house of Madame Verac, to which a domiciliary visit has just been made.

CHAPTER XXVII.

L'ARGENT N'A PAS D'ODEUR.

"WHAT is it?" the two men cried as she reached the room, "What?" while the corporal whispered soothingly, "What ails you, pretty one? Yet have no fear—I will protect you."

"There is some woman hiding in the passage," Lucienne said. "I know not who she is." Then, as the corporal ran out to see who the intruder might be, she whispered in George's ear, "It is that woman. It is Satigny."

But whatever comfort, whatever soothing words George would have whispered in return were neither uttered nor expressed now, for scarcely had the man left the room ere he was in it again, while returning so violently that it might well have been thought he had been pushed back against his will. A second later, Adèle Satigny appeared in the doorway, girt, as she had been when Lucienne saw her last, with the tricolour and wearing upon her head the cap of Liberty.

"No," she said, addressing Lucienne as she entered the room, "not hiding, as you know. But coming here to this place, mounting these stairs, as you well understand, to denounce you for what you truly are. Say, woman," she cried stridently, as now she advanced further into the room and took a place in front of the hearth, "what is your name?"

"Her name," replied a voice from the doorway, "is Margot Verac. And she is my niece," while Madame Verac entered the room as she spoke, followed by the other man of the National Guard.

"Your niece! Your niece, Margot Verac!" exclaimed Adèle Satigny, turning on the last speaker with the fury of a tigress. "Your niece. Ah! Liar! *Dites donc, mon brave,*" addressing now the corporal, who was staring open mouthed at her, while thinking that she, too, was a fine, handsome woman in her way—though a *diablesse* if there ever was one. "Say, then, shall I tell you who this Margot Verac truly is? Shall I tell you who this fellow, her lover, is? Oh! *mon Dieu, avec ça,* it is droll. It should amuse you."

"You may tell all you will," the man replied, none too willingly, while thinking that, after all, Margot was by far the most beautiful of the two, and that he did not desire overmuch to hear anything which might prevent future love-making on his part. "Tell, but be brief. We have concluded with this house. And there is still much work to be done to-night."

"Work! Ay, perhaps. But this will be the crowning piece of your work. Your *chef d'œuvre.* And I will tell. Listen. She is no more Margot Verac than—than—my foot is. But, instead, she is by birth—birth drawn from scores of oppressors of the people—as well as by marriage with the present holder of the rank and title—Lucienne d'Aubray, wife, and false wife, too, of the *ci-devant* Marquis d'Aubray de Bricourt, a man himself denounced three days ago to the people by one whom he has deeply wronged——"

"Ah!" gasped Lucienne, as she stood by George's side, calm, erect—still acting her part—still, in this, the deadliest hour of danger, defiant and full of scorn for her denouncer. "So! he is denounced. By whom? By you, doubtless, creature!"

For a moment Adèle Satigny paused, startled—it may be, terrified—by the other's calmness; by, too, the superbness of her scorn and contempt. For Lucienne was a different woman from the one she had known in earlier days and despised for her gentleness; the patient, enduring wife of Jean Aubray was another person, one who would contend with her now and bow no more in fear and trembling before her.

But still, with lips white and quivering, with rage at having been so turned upon, at having been addressed as though she were the last and lowest of women, she went on.

"Yet there is more to tell. More spoil to add to your game-bag of to-night. This man, this lover of hers with whom she has passed her time at La Force, is——"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the corporal, interrupting her. "But stay awhile, *ma mie.* This story of yours is but a fairy tale; agreeable, but—not true. Now, for the fireside and winter evenings—for a summer evening in the garden with one's arm around your shapely waist, it would be a ravishing tale. But not here, not here."

"What do you mean? Answer. What do you mean by these buffooneries. What?" while as she spoke all in that room saw that she was deathly white, so white that the specks of foam upon her lips were scarcely more so than she. "Answer. Explain your words."

"I mean that I—*moi qui vous parle*—I, with these hands," and he held up two extremely dirty ones before the eyes of all in the room, "helped to bury the woman called Lucienne d'Aubray, and styled once la Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt. I buried her in the Seine, if that is burial, the morning after the Jour St. Laurent. By order, being in charge of the party, I set out to remove those who had—well! met with accidents. And I searched her, too. Finding this. It is an *acte d'accusation,* and you shall read it. My sweet, you must tell us a better story than that," and he grinned at Adèle Satigny.

"Let me tell it," a deep, rough voice exclaimed from the landing. "Let me tell it. The story of how this woman, the *real ci-devant* Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, denounced her husband and how he, as they captured him in his house, uttered only one sentence, "My wife has done this."

Then, following the voice, Isidore Dubroc entered the room.

He strode in with a laugh upon his face, a hearty greeting to Lucienne—he laid, indeed, his hand upon her shoulder and patted it, and she did not flinch or show disgust—he snapped his fingers gleefully, saying, "*Petite* Margot, so you are busy again with the good work of the people. *Hein, petite vengeresse!*" He told her that he had been looking for her all over Paris, that she had not kissed him once for five days, that

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she was a little traitress, a vixen, a *gaillarde*. It seemed, indeed, that Lucienne was not the only person lost to the French stage. For the moment, Dubroc took no notice of Adèle Satigny, who was standing there close by him, muttering, "Thief, extortioner, gallow's-bird," through those white, those almost marble, lips, but, after Lucienne had made some degree of effort to fall in with his rude familiarities and to—Heaven help her!—appear rejoiced at seeing him again; after, too, he had nodded as a comrade should do to the corporal of the National Guard, had shaken George violently by the hand and had bowed to Madame Verac, he turned round on Adèle Satigny and said:

"What did I hear Madame la Marquise say, what——?"

"I am no marquise. And you know it. Animal!"

"La! La! La! We are used to such denials now," Dubroc exclaimed, half laughing, half menacingly. "So used to them. *Tête d'un chien!* there are no aristocrats lurking in Paris who will acknowledge themselves to be such now! Are there, *mon chou?*" and he slapped the corporal on the back, who nodded confirmation of his words.

"Not one! Not one!" Dubroc went on. "But," and now, as he regarded the woman, his tone became threatening, while his banter seemed to be turning into something more sullen, and consequently more to be dreaded; "but what did I hear as I came up these stairs after having tracked you for days, Madame la Marquise?"

"I spit at you. I defy you. Vagabond!" hissed Adèle Satigny.

"What did I hear?" Dubroc went on. "My girl denounced by this woman as being what she is herself; my little brave girl of our section denounced by that," he cried, pointing his finger in the other woman's face. "By her who betrayed Jean Aubray to your brave force, my comrade; who placed Capet's flags upon her husband's house, who cried "*Vive le Roi*," who sent him to his doom. By her who came to the prison to——"

"This man," cried Adèle Satigny beside herself, yet more beside herself with rage than fear, though she had cause for fear and knew it, "this man is a thief, an extorter of money, a villain. If I had had money to give him he would have helped me as he helped that—that——"

"'Dog! Hound!' she cried, 'so much for your accusation.'"

But again Dubroc's voice was heard deadening hers, silencing it, blotting out whatever of foul abuse the woman was about to heap on Lucienne's head.

"I have never lost sight of her since that night," he went on, "though more than once she has baffled me by lying hid within doors. For I knew she meditated evil to you, sweet one," and his eyes fell softly—if such a thing could be—on Lucienne's face. "But to-night she came forth intent on injuring you, on denouncing you. It would have done no harm, since all in our section know you for a brave little patriot and the affianced of Isidore Dubroc. But, in doing so—her own time has come. Citizen Corporal of our brave National Guard, I accuse this woman of being the wife of——"

But the sentence was not finished. It was never to be finished.

For, even at the very moment when Lucienne could bear no more; when, no matter what might be the result, no matter how all her plans must at last fall to the ground—she was about to cry "No, no," and, in her nobility of nature, about to avow herself the true Marquise, there came an awful interruption. One that none had foreseen or dreamed of.

Adèle Satigny had never moved from the spot on which she had been standing from the first, but, instead, had been steadfastly regarding this man as he denounced her. With eyes glittering as those of a snake glitter, she had stood there confronting him, her body swaying a little, her hand clenching and unclenching nervously, her face a very hell of hate. And then, as Dubroc uttered these words, "I accuse this woman of being the wife of——," there had issued from Adèle Satigny's lips a sound, harsh and raucous, a sound that was half a curse and half an execration; her body had swayed more forward, her right hand had been thrust out swift as the lightning's flash. And that hand had seized the hilt of the corporal's sword, had torn it from its scabbard and, ere any present could guess her intention, had passed it through Dubroc's body.

"Dog! Hound!" she cried, beside herself—demented—mad—raving with passion. "Dog! so much for your accusation," and, as she spoke, she stamped on the fallen man's face.

An hour later, Lucienne, Madame Verac, and George were alone in that house; the mob which had assembled outside in treble force on hearing that a murder had been committed within it had dispersed—murders, open or secret, were common enough at that period and caused but momentary flutters of excitement — the corporal and his man had departed. What story this fellow would have told to the Commissaries appointed by the Assembly to superintend the domiciliary visits of the forty-eight sections is doubtful, had not one circumstance occurred which caused him to muse over the invention of a tale which should be one very far from the actual truth. For, in searching Dubroc's clothes to find out exactly who and what he was and where he lived, he had come across such a remarkable discovery that he instantly set about puzzling his brains as to how the whole affair might be enveloped in as much silence as possible, if not in total mystery. He had found the bag containing the ten thousand livres in gold, and he at once made up his mind that those livres should become his property. Fortunately for him and for the success of that resolution, he was alone in the little *salon* with the body at the time of his discovery, since Lucienne had been led away to another room by George and Madame Verac, while the other man, after binding Adèle Satigny's hands, had dragged her into a cupboard and there locked her in.

"The money is therefore mine," the corporal whispered to himself, "mine, provided I can hold my tongue. Yet, yet—how is it to be done? That wretch may know this fellow had it on him—did she not say she had nothing wherewith to bribe him further?—yet she will tell her tale when tried to-morrow. And then—what then! that tale may be the true one; this other may be the veritable Marquise, and, if so, *she*

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must be the one who gave the money. It will all be told—all, all. I shall be robbed." For, to this virtuous and incorruptible servant of the Revolution, such a contingency would naturally appear as nothing short of robbery.

"I could have loved that one called Margot," the man went on, "ay, very well I could, in spite of her being more like a real Marquise than the black one. She has more the air, more the hauteur of those accursed aristocrats. Yet, love must not stand in the way of—well! of—a fortune." (It was strange how this vagabond had the same ideas as those possessed by that other one now lying dead at his feet; or, perhaps, it was not strange!) "I have the money. It is a fortune. Out of France I could double, treble, it; live on it for years. A fig for the Nation!"

He called the other man now, after he had dropped the money in his pocket and, when the subordinate came, he gave him his orders.

"That wretch, that atrocious woman," he said, wagging his head virtuously, "must be sent before the Tribunal. Go you, therefore, and bid them come and take her. Meanwhile, I will guard the house. *Vite, mon gars*, leave me not alone too long with this poor victim."

"Good, my corporal, good. The others must continue the visitations hereabouts. I fly. I will not be long. You will not let her escape?"

"Have no fear. I am a faithful watchdog."

Wherefore the other man sped away, leaving his superior in charge of the murderess.

When he was gone, when he had been gone sufficiently long to be out of reach, the corporal adjusted his scarf, set the cockade straight in his hat, and went out into the passage and to the cupboard where Adèle Satigny was a prisoner.

"Assassin," he whispered outside, "your crimes will soon be punished now. You have slain a noble son of the Nation. Prepare for your fate." But, from the other side of that door there came no reply nor sound, or only one sound, and that such as a snarling wolf might have made.

Then the corporal went softly down the stairs and out into the now empty street, and hummed a bar of the Marseillaise and looked threateningly at one or two people shivering with fear at the sight of him, and so went upon his way. But as he was missing for ever afterwards, and never seen nor heard of again, it was feared by many that, on that night of tumult, some disaster must have happened to one of the bravest and most trustworthy sons of France.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BAS LA JUSTICE.

DAYBREAK was at hand, the chill, cool daybreak of a September morning, when Madame Verac crept slowly down the stairs of her house, and, after glancing up and down the Rue St. Honoré, as well as into alleys and courts, closed the street door after her and locked it. Then she walked swiftly off in the direction of the river, while looking neither to right nor left of her. The house was, consequently, left deserted, since Adèle Satigny had been fetched away and taken to the Conciergerie half-an-hour after the corporal of the National Guard had quitted the house (his absence being much commented on and discussed by the party brought by his follower); the body of Dubroc had been thrown into a charette and sent to a cemetery, and George and Lucienne had departed five minutes earlier.

With regard to the end of Adèle, who can doubt what would be the fate of a woman denounced by the corporal's follower as the murderess of a good citizen of the Revolution, and as, also, a marquise? For, as the latter, she would probably be tried; as the latter her doom would be swift and sure and—with, perhaps, the exception of many high-bred, innocent women who doubtless shared the charette which bore her eventually to the guillotine—none would hesitate to believe that she was Lucienne d'Aubray: the Marquise d'Aubray denounced by her victim, Dubroc. Or, if they doubted, her fate was still certain as the assassin of that noble son of the Republic.

"Pray Heaven," Madame Verac muttered to herself now, "that they find the way to Vaugirard and to the house of Madame la Duchesse. *She* is safe from further molestation for the present at least. And, perhaps, for always. A lady who dared to refuse the love of a king—and such a king as the last Louis!—is safe from them. It was God's mercy that that wretch at La Force had been her father's servant and remembered what she had done."

After the tragedy that had taken place in the house in the Rue St. Honoré, and especially after they recognised that they were left alone and unmolested either by the corporal of the National Guard or the people who came to fetch away the living Adèle Satigny and the dead body of Isidore Dubroc, those three rapidly formed their plans for escaping themselves.

"For it is certain," said George to Lucienne, who was now once more herself and still resolute to continue her efforts to place him out of danger, "that we shall not be safe here long. That woman, Satigny, will repeat her story before any tribunal to which she is sent—there is no Dubroc now to tell his tale and contradict her—while also," and he faltered a little and hesitated, "there is—one—other. The man——"

"She betrayed," exclaimed Lucienne. "The man who is, to my eternal shame, my husband. Yes," she continued. "Yes. We must go. Go, at once. But where? Where? Where can we find shelter now?"

"At the Duchesse de Rochefeuille's. At Vaugirard!" exclaimed Madame Verac. "There, alone, if you can only reach it. They—she and the young Duke—have a villa there to which they often went in the summer before the troubles began. She is there now and she is safe. You know, you heard, why."

"Yet," said George, "if we go there we may but bring fresh trouble on her. If it becomes known, as it may do now, that Lucienne is alive, the Duchess will be sheltering a would-be *emigrée*, one who has escaped from prison. While, if she were to shelter me—an Englishman, and one who has fought against their soldiers and sailors when the two countries are ostensibly at peace—it would cause an immediate signal to be made for her doom. Nothing could save her again."

"You are always the same, always," said Lucienne, gazing up into his eyes. "Your thoughts are always for others. Yet," she continued, "what you say now is absolutely the case. We must not place Madame de Rochefeuille in any further peril."

"God knows," said Madame Verac, "it is not I who would do so. I have known and served her—loved her—for too long. But, if you would go on soon, if you, sweet one," to Lucienne, "could travel almost directly, to-morrow, say, or the next day——"

"I could travel to the world's end to-morrow, ay, or to-day, to put this brave friend of mine in safety. As for myself, it matters not."

"It matters so much," George said, "that I go nowhere except with you. If I escape out of France it is only on condition that we escape together. Then, when we are free, in Jersey, or Holland——"

"Yes—then?" asked Lucienne with one swift glance at him. "Then? What then?"

But he had no answer to give to either glance or question.

"There is a way of getting out of Paris," Madame Verac said, "from Vaugirard, from the Duchess's house——"

"Is there no barrier?"

"Yes, there is a barrier. But in the new city walls* there are holes. There is one at the foot of Madame's garden, which is bounded by the wall, outside of which there grows a mass of bushes and weeds. *Tiens!* those who creep through that hole and find themselves in those bushes have the open country before them. It has been used by more than one person since the fall of the Bastille."

"You hear, Lucienne," George said. "That way lies a chance for freedom. For escape out of Paris, if not France. Will you take it?"

"Will you? Will you take it with me?"

That they decided to avail themselves of this opportunity may be gathered, since now, as daybreak approached, the house in the Rue St. Honoré was deserted, they all having quitted it by that time. Yet of those who, not knowing each other three months before had now become such friends, no two went together. For, once Madame Verac had told them the exact route which they must take—since both were strangers to Paris—they left the house separately, George going first, Lucienne next, and their friend and almost saviour, last. The latter set out dressed as she had always been, namely, as a homely bourgeoise of Paris—yet with the hateful red cap upon her head; Lucienne went dressed as she had been since first she left the gardens of the Tuileries a new woman, a woman of the People; while George, who, in the time which they had spent at Rennes, had found an opportunity of obtaining other clothes than those which he had worn since the night he finally left the "Dragon," was now dressed as a simple country bourgeois.

(*To be continued.*)

THE Royal Reserve Regiments, which were specially raised for home defence, number fourteen in all, and of these four are cavalry—Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers. Each cavalry regiment is 594 strong, with 417 horses. The ten infantry regiments comprise eighteen battalions, each of a strength of 1,006 of all ranks. The regiments are as follows: Royal Guards, 1 battalion; Royal Rifles, 2; Royal Southern, 2; Royal Lancashire, 2; Royal Scottish, 2; Royal Eastern, 1; Royal Irish, 1; Royal Irish Fusilier, 1; Royal Home Counties, 2; and Royal Northern, 4. The conditions of service in the Royal Reserve Regiments were as follows: The men must have served previously for at least three years, must engage for one year for home service only, and must be between the ages of 22 years and 45 years. They receive a bounty of £12 on enlistment and £10 on discharge, and the families of married men receive separation allowances. It will be seen from the figures given above that the Royal Reserve men number 20,484—2,376 cavalry and 18,108 infantry.

* They were really Custom's walls, which superseded as well as added to the old fortifications and preceded those of 1841. They were commenced in 1784 by Calonne.

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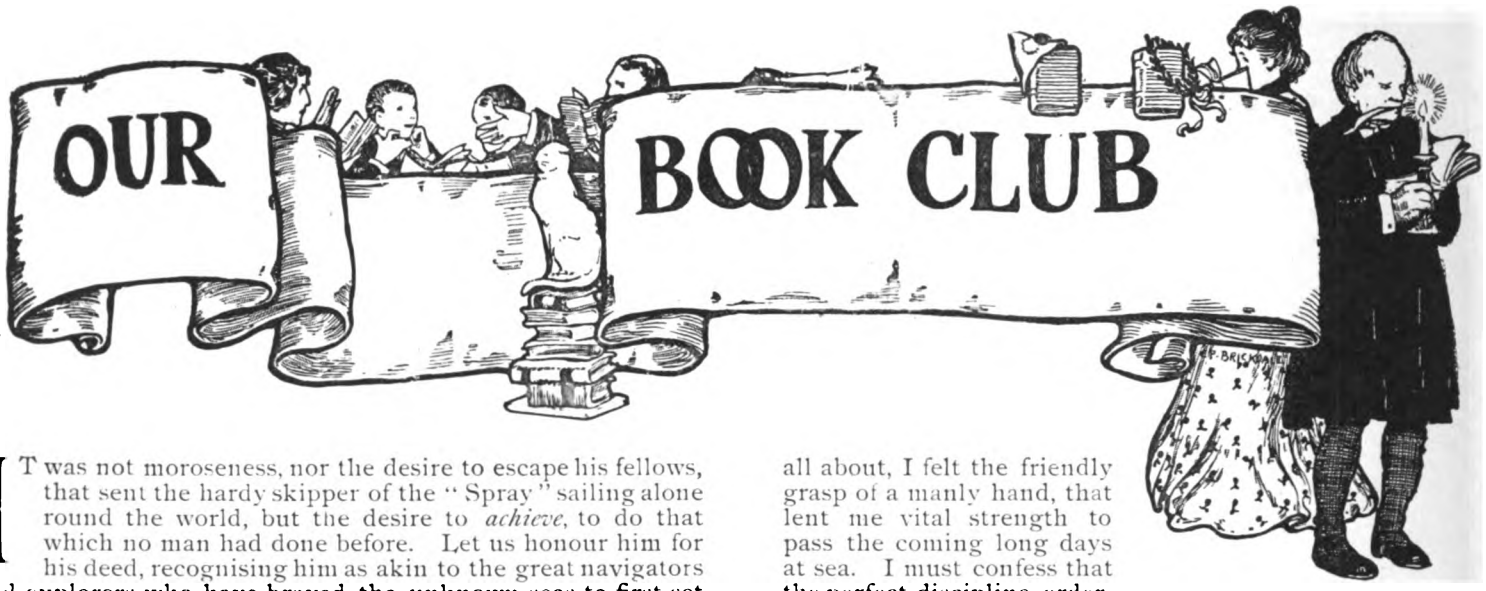

IT was not moroseness, nor the desire to escape his fellows, that sent the hardy skipper of the "Spray" sailing alone round the world, but the desire to *achieve*, to do that which no man had done before. Let us honour him for his deed, recognising him as akin to the great navigators and explorers who have braved the unknown seas to first set foot in unknown lands, and who still are emulating one another in their progress toward the Poles. "Primus circumdedisti me" was the motto given to Juan Sebastian del Cano, the first sea-captain who ever circumnavigated the globe, and a like motto might be conferred upon intrepid Captain Joshua Slocum, who first circumnavigated it alone. It was with these thoughts that our Book Club opened "Sailing Alone Round the World," the volume wherein the excellent story is told. There is the grit and fibre of the true seaman, we said, in its fascinating pages, and wherever men love the salt sea the book must have a welcome. We may claim Captain Slocum as a Briton-born—of "blue-nose ancestry with Yankee proclivities," he says—for he first saw the light on North Mountain in Nova Scotia, which looks on one side over the Valley of Annapolis, and on the other over the Bay of Fundy.

In that outpost of our Empire the future Yankee skipper imbibed the passionate delight in the sea which is the indwelling spirit of his book. There came a time when the days of freight-captains were not prosperous, and when Ocean cast him up to build his well-loved "Spray." What a building of the ship it is that he describes! The scene of the creation was Fairhaven, which is connected by a bridge with New Bedford, the home of whaling-captains, who would "work up along" to the shipyard to discuss the merits of the craft as she rose from hallowed ground and out of the dissolution of an older "Spray," which had been a Delaware oysterman a hundred years before. The ground was "hallowed" because from the deck of his ship the builder could gather cherries from a tree that shadowed the grave of John Cook, a revered Pilgrim Father. Soon the "Spray," in the pride of completion, was riding at her anchor, a sloop of nine tons net, and, after some coast fishing, was fitted for her now famous cruise. In regard to *that* the skipper would take little advice; he had a right to his own opinions in matters concerning the sea, and he proved that his opinions were sound. It was a proud moment when, seeking shelter from a storm, he rode into Gloucester Harbour across a sea white with foam, and old seamen ran down to the wharf to see him boldly come in among the shipping. Truth to tell, his heart was in his mouth, but, with the eye of the good seaman he was, he let go the wheel at the right moment, stepped forward, downed the jib, and the sloop rounded in the wind, ranged ahead, and laid her cheek against a mooring pile at the windward corner of the wharf, so gently that she would not have broken an egg.

This pride in the seaman's craft is dear, we said, to Englishmen, who find a kindred spirit in the genial Yankee. At length, with the benedictions of many, the "Spray" left Cape Sable for the Atlantic voyage. Sometimes the feeling of loneliness would depress the "crew," but it was shaken off altogether, and "Johnny Boker," or "We'll Pay Darby Doyl for his Boots," or "Babylon's a-fallin'" would beguile the time between the business of seamanship, the reading of books, and the preparation of meals. At Horta, Fayal, the skipper was well received and well provisioned, but on leaving the Azores he fell ill, and, in heavy weather, with double-reefed mainsail and whole jib, became delirious. He thought he saw Columbus's pilot of the "Pinta" at the wheel, and, when he came to, found the deck swept clean and the "Spray" still racing forward, having made ninety miles in the night. After twenty-nine days' sailing—the sloop, as Captain Slocum proudly believes, having outsailed every vessel across the Atlantic—he "discovered Spain," and soon found himself warmly welcomed, with real admiration of what he had done, by British officers at Gibraltar. "That one should like Gibraltar goes without saying. How could one help loving so hospitable a place? At each place, and all about, I felt the friendly grasp of a manly hand, that lent me vital strength to pass the coming long days at sea. I must confess that the perfect discipline, order, and cheerfulness of Gibraltar were only a second wonder in the great stronghold."

Excellent, we said, to find the skipper writing thus. It had been his intention to go through the Mediterranean and Red Sea, but, warned of the danger of pirates in the latter, he stood across to the South American coast, not, however, until he had had a bout with a Moorish felucca. "Columbus, in the 'Santa Maria,' sailing these seas more than 400 years before, was not so happy as I, nor so sure of success in what he had undertaken." Forty days from Gibraltar, Pernambuco was reached, the skipper not a bit tired of his voyage, and eager for the perilous experiences of the Horn. After getting his sloop ashore on the Uruguayan coast, and running great danger of shipwreck, he left Monte Video and Buenos Ayres behind, and soon rounded Cape Virgins and entered the Strait of Magellan. Reading a deeply interesting account of his stormy passage through the Strait, in peril from the shore and from natives, we found Captain Slocum issuing at Cape Pillar, only to encounter terrible gales, which drove him south-eastward. After thrilling night experiences in the celebrated milky way of the sea off Fury Island—"the greatest sea-adventure of my life"—he was able to enter Cockburn Channel, and so to gain the Froward Reach again. He had been exultant at the prospect of entering the Strait of Magellan once more, and of beating through again into the Pacific, and he accomplished it. It was gallant seamanship, indeed.

Scarcely less interesting is the narrative of Captain Slocum's experiences at Juan Fernandez and in Samoa. The friendly Pacific made his passage comparatively easy, and he found friends at Sydney and Melbourne, where the fame of his voyage had preceded him. After refitting and receiving a new suit of sails, the "Spray" was ready for her passage through Torres Strait, and, with the trade-winds, to Mauritius and South Africa. He had pleasant experiences at Durban, where three sapient gentlemen from Pretoria waited on him to gather evidence, if they could, in support of President Kruger's belief that the world was flat! Afterwards, from Cape Town, the good skipper visited Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, being pleased with everything he saw. He was presented to Oom Paul as a gentleman who was making a voyage round the world. "You don't mean *round* the world," said the President; "it is impossible; you mean *in* the world. Impossible! impossible!" The skipper was delighted at the odd incident, and thenceforth became Kruger's admirer! Soon, however—the date was March 26, 1898—the "Spray" sailed away from South Africa. There were other experiences at St. Helena and Ascension, where again the skipper received hearty hospitality from Englishmen, before the good ship "Spray" was again tied to the old stake at Fairhaven. She was in better condition than when she left Boston, "still as sound as a nut, and as tight as the best ship afloat." The pump, which had been little used before reaching Australia, had not been rigged since that at all; and, as for the good skipper, he felt at least ten years younger than when he felled the first tree for the construction of the "Spray." A tale of endurance, enterprise, and adventure, thrilling in many parts, and interesting at every page.

JOHN LEYLAND.

Some books worth buying:

"Sailing Alone Round the World." Captain Joshua Slocum. (Sampson Low.)

"Boxing; the Modern System of Glove Fighting." Captain W. Edgeworth-Johnstone, Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia, Heavy-weight Amateur Champion of England, 1895-1896. (Gale and Polden.) A first-rate treatise by a first-rate authority, intended to induce a more practical form of boxing, and encourage the study of American methods.

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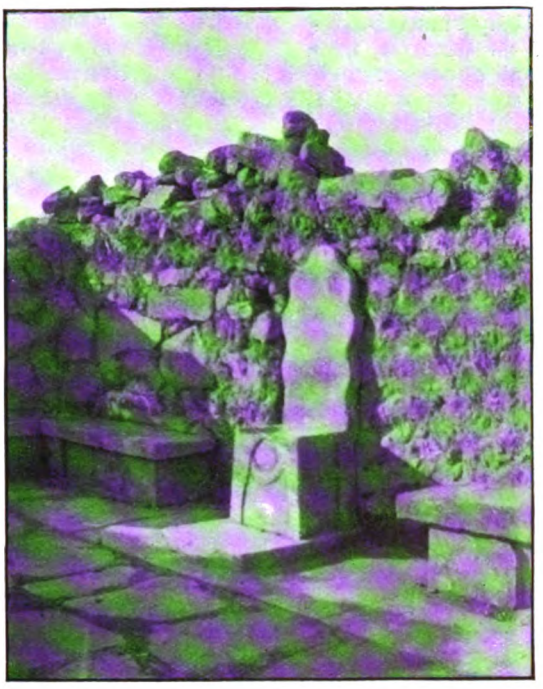
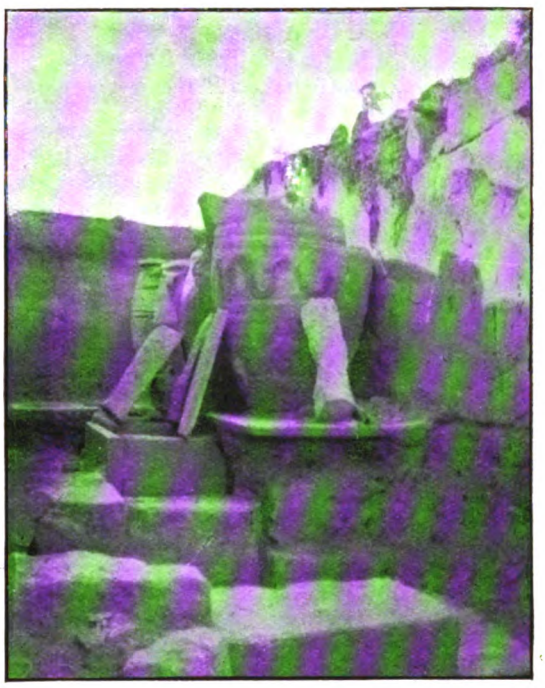
Sea Power Four Thousand Years Ago.

MINOS, King of Crete, ought to be a personage of great interest to seamen, for it was he who established one of the earliest kingdoms founded upon sea power of which we have any knowledge. Knowledge is, of course, in this connection, not an absolute, but a relative term. Myth and history are so inextricably intertwined when we look into the times in which Minos lived, that it is scarcely possible to detach from the mass of fiction any facts of which we can be quite sure. But it does seem to be pretty certain that in Crete, between 3,000 and 4,000 years ago, there was a ruler who had grasped the principles which Captain Mahan laid down so ably in "The Influence of Sea Power;" and that, by his command of the sea, this ruler exercised dominion over the coasts and islands of the Ægean Sea. He seems to have exacted tribute even from Athens—an annual tribute of youths and maidens. Legend tells how the son of Minos was killed by the Athenians, and how his father in anger demanded that every year the city of Pallas should send him, by way of expiation, so many young men and so many maidens to be food for the horrible Minotaur which was confined in the Cretan labyrinth. Year after year the tale of unhappy victims was made up, and year after year, wandering in the endless mazes of the labyrinth, they were devoured by the monster, half man and half bull, that had its home there. Then, at last, among one of the devoted bands, came Theseus, who, winning the love of Ariadne, Minos's fair daughter, was able to slay the Minotaur, and, after, to find his way out of the labyrinth by means of the silver thread which Ariadne had given him. Now we have a much more prosaic version of the story offered to us. The annual tribute, according to this version, was a commercial arrangement, and the Minotaur is held to be a creature of Dorian imagination. For it was probably by an invasion of Dorians, or of Greeks from the mainland, that Knossos, the city of King Minos, was destroyed, and the island colonised afresh. Throughout at least 3,000 years the ruins of Knossos have been undisturbed, have lain buried, telling no secret of those early times, giving us no clue to the ancient civilisation that flourished in Crete when Minos ruled the waves, and when his people very likely sang, just as we British do, that "Cre-tans never, never, never would be slaves." But at last the mystery of this buried city is being dispelled. Mr. Evans, one of our most energetic and enthusiastic archæologists, has been for some time past engaged in digging up the ruins, and already his enterprise has had most valuable results. He has, indeed, unearthed the site of the Palace of Minos, a vast prehistoric building covering several acres. Parts of the walls of clay and plaster still stand, the plan of the palace can be traced out distinctly, beautiful fresco paintings have been discovered, jars unearthed of graceful shape and elaborate workmanship, and, above all in value, Mr. Evans has brought to light tablets covered with writing which may, when they have been deciphered, so much enlarge the bounds of history as to give us authentic contemporary records of the heroic age of Greece. The photographs we publish on this page give some idea of the appearance of the excavated ruins. One shows the throne of Minos, another a corridor of the palace, the third one of the huge jars—large enough, as Mr. Evans says, to contain the Forty Thieves—which stand in what must have been the store-rooms and pantries of Minos's vast establishment.



THE THRONE OF MINOS.
The Judgment Seat, perhaps, of a Prehistoric Lawgiver.



A JAR FROM MINOS' STORE-ROOM.
Suggestive of the Large Appetites of the Heroic Period.

A CORRIDOR IN THE PALACE.
Supposed to be One of the Passages of the Famous Labyrinth.
From Photographs by a Naval Officer.

One curious fact about the palace, pointing a moral for us to-day, is that it had no fortifications, such as were seen to have surrounded the cities of Tiryns and Mycenæ, when these were excavated. The reason for this is clear. The defences of Knossos were upon the sea. Minos knew, as well as we in England know, that, if once his fleet was beaten, not all the fortifications that could be raised would serve to keep out the swarms of invaders who would descend upon his capital. He was wiser, in his generation, than those Military experts who build forts on Box Hill and think that a rabble of cyclists could protect London if an enemy got the better of the British Fleet and landed on our Southern Coast.

The legendary account of the death of Minos is clearly to be placed among the many forms of the great sun-myth. He is related to have been killed by the daughters of the King of Agrigentum, who poured boiling water upon him as he reclined in the bath. The fiery setting of the sun amid clouds that might be clouds of steam must have suggested this curious legend. After death Minos became the judge of the dead. Dante, in the "Inferno," tells how he found him sitting at the entrance to the Second Circle of Hell. "There Minos sits, grinning and horrible to look upon; as sinners enter in to him, he examines into their faults, judges, and gives sentence. . . . Always before him stand many of them; they come up in turn, each one to judgment; they speak, and hear, and then they are whirled downwards." No doubt the fame of Minos as a law-giver upon earth suggested this office for him in the infernal regions. His code of laws was the earliest in Greece. Every nine years he went apart from his subjects, and upon a mountain, like Moses, received the commands of God, which he then proclaimed to the people. The God of Minos was the Cretan Zeus, who was said once to have lived and died upon the island. His worshippers even pointed out his tomb, and it was their exactitude in this assertion which gave rise to the proverb about the Cretans being all liars—a proverb which would have been forgotten long ago by most people if St. Paul had not adopted it in one of his epistles and given it a world-wide currency. Possibly some of the tablets Mr. Evans has found may turn out to enshrine some of the laws which Minos brought down from the mountain-top. This may seem a great deal to expect, but since so much has come to light, imagination naturally conjures up fresh possibilities. The fabled labyrinth has been discovered. Nothing would be too wonderful to happen after that.

H. H. F.

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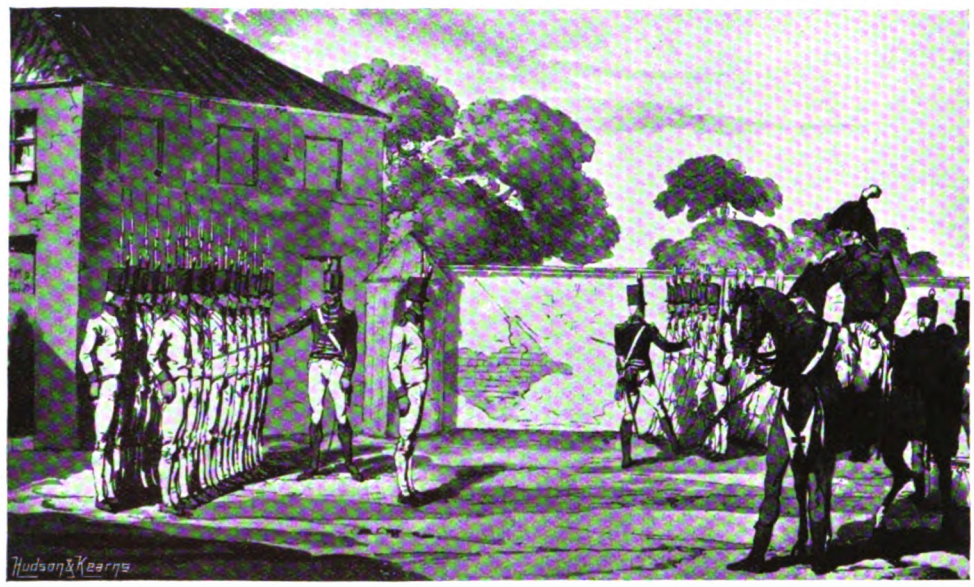
The Drill of Olden Days.

ILLUSTRATED BY CONTEMPORARY PRINTS.

TO anyone really interested in Army matters the historical development of drill, as distinct from tactics, must always be a subject at once extremely attractive and instructive. In no way, too, can that subject be more intelligently and, at the same time, more pleasantly studied than by the aid of such pictures as those which accompany this brief sketch. Here we have the drill of a hundred years ago portrayed with a vividness and accuracy which no verbal description could attain. There is much, moreover, of both sentiment and history bound up in these quaint drawings. Fantastic as the system indicated may seem to our modern ideas, we cannot forget that it was this drill, with all its stiffness and apparent restriction of ordinary physical activity, which made the Peninsular War such a glorious chapter in our military annals, and won for us Waterloo. Then, as now, the British infantry was the finest infantry in the world, and then, as now, it was drill which helped largely to produce this proud result.



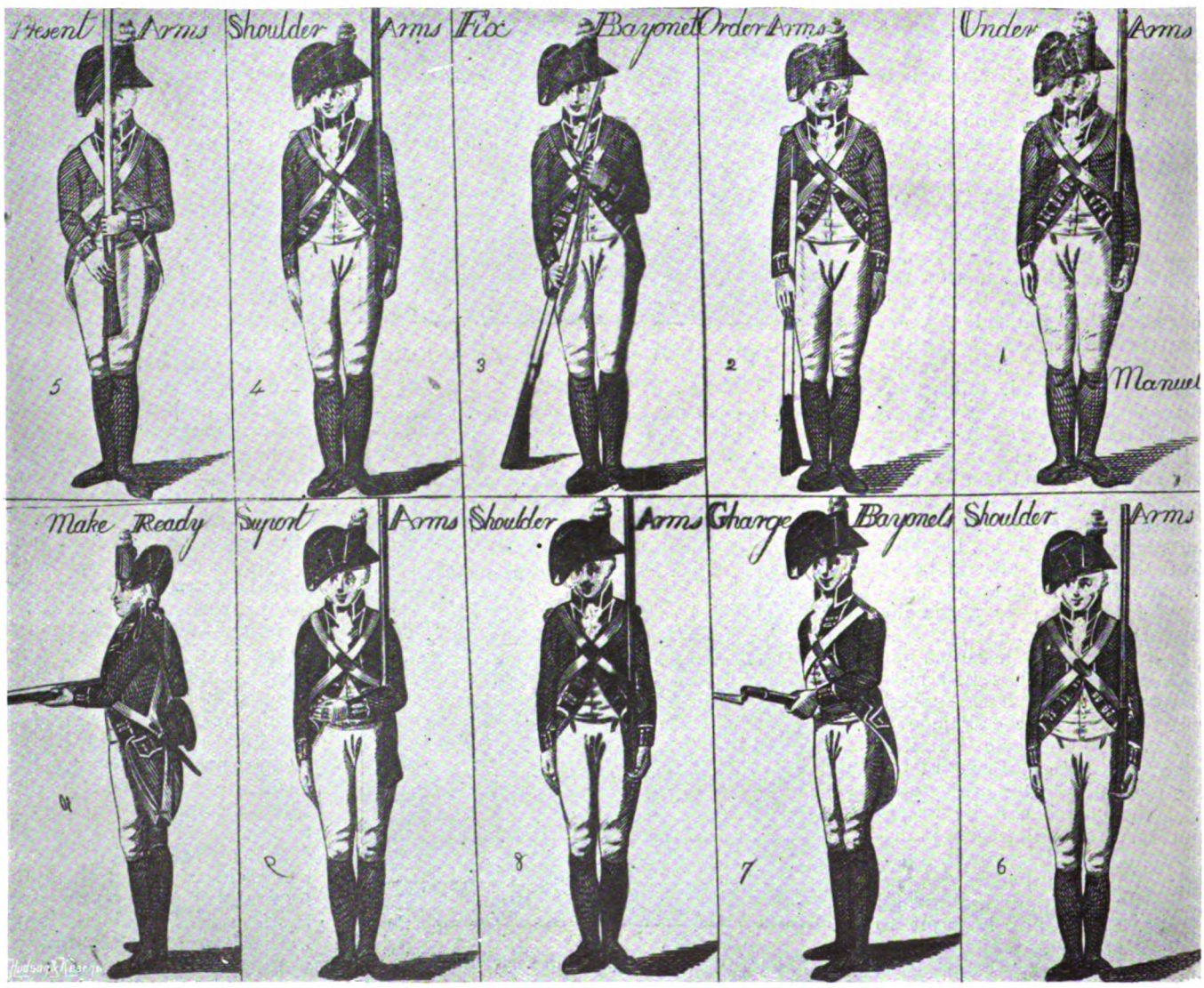
AN OLD-TIME BARRACK SQUARE.

Soldiers being Drilled in the Time of the Napoleonic Wars.

One of our pictures not only illustrates old-time drill, but is an interesting historical caricature. In it we have William Pitt, as colonel, drilling Charles James Fox, with Sheridan as "fugleman." Pitt is telling Fox to keep his eye upon the latter, and "when I have drill'd you to my liking," he adds, "perhaps I may take you under my command." Fox, on his part, is promising to do as he is bid, and to "mend his manners." The caricature has additional point lent to it by the fact that Pitt was colonel of the Cinque Ports Artillery Volunteers and very assiduous in drilling his men.

The drill of those days included, as it does now, the manual and the platoon, or, as it is called now, the firing exercise. It is interesting that so many of the words of command should have survived unaltered, and a striking testimony to the permanent value of such exercises that, after the lapse of a century, so few substantial modifications should have been made, outside those which alterations in the weapon used have rendered necessary. The "support arms" has disappeared from both manual and firing exercises for many years, but it is only comparatively recently that the "long shoulder," at which troops used to march past, at reviews and parades has been abolished.

The picture of soldiers drilling on what is presumably a contemporary barrack square is very curious and interesting. The powder worn by the men on their hair is clearly indicated, and a very fair idea given of the uniform of the period. Here, again, we have a non-commissioned officer acting as "fugleman," so that the squad may be able to follow



THE MANUAL EXERCISE.

As it was Performed by the Men who Fought in the Peninsula.

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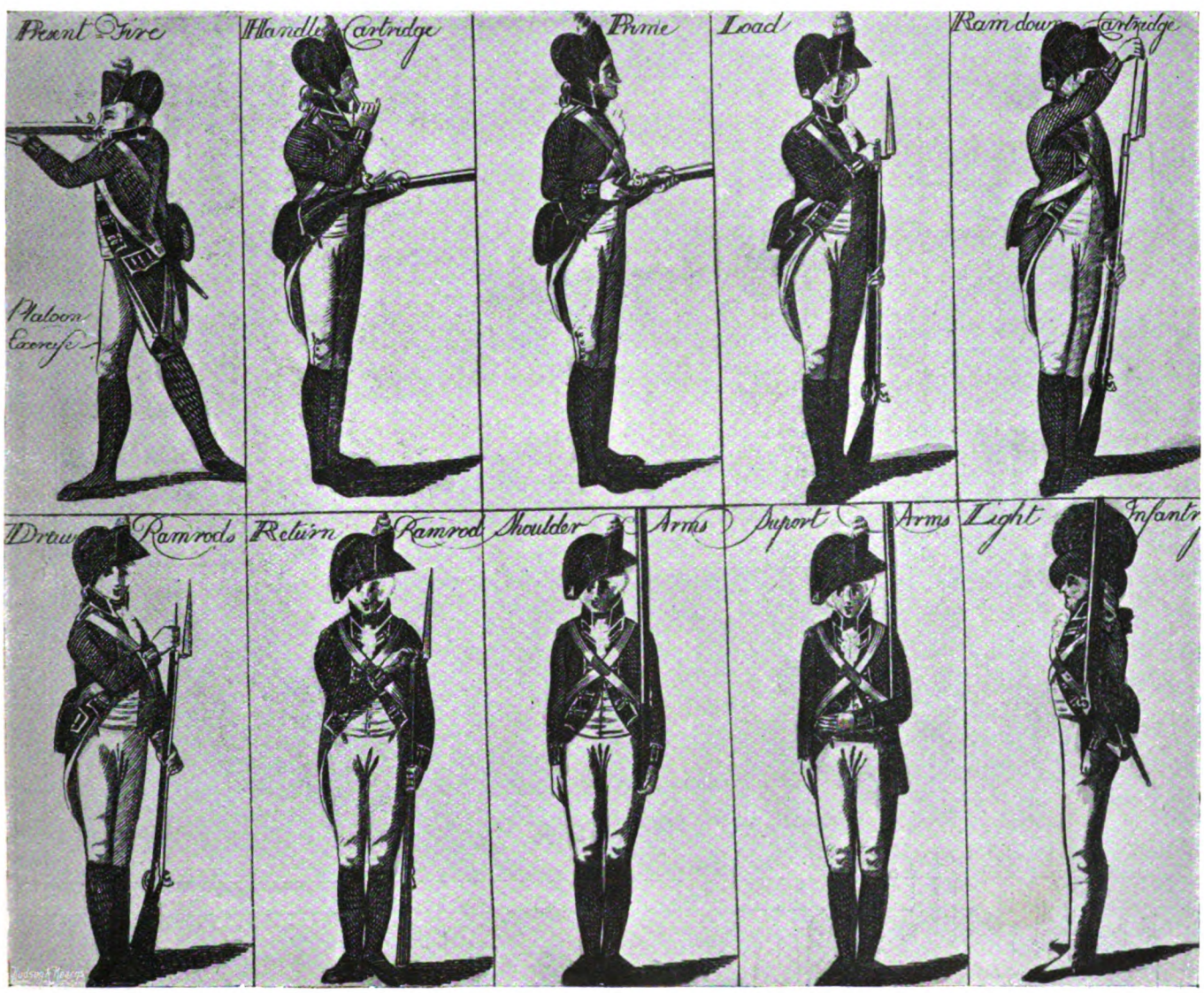
his movements and "act as one man" to the satisfaction of the officer commanding. In the background another squad is practising the goosestep with shouldered arms, with a view to attaining that wall-like appearance when marching past upon which our forefathers set such store. The building in the corner appears, from the proximity of the sentry-box, and its general appearance, to be the guard-house. The wide break in the plaster on the wall is doubtless an artistic licence with a view to introducing a convenient contrast; but it is also a sharp reminder of the faulty condition of barracks in those days of complete indifference to the welfare and comfort of the "common soldier." Nowadays the Barrack Department would be sorely scandalised by such a wall as that, but we must remember that only within the last decade or so have we become really scrupulous in the matter of barrack accommodation, and have begun to clear away the tumbledown and insanitary structures of half a century back to make room for fine bricks and mortar, such as are to be found in the latest lines at Aldershot and elsewhere.

But we are travelling from the point. There is no need here to enter minutely into the differences between the drill of Wellington's day and that which is practised under the *régime* of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. But a few words may be said by way of instructive comparison and contrast. As has been noted, the prominent feature of the old drill was entire want of elasticity, a ramrod-like rigidity of deportment and a painful stiffness of locomotion. Nowadays everything is done that can be done to render the limbs of the soldier supple and his movements free. Superadded to the work of the parade ground is the gymnastic course, and though in the latter the same harmony of movement which is required on the barrack square is rightly insisted upon, the general tendency is all in the direction of individual elasticity. In Wellington's time such a principle as this had small chance of recognition. What was deemed chiefly desirable was to make the man a machine as similar as possible to the other machines with which he was associated. In days when a musket could not be depended upon to hit a large object at over 100-yds. range, and when artillery was not even moderately accurate at more than two or three times that distance, the machine theory worked well enough, and when, as Napier says in a fine passage, 1,800 or more "British bayonets went sparkling over a hill," the enemy did not, as a rule, wait to see the beautifully regular and coherent movement carried to a "logical conclusion." In these days the problem is not only to produce harmony of movement by the aid of drill, but to give scope for the exercise of natural intelligence. Drill by itself may still have its value in war, but only against a savage enemy. Drill rehabilitated the Egyptian soldier, and enabled him to stand up against the Dervish in fair fight and beat him. But drill and drill alone is no longer of use against a skilful enemy armed with modern weapons. Consequently, to-day, in addition to drill, still invaluable as securing certain results, a soldier must be trained tactically, a process to all intents and purposes ignored in the period to which these pictures refer, and even now, perhaps, only imperfectly understood.

POLITICAL DRILL.

Pitt as Colonel Drilling Fox, with Sheridan as "Fugleman."

One feature of drill as it used to be is happily wanting in its latter-day developments. In the days indicated by our pictures, officers not infrequently behaved towards their men with great severity, amounting occasionally to downright cruelty. They inflicted punishments, which would now be deemed barbarous, for the slightest failure on the part of the unhappy private. Protest brought added punishment. How different the modern system is needs neither pictorial nor other demonstration.



THE PLATOON.

This is now Called the "Firing Exercise."

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"Rope-yarn Sunday."

Photo. Copyright. Gregory.

A DISCUSSION ON THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

Thursday afternoon between dinner and supper is invariably "rope-yarn Sunday"—as sailors call it—in the Navy. Here we have a group of petty officers and seamen taking advantage of the opportunity afforded them, by this custom of giving sailors a "make and mend clothes day," to discuss a knotty point in connection perhaps with boilers or submarines.

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The Duke of Cornwall and York at Malta.

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH VICE-ADMIRAL FISHER, LANDING AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The "Ophir" entered Malta Harbour on March 25 amid the roar of guns from the battle-ships of the Mediterranean Fleet. The island was *en fête* in honour of the visit; receptions and reviews were held, and illuminations and decorations of every sort were abundant. In short, every possible honour was paid the Royal visitors.

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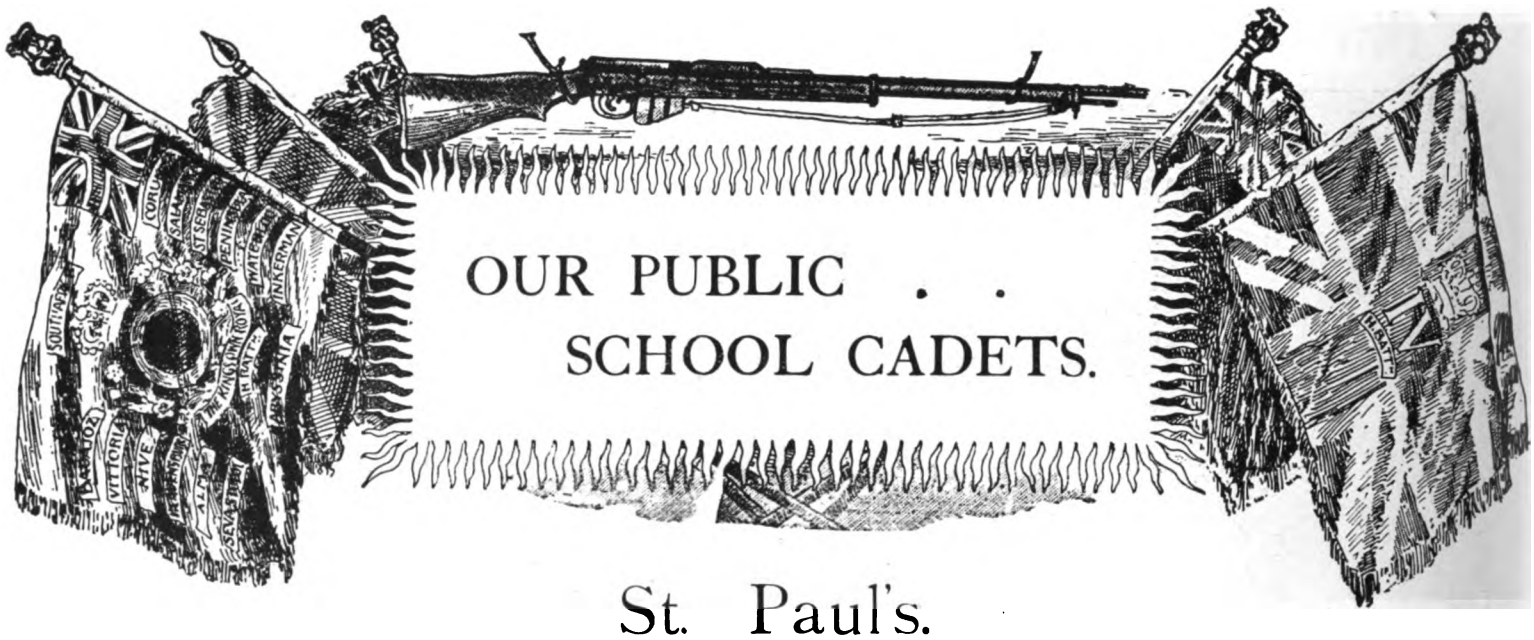

St. Paul's.

TO be an "Old Pauline" is one of those things that counts for a good deal in the production of cordial feeling in after life. It is, of course, the same everywhere, and old schoolfellows and old messmates find in their former association the strongest tie of comradeship. At any rate, that tie has never been loosened among past pupils of St. Paul's School, and while it says not a little for the lads who have grown into manhood, it is just as much a tribute to the method of training of the school. For there can be no feeling of comradeship in after life, no notion of a tie making this man and that man a little nearer to one another than strangers, unless it has been acquired in the hours of recreation; unless, in fact, it has been a part of the tone of the school. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the present Paulines are so proud of those of their predecessors who have been to the front in South Africa.

The School Cadet Rifle Corps is attached to that well-known regiment, the 2nd South Middlesex, and it must be admitted that it has to be maintained under rather difficult conditions. St. Paul's School is not situated in an ideal place for the headquarters of a rifle corps, even of a cadet corps; and it says a great deal for the enthusiasm and patriotism of the lads that they are able to turn out in as great strength as is shown in one of our illustrations. There are really about 600 boys in the school. Of these a certain proportion are necessarily unfitted, on account of youth or health, to take any part in the work of the corps, and it is admirable testimony to the enthusiasm of the remainder that no fewer than 150 are members of the corps. By the way, during the past year a system has been introduced which might well be made compulsory in all public schools. All boys not in the Cadet Corps are drilled once a week during the Lent term, and in this way they acquire at least a rudimentary acquaintance with the methods and objects of drill. But if such a system can be carried out in a school like St. Paul's, why should it not be introduced compulsorily into Board schools, and the various schools controlled by the different religious denominations? The exigencies of national life have put a period to the vagaries of the anti-military fanatics, and it is quite time that the duty of every man to qualify himself to help defend his country should be recognised.

Lieutenant Armitage. *Captain Bicknell.* *Lieutenant Rowe.*
Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*
THE OFFICERS OF THE ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL CADETS.

The St. Paul's School Cadet Corps was started in 1890. Like most young corps, and especially corps of youngsters, it had at the outset to contend with innumerable and often unsuspected difficulties. Its guiding spirits, however, have always felt that such difficulties existed merely in order that they might be overcome, and they have been energetically combated. The result is the very efficient corps that we see to-day. If the war in South Africa has taught us anything, it has been that a lad who is old enough to hold a rifle and to understand its manipulation is old enough to fight. Certainly a bullet from his Lee-Enfield will hit just as hard as one from the rifle of a man many years his senior, and herein lies the justification of Cadet Corps, if any such justification were needed. The St. Paul's Corps is divided into six sections—one from each of the clubs into which the school is divided for the purposes of all games. There is a challenge cup for competition between the sections, the points being divided over three subjects. Drill has, of course, its place; so has class firing; and the third subject is what is known as marching and sectional firing. It is somewhat on the model of the *Daily Telegraph* Cup, and combines target practice with marching. This is as it should be. Known distances and motionless targets are of no use whatever, and we shall never be the nation of marksmen that we ought to be,

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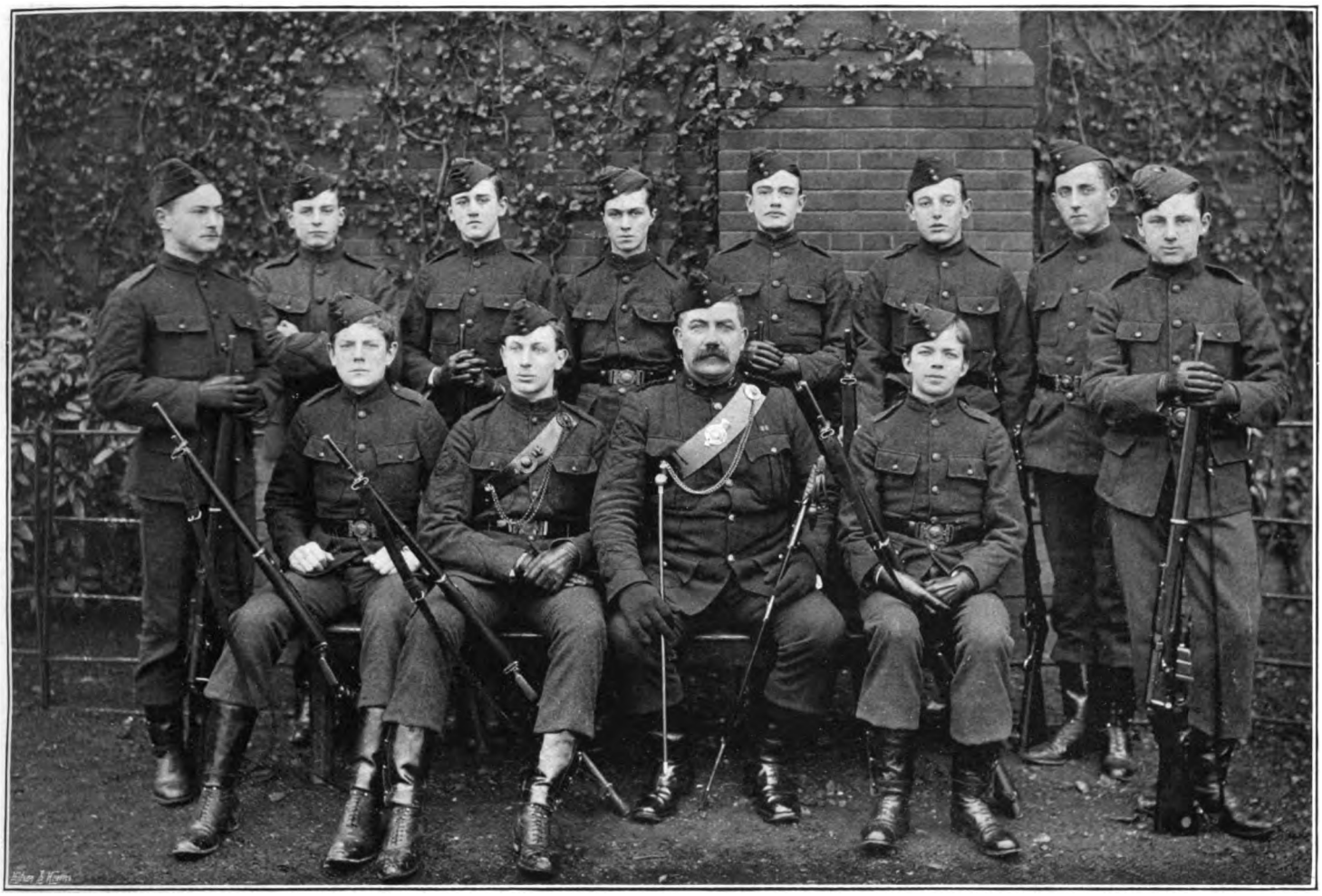
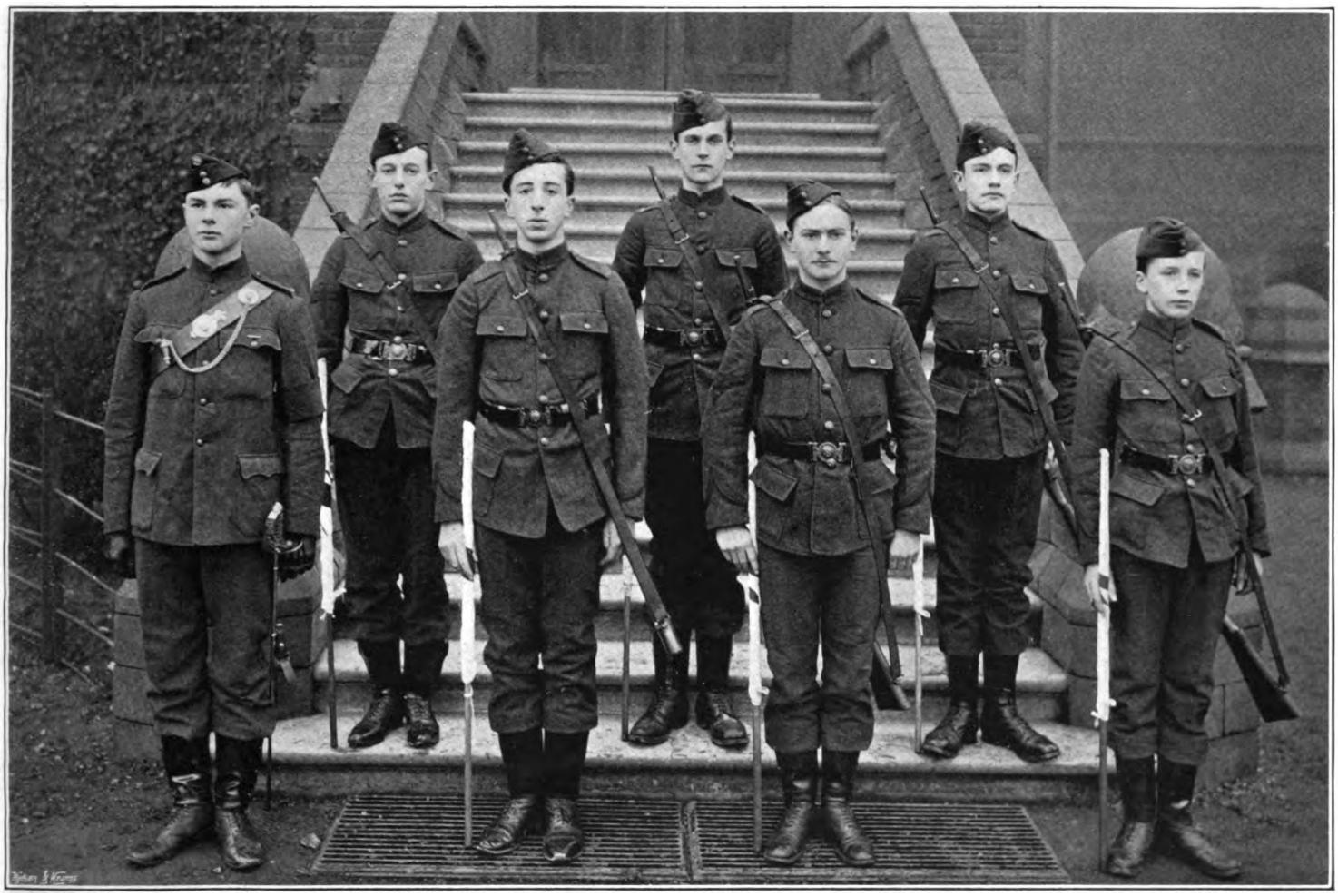


THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Back Row: Corporal Williams. Lance-Sergeant Bland. Sergeant Sprague. Corporal Tippetts. Corporal Cowardin. Corporal Wink. Lance-Corporal Evans.
Front Row: Sergeant Tuohy. Colour-Sergeant Kisch. Sergeant-Instructor Morris. Sergeant Rew. Sergeant Sinauer.



Lucios. Copyright. A. H. Fry

THE ST. PAUL'S FLAG-WAGGERS.

Back row: Corporal Wink. Private Braddell. Corporal Cowardin.
Front Row: Lieutenant Rowe. Private Coburn. Corporal Williams. Private Whiskard.

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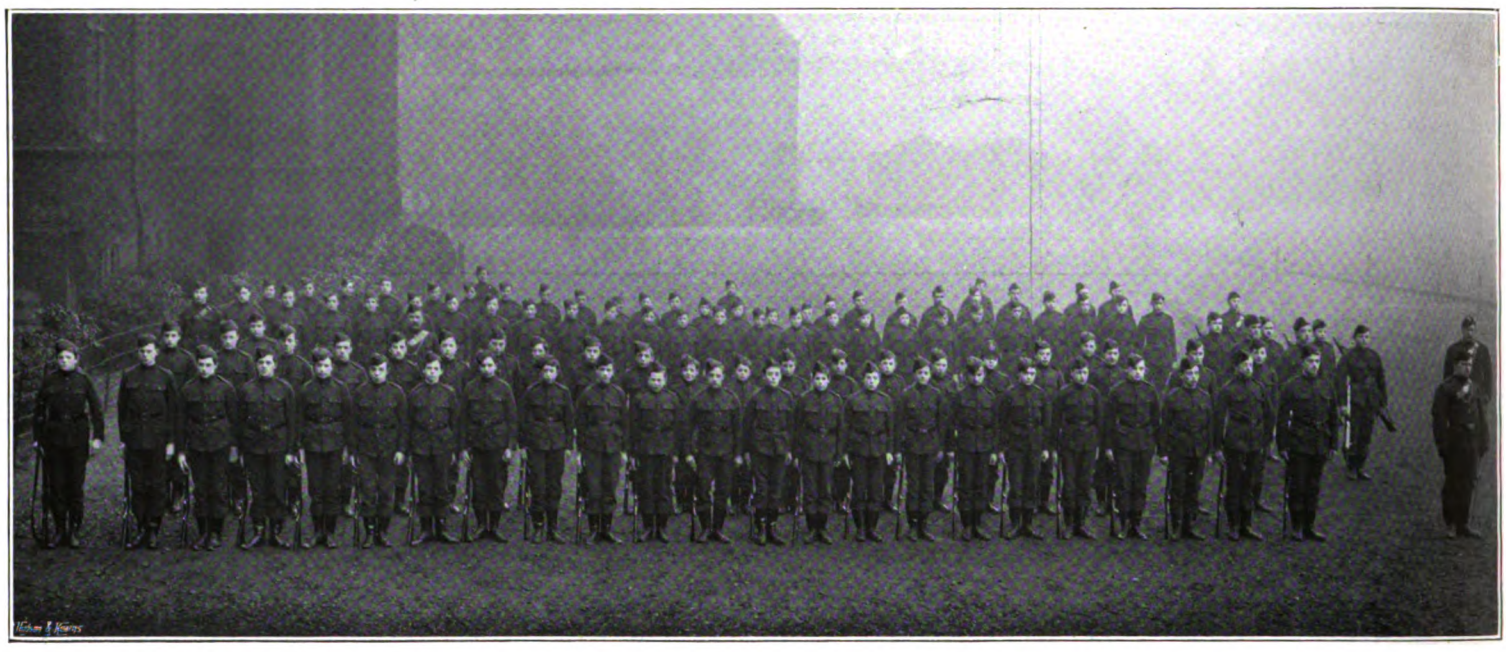
until we have learned to make good practice at disappearing targets at distances that are unknown, and after having run at least a quarter of a mile before reaching the firing point. Were these conditions to be insisted upon, the list of the final hundred for the Queen's would often have presented a very different appearance. Captain C. H. Bicknell, one of the masters, who commands the corps, is thoroughly practical and intensely enthusiastic. It is, indeed, owing to his work that the best has been made of a difficult situation, and that the boys are as well trained as they undoubtedly are. Until recently he has had to work almost alone with cadet officers, and cadet non-commissioned officers to whom the drill, under Captain Bicknell's supervision, is practically entrusted. It says a great deal for the sense of discipline of the lads that they have always been ready to obey orders under these circumstances. Now, however, Captain Bicknell has the assistance of one of his colleagues as lieutenant, and it needs no very profound knowledge of boy nature to grasp the fact that lads will always yield more willingly to the control of anyone who is a few years older than themselves, and who, moreover, stands already in a position of authority.

It should be said that nearly all the scholars are day boys, only about fifty out of 600 being boarders. This, of course, makes it more difficult than it would be under other circumstances to carry out the necessary rules of discipline, while the difficulty of obtaining range accommodation is one which is not easily surmounted Fortunately—again the energy of Captain Bicknell must be recognised—there is a good Morris-tube range at the school, and while all positions are allowed cadets have to attain a certain standard of merit at this range before being allowed to go to the rifle range. Saturday is a whole holiday, and is, therefore, a favourite day for rifle shooting. The lads go either to Staines or to Bisley. Generally, arrangements are made for them to have a 200-yds. and a 500-yds. target at Staines on Saturday morning, and with these they have to be content. Somewhere about thirty cadets are taken every Saturday morning during the summer term, but this obviously does not provide a sufficiency of practice to enable the lads to get thoroughly accustomed to their weapons, and everyone who knows what a rifle is will recognise that St. Paul's is very heavily handicapped in the Public Schools Competitions at Bisley. In the first year of the introduction of the Lee-Metford rifle St. Paul's was sixth for the Ashburton Shield, and the difference in position between the school and the winner was represented on the score by no more than eight points. Last year its record was not brilliant. It had two schools behind it, and several were only a few points ahead, while illness and other causes led to the absence from the team of four of its best men. It is well, however, that the position should be fairly faced. It is hardly possible to get enough practice to make a number of brilliant shots, and Captain Bicknell has boldly faced the alternative of endeavouring to encourage shooting throughout the corps in preference to seeking to develop the qualities of one or two good shots. That development will come in time, if the lads have it in them, and in the meantime a high average is decidedly better for general purposes than one or two instances of individual excellence. Moreover, it tends to create an interest in shooting which is likely to produce its results in after life.

As to the more routine part of the life of the corps, battalion drill is carried out on Wednesday afternoons, while Friday evenings are devoted to sectional drill by the sergeants—who are of course themselves pupils of the school, and who thus get an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of routine and habits of command. It is perhaps not easy to overestimate the value of this work, for, as a rule, far too much of the drill teaching of Volunteers is left in the hands of the sergeant-instructors, and a sergeant has little opportunity of taking the position which might so easily fall to him in the field, except on the one occasion annually when he has to "pass." Possibly it is inevitable, for, of course, Volunteer subalterns rarely exercise more command than is involved in perhaps "proving" a company. The St. Paul's Cadet Corps takes part in several field days in the course of the year. These are generally in the neighbourhood of Hertford or Hitchin, for the landowners in the district are generous in giving permission, and Major Hoare, of Haileybury, is indefatigable in making the necessary arrangements. Marches out, moreover, take place to the only open land available. This is represented by Barnes and Wimbledon Commons; but, of course, with a schoolboy corps the practice of manœuvres, even on this small scale, is possible only on Saturdays.

The same difficulty of getting any adequate open space—such a space, that is, as should be readily available—necessarily restricts the limits of drill. The only spot which can be used is the playground. In the winter the turf is required for football; in the summer it is wanted for cricket; and the frequent tramp of many feet over it in all weathers would not improve it for either of those games. The result is that the space which can be habitually utilised is exceedingly limited, and that the barrack-square drill is in the main confined to the Lent term, when little else is possible in the way of school games. This means that at the present moment the corps is exceedingly busy. Two drills a week are taking place, in addition to recruit drills, and it speaks well for the spirit of the corps that a detachment varying in number from forty to seventy has attended the Public School Camp at Aldershot each year, in spite of the fact that, upon several occasions, the camp has not opened until a week after the school holidays have begun. Perhaps, however, the strongest testimony to the earnestness by which the boys are animated, and to the idea of practical work which Captain Bicknell is endeavouring to instil into them, is to be found in a couple of developments which have taken place during the last twelve months. The playground looks a large place, but it is not when one considers the demands made upon it by about 600 boys. It is said, indeed, at the school that the place would be all the better if only another twenty acres could be added. This, however, is an ambition which other institutions besides St. Paul's School have been known to possess. Be this as it may—and it is hardly material—there is in a more or less forgotten or useless corner of this playground a small piece of waste land. It does not afford scope for any elaborate effects, but it lends itself to the production of shelter trenches, and in this respect good and practical work has been done.

Let us not omit to record, finally, that during the last year a very efficient section of signallers has been started under the direction of Lieutenant Rowe, and that there are already three or four more cadets ready to fill any vacancies which may occur.



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A SMART TURN-OUT.

The St. Paul's School Cadet Corps on Parade.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 219.] SATURDAY, APRIL 13th, 1901.

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HIS MAJESTY'S IRISH GUARDS.

That Irishmen make splendid soldiers needs no further demonstration than the war has afforded. They are good at all times, but they are superb when it comes to a defence of Ladysmith or a taking of Pieter's Hill. The gallantry of her Irish soldiery was recognised by Queen Victoria in the finest compliment she could pay them—the formation of a corps of Irish Guards. The high honour of being their first colonel has devolved upon Colonel R. J. Cooper, the officer seated on the right of our picture. He commands the 1st Battalion, and a second is now in process of creation. Judging from the celerity with which the 1st Battalion was raised, there will be but little difficulty in filling the ranks of a second.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The Rifle Club Mania.

WHEN all the flower of England's youth and manhood is enrolled in rifle clubs, the only thing for elderly persons nervous about the use of firearms will be to go and live abroad. It certainly will not be safe for anyone to live at home. Those among us who find that a spice of danger adds zest to existence, who have no objection to go forth every day carrying their lives in their hands, will perhaps rather enjoy it, until they happen to meet a stray bullet. But all persons who have no fancy for such an adventurous kind of life will assuredly have to flee their native shores. Looking forward into the future, one can almost conjure up a nation of one-eyed beings, of men with Mauser bullet-holes drilled through their arms and legs, of women with beauty spoilt by the look of apprehension that will always haunt their faces, of children born with congenital defects due to generations of maimed ancestors. It is all very well for the Prime Minister and the Commander-in-Chief to advocate the formation of rifle clubs. They are well advanced in years. They cannot expect to live till the seed of their advice bears fruit. But do they ever reflect upon the sinister heritage which their counsel will inflict upon their countrymen still bearing the badge of youth, still in the prime of life; upon the legacy of misfortune they are bequeathing to millions yet unborn?

Few things have more attraction for the average man and boy than a firearm. Anything that will propel a missile is dear to the masculine heart. In early infancy the pea-shooter asserts its charm. Boyhood brings in the more deadly catapult, with the exhilarating twang of its elastic and its ammunition of real shot, feared greatly by all the smaller fowls of the air. Next comes the air-gun, the dreaded enemy of cats and owners of greenhouses. Then finally the gun or rifle becomes the object of fierce, overmastering desire. Is there a happier moment in life than that which sees us sallying forth for the first time with a shooting party on a bright October morning? Oftentimes the evening will bring sad reflections upon peppered gamekeepers or slaughtered dogs. But not even these can dim the bright memory of the start. Or else it is through the mild agency of the Volunteer corps that we find our passion gratified. As we lie stretched upon the springy turf, one eye closed in a strictly professional manner, trigger-finger crooked with a sense of delicious mastery over unseen forces of Nature, waiting for our turn to aim at the distant bull's-eye and see the marker's flag signify an "outer" or, possibly, a "miss"—what joy, what exhilaration, what a glorious feeling of manhood is ours!

And then consider that to the attraction of possessing a rifle, thoughtfully provided by the State, there will be added by the rifle club the proud consciousness of being a defender of one's country. "Why," we shall say, "look at the Boers—how they came out, plain, simple citizens, from the ledger and the desk and the furrow and the stable, shouldered their rifles, buckled on their bandoliers, and very nearly kept out the whole British Army. That's what you will find us doing when the foreigner invades our shores." Really it looks as if we shall come to believe in time that the problem of defending Great Britain differs not at all from the problem of defending the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Of course we recollect that there is a Navy. The Navy Estimates would never let us forget that. But as for the Navy being of much use in defending the country against invasion, well, we shake our heads knowingly and say, "Ah, yes, but suppose the Navy should be decoyed away!" A pompous Volunteer, in the days when the Volunteer movement made a start only to subside again until the reign of Victoria, once asked the younger Pitt if England's citizen-soldiers would ever be sent out of the country. "Never," said the saturnine statesman, "except in case of an invasion." Surely it would be judicious to make the same proviso in the conditions of enrolment drawn up for rifle clubs. If anything could make it easy for an enemy landed on our coasts to force his way to the capital, it would be the presence in his front of a mob of undisciplined stockbrokers, greengrocers, bank clerks, and the unemployed armed with various kinds of rifles, and all possessed with a mad desire to let them off. "With indignation in their hearts and the legs of tables in their hands," the Roman Senate, so a chronicler relates, once swore to avenge upon the spot some insult to their order. So, with rifles in their hands, and a complete ignorance of the art of war in their heads, our rifle clubs would turn out to repel the foe who dared to violate our island shores. Then might we indeed despair of the fortunes of our country.

Lord Salisbury and Lord Roberts and Dr. Conan Doyle and all the other celebrities and nonentities who have taken up the rifle-club cry, might recommend shooting on many grounds as a pleasant, healthful recreation. It trains the eye, it lends concentration to the brain, it steadies the hand, it offers competitive excitement in a harmless form. Yet nothing will serve them save to recommend it as a means of national defence, when, as they and all who have taken the trouble to think must know quite well, the problem of national defence has got nothing whatever to do with rifle shooting for civilians. We English have a perfectly amazing tolerance for the well-meant schemes of foolish amateurs. We are so kind-hearted that we cannot bear to snuff out even the smoking wick of a useless candle that, instead of light, gives off annoying fumes and merely adds to the natural obscurity. So we say that there is probably some good in it; that enthusiasm ought not to be damped even if it be not on the right lines; that, after all, the people who have taken it up have titles and wealth and influence, and are the sort of people it is unwise to annoy. Thus, fad after fad, crotchet after crotchet, is allowed to make a noise in the world, whereas useful ideas can find few champions. Imagine a Bismarck or a Von Moltke invited to give their opinions upon the utility, from the national defence point of view, of persuading civilians to fire once or twice a month at a 400-yds. range. But then, Bismarck and Von Moltke had studied their country's problems. That was why they went through the French in 1870. They knew that no amount of rifle clubbism could be of any real service to a nation in time of war, even to a nation on the continent of Europe with land frontiers to defend, much less to a nation whose first and last line of defence lies upon the silver sea.

A CORRESPONDENT puts before us what he evidently considers a hard case, but which does not seem, according to the regulations, to involve any grievance whatever. The case is that of a man who enlisted on May 7, 1896, on the old messing allowance, on which he remained until March 31, 1898, when he came under the new system, by which, instead of deferred pay, the soldier receives an extra messing allowance of 3d. per diem. This man was discharged, by reason of wounds received in South Africa, in December, 1900. He has received deferred pay amounting to £5 15s. for his service from date of enlistment to the date on which he came under the new messing allowance. He was entitled to this—and no more—or to a gratuity of £1 per year, or portion thereof, of his total service, whichever he found most advantageous to him. As his total service was four years 216 days, his gratuity would only have amounted to £5, so that he is clearly a gainer by taking the deferred pay. He is, however, under the illusion that he is entitled to deferred pay from the date of coming under the new messing allowance to the date of discharge. This, of course, is absurd. By coming under the new messing allowance he, of course, forfeited his claim to deferred pay from that date. This man is now drawing a pension of 1s. 6d. per diem, but does not know whether it is for life or only for a period. He can easily satisfy himself as to this point by applying to the adjutant of his regimental depôt.

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The Duke of Cornwall and York's Tour.

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT MALTA.

The Field Guns of the Naval Brigade in Palace Square.

Photo. Copyright. *Mallia*

THE "OPHIR" LEAVING THE GRAND HARBOUR.

The Illumination of the Fleet; a Bouquet of Rockets from Corradino.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York were only able to remain at Malta three days, but they saw a great deal in the time. Among the features of their stay was a review in Palace Square, of which we give an incident; and the illumination of the Fleet and ramparts when the "Ophir" left is said to have eclipsed in brilliancy even the scene at Spithead on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee Review in 1897.

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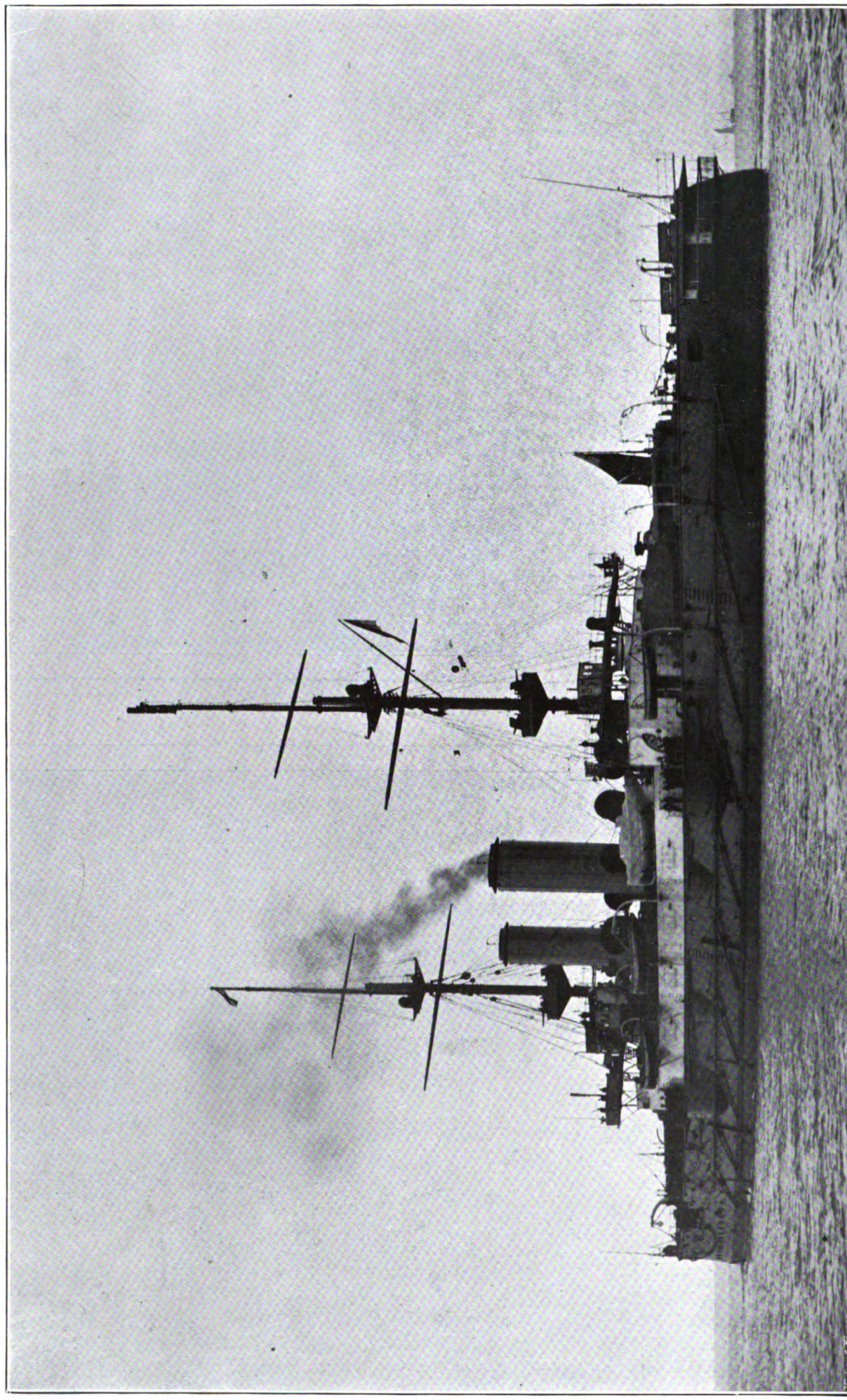
A Typical Ship of a New Class.



Photos. Copyright. *C. Cozens.*

THE BATTLE-SHIP "FORMIDABLE" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

The "Formidable" is the name ship of a group of six battle-ships in whose completion, as a whole, there has been considerable delay. She was laid down on March 17, 1898, launched on November 17 the same year, and is now nearly ready for sea. She has a displacement of 15,000 tons, and a belt of Krupp steel extending over rather more than half her length. Her barbettes and conning-towers are well protected. Her armament consists of four 12-in. wire guns, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and a number of smaller guns, and her speed is 18 knots.

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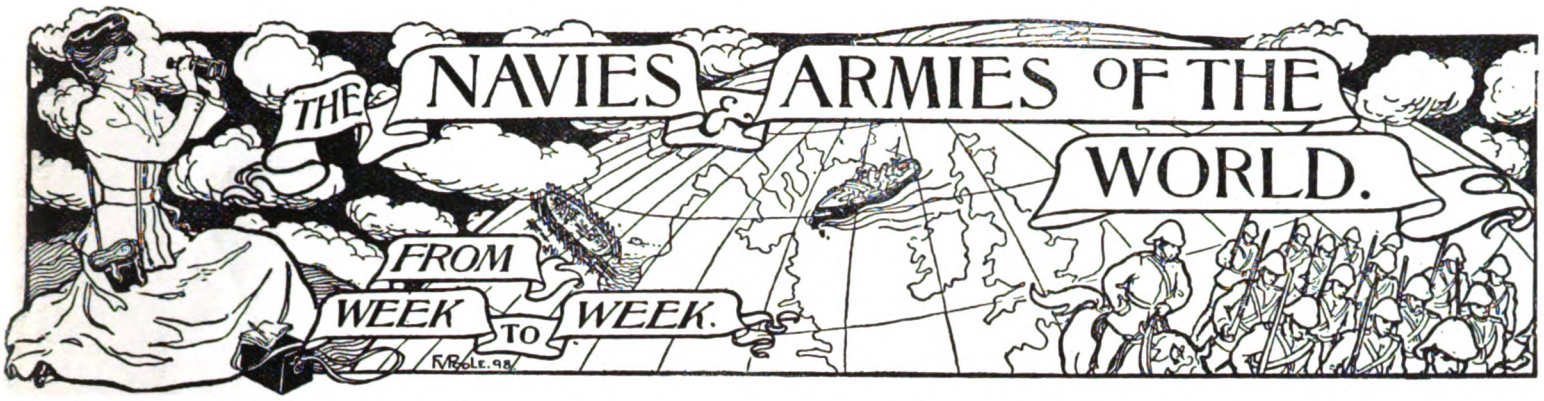

THERE is an agreeable touch of the sixteenth century and the wars of Italy about the capture of Aguinaldo, and like many of the events in those remote but still interesting transactions, it is more than a little mysterious. How did the Filipino leader come to be taken in by such a simple device, or was he taken in at all? The facts may not improbably be known before these words are in print, and if they are, then the world will pretty certainly learn that the President of the Philippine Republic was one of the conspirators who engineered his own capture. If this is not the explanation, then it will be found that all the men about him were in the plot. On no other supposition can the event be made intelligible. The Filipino forces had seemingly withered away to very little, and Aguinaldo had become little more than a chief of brigands; but the Americans were not so fully in possession of the country that they could have caught him if he had wished to keep out of their way, or if he had not been practically a prisoner in the hands of his nominal followers. That Colonel Funston should have been allowed to come to his headquarters under cover of such a very transparent stratagem and carry out the scheme as described passes all credence, if the supposed victim had been on the alert, and had been supported. When treason is at work there is nearly always plot within plot, and what is shown to spectators is just what it is thought advisable to let them know.

* * * *

Meanwhile the use of devices of this kind is legitimate enough. Civilised people do not use them, because experience has shown that they are rarely worth the trouble they cost. Moreover, there is no opening for them in our settled times. But if that were not the case, nobody need be ashamed of doing what Colonel Funston is said to have done. The *Daily News* saw little to be proud of in his feat, and quoted Lord Thring's chapter on stratagems in the manual on the customs of war. Lord Thring thinks that while it is lawful to make use of a traitor in the enemy's ranks, it is doubtful whether you can legitimately suborn treachery. "An officer," he says, or quotes Vattel as saying, "may feign to be a traitor for the purpose of ensnaring an enemy who attempts to corrupt his fidelity; but, if he voluntarily makes overtures to the enemy under pretence of being a traitor, and then deceives the enemy with false information, his conduct is dishonourable and contrary to the customs of war." The distinction is a subtle one, and a punctilious gentleman would be nearly as unwilling to take the first course as the second. During the siege of Minorca in the American War the Duc de Crillon, who commanded the French contingent in operating with the Spaniards, made an offer to bribe Murray, the Governor. Murray rejected the proposal with angry contempt, which was by far the safest as well as the most honourable course. This pretending to be a traitor is a very dangerous game to play. If an officer does think proper to try it, he had much better, as a matter of prudence, make believe, with the consent of his superiors, to desert at once. But to play at treason while remaining in your own ranks is a very risky business. An accident may bring you under the observation of someone not in the secret, and then there will be unpleasantnesses.

* * * *

To say, however, that such manœuvres were not among the recognised customs of war, is a statement which requires qualification. To rule them out as improper was against the old customs. A custom is that which people have usually done. Now in former times to pretend to betray the post you were ordered to defend was thought quite fair when the purpose was to draw the enemy into an ambush. Great generals had no scruple about playing with treason. There is a well-known story told of the Marquis of Pescara, Francisco Davalos, who defeated Francis I. at Pavia, which illustrates the old military morality very aptly. After that battle it was supposed that he was discontented with the rewards given him by the Emperor Charles V. Morone, who was Chancellor of Milan and a famous practitioner in the endless intrigues of war and politics of that age, came to him with fine offers of what he could gain if he betrayed his master. Whether Pescara did not enter into the plot seriously at first is not certain, but in the end he remained loyal, and made a countermine to blow up his tempter. Morone was taken in, or seemed to be, completely, and the Imperial general got information out of him, and used him for his own ends. At last he arranged an interview, in which all the terms of the treason were to be settled. Morone came and talked it all out. He did not know that Antonio de Leyva, the Spanish general, who defended Pavia, was listening behind the tapestry by arrangement with Pescara. When the interview was over Leyva stepped out and arrested Morone, who fell into the trap he supposed he was digging for another. As he was not put to death, and appeared later on in flourishing circumstances, it is credible that there was another, still deeper and more refined, treason at the back of this pretty story.

* * * *

"The first step in framing any Army scheme should be to lay down what kind of Army Great Britain requires, having regard to her vast and increasing responsibilities." I quote these admirably true words from an article on "The Army Scheme" in the *Times* of March 30. But they or the equivalent of them might be taken from a dozen other sources, Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary. They are full of wisdom, and are also very pathetic. We would like to settle the great preliminary question what it is that our vast and increasing responsibilities demand. The difficulty is just to do that. Then there is a preliminary to the preliminary, and it is this: "Are we going to accept every vast and increasing responsibility which comes in our way?" Are we, to word the problem differently, going to add indefinitely to our territorial obligations and to the frontiers we have to defend against all sorts and conditions of enemies? If so, the Army which Great Britain will require must be equal at least to the Armies of any other two great Powers, plus a Fleet on the same scale. That is as certain as gravitation, and no amount of wriggling, and no fog of hazy language meaning nothing in particular, will alter the substantial fact. To judge from the talk of large numbers among us, the course we are at present following is to lean towards incurring the ever-increasing responsibilities, but to shy at the inevitable consequences. It is not a very honourable state of mind. Strictly speaking, it is rather dishonest, but it is very human, and is likely to be particularly common in constitutionally-governed countries.

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Looking at Mr. Brodrick's scheme, which is highly imposing at the first survey, one wonders on closer examination what purpose the Army it proposes to organise is meant to answer. From the amount of space and care devoted to the Militia and Volunteers, and from the prominence given to the six Army corps at home, it looks as if what our Army was designed to do is to defeat an invading force of 100,000 or more. The defence of the country is in fact to repose on land forces. From this it would appear to follow that our organisers of to-day hold the belief that we cannot rely on the Fleet, whatever care we take to make it strong. Still, it is not certain that this is their creed, because they show from other words that they share the not uncommon capacity to accept incompatible opinions as both true. Mr. Brodrick speaks, for example, about our obligation to help our allies by sending them troops on a considerable scale. But how are we to do this if our Fleet does not command the four seas? And if it does, how can we be invaded? There is very little use in making the query, because one only draws some puzzle-headed phrase about the "intermediate stage" or what not. Perhaps it is better not to deal with the first principles at all, but to stick to a comparatively simple issue. Here, for instance, is one. Are we to take it for granted that we are to be prepared to send 250,000 men abroad, not to fight only against 40,000 or 50,000 irregulars who act on the defensive, by raids, and by evasion, and who cannot afford to spend men freely, but to meet regular armies which will attack, and are commanded by generals who would not have the least scruple in expending 20,000 men or more to deliver a telling blow? If the answer is "yes," then it is perfectly obvious that the Army we are supposed to be providing is quite insufficient.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

OUR National Memorial to Queen Victoria will be one offering grand opportunities to the architect and sculptor. Now is to be erected a monument which will speak to future ages of the respect, love, and veneration which we Englishmen of to-day had for the great Queen; but it must do more. It must reflect the character of her reign, give the impression of its spaciousness, and of its artistic and material triumphs, and, let us hope, represent the imperial expansion which was witnessed by the age of Queen Victoria. The site selected in the front of Buckingham Palace is a noble one, and the great architectural and scenic change which is to be brought about in the chosen spot should be worthy of our dead ruler. In the mind's eye it is possible to conceive how noble and imposing this memorial should be, and we congratulate the artistic community on an opportunity which has had no parallel. Looking round upon the monuments of the great dead which pitiably people some spaces that were once vacant in the metropolis, we realise how really great is the new opportunity before our artists, and it is one which they must make much of indeed. The scheme seems at first sight more promising than that outlined by Lord Curzon for an Indian National Memorial in the form of an historical museum and national gallery in Calcutta. The Viceroy should, however, be the best judge of what is suitable, and his Victoria Hall might well be finely architectural, while doubtless within the walls of the building could be collected memorials and illustrations of Queen Victoria and her reign which would be more frankly descriptive than any mere monument could be. The skill of architects and designers should be equal to the task of making the memorial impressive, attractive, and beautiful.

Photo. Copyright. *Abeniacar.*

A KING'S CRADLE.

When King Victor Emmanuel III. was Born at Naples in 1869, this Superb Cradle was Presented br the City to Queen Margaret, who has now Sent it to Rome in Order that the much-hoped-for Son and Heir to the Throne may Sleep in the same Cradle as his Father. It is of Beautifully-carved Wood, Inlaid with Mother-of-pearl, Coral, and Tortoiseshell, and Embellished with Lava and Shells Engraved as Cameos.

THE event of the week on the Continent has been the visit of the Italian Squadron to Toulon, and the interchange of courtesies between the President of the French Republic and the Duke of Genoa, representing the young King of Italy. There is much political significance in the event, and it is something more than a return for the warm sympathy displayed by the French when King Humbert was assassinated. The two Powers are members of the two rival alliances, and within the last decade a distinctly hostile feeling has existed between them, but all that is now changed. There are many political thinkers who believe that the day of alliances is over. Did not France and Germany help Russia to thwart Japan, and to reap the principal fruit of the victory of the Japanese over China? Has not Great Britain opened friendly relations with the United States, while opposing that Power in Venezuela and on the question of the Isthmian Canal? Thus it was not surprising to find Signor Zanardelli, the new Italian Premier, recently declaring it to be absolutely necessary that every suspicion of Italian animosity towards France should be dissipated, and the visit of the squadron to Toulon is an excellent method of furthering his views. If the Italian alliance with Germany and Austria should be renewed, which he said will not be until after ripe reflection, it will be an alliance having no other object than the preservation of peace. The Triple Alliance will expire in 1903, and, if it should continue, it may well have a different form. At least, if Signor Zanardelli's views and the warm expressions at Toulon represent the feeling of the Italian nation, it will be necessary to expunge from the Treaty that secret clause which is credibly believed to place two Italian Army corps at the complete disposal of Germany in case of hostilities between the latter country and France. That could not be regarded as a friendly arrangement.

IF anything had been necessary to enforce the folly of attempting to make peace with the Boers merely by conciliatory measures, recent events would have sufficed to demonstrate that fact even to the least discerning. The offer made was generous, much too generous, but it was refused, and the past history of the Boers, no less than the progress of the war, should have prepared us for the result. The

Photo. *Russell.*

THE HEAD OF HASLAR HOSPITAL.

Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, R. W. Coppinger has just been Appointed to the Medical Charge of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar. He Joined the Service in 1870, and has a High Scientific Reputation. He is the Author of "The Cruise of the 'Alert' in Patagonian and Polynesian Waters, 1885."

Photo. *Shawcross.*

A HERO OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Lieutenant F. A. Maxwell, V.C., D.S.O., Won his Cross by Brilliant Bravery on that Terrible Day at Sanna's Post. Five Times did this Officer Go Out under Heavy Fire, and Shared in Saving Two Guns and Three Limbers. In the Chitral Campaign Lieutenant Maxwell was Mentioned in Despatches for his Gallantry, and in the Tirah Campaign he Won his D.S.O.

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Photo. Copyright. *Cameron.*

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PACIFIC SQUADRON.

Esquimalt Harbour, in Vancouver Island, is a Lovely Anchorage. Moreover, it has other Attractions to the Naval Officer, for Sport in the Neighbourhood is Good. Esquimalt also puts Forward an Interesting Claim, in that she Asserts that hers were the Last Minute Guns to Salute the Memory of Victoria the Good. The Big Vessel in the Centre of the Picture is the "Warspite," the Flag-ship on the Pacific Station.

failure of the negotiations, having regard to the future of South Africa, and perhaps even to the future of the Empire, was not to be regretted. Our Colonial brothers, who have done so much for the Imperial cause, were discontented with the terms offered, and it is neither our interest nor is it our desire to take in this colonial matter a course which they would disapprove. It must also be recognised—disagreeable as may be the fact—that peace based on anything but unconditional surrender would be misinterpreted, and would be no guarantee for the peace of the countries subjected. The arrogance of the Boers after our conciliatory policy on the morrow of Majuba should have made plain the unpleasant racial characteristics of these people, who seem constitutionally unable to appreciate generous forbearance. A hard situation has to be faced, and it cannot be ignored that the plan of holding the railway and operating with punitive columns in that vast country has failed to bring about the desired result. Military occupation and drastic measures must be the remedy, and it is a remedy that will entail the employment of considerable force and the imposition of large burdens. But we began with the intention of "seeing the thing through," and that is what we have to face.

IT is often said that the world knows little of its greatest men. Without reckoning Chang-Chih-tung and Liu-Kun-yi among these, it is certain that they deserve to be better known to Englishmen than they are. At a time when the Boxer movement was at its height, and when urgent edicts were coming from the Chinese Court for the extermination of the barbarians, it was due to the stern conception of duty in the two Viceroys that the Yang-tse Valley was not in a blaze. With them, however, in this work of pacification and repression must be linked Captain Cumming of the "Hermione," Captain Ingram of the "Daphne," and Messrs. Warren, Fraser, and Sundius, our Consular officers at Shanghai, Hankow, and Nan-king. Through their combined endeavours the zealots were subdued, the Chinese soldiery were kept quiet, the heavily armed forts on the Yang-tse were not used against us, and the comparative handful of Europeans were spared. It is not difficult to conceive how terrible might have been the situation, and how disastrous to our interests the storm of fanaticism, if the strong hands of these men had not repressed the turbulence.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE "ROSARIO" IN THE YANG-TSE.

Kiu Kiang is an Important Treaty Port some 450 Miles up the Yang-tse. There British Interests have been Protected by the "Rosario," a Smart Little Sloop. In our Picture her Captain, Commander C. A. W. Hamilton, is shown on the Left, next to him being the Taotai of Kiu Kiang, then the British Consul, and last Mr. L. G. Preston, the First Lieutenant. Standing at the back is Lieutenant Basil S. Noake.

THE two Viceroys so honourably named are very unlike one another. Chang-Chih-tung is a statesman of force, a student and writer, a man of culture, eloquence, and refinement, of high-bred courtesy and distinguished demeanour, possessing the qualities of a gentleman, and a scholar, and, which is rare among Chinese Viceroys, he is a clean-handed official. Chinese institutions will suffer nothing in his hands, but he has recognised to the full the need of broadening them out by a union with the developments of the West. Loyally working with the Viceroy of Wu-chang, in his admirable administration of the Yang-tse Valley, is Liu-Kun-yi, Viceroy of Nan-king, a man of other mould. He is notably strong in action, with a rough sense of justice, says a correspondent who describes him, possessed of personal kindliness and generosity, which have inspired mingled feelings of fear, respect, and affection, and have made him the most popular Viceroy in China. These two Viceroys, then, with the co-operation of the British officers, have saved the Yang-tse from being swept by the desolating ravages of Boxerism, and to them much is accordingly due from Europeans.

THE young members of the family of the German Emperor are fitting themselves for the public duties they are to undertake. The Crown Prince is a soldier like his father, but his Military studies are interrupted in order that he may be further trained for his future Imperial and Royal duties by the study of law and history at Bonn, and he is also, as is fitting, to be instructed in the higher branches of literature, philosophy, and natural science. Meanwhile, his brother, Prince Eitel Frederick, has also entered upon a Military career, while the Emperor's third son, Prince Adalbert, is to be a sailor like his uncle, Prince Henry. Next week he will join the training-ship "Charlotte" as a cadet, and in her will visit the German, Russian, and Swedish ports of the Baltic, the ship returning to Kiel for the regatta week. Doubtless we shall soon see the young Prince, who will be seventeen in July, at some of our English ports.

AN excellent idea is that which has impelled Mr. Cecil Rhodes to found a new scholarship at the Cape Town Diocesan College School. The pedant or the bookworm will not gain that scholarship. Its possessor is evidently to have the qualities that make the good Englishman, or the good

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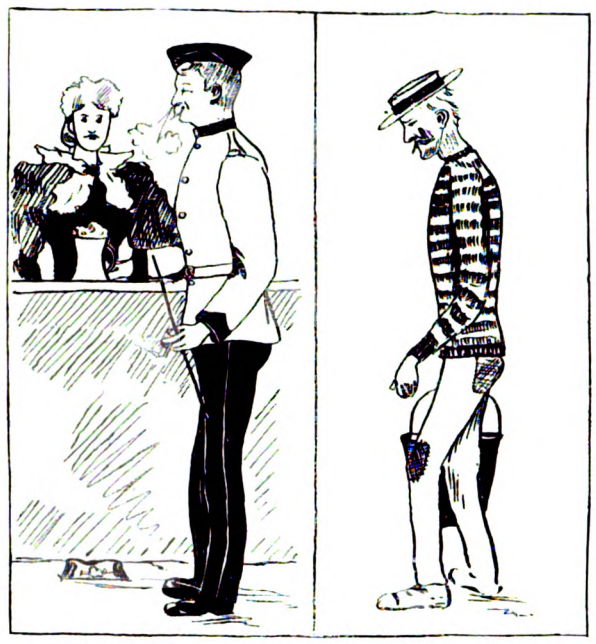
man of any other race. He must have literary and scientific attainments, and therefore be a man of mental calibre, to the extent of two-fifths of his qualifying marks. But that will not suffice. There will be three other qualifications, each counting for one-fifth of his marks. In the first place he must be fond of and rise to success in hardy outdoor sports. Then he must have the manly virtues of truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship. Lastly, he must have exhibited moral force of character and the instincts that will enable him to lead and take an interest in his co-workers, promising that he will esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim. Thus the scholar will be an all-round Englishman, and it is very interesting to see how Mr. Cecil Rhodes delineates the character. He is doing a good work, and others should follow his example in founding scholarships on this novel plan.

VERY shortly after the launch of the "Discovery" comes that of the ship for the German Antarctic Expedition, built at the Howaldt Works, Kiel. As we have already explained, the German and British expeditions are to work harmoniously together, their respective spheres of enquiry being decided upon. The German party, under the leadership of Dr. von Drygalski of Berlin, will proceed from the Cape to the Kerguelen Islands, where some of its members will remain a year to investigate questions of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology. The real expedition will, however, leave the islands in December with the hope of finding a suitable wintering station on the west side of Victoria Land, which was discovered by Sir James Ross. There it is intended to build a station for physical and biological study, while exploring parties will push southward towards the terrestrial Pole, and also with the object of reaching the magnetic Pole, which is thought to be in Victoria Land. This work will occupy the whole of the winter, and when the spring comes the expedition will leave for the West, and, if possible, will reach the south of Kemp Land and Enderby Land, reaching thus the Weddell Sea, and will return by way of South Georgia and Tristan da Cunha. Captain Ruser, of the Hamburg-America Line, will command the ship, and the chief scientific gentlemen who will assist Dr. von Drygalski will be Dr. Vanhoeffen of Kiel, for zoology and botany, Dr. Philippi of Breslau, for geology and chemistry, and Dr. Bridlingmaier of Lauffen, for terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, and kindred subjects. Both expeditions, British and German, will be well equipped, and should add much to our store of knowledge.

A VERY ambitious scheme is that which the Hungarian Government has in contemplation. It is nothing less than the establishment of an uninterrupted waterway from the Black Sea and the Adriatic to the Baltic and the North Sea. The Oder is proposed to be brought into communication with the Danube by a canal through the valley of the Waag, and by another from the Kulpa in Croatia to the port of Fiume. Stettin would thus be brought into communication with the Hungarian port and the Danube. The Austrians have projects for connecting the Danube with the Oder by a canal from Vienna to Oderberg, for another canal from Vienna to Budweis, connecting the Danube with the Moldau and Elbe, and for a third establishing connection between the proposed Danube-Oder canal and the Vistula. Probably years must elapse before these things can be accomplished, but the schemes are well supported, and the projected canals would do much to promote the prosperity of many places in Austria-Hungary.

THE astonishing and unfailing cheeriness of British and Colonial soldiers besieged and captured during the war must be recorded as very noteworthy and characteristic in any record of the campaign. The *Waterfall Wag* though it only ran to two numbers and a supplement, makes a good rival to the *Ladysmith Lyre*. Necessarily more slight in its "letterpress," it is every whit as good in its illustrations, which display a surprising faculty of seizing the points of humorous personality. It is delightful to feel the reflected joviality of the men who deplored their shallow purses in notes "On 'Change," and who discoursed on their slender and threadbare wardrobes in gossip on "Fashion Fancies." The valiant Commandant Makrop, on the authority of "The Slander and Fibbers' News," with 200 burghers, surrounds 15,000 British, and there is real humour in this: "A small party of visitors from Roberts's column paid us a visit on Saturday last, and, being pleased with their reception, were persuaded to stay." The captive grown so thin on Boer provisions that, when he feels a pain, he cannot tell whether it is in his stomach or his backbone, is another merry creation. Those who value the spirit of our race will hasten to possess the *Waterfall Wag*. Seneca said that nothing should affect us so much as the spectacle of men strong in adversity, and these prisoners were strong indeed.

Soldiers of the Queen



At Home At Waterfall

THE "WATERFALL WAG."

This Unique Journal was Published by the British Prisoners at Pretoria It was Written in a Penny Exercise Book, and the Literary and Artistic Staff—for it was Profusely Illustrated—had but One Pen among them. A Fac-simile has now been Produced in England by Mr. Bridgewater, St. Paul's Churchyard, and will form an Interesting Souvenir of the War.

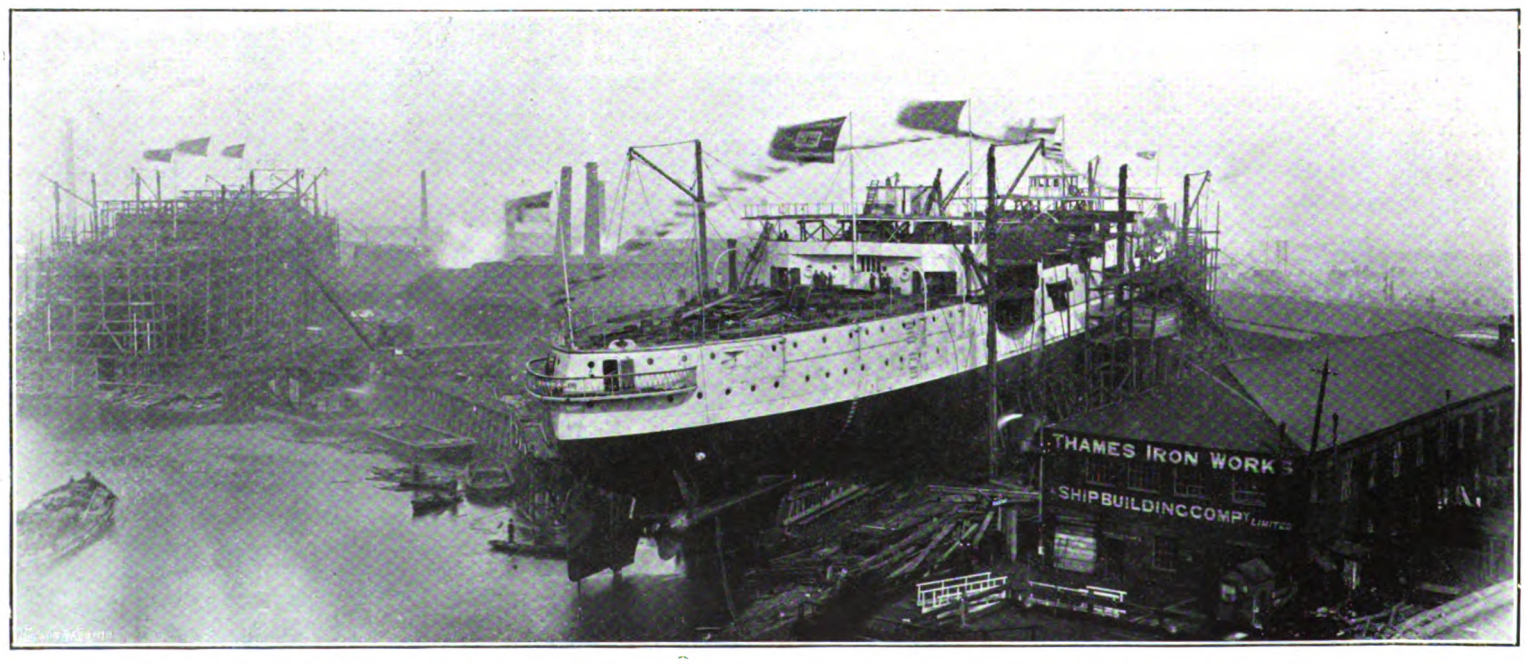


Photo. Kindly Lent by the Thames Ironworks Company.

LAUNCH OF THE "DUNCAN," BATTLE-SHIP.

This Vessel was Recently put Afloat from the Yard of the Thames Ironworks Company, and the Function was in every way a Complete Success. A Large Number of People were Present to Witness the Christening, which was Performed by Mrs. Hills, Wife of the Chairman of the Company, with a Bottle of Australian Wine.

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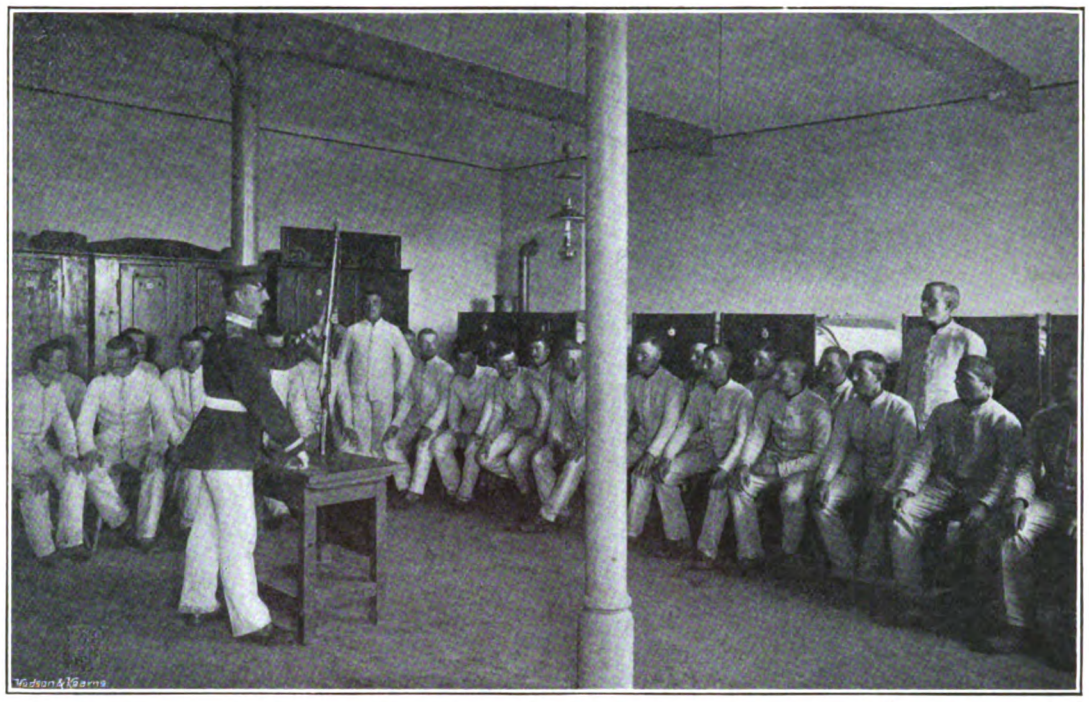
The Army of the Kaiser.

UNDOUBTEDLY among Englishmen the Kaiser is now the most popular of foreign monarchs. We have seen him living amongst us in touching circumstances, and the picture is still fresh of the brilliant groups of German officers who were here to honour the memory of Queen Victoria. A vast deal has been heard of the military genius of his country, of military organisation in the Fatherland, of the great general staff, and of other things concerning the larger life of the powerful Army of which he is chief. But in this country comparatively little is known of life in the German ranks, and we are, therefore, fortunate in being able to present to our readers a first selection of admirable pictures of the German soldier in his habit as he lives. The men of the German Army are embodied, as everyone knows, upon the principle of universal service, and they represent, therefore, every part of Germany and every class in the Empire. But, whether they are grave Pomeranians or light-hearted Rhinelanders, or men of the Prussian Guard, like those we depict, they all show the same soldier-like spirit, and in many regiments the good soldier is proud to bear the same regimental devices that were worn by his father before him. Of course, a considerable percentage of the men come from the better classes of society, but the great bulk of the Army is formed of the true sons of the soil, the operatives of the cities and the farming classes of the provinces.



THE CARE OF THE RIFLE.
A Sergeant Instructing the Young Guardsmen.

In every company or squadron of German soldiers there exists a class who may be called the *élite*, being men of higher intelligence who attach greater value to military service and aspire to rise in the ranks. These are the *Gefreiten*, who have a degree of command and receive higher pay, while the men who re-engage are *Kapitulanten*, constituting the non-commissioned ranks. Much has been done in recent years to improve the position and prospects of the soldier, and, in particular, splendid barracks have been built in every part of the Empire, so that comparatively few men are now quartered in old buildings dating from the time of the *Befreiungskrieg*, and large and spacious rooms conduce much to comfort and health. For the older non-commissioned officers there are private bedrooms, and for the men large dining-rooms, bathrooms, and sleeping chambers. Work and relaxation go forward hand in hand, and the time is well filled. In the course of a year the man passes through progressive training, all leading up to the autumn manœuvres, and is, meanwhile, well fed and well clothed. If he should be one of the *Einjährig-Freiwilligen*, or one-year volunteers, he will have the pleasure of feeding and clothing himself, his advantage being that he escapes further active service with the colours after the conclusion of the first year; but if he should belong to the regular ranks, he will be in the hands of the Government, and will have no cause to complain. The kitchen arrangements in the new barracks are as good as any in the world, and the German military cook is an admirable *chef*. Three of our pictures are illustrative of the feeding of the soldier. In one the cooking apparatus is well seen, and in the others the lusty enjoyment with which the men apply themselves to their meals. This is a part of German Army life to which we shall have an opportunity of recurring.

In all barracks special rooms are provided for the storage and issue of clothing and equipment. The German Army has devoted more attention than any other to this matter, and most German officers believe that what they have is the best. Undoubtedly they have set the fashion for some continental armies, and the German influence has been felt in our own, which is not surprising, considering that Germany has for a very long time been a school of soldiers, and has been fortunate in possessing soldier rulers. The clothing includes caps, tunics, jackets, cloaks, gloves, special outfits for pioneers and railway troops, and a long list of other personal requirements, while the equipment consists of the helmet and other headgear, belt, shoulder-straps, cartridge-case, spurs, mess-tin, and other necessaries of the various branches of the Service. Good as the Army clothing is, the Boer War may soon change it, for a new khaki uniform is now being put to the test.

The German soldier, to whatever branch of the forces he may belong, especially if to the Guard, is truly in very favourable circumstances in his service, and there are few German soldiers, unless they be touched with the spirit of Social Democracy, who are not well content with their lot. The young men develop rapidly in physical qualities under the influence of drill in these generally healthy circumstances. They are a light-hearted, jovial set of fellows, who do credit to their Service, and the military spirit is very strong among them. In short, every German is a soldier, and the Kaiser is rightly proud of the great Army of which he is chief.

Photos. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*"

CLOTHING THE NEW RECRUIT.
A Matter well Managed in Germany.

(To be continued.)

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Scenes of Life in German Barracks.

THE WELCOME DINNER-HOUR.
Issuing Soup at the Kitchen.

THE WEEKLY WASHING DAY.
An Important Duty of German Soldiers.

IN THE COMPANY DINING-ROOM.
The Chief Meal of the German Soldier.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' MESS.
In which Greater Comforts are Provided.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

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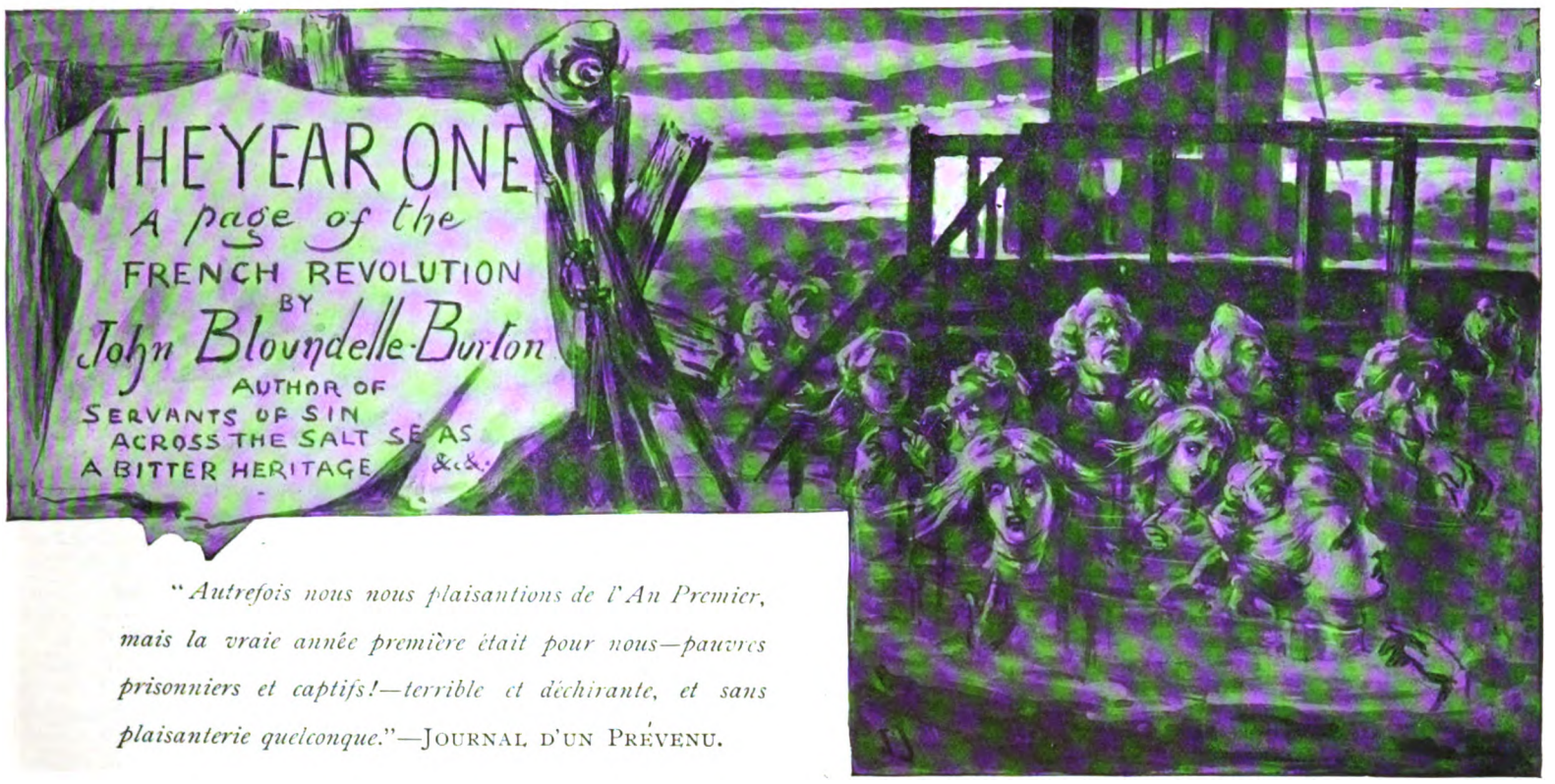

"Autrefois nous nous plaisantions de l'An Premier, mais la vraie année première était pour nous—pauvres prisonniers et captifs!—terrible et déchirante, et sans plaisanterie quelconque."—JOURNAL D'UN PRÉVENU.

SYNOPSIS.

THE story has dealt with the attempt of an English Naval officer, Lieutenant George Hope, to aid Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray de Bricourt, to escape from France and the Revolution, as well as from a bad husband whom she has been forced to wed. The attempt failed, however, owing to their being denounced by the husband's acquaintance, Adèle Satigny, who aimed at becoming his wife, and they were sent to Paris for trial. The marquise managed, nevertheless, to escape and to pass as a woman of the people, and thereby enabled George to escape from La Force. They are now leaving the house of Madame Verac, to which a domiciliary visit has just been made, and the end of their tribulations has come.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (*continued.*)

SO, following each other at intervals, though not at such distant ones as to prevent them from keeping each other in sight, they set out for Vaugirard, directing first their steps towards the Pont Neuf, and passing through the Place du Carrousel, over which the dawn was now breaking fast. It was indeed close at hand, and the clocks were striking half-past six as George arrived at this spot; the sun was already glittering on the topmost towers of the Tour St. Jacques; the day was coming. Soon, too, the sun's rays would reach the topmost planks of a thing that stood up grim and ghastly in the morning light, a thing composed of two tall upright beams and a cross beam, and that had at this moment a rope hanging loosely from the top. A thing around which the vagrant dogs of Paris slept nightly, refusing to be driven away, or, when they did not sleep, sniffed continuously at its base, or rostrum, to which eight steps led up. Now, as George entered this *place*, followed at a distance of some two hundred yards by Lucienne, he saw that it was full of a swiftly gathering crowd, a crowd which, in spite of most of its members having been up all night engaged in the diversions of the domiciliary visit and the sport offered thereby, was pouring out of side streets towards the spot, and especially from those streets which led from the Antoine quarter. And he saw also that, in front of that ghastly looking structure whose meaning he could guess, or thought he could, two old men and a woman were placing common chairs in rows, and surrounding them with cords as though to bar admission to the enclosed space. He observed, too, that other men had arrived with barrows, on which were, in some instances, autumn fruit, and in others *brioches*, while more men had trays on which were glasses and carafes of lemonade, and another had a truck on which was a metal machine containing hot coffee, and with a little furnace beneath it. But that which George could not at first understand the meaning of was the sight of a man who passed close to him, carrying upon a large tray some little machines which were the exact counterpart of that hideous thing standing up weird and ghastly in the midst of the crowd, through which a detachment of soldiers was now forcing its way. This man bore also a basket on the tray, from which the noise of many birds chirping and twittering was heard, while, as he passed along, he cried, "*Voyez la consolation! Pendant l'heure d'attente! La consolation! Pour vous amuser!*"

George was about to ask a bystander what this could mean or signify, when he saw that there was no need to do so. A man in the crowd had given the vendor of those little machines a silver coin, and had received in return one of the models and also three sparrows taken from the basket. And then, with the assistance of a friend, the fiendish purchaser—grinning and chuckling as he did so—held one of those sparrows over the lower part of the machine, the other pulled a string, a little knife fell swiftly from above, and the bird, with its head half struck off (since the feathers of its neck had previously been plucked so as to make the business easier), was thrown to the ground. Such was the "consolation" of some of those wild beasts waiting in that crowd for a finer and more exhilarating sight!

Sick at heart as George was (while fascinated as human beings are fascinated by sights and deeds that are unfamiliar and horrible, although loathsome) he had still never lost sight of Lucienne, but had stood in that fast gathering crowd with his eyes always turned in her direction. But now he knew that he must not leave her alone; that in such a scene as this, a scene that would and must grow more terrible ere long, he should be by her side, no matter though danger might come to them at any moment from being seen together. He resolved, therefore, that he would make his way to her, take her out of this crowd of savages, and then cross by some other bridge if there was one—a thing he was not sure of—or take refuge in some other part of Paris until this hideous spectacle that was to be had ceased. He must reach her, he must be by her side once more, no matter whether that companionship might arouse suspicions or not if they should be recognised by anyone. No, in this seething, excited mob he must not leave her alone!

He began, consequently, to make his way to her, while working in and out between groups of people chattering and grinning to each other, or passing by those who refused to budge an inch from their standpoint, but gradually drawing nearer to Lucienne with every step he took. And, as he went, he caught scraps of heated conversation, of mutterings and whispers, so that, if it had been possible for him to doubt what all were here for—which it was not—those doubts would have been easily resolved.

"They begin early to-day," whispered a hag by whom he was passing to a cadaverous girl by her side. "There are three batches to be shaved. Three! It will be ten o'clock ere all are finished off." "They are all aristocrats," a man said, with a laugh. "Let us see if they can die as boldly as their victims did in the past." "Are there any women?" a hunchback asked eagerly of his neighbour. "I have never seen a woman die. Perhaps I may to-day." Then, above all their talk and all the noise, there arose a shout, the clapping of many hands, whistling, shrieking, and singing. A young, good-looking man dressed in black had mounted the platform of the guillotine, had placed a shiny, saw-shaped thing within a frame which he had lowered from the cross beam by the cord, and was pulling it up and down by that cord as though to test its fitness for the work it had soon to do.

"Bravo! Bravo Sanson!" the mob cried. "Try it on your thumb. See that it is sharp. *Dieu!* what a machine it is. It slices heads as a knife slices carrots."

Meanwhile, George had at last reached Lucienne; he was by her side, and stood there holding her hand in his. "Let us go," she whispered, "let us get away from here, at all costs.

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We have seen enough of horrors, surely we need see no more."

"It is impossible to move," he replied, "impossible. Look back, Lucienne. As far as one can see the place is filled with one compact mass. While, in front of us, there is another mass becoming more dense every moment. And, in the middle, that awful thing—the guillotine."

"Keep close to me, George. Hold my hand always. And—and—at the moment when anything occurs I must turn my head away or hide my face on your breast. George, I can bear no more. That scene in the garden on the night we reached Paris, the terrors of La Force, have been enough——"

But now her voice was drowned by a roar from the crowd, an awful bellow such as a thousand wild beasts rushing on some prey that they had scented might make. A roar that seemed to rise past the windows of the houses surrounding the Place du Carrousel—windows that were full of people who laughed and shrieked and screamed in unison with those below—as well as up over the roofs above; over, too, the pinnacles of the Tour St. Jacques and of the Louvre. "They come. They come, the first batch comes," hundreds of voices cried. "Be ready, Sanson," yelled others. "Have the little *coutelas*, ready." While, penetrating through all other sounds, there arose the strains of "La Carmagnole" and "La Marseillaise." Then, as this was going on, the portion of the crowd among which Lucienne and George stood surged back somewhat, it being forced to do so by a squadron of the mounted gendarmerie who came down a side street leading to the great *Place*, while they were followed by some men of the National Guard, and they, in their turn, by—the victims.

Eight victims in a charrette, all seated and having their hands tied behind their backs, and with their back hair cut away from their necks. Eight men, some young, some old, but with not one female amongst them. *They* came later—to gratify the desire of the hunchback who longed to see a woman die. In that charrette all those victims were brave men. There was not a coward in the number. For they sang "*Notre jour de victoire est arrivé*," and laughed and jeered scornfully at the crowd; they paused and shouted "*Vive le Roi, à bas les sans cullottes!*" while to one in that crowd who yelled "*A la guillotine*," a middle-aged man sitting in the charrette, a man who looked as though he had been a soldier, replied with superb, with splendid, contempt.

"Canaille—be silent. We are going to it."

And then, as the cart passed close by where George and Lucienne stood, unable to move, the latter gave a little choking sob, a gasp, and muttered to her companion, "Oh look, look! It is he. Could they not spare such a boy as that?"

But George had already seen him to whom she referred; he had recognised Raoul de Geneste.

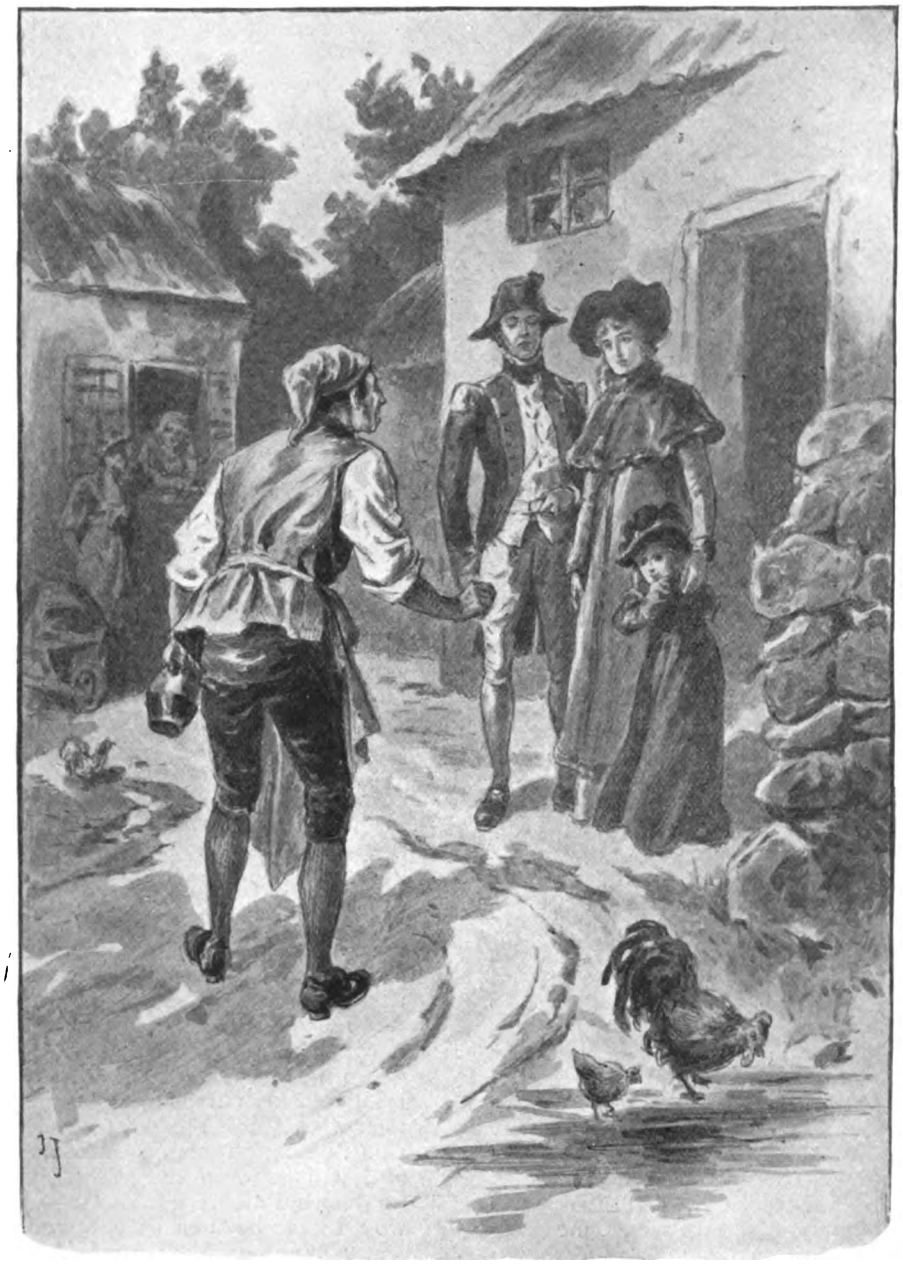
And Raoul had seen them, too. Upon his laughing, haughty face as he gazed contemptuously at those who were looking at him and his companions in misfortune, there came a glance of recognition, a glance also of surprise, the outcome doubtless of his astonishment at seeing them free and girt with the signs of the Revolution. Yet, in a moment, he controlled himself while understanding surely the danger that recognition might bring to them; another moment and, as the charrette passed by where his whilom fellow-prisoners stood, he was singing again in concert with his fellow-victims.

"Look away, Lucienne," George said, "look away. He is the first to mount the scaffold. He shouts '*Vive le Roi!*' to the last; as they seize him he cries '*à bas la Nation.*' Brave lad. Brave, noble lad."

A moment later, though it was drowned instantly in another long sickening roar, they heard a loud click, such as a clock makes shortly ere it strikes, a whirr such as the covey makes as it leaves the stubble, a thud such as none on earth have ever listened to who have not stood near and heard the fall of the guillotine's knife.

The last of the De Genestes had gone to join his ancestors. He died as French gentlemen, as Frenchmen, knew how to die, before the Revolution left a leprosy upon their natures which appears to have changed them into a different order of beings from what their forefathers were.

Still the savages howled and roared, as click and whirr and thud were heard again and again, and then there came another surging movement of that mass amongst which were George and Lucienne; more shouts and cries were heard in the side street. Something else was coming down that street preceded by a body of the National Guard. Something that caused George to once more bid his companion hide her face. And it was well he did so, since, of all the sights of the morning, that thing was a sight least fit for her to see.



"Where once they had stood prisoners."

Another charrette passed by, yet with no victims seated in it, but with, instead, a dead man lying full length along it; a man who, condemned to suffer with those who had but just now died, had, in craven fear or furious rage, taken his own life. But, as it was later, in the case of Dufriche-Valazé, who should have died upon the scaffold with Vergniaud and Brissot, and also in the case of Lebas, who should have died with Robespierre, as well as in that of other suicides, this man was not to escape the journey to the place of execution, nor the unheard execrations of those who desired their full and unabridged feast of horror. The people were not to be baulked of their prey.

So that, as it turned out, the people—though they were baulked of seeing the man die before their eyes—did at least see the dead body of Jean Aubray brought to the scaffold, and were thus, perhaps, content. For, to satisfy them, that sight was a variant on what they had already witnessed that morning, and what, in the months and years to come, they were to witness until they grew sick through repletion.

But Lucienne saw nothing, and George thanked God that it was so.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe,
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of long ago."

TEN years had passed since George and Lucienne, leaving the Place du Carrousel, made their way to the Duchesse de Rochefeuille's villa at Vaugirard, and, at last, without further adventure out of France.

To do the latter was difficult at first, but at last (by the contrivance of the Duchess de Rochefeuille, who was now

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safe from all future harm at the hands of the Revolution in consequence of her having once refused to become the *friend* of Louis XV., and who had been furnished with a perpetual *Carte de Civisme* by Danton himself) it was accomplished.

The Duchess provided Lucienne and George with a hundred gold louis from a store which she had secreted above the hangings of her bed on the morning she was arrested, and, intrepid as ever, made arrangements with the driver of the mail-cart from St. Denis to Boulogne—the man having once been a servant of the late Duke—to take them as passengers. The rest was easy.

Madame de Rochefeuille conveyed them in a cabriolet to the former town, George being disguised now as a young labourer, and Lucienne still as Margot, and with her went her "aunt," who was about to return to her own native town until the dark shadow that hovered perpetually over France should at last be driven away. And, perhaps, on that night, more tears were shed by those four people than had fallen from any of their eyes during all the time that three of them, if not the fourth as well, had stood in awful, deadly peril.

"Farewell, farewell, my best, my truest friend," Lucienne sobbed as Madame Verac held her to her honest, kindly breast. "Farewell! God ever bless and keep you. Oh! if it had not been for you, where would he and I have been now?"

"I loved and pitied you from the first moment I ever saw you," Madame Verac replied, her own voice indistinct and full of emotion. "I shall ever love and worship you for your courage. Farewell!"

And so they went on their way, on, leaving behind the Duchess and her old servant—the former of whom had laid her hand on George's head and blessed him, even as she had blessed her own son ere he went across the Rhine to join that great army which all in France hoped might yet succeed in crushing the Revolution out of existence.

On, through woods rapidly reddening with the coming of the autumn—on through old towns and villages, over all of which there hovered the same spectre of fear and horror and death that hovered over the Capital—on, along dreary country roads until, at last, the scent of the brine was in their nostrils and the sting of the salt upon their cheeks. On, once more—with the sea beneath them now—on, with white cliffs before them—above them, next—on, until they stood on the shores of England—free, safe—and together.

Ten years had passed, during which the Revolution, with its mock forms of government, its mock tribunals, its tradesmen-judges, its murderers and murderesses, was gone. And gone to join their victims, gone by the same dark road that those victims had travelled, were the men who had slaughtered them ruthlessly. The guillotine had seized upon all alike and, now, the Terror was almost forgotten—that terror which surely was none to those who died so gallantly for sins committed ere they were born by ancestors whom they had never known. A new era had arrived. Napoleon was First Consul, and, as yet, but dreamt of all that he would some day attempt, and of all that he would some day accomplish, while never dreaming of what would be the end of all his schemes. The new century was two years old, the Peace of Amiens with England, Spain, and Holland was signed.

Three months after that peace was made, upon a bright June afternoon, an English man-of-war dropped anchor off the village of De Bricourt; her sails were instantly furled and her yards squared with Naval precision, and, a quarter of an hour later, the captain's gig came alongside the port-gangway and, the companion ladder being lowered, the captain descended to the boat. Yet he was not alone, since he was accompanied by a tall fair lady and a little child; a girl fair as her mother yet with the regular features of her father.

With easy yet powerful strokes the boat, steered by the officer, soon reached the shore and then, running into a little creek which stole through the dunes to the sea, was made fast to a stake in the bank, after which the party landed on the beach.

"Ten years, sweetheart," the captain said to his wife, as he gave her his arm while taking the little child by the hand; "ten years. Almost to the very day, to the very hour. Nay, nay," he said, seeing that there were tears in his companion's eyes, "do not weep, Lucienne. Think what those ten years have been for us; the happiness they have brought to us," while, as he spoke, he glanced down fondly at the child.

"If I shed tears," Lucienne said, "they are those of joy. Ah! George, who would have dreamed or dared to hope in those days which seem so far off now that we should ever set foot in freedom on these shores again."

Then, with a faint smile on her face, she said, "See, there is the church behind which we first met; the spot where I, in my selfishness, almost brought destruction on you."

"You brought me yourself," he murmured; "the sweetest, truest woman God ever sent to man. Ah! Lucienne, when I think of all you endured for me, of how you herded with those wretches, sinking your own pure nature——"

"Hush, hush!" she said. "Oh! hush. I would have given my soul to save you, to repay you for all that you had attempted for me."

They passed the ruined church, an edifice only frequented by the bats and owls now, and, reaching the village, gave orders for some vehicle to be prepared which would take them to the Château d'Aubray de Bricourt and back again.

"Monsieur and Madame desire to see the ruined château," the one innkeeper of the place said, his eyes fixed enquiringly upon Lucienne. Then he added, "*Mon Dieu!* if Madame la Marquise had not died in Paris, as we all know, I should have said she stood before me. Yet—alas! Madame is dead."

But neither Lucienne nor George made any reply to his remarks, remembering that when they were brought ashore prisoners ten years ago, this man, wearing then a cap of Liberty, had stood and looked at them unpityingly.

It was, indeed, a ruined château at which they gazed as the ramshackle country cart—which the landlord called a cabriolet—drove up the road leading through the grounds to the front of the house. Ruined by fire which had been set to it by the Parisian regiments sent down into the neighbourhood in '93, and, naturally, never restored. For when the news reached Lucienne's ears that her old family house had been burnt down—with the exception of its walls and stone staircases, which nothing could destroy—she was living in London with her child, then an infant, and George was in the East Indies. Nor, had they had any desire to restore it upon his return, could they have done so. They had nothing but George's pay and some small private means which he possessed to live upon; they were, in truth, none too well off. Yet they were happy, they loved each other fondly, madly, and, had it not been that his profession forced them to be so much apart, they would have desired nothing further.

"It is indeed a ruin," George said. "The pity of it—the pity of it."

"We have each other," she whispered, "and her," looking down at the child, who was picking flowers on the spot where once her mother and father had stood prisoners and manacled.

As they mounted the great stone steps they saw how vast the ruin was. The windows were nothing but great gaping orifices, the wooden floors were all gone, the roof had fallen in—the whole house was one vast open space (except for the surrounding walls and the stone staircases), into which the sun poured when noon was passed, and into which the stars looked down at night.

All, too, was gone that had once formed the costly furniture and adornment of that great château of early days; gone or lying in charred fragments on the earth; the owls had built there, too, as in the church a mile away; where once pictures and arms and banners had hung, weeds and wild flowers were growing.

"And he too is gone," said Lucienne, gazing up above the heavy stone landing of the first flight, "he who was the first known of our line."

Then she took her husband's hand and let her glance rest upon the place where she knew the old, dark, mediæval painted picture of Ru d'Aubray had once hung in its iron frame. She gazed at it long and uninterruptedly, George saying no word that should disturb her meditations, and, as she did so, it seemed as if her lips were murmuring some form of supplication. As, perhaps, they were. Who knows! Perhaps they murmured a supplication that she, in whose veins ran the blood of the warrior whose picture had hung for centuries on those now blackened walls, might be forgiven for what she had done out of her compassion, her regret—her love!—for him who had striven so nobly for her. Perhaps she murmured supplications for forgiveness from all those who had sprung from the line he founded; for forgiveness because, in her great trial, her great attempt, she had stooped to cloak her own nobility, her own patrician descent, beneath so foul a garb as that of the Revolution. Who knows!

But at last she lowered her eyes from the vacant spot, and, still holding her husband's hand while gazing into his eyes—full of love and pride for her—she said, once more:

"He, too, is gone. Even that picture is gone. The picture of one who was a knight, a paladin. Of one who strove in noble rivalry with Courtenai, if all legends are true, as to who should be king of that old Byzantine city. He is gone, as all the D'Aubrays are gone at last."

"As all old France is gone, dear one, never perhaps to return."

"Ah, well!" she whispered, drawing closer to him now as they stood alone within her ruined home, and lifting up her pure, sweet lips to his, "Ah, well! What matters it? What! since I have always near me now *my* knight—*my* paladin—*my* King."

THE END.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

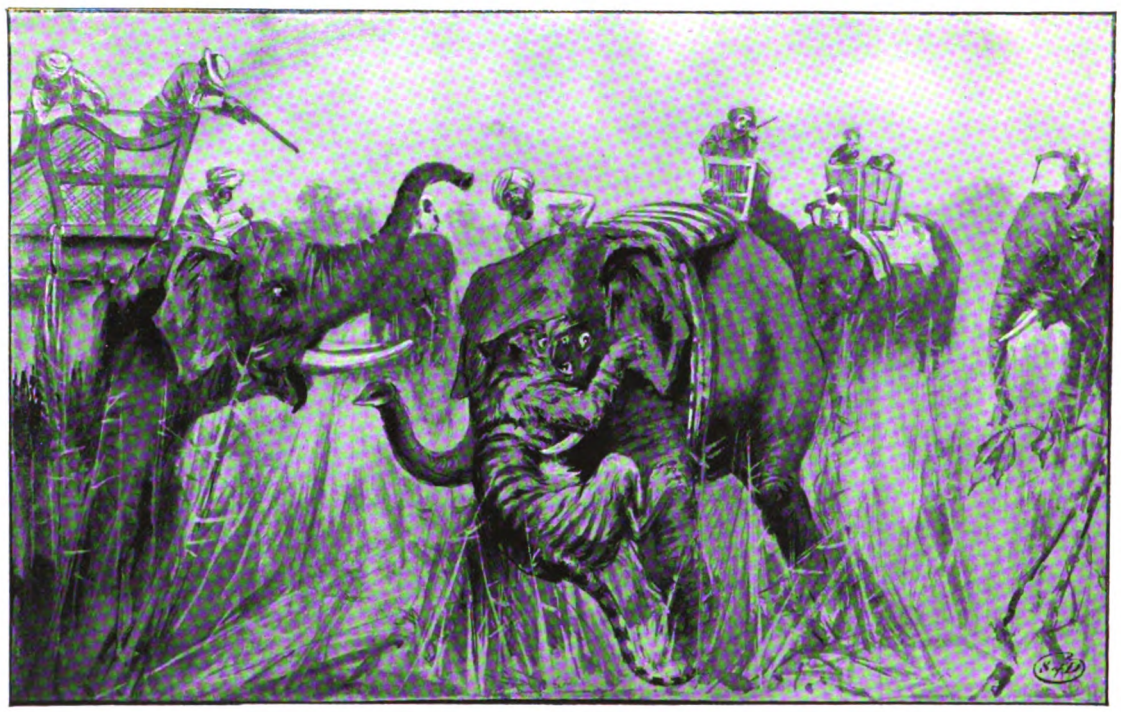
By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

SELDOM indeed does the average Naval officer have the opportunity of indulging in such grand sport as is afforded by big-game shooting in Central India, owing to the difficulty of getting up country and also the expense attached to this form of sport.

It was my good fortune to be invited by my friend, Colonel Vincent, to join him in a tiger hunt in the neighbourhood of Rampur, N.W.P.

Accompanied by my flag-lieutenant and coxswain and a couple of native servants, we started one hot day in April, and on the third day were welcomed at the station of Rampur by our genial host. Sending on our baggage ahead the same evening, we followed next morning in a carriage and pair, and reached our destination, the first camp, after a long and dusty drive of fifty miles. Here a most welcome and picturesque sight awaited us. The tents were pitched under the shade of wide-spreading trees, each sportsman having a tent to himself with bathroom attached, and a large marquee for a mess tent. Some twenty elephants were tethered near by, swinging their trunks to and fro, whilst the mahouts were busy feeding and watering them. Numerous camels, bullocks, carts, and camp-followers were grouped around, forming a picture of Oriental splendour and luxury I had never before seen or been accustomed to. It was certainly a remarkable contrast to the rough life and homely fare of a camp on the barrens of Newfoundland, where we slept on the ground, and lived on ship's pork, till we got our venison; whereas here we revelled in every luxury in the matter of cooking, and iced whisky pegs *ad lib.*



The Tiger's Charge.

From "Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor!" (By Permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.)

We had a small shoot that afternoon, but found that the game had been shot or driven away by a party of Tommies from Calcutta, and we only got a few para, or hog deer, and a couple of pigs. We therefore struck our camp next morning, and, mounting our elephants, proceeded to another rendezvous.

This, being my first experience, proved how very difficult it is to shoot from the back of an elephant with a rifle. The swaying motion makes it almost impossible to get the sights on, especially at a running deer, in long grass, and the para are as active as a pig, from which they take their name; with buckshot it is easy enough. We reached our second camp before sundown, having bagged several head of deer, peafowl, jungle-fowl, and partridges, also a pig that was not lifted; the natives would not touch the latter, so it was left to the jackals.

Here we remained several days, meeting with varied success. We mounted our elephants after breakfast, and were generally under way by nine o'clock, when the sun was at its hottest, but with plenty of iced drinks and baccy we didn't mind it. The programme was as follows: On arriving at a likely-looking bit of jungle the elephants formed line abreast, with a pad elephant between each gun; the orders were to fire at nothing but tiger, and it was tempting to see fine sambur stags, spotted deer, para, pig, and peacocks rising before one and offering splendid shots and not to be allowed to shoot. After luncheon the order was given "General shooting," and then the fun commenced, as all kinds of game jumped up in front of us.

Every night a bullock was tied up, and in the morning the head shikari made his report, but it was not till the fourth day that a kill was recorded. Immediately all was excitement in camp, and after breakfast we proceeded to the spot. The unfortunate cow had been tied up in a jungle surrounded by dense woods, and the tiger was reported to have laid up close to the kill. Some guns were sent ahead to command the passes where the beast was likely to break, whilst the others, with the pad elephants, formed line, and beat up towards the forward guns. The tiger was at home, but did not stir till the elephants were close upon him, when with a roar he bounded out and, keeping to his left front, where no gun was posted, escaped. We then beat up a neighbouring jungle and started another tiger, which, owing to the long grass, also got away, though several shots were fired at it.

A day or two after this another kill was announced, close to camp and in a favourable position. On reaching the spot we observed several vultures sitting on trees round about, showing that the tiger was at home, as they dared not come down. The same tactics were employed, and I was sent ahead and posted at a corner of the jungle where it was likely the tiger would break, another gun was close by, and the remainder formed line and beat towards us. The grass was from 10-ft. to 15-ft. high, so nothing but the howdahs and the waving trunks of the elephants could be seen. Rockets were fired into the jungle, exploding with terrific noise, and setting

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fire to the grass. Presently an elephant trumpeted, and the chorus was taken up along the line as they scented the tiger. This was answered by fearful roars, and the excitement became intense. The mahouts urged on the unwilling elephants, and from my position I could see the grass moving in front of them. The line was closing in to where I was placed, when suddenly there was a flash of something yellow, and a magnificent male tiger dashed out close to my companion, who rolled him over with a ball behind the head.

The beaters now came out, and declared there were two tigers; so, having admired the splendid beast lying dead, the line was formed afresh, the same plan being pursued, and I was sent forward as before. The second beast had gone into a patch of jungle close by.

Crackers were discharged, and soon the trumpeting elephants announced the presence of the royal beast, and again the waving grass disclosed its whereabouts.

Close to where I was posted a narrow jungle path separated one patch of grass from another, and I distinctly saw the tigress stealthily cross it, but she was gone before I could get my rifle to my shoulder. Urging my mahout forward, I took up another position to intercept her, when she broke covert close to my elephant. I fired and hit her, but too far back; she immediately disappeared, acknowledging the shot with a roar, and was viewed again 100-yds. away, going at full gallop. Several shots were fired at her, but she never stopped, and disappeared over a ridge.

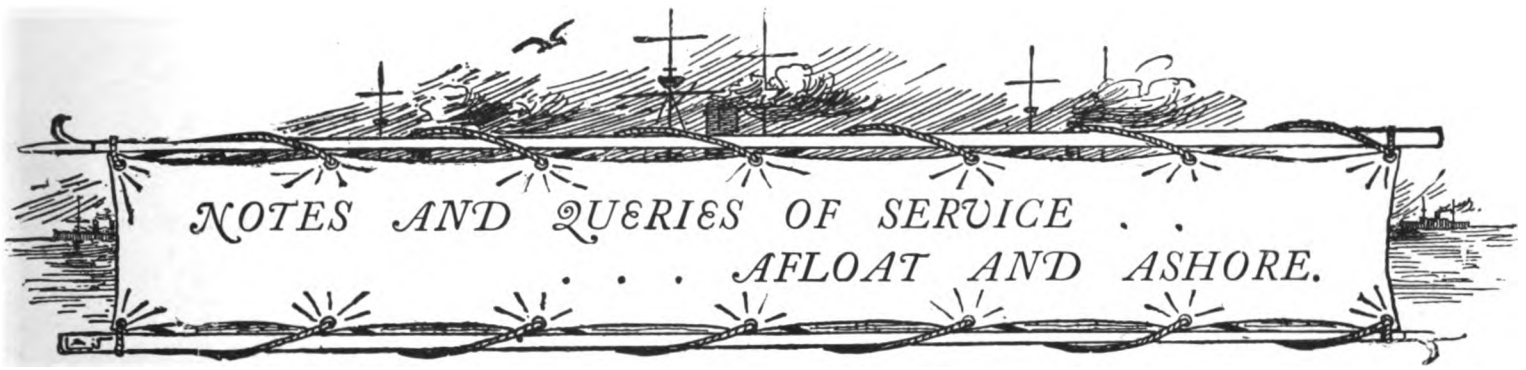
We followed on the line, and after beating about for an hour she was put up again, charged an elephant, and in the confusion that ensued retreated into the jungle where she had been before. The line was reformed to beat back, and again I saw the phantom figure silently cross the path. The rifle was at my shoulder this time, but I could not shoot, as another gun appeared directly in the line of fire not 100-yds. off. The tigress now moved slowly forward, roaring loudly, for she was hard pressed. I could trace her movements by the waving grass; presently she came to an open space, when she faced about and charged the elephants in gallant style. In a flash she was on the head of one of the pad elephants, which stood its ground bravely, keeping its trunk in the air and trumpeting loudly. It was a most exciting moment; my mahout would not close, but after much pressure and abuse, in which I was well supported by my coxswain, we got him to push my elephant to within five yards, but I could not shoot for fear of hurting the elephant or its mahout, till the tigress, already crippled by my shot through the loins, fell to the ground, when a shot through the neck finished her.

I could not help feeling sorry for the gallant beast, which had fought so bravely against such odds, as she lay there gasping out her last breath. My coxswain now slipped down out of the howdah with a tape line, and, having taken her measure, shouted out, "Two fathom and a-half, sir" (15-ft.); the actual length was 9-ft. 5-in., and that of her lord and master 9-ft. 6-in.—a handsome pair, in the prime of life. We saw two more tigers, but failed to bag them, and the limited time at my disposal obliged me to return to Bombay. We had a most enjoyable time altogether, and were most hospitably entertained by our gallant host, Colonel Vincent, and his friends Mr. Wright and Dr. Manifold.

Our bag for ten days was: Sambur, 2; spotted deer (axis), 4; para, or hog deer, 22; pig, 3; hares, 8; tigers, 2; peafowl, 5; jungle-fowl, 5; black partridge, 29; various, 4; total, 84.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *and February* 16.]



"GUNNER."—In connection with your query it is interesting to note that the five newest American battle-ships are to have 6-in. guns of 50 calibres length. They are to have a muzzle velocity of 3,000-ft. per second, and the rather extravagant claim for them is made that they will "easily perforate over 5-in. of the highest class Krupp armour at two miles range, more than 6-in. at one mile, more than 7-in. at half-a-mile, and each gun will do this every twenty seconds." The ships are to carry the huge amount of four 12-in. guns, four 8-in. guns, and sixteen 6-in. guns.

* * * *

"STANDARDS AND COLOURS."—The regiments of Household Cavalry and Dragoon Guards carry a standard, and the three Dragoon regiments a guidon. The difference is that the latter has a swallow-tail slit and is made of silk, whereas the standard is of silk damask; both are crimson and have the title and badges of the regiment embroidered thereon. Hussars and Lancers have neither standards nor guidons. Each battalion of infantry, except rifles, carries two colours, the first called the King's colour and the other the regimental colour. In the Foot Guards the King's colour is crimson, and the regimental colour is the Great Union. Both bear the titles and badges, etc., of the regiment, and the regimental colours have one of the company badges granted to the different companies of the various battalions, which are worn in turn. The Grenadier Guards have also a crimson standard presented to the King's Company by King William IV. In line regiments the King's colour is the Great Union, with the name of the regiment embroidered thereon, and the regimental colour is of the same colour as the facings of the regiment, except when these are white, when the colour has St. George's Cross on a white field. The title of the regiment and its badges and other distinctions are emblazoned on the regimental colour.

* * * *

"BANG-BANG."—Your suggestion that the National Explosives Company, of whose factory at Hoyle in Cornwall we gave a special illustrated account last year, does not receive adequate national support, is certainly not supported by fact. From the Report of the Directors for the year ending December 31, 1900, presented at the Ordinary General Meeting of the company on the 7th ult., it appears that the demands on the company are rapidly increasing, and that quite recently the factory has been considerably extended to meet the growing requirements of the trade. A comparatively young manufacturing concern which in a year can compile profits of between £25,000 and £26,000, with a capital of £200,000, can hardly be said to be lacking support, any more than it lacks good management, After placing £2,500 to reserve account, writing off £1,775 4s. from capital account, and carrying forward £1,362 15s. 2d., the preference shares in this company are receiving a dividend of 9 per cent., less 3 per cent. already paid by way of interim dividend, the ordinary shares 11 per cent., less 2½ per cent. already paid, and the deferred shares £4 14s. 9d. per share.

P. CHEVASSUS.—The depôt of Paget's Horse is Pall Mall Deposit, Carlton Street, Waterloo Place, S.W. The office is open on weekdays (except Saturdays) from 11 a.m. until 5 p.m., and on Saturdays from 11 a.m. until 1 p.m. Recruits should be over 20 years and under 35 years of age. Enlistment is for one year, or, if the war lasts longer, for as long as the war lasts. The pay is 5s. per day with free rations. The social position of a recruit for Paget's Horse is high, as this corps is quite different from the other branches of the Imperial Yeomanry. For further particulars you should apply at the address mentioned above.

* * * *

"SHANGHAI."—This port on the Wusung tributary of the Yang-tse River, is largely in evidence during the present complications in the Far East, from its importance as a trading centre. In June, 1842, when we settled our differences—for a time—with the Celestial Empire, Shanghai was one of the captured places, and became by treaty a port for free commerce. Of the officers who were present the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Henry Keppel, Admirals Sir E. B. Rice, E. W. Vansittart, G. Johnson, W. R. Rolland, W. H. Whyte, and Henry Phelps, and Captain Henry Rogers are still living, after a lapse of fifty-eight years. Sir Henry Keppel was then a post-captain in the "Dido," which vessel is now in use as a coal-hulk at Sheerness. After 1842, Shanghai became one of the most prosperous of European settlements in Northern China and a great port of commerce. The British concession is larger than those of France or America, and displays greater opulence than either of the others by the magnitude of its buildings, and the number of wealthy Chinese who reside within the boundary. An adequate Naval force was invariably maintained on the Yang-tse for protecting traders. Two cruisers were generally at Hankow, 600 miles up the river, and one of them occasionally went 400 miles farther, to Ichang, and at Shanghai twice that number were available. A store and provision ship was kept off the port, and eventually replaced by the erection of a Naval Yard on shore. In 1882, forty years after we had firmly placed our foot at Shanghai, a British admiral was sent to China who inaugurated a policy of economy. The number of vessels on the river and at Shanghai was reduced, and the Naval Yard, which he considered unnecessary, sold for 20,000 dollars. The purchaser parted with it a week later for thrice that sum, and asked the Admiral if he had any more of that sort to get rid of. Had we not given up those few acres on the right bank of the Wusung rivulet, our recent difficulty with other Powers in regard to landing troops would have been obviated.

* * * *

"V.C. AND D.S.O."—In the warrant establishing the Victoria Cross, it is laid down that if any person upon whom this distinction has been conferred shall be convicted of treason, cowardice, felony, or any infamous crime, his name shall, at the discretion of the Sovereign, be erased from the roll of recipients of the decoration. No similar regulation is made in the statutes of the Distinguished Service Order.

THE EDITOR.

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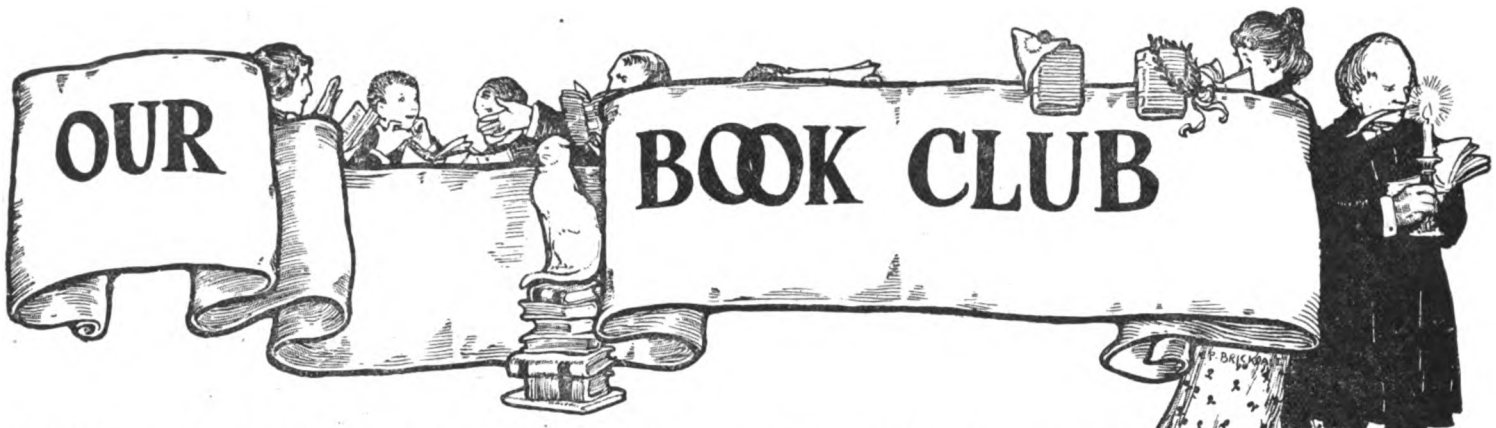

UPON our bookshelf rested a round dozen of new novels, which it pleased us at this season of the year to associate with the spring. We were invited to study in their pages the doings of some villain, the woes of many hearts, the completion of the happiness of a few, certain problems of war, and the mysteries that are found in the thrilling narratives of detective achievements. Messrs. Chatto and Windus with two books, Messrs. Archibald Constable with three, and Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. White, and some other publishers, had prepared a feast of what promised to be recreative reading. But we were disposed, for the nonce, to investigate the merits only of two or three books, in the hope afterwards of doing justice to many.

That skilful contriver of romances known to the novel-reading public as "Rita," has added something to her popular reputation by a clever Irish story, "The Sin of Jasper Standish." Her readers will know what to expect in such a book with such a title. There is a charming heroine—in fact there are two—and there is an impoverished Irish gentleman, who ultimately marries one of them, as well as a specious villain, in the person of the Jasper Standish of the title, whose misdeeds, suspected from the beginning, are at length revealed. It is characteristic of "Rita" that she foreshadows the gloom that is about to darken the bright horizon of her twin heroines. There is a presentiment of coming woe, and a suggestion of its approach. Life is a dream—a dream first, then a fever and delirium, peopled with phantasies, then a cold, empty space, in which we blindly grope, praying blindly for a little love, a little peace, a little rest, ere we sink back again into the shadows whence we came! The members of our Book Club were not, however, surprised to discover that "Rita" does not leave her readers quite so disconsolate as this suggestion might imply.

Her leading heroine is Lyle Orcheton, whose father has leased the ruinous Irish property of the hero, Derrick Mallory, and Jasper Standish is the handsome, clever, oily-mannered County Inspector of Royal Irish Constabulary at Rathfurley. He is a man with a "past" which has its revenges in the present, and withal a somewhat conventional kind of villain, forejudged in the reader's mind from the first chapter. Unfortunately the hero has a "past" also, but the shadows of the presentiment nevertheless fade, and as "Rita" says, in regard to the interesting pair, "hope achieved royal heights, on which each saw the other throned; their love revelled in vague demands and assurances, in prophecies of happiness that knew no boundary; the wonder of it was like a halo about their heads," while the hero, forgetting his "past," was "rebaptised in the fresh, pure current of a pure love." But between that hour and the happy day in the gondola on the Grand Canal many things happen, wherein the villain plays his part. Ingeniously interwoven is the story of the delightful Irish girl, Nora, the heroine's friend, over whom Standish holds sway. "When we Irish love, it is desperate! It is life or death; heaven or hell!" Nora has declared, and her friend watches with alarm. For what could there be of Heaven, glory, peace, or sanctity in her love for Jasper Standish? It would detract from the pleasure of the reader of the book if one should describe the part played by Standish in relation to the two girls, or the skilful manner in which "Rita" brings home to him the punishment for his tragic misdeeds. The Irish background to the story is extremely well done, and there is a great deal of humour in the village characters, while the stern but relenting father, Sir Anthony Orcheton, is an excellent character. Indeed, said the members of the Book Club, the personages in the book have a good deal of vitality and individuality. Certainly none of them are shadows, and "Rita" contrives to grip the attention of her reader, and holds it until the close. What more should we ask from a writer whose object is to divert?

When we turned to "What Men call Love," a story of South Africa in the days of Cetewayo, by Lucas Cleeve, we were transported to different scenes entirely. Here there is careful elaboration in the presentment of two characters—perhaps of three—Captain George Clive and his wife Margaret, and the Dutchman. She is a resourceful, self-sacrificing, and strong character, in whom womanly qualities are well portrayed. He, on the other hand, is an invertebrate being, weak, self-indulgent, and treacherous for his own pleasure, but yet, under her influence, developing at last some qualities of manly nobility. The scene is on the borders of Zululand, and in the neighbourhood of the Tugela, where Captain Clive, weary of his Service, has settled upon a farm. There, with patient endeavour, his wife creates a home, and there are very pleasant pictures in the book of her delight in her garden, with the syringa everywhere, the orchards of lemon trees, the roses, the copper grass, the tall lilies of Africa, and also the sweet briar, verbena, hollyhocks, and sunflowers of England. Evidently Lucas Cleeve loves a garden also. It was the wish of Captain Clive to make everyone manly save himself, and so he taught his children to ride barebacked Basuto ponies. Apart from questions of morality, there is something not quite pleasant in his relations with the quadroon girl, Tisa. "There beneath the peach tree, within a stone's throw of the sleeping mamba snake, and with the imperceptible tinge of Nature, the tiny shreds of dropping leaf, the invisible down from the nest of a humming-bird falling upon her, her heart seemed to soar through the brilliant night towards Margaret's window. For were they not two women whom he had wronged, and who were suffering for his pleasure? Every sense set in motion, every brain and heart-pulse stirred, all the agonised pain-happiness of acute sentiment exsuscitated by a worthless being!" There is a friend of the family—the good Dutchman Van Skraevning, who greatly admires the weak man's wife, and the quadroon girl, seeking vengeance, contemplates the removal of the impediment to their union. The best part of the book describes the regeneration of Clive. His treachery being revealed, he joins the forces under Sir Garnet Wolseley, and his wife, discerning in him a change of character, exercises the spirit of generous forgiveness. This part of the story is well told, and there is a very pathetic scene at their parting. We were not surprised to find that Captain Clive never returned from the war. In an ingenious and effective manner the reader is brought to his deathbed, where his wife and the quadroon girl, whose passion for vengeance has departed, together tend his final hour. The character of the book we recognised to be original, and were pleased with much fine description in its pages. Lucas Cleeve has not hitherto done anything so good.

JOHN LEYLAND.

Some books worth buying:

"The Sin of Jasper Standish." "Rita." (Constable.)
"What Men call Love." Lucas Cleeve. (White.)
"The Blue Diamond." L. T. Meade. (Chatto.) A readable story by a capable writer, concerning a wondrous diamond of incomparable lustre, which mysteriously vanishes, suspicion, of course, falling upon the wrong person, while the discerning reader will divine at the very beginning that the Russian maid is the actual culprit. The narrative is pleasant to read, and the plot is skilfully developed, with much good dialogue and an abundance of incident.
"The Black Tortoise." Frederick Viller. (Heinemann.) This is a capital detective story, with characters well portrayed and incidents skilfully contrived—altogether a very readable book.
"The Coming Waterloo." Captain Cairnes. (Constable.) The "Second Impression" of a military story—a story with a purpose. The incidents are developed in the course of a British invasion of France, which is readable enough, though not in the way of a novel, and the purpose is to suggest that the strongest Navy cannot bring a war to a conclusion, that modern weapons are of little value if men are not experts in their use, and that the highly-trained few will annihilate the half-trained multitude in the fighting of the future. The military incidents are well described, but there is no real plot, and the book is not, perhaps, intended to be regarded as a novel.
"German Life in Town and Country." William Harbutt Dawson. (Newnes.) An admirable volume describing the life of the Fatherland by one who knows it thoroughly and who wields a ready pen. It is a book full of information, told in a pleasant fashion, and is well illustrated. Like a companion book on France, it pictures the *vie intime* of the people, and will reveal to many the social life of Germany in a manner that is very easy and charming.

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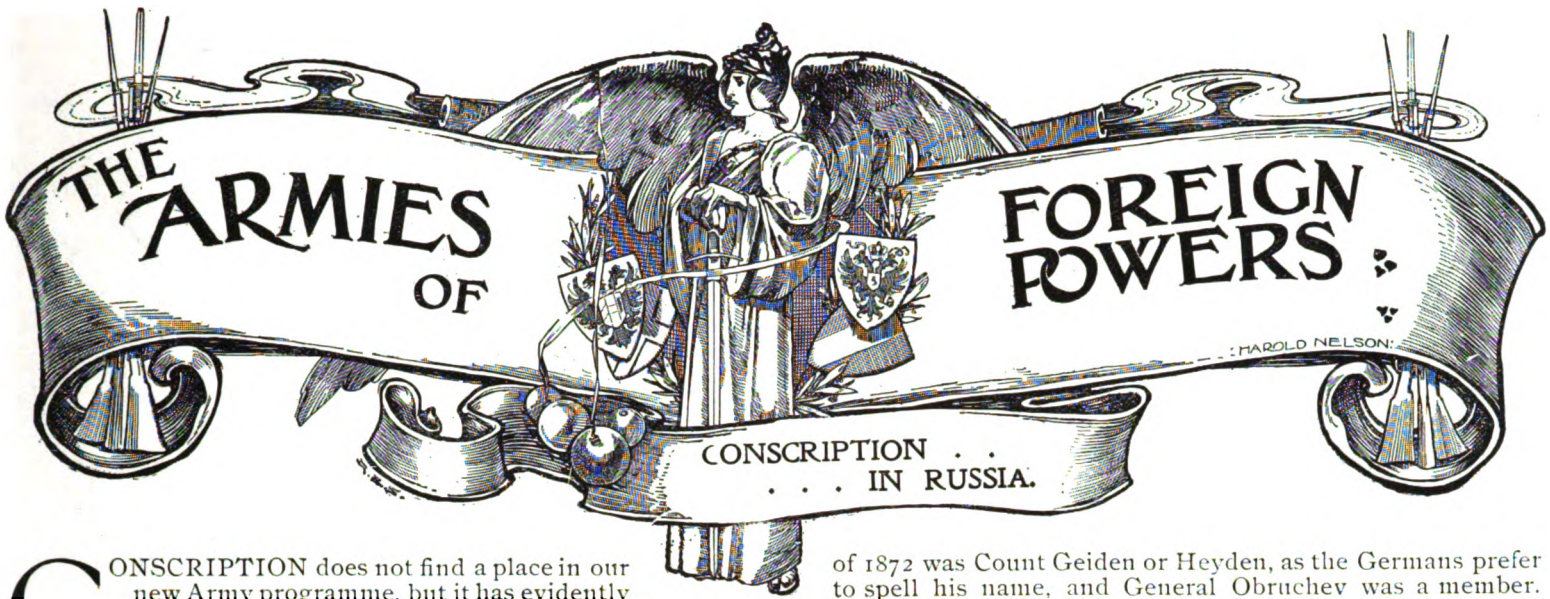
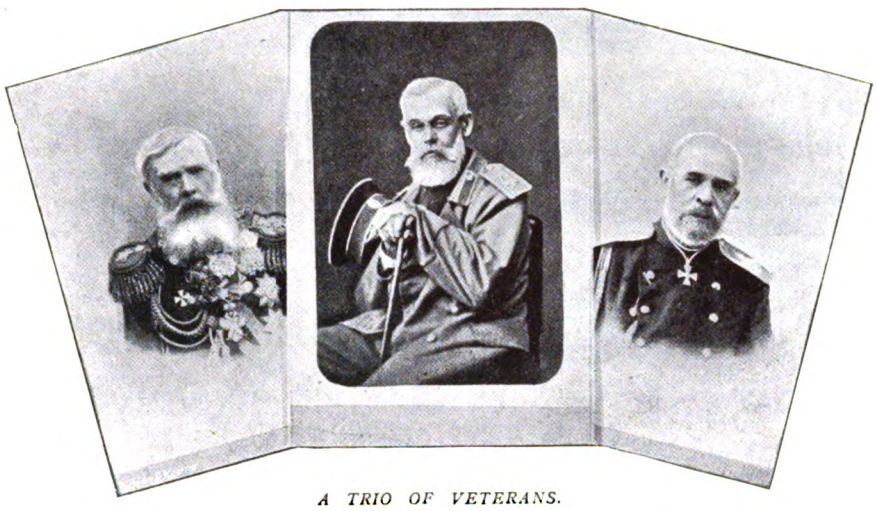


CONSCRIPTION does not find a place in our new Army programme, but it has evidently entered well within the range of practical politics even for us. In Russia, where conscription was introduced by Peter the Great, the large number of men available makes a considerable amount of exemption possible. The Czar, however, can overrule the regulations with regard to exemption, and students, have recently been taken from their studies and forced into the Army.

There is no doubt that Peter had the welfare of his country very much at heart, but he also had his own ideas as to how that welfare should be brought about, and he did not brook any interference. He therefore preferred that the nobles should not get too much power in the army, and finally decided to exempt them from service. At the same time he wished to develop the professional, commercial, and artisan classes, and exempted from service all those who could lay any claim to belong to these classes. The result was that altogether about 20 per cent. of the population was not liable to serve, and practically the whole of the military duty fell on the serfs.



A TRIO OF VETERANS.

Adjutant-General Count F. L. Geiden. *Field Marshal Count D. A. Milutin.* *Major-General N. N. Obruchev.*

In 1861, the great Czar "Liberator," Alexander II., freed the serfs, and thereby considerably complicated the question of military service. One free man was as good as another, and in 1870, and again in 1872, a commission was appointed to arrange matters on that basis. At the head of the commission of 1872 was Count Geiden or Heyden, as the Germans prefer to spell his name, and General Obruchev was a member. Count Milutin was then Minister of War, and formed one of the council to whom the commission had to make its report.

The result of the report was that, on January 1, 1874, universal conscription was proclaimed in Russia. The total recruit contingent for 1899 was 750,000 men. Of these only 350,000 were enrolled; 200,000 were excused service, and the balance left liable to be called upon later. It is interesting to note that in 1874 only 21½ per cent. of the recruits could read and write, whereas now the percentage is about 43. The question of education plays a very important part in the conditions of the conscription. The time with the colours used to be six years, it is now five years, but anyone who can pass a certain examination is only called upon to serve from one to two years. Such men are called volunteers, chiefly because they have the privilege of paying all their own expenses. This explains two of our illustrations. The three men standing all in a row in full dress uniform are five year men; while the other group of three are "volunteers," one of them being a duke and another a baron.

THREE FIRST-YEAR MEN.

A THREE-YEAR MAN.

The single figure is evidently that of a man who has served several years. Over his shoulders and across his chest is the bashlik, which is used to wrap up the head in order to protect it from cold or wet. A company of Russian soldiers marching out of barracks fitly closes our batch of illustrations.

Photo. Levitsky. Copyright.

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN VOLUNTEERS.

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RUSSIAN TROOPS LEAVING BARRACKS.

The Russians claim for their system of conscription that it is much more merciful than that of other nations, as the fullest allowance is made for the circumstances of a recruit. If, for instance, he is the only son of a widow, or the chief support of his younger brothers and sisters, he is excused service. Considerable allowance as regards time and conditions of service is also made to students.

A Foreigner's Generosity.

A VERY striking circumstance in connection with the war in South Africa has been the astonishing liberality with which the wants of our troops in the field have been attended to by private individuals. The whole world knows well how every corps in the field has from time to time received goodly parcels of clothing and other comforts quite outside the ordinary Government supplies, but in many cases the kindly agency by which this happy result has been achieved has been kept modestly in the background as far as the general public is concerned.

In several important instances, notably the historical one of the hospital-ship "Maine," so generously provided by the munificence of American ladies, the interest shown in our gallant fellows at the front has had other than a purely British origin. Of such cases, a very remarkable one, in which an individual Frenchman is most honourably concerned, has come to our notice, and careful enquiry has produced information which we are quite certain will be extremely interesting to our readers. This interest will naturally be accentuated by the fact that the attitude of Frenchmen in general on the subject of the war has not been exactly friendly to this country. In point of fact, judging from the tone of certain French papers, some of them of undoubted position and influence, it would have been very difficult to imagine even French warm-heartedness taking the pleasing shape of splendid presents of hospital comforts to the British soldier on service in South Africa.

MR. CHARLES HEIDSIECK.

Mr. Charles Heidsieck's record in regard to the campaign is as brilliant as it is exceptional. On the personality of this generous merchant it is almost needless to dilate, but for the benefit of those few of our readers who may not be acquainted with it, we may mention that while "Heidsieck" and the very best of good champagne are synonymous terms, Mr. Charles Heidsieck, of Reims, is the only Heidsieck now trading in the sparkling wine which doctors value almost as highly for medical reasons as ordinary persons do on other and more familiar grounds.

When Mrs. Arthur Paget equipped the "Maine" as a hospital-ship, Mr. Charles Heidsieck came forward and supplied the champagne. The Princess of Wales's hospital-ship was next presented with a quantity of this gentleman's celebrated wine. One would have thought that these two munificent presentations might have stayed the current of a foreigner's benevolence, but Mr. Heidsieck did not stop here. Not content with supplying Her Royal Highness Princess Christian's ambulance train with champagne, in addition to the two private hospital-ships, he sent cases to most of the Government hospital-ships, to some of the field hospitals, and to the Netley Hospital. The late Queen, on hearing of Mr. Heidsieck's goodness, honoured him with a command to visit Netley, and he was so impressed by what he saw there that during the vintage time he had large quantities of grapes sent here and to other hospitals in England. Nor did his extraordinary liberality end here, for he wrote giving *carte blanche* to these institutions to draw from his stock in South Africa or London.

A number of entertainments have from time to time been organised with a view to swelling the funds for the benefit of the wives and children of those serving in South Africa. Prominent among such were the Carlton House Hotel Banquet, the Naval and Military Bazaar at Olympia, the Great Bazaar at the Albert Hall, and others. Most of the champagne sold and consumed at these functions was that supplied by Mr. Charles Heidsieck. The suggestion was mooted of opening a fund for a national memorial to our soldiers and sailors who have fallen in South Africa, Mr. Heidsieck promptly offered a cheque. Could the generosity of a foreigner, or of a fellow-countryman, go much further?

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"Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
'Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field of Tewkesbury.'"

—KING RICHARD III., Act I., Scene 4.

TEWKESBURY being the scene of the death of many notables of England, and witnessing as it did the murder of Prince Edward, its battle is one of the most memorable in English history, besides holding an important place amongst the decisive battles of the country. For there, on May 4, 1471, the Red Rose was once for all so hopelessly crushed beneath the feet of the Yorkists that the Civil War, which for half a century had rent the country in twain, was once for all ended, leaving Edward IV. master of the kingdom.

On Easter morning, April 14, the White Rose had suffered heavy defeat at Barnet, where, amongst the slain, was Warwick the king-maker, together with his brother Montague, besides a whole host of notable knights and earls. Henry VI. was now a prisoner in the Tower, and Margaret of Anjou, his Queen, was returning from France, where she had been collecting troops for his support. On March 24 she had embarked at Honfleur, but was delayed by bad weather, so it was not until she had landed at Weymouth on the very day of the great defeat at Barnet that she heard the news of the disaster. With the Queen were her son Edward Prince of Wales, and John Longstrother, Prior of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, and almost immediately on her landing in England she was joined by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Wenlock, and many other Lancastrian lords. Although she was naturally "right heavy and sorry" on the receipt of the bad tidings of Barnet, Margaret was not in the least discouraged. She at once proceeded on her march through the West, raising forces in Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Cornwall, and Devonshire, and at last made her way to Bristol, where she hoped in a few days to proceed into Wales, there to join forces with the Earl of Pembroke, one of the most powerful of her supporters.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Whose Troops Fought on Behalf of her Husband, Henry VI.

At the same time she sent detachments to various parts of the country—to Shaftesbury, to Yeovil, and to Bruton—to deceive Edward as to the direction they really intended. But Edward had many spies everywhere, who kept him in touch with their movements, so he arranged his plan of campaign accordingly, and determined that he should meet the enemy before he had drawn too near to the capital.

So leaving the city on Wednesday in Easter week, he took up his quarters at Windsor, where he kept St. George's Day in all pomp and splendour, and moved on to Abingdon next day. Here he issued a proclamation declaring his title to the throne, and naming as traitors those persons who had taken up arms against him. This list included "Margaret of Anjou, styling herself Queen of England; Edward her son; the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset; John Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; William Viscount de Beaumont; John Beaufort, brother of the Duke of Somerset; Hugh Courtenay," and eleven others.

On the 29th Edward moved on to Cirencester, and thence to Malmesbury, where he hoped to come in contact with the enemy; but on hearing that Margaret was at Bristol, where she had been supplied with stores and artillery, he moved on to Sodbury, nine miles from Bristol, where he expected Margaret to give him battle. At Sodbury the first shots were fired; but this was merely a skirmish between pickets, in which three or four Yorkists were taken prisoners. Hearing no certain tidings of the main army, Edward lay that night on Sodbury Hill, where, at 3 a.m., he received information that Margaret was making her way by Berkeley towards Gloucester, which was in charge of Sir Richard Beauchamp, who had strict orders not to give her admittance.

So the Lancastrians, after a long and tedious march through the night, with weary spirits, buoyed up only by the certainty of being able to obtain possession of Gloucester and to cross the Severn near that city, arrived before the gates at ten in the morning, to meet with the bitterness of a summary refusal. They at once, without daring to make a halt, proceeded on their way, and arrived at Tewkesbury on the afternoon of Friday, May 3, with men and horses quite exhausted after their long march of thirty-six miles "in a foul country, all in

THE GREAT SEAL OF EDWARD IV.
Edward IV. Commanded the Yorkists at Tewkesbury.

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lanes, and by a stony way, betwixt woods without any good refreshing"; and they encamped "in a close even hard at the towne's end, having the towne and Abbeie at their backes, and directlie before them, and upon each side of them, they were defended with cumbresome lanes, deepe ditches and manie hedges, beside hils and dales, so as the place seemed as noisome as might be to approach unto." Far better it would have been for them if they could have crossed the Severn and put the river between themselves and their enemies. But at that time there was no bridge by which to cross, and their way would have been by fords and ferries, which, with the Yorkists so close on their rear, was too dangerous to attempt. So they took up their camp on the high ground to the west of the town, not far from the high road leading from Gloucester and Cheltenham to Tewkesbury.

This was a splendid position, commanding as it did the road by which the Yorkists must arrive at Tewkesbury to find their only way of attack by steep ascents. Holinshed described the position as "right hard to be assailed, by reason of the deep ditches, hedges, trees, bushes, and cumbresome lanes, wherewith the same was fenced both a front and on the sides."

The army was drawn up in three divisions, the Duke of Somerset leading his men in person, assisted by his brother, Lord John Beaufort. The Lords Wenlock and St. John had the second division, nominally commanded by Prince Edward, whilst Thomas, Earl of Devonshire, led the third.

Meanwhile, Edward approached the enemy by the Cotswold Moors, his army also divided into three divisions, the first led by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.; Edward in person led the second; and the Marquis of Dorset with young Lord Hastings commanded the third. In this order the Yorkists, heavily armed and equipped, marched through the long hot day. Often they were within five or six miles of the enemy, but they had no certain knowledge of his whereabouts until Edward arrived at Cheltenham, where he received information that the Queen's forces were at Tewkesbury. Marching onwards, he at length arrived before the town, and took up his position to the south of the Lancastrian camp, about half a mile distant from it, or not far from the river Severn. Reconnoitring the ground, he saw a wood on the left which the enemy had forgotten to occupy. He therefore at once sent 200 pikemen into this wood, and then ordered Gloucester's division to lure Somerset from his position by an attack with his artillery and bowmen. This attack at once drew fire from the guns of the Lancastrians. After this had gone on for some time with little effect, the Yorkists made a feint of retiring, which, deceiving Somerset, caused him to withdraw his men from their splendid position. Leaving the hill, he marched down towards an open space, now known as Tewkesbury Park, when Gloucester, wheeling round, fell upon them, charging them with such fury that he drove them halfway up the hill. Then the 200 pikemen who were lying in ambush in the wood charged their left flank, and threw Somerset's whole division into disorder and put them to flight. Some of the fugitives "fled into the Parke; other into the meadow there at hand; some into the lanes; and some hid them in ditches, each one making what shift he could, by the which he hoped best to escape; but manie nevertheless were beaten down, slaine, and taken prisoners."

FOTHERINGHAY.
The Birthplace of Richard of Gloucester.

Very quickly the flight became general, and Gloucester, with his troops, followed closely, cutting them down as in entire disorder they made their way into Tewkesbury. Many were killed "at a mill in a meadow fast by the towne, a great sort were drowned. Manie ran towards the towne, some to the church, and divers to the Abbeie, and other to other places where they thought best to save themselves." Even to the very threshold of the Abbey Edward followed the fugitives, meaning to murder the leaders who there took sanctuary. But at the door he was met by the abbot, who, carrying the sacred Host in his hands, forbade him to enter unless he promised pardon to the refugees. This promise he gave, but on the following day he broke his oath, for at his orders all were dragged from the sanctuary and murdered in cold blood.

No less than 3,000 Lancastrians were killed on the battlefield and in the flight that day, the list of the dead including Sir John Delves, Lord John Somerset, Sir Edward Hampden, and Sir John Lewkenor, whilst the son of Sir John Delves was killed in the market square in Tewkesbury. The young Prince Edward of Lancaster was taken prisoner by Sir Edward Crofts, and brought before Edward, who, according to Hall, who is supported by tradition, incited his lords to murder him before his eyes: "Edward, the prince and excellent youth," he writes, "being brought a little after to the speech of King Edward, and demanded how he durst be so bold as to enter and make war in his realm, made answer with bold mind, that he came to recover his ancient inheritance; hereunto King Edward gave no answer, only thrusting the young man from him with his hand, whom forthwith those that were present, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, and William Lord Hastings, cruelly murdered." Whereas there is a contemporary account written by "an anonymous" servant of Edward IV., who says that "In the winning of the field, such as abode hand strokes were slain incontinent: Edward called Prince, was taken fleeing to the townwards, and slain in the field"; which account is confirmed by Warkworth, the chronicler, in his statement that "there was slain in the field Prince Edward, which cried for succour to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Clarence."

Whatever be the truth concerning his death, he was, without doubt, buried at Tewkesbury, where, according to two early chroniclers, he "was homelie interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of the Black Monks at Tewkesbury."

After the battle Queen Margaret took shelter in a "poor religious place" not far from Worcester, whence she was dragged by soldiers and brought before Edward, who sent her to the Tower, where she lay for five years until her father ransomed her for 50,000 crowns, which he borrowed from Louis XI., mortgaging his kingdoms of Naples and Sicily for the purpose.

On May 21 Edward returned to London, when he received an enthusiastic welcome from the Mayor and the citizens, who marched out as far as Islington and Shoreditch to meet him, which so delighted the King that he knighted the Mayor, the Recorder, and divers aldermen there on the highway before he entered the city. That night Henry died in prison.

With Henry dead, and Margaret a prisoner in the Tower, with the other powerful Lancastrian leaders killed at Tewkesbury or executed, and the less important of their followers beseeching and receiving pardon, it was possible for Edward to feel his crown secure, and he was able to turn his attentions to an invasion of France, which he accordingly undertook without delay.

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Military Life in the Eighteenth Century.

ILLUSTRATED BY CONTEMPORARY PRINTS.

FEW branches of the literary art are more difficult, and more clearly indicative of the highest form of genius, than the bright and really lifelike presentment of a bygone epoch. Such wizards as Sir Walter Scott, or, to take a later date, Thackeray, can, seemingly without an effort, make the everyday doings of those who lived in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, of the Stuarts, or of Dr. Johnson, stand out in as bold relief on a page of type as a great painter can on a canvas with the help of brush and colour. But even such mighty artists have their shortcomings, none the less serious, perhaps, because they are the shortcomings of art in general. The literary man who seeks to bring back to his readers the days gone by before he himself was "born or thought of," is usually apt to throw over his descriptions the glamour of romance, with the result that he consciously conceals much which is unsightly and dull, but which, nevertheless, has true historic value. No phase of social life has suffered more in this way, and will continue to suffer, than the inside existence of the British soldier.

Almost everything that has survived in print concerning military life in England in the various epochs anterior to the Victorian age is tinged with romance, to an extent which renders it of small value for the purposes of history. Nor is the reason far to seek. About the ordinary routine of a soldier's career there is so very little that is genuinely and permanently attractive to the average outsider, that any bare record of it has but a very small chance of receiving public attention. It is only when it is irradiated by the light of true genius coupled with vivid imagination and an eye for effect, that "the daily round, the common task" of the dweller in barracks can exercise any sort of captivating influence over even a contemporary generation. There are many more truthful and, historically speaking, more useful accounts of Army life than Kipling's, but are they read to anything like the same extent, or likely to be read at all by those who come after us?

The writer, holding these views, has assuredly no intention of attempting, more particularly in the short space available to him, to supply such a notable deficiency as a brisk and, at the same time, faithful account of military life and manners in the period indicated in these three interesting pictures, namely, the close of the eighteenth century and the dawn of what may be called the Wellingtonian epoch. On the contrary, his opening paragraphs are meant to convey at once an explanation and an apology for not doing anything of the kind. The writer, whatever else he may be, is not a fool, and, accordingly, declines with becoming modesty to "rush in where angels fear to tread"!

Having satisfactorily settled the subject of his incompetence to fulfil the promise of his title, let him, then, take refuge in the accompanying pictures which, graphic as they are, seem to leave room for a little descriptive comment. With regard to these, again, there is lacking much of that fidelity which is necessary to historical appreciation of an epoch at its proper value. One cannot but feel that, putting aside the sad picture of the caught deserter, we have here a presentment of the eighteenth century soldier which gives but a feeble idea of all that he had to do and suffer in his country's cause. There is no indication here of the wretched, almost tragic, conditions under which the fighting man of those days bled and starved in the Low Countries, of the squalor and misery which underlay the smartness and regularity of the parade, of the martyrdom often suffered by unfortunates of superior birth and breeding who found themselves thrown into association with the scum of the population, such as then provided the majority of recruits. Here, on another plane, is the same tendency to romance as that which tries to make out that Private Terence Mulvaney is a fair example of the latter-day British soldier in India, and that Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim are life-like models of the army that "swore horribly in Flanders."

AN ADVANCED GUARD.

The Cavalry Soldier Makes the Most of an Opportunity.

Yet with all their deficiences these pictures, particularly the first and third, are not without great descriptive merit. The first is an especially valuable reminder of the days when, thanks to the rise of Napoleon, England was "one vast camp." All over the country, as described in an article which appeared in this journal some weeks back, recruiting parties were continually on the march, and regiments moved hither and thither in search of new billets, and also of new "food for powder" wherewith to fill their ranks in anticipation of active service. Here we see two cavalry soldiers belonging to an advanced guard, who are halting at a wayside inn,

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possibly to make enquiries, and indubitably to have a drink. The senior is "making the running" with the maid, a proceeding viewed with doubtful satisfaction by the landlady in the porch, and with some impatience by the younger trooper, to whom the foaming tankard appeals with, maybe, even greater force than the buxom wench's comeliness. An added touch of nature is provided by the tired infantryman who is resting on the bench, and very possibly envying the cavalrymen their easy and pleasant mode of travelling. If, however, he be a sensible foot soldier, he will be congratulating himself that, even supposing he has to content himself with "Shanks's mare" as a mount, he is at least freed from the responsibility of cleaning those trappings and accoutrements the care of which made the cavalryman's life then as now, inclusive of other things besides ale and pretty barmaids.

The picture of the deserter who is being taken away from the home in which he has sought refuge, despite the entreaties of a couple of very good-looking females, strikes a sad note in a highly romantic key. Of course, now and then desertion is accompanied by episodes in which rural surroundings and attractive young women, with cottages and spinning-wheels to match, play an important part. But, alas! the usual accompaniments of this serious military crime are, and always have been, of a much more sordid and objectionable character in a country where military service is, after all, on the voluntary principle. However, we must not quarrel with the picture, which is a very interesting and rather pretty one, even apart from the disconsolate fair ones before whom the sergeant in charge of the escort is attitudinising. The latter, by the way, is a Light Horseman, and his uniform is certainly handsome, although scarcely serviceable according to modern ideas. The picture is the work of Henry Bunbury, a well-known painter of military scenes. He was not a professional artist, but belonged to a good Suffolk family, and at one time was colonel of a Militia regiment.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF SOLDIERING.
A Deserter being Taken Back for Punishment.

The original of the picture which shows an officer returning from service to the bosom of his family was painted by George Morland, possibly within the walls of the King's Bench Prison, with the inside of which Morland was very familiar. The picture is full of life and tender feeling, though one cannot help thinking that, if the scene and the actors in it are wholly imaginary, there was no need to frame the captain's lady on quite such a generous scale of proportion. It is pleasant to think that the hero himself has lost no time in flying to his domestic hearth.

A somewhat favourable sample this, one may well believe, of the British officer of those days, who, taken all round, was, perhaps, a not altogether lovable character. On service, like his men, gallant and enduring in truly heroic measure, his manners and customs in home quarters or during regimental moves were often very dubious, according to modern ideas of "an officer and a gentleman." The pages of Fielding and Smollett picture the contemporary British officer for the most part in a very unpleasant light, and the caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray do not go far towards making him an object of admiration or endearment. But he could always fight, and sometimes, as here, he was not only a hero, but a model of all the domestic virtues. Nor must we forget that queer ideas of morality and general behaviour were not by any means the exclusive monopoly of the military profession a hundred to a hundred and fifty years ago.

"DADDY'S COME HOME AGAIN!"
The Officer's Return from Active Service.

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The Close of the Gambia Expedition.

WE have already—in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of March 2—given an account of the early progress of the Gambia Expedition; of the fight at Dumbutu, near the French frontier; and of the causes which led to the trouble. As the general reader, however, does not carry these matters in his mind, it may be as well to briefly recapitulate the events of the immediate past before proceeding to bring our narrative up to date. This country has pursued on the West African Coast its usual policy of supineness which, in the partition of Africa, has caused it to lose so much territory that ought to have belonged to it. On the West Coast, Britain had once a dominant position, but France was allowed to creep round behind her, and British possessions are now almost confined to the seacoast. In the Gambia Colony, however, they extend over the whole course of the river which gives its name to the Colony, and which after rising, as is believed, near Mount Colina, flows northward and then makes a bend westward to reach the sea at Bathurst. West African natives, whether they be genuine negroes or belong to the Foula or any other race, are proverbially unstable in sentiment, and possibly the fact that British and French territories adjoin may have inspired a spirit of unrest, based on a hope of escape if necessary from one to the other. At any rate two British Commissioners were murdered; the natives in the neighbourhood hastened to utilise those arms which they had no business to possess—and which they never would have possesed were it not for French laxity—and the whole country was in a ferment. There was only one course open to the British authorities. A force was assembled, and an expedition under the command of Colonel Brake, D.S.O., proceeded up the Gambia, landed, captured a village after an hour's fighting, and made a further advance on the following day, without, however, capturing the murderers.

This action took place in the immediate neighbourhood of the French frontier, and the next incident of which we hear anything is a French expedition against Fodi Kabba, a hostile chief on the Gambia who, from subsequent information, must, one surmises, have given asylum to the murderers, and who, at any rate, was seeking to take advantage of the boundary between the British and French spheres of influence, in order to make good his escape after having given a great deal of trouble to the representatives of both Powers. Eventually, joint action was arranged against the native marauder, the negotiations which led to this result being entrusted on the British side to Captain Arthur, the British Consul at the French coaling station Dakar, which lies just to the north of the mouth of the Gambia.

We turn for a moment from the active operations in the field to record the swearing in of Sir George Denton at Bathurst as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gambia. His accession to office was naturally greeted with a salute, and equally naturally the Navy was not absent on the occasion, for the "Forte" supplied a guard of honour. After making a speech, in which he anticipated the speedy capture of Fodi Kabba, the newly installed Governor left for the front. He appears among the other officers in our picture.

Photo. Copyright. *Emett.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE GAMBIA FIELD FORCE.

Sir George Denton, Colonel Brake, D.S.O., and the Officers and Staff

As a matter of fact, Fodi Kabba's camp at Mandina was attacked on March 23. The assault seems to have been preceded by a bombardment in the orthodox way. The stockade, 3-ft. thick, which defended the place, was broken down, the town itself was shelled, and the native magazine was blown up. Fodi Kabba himself was shot through the head at an early part of the engagement and killed, and the beaten natives straggled away towards Namur-Daton and Sannkaudi, while the murderers of the British Commissioners are said to have been in Moudimbo, where it is hoped that they will be captured.

Evidently the power that Fodi Kabba wielded is broken by his death and by the defeat of his force, and fugitives—mainly British subjects—and escaped slaves are seeking British protection. But there will be important work to do until the district is pacified and the murderers of the two British Commissioners have been captured and punished.

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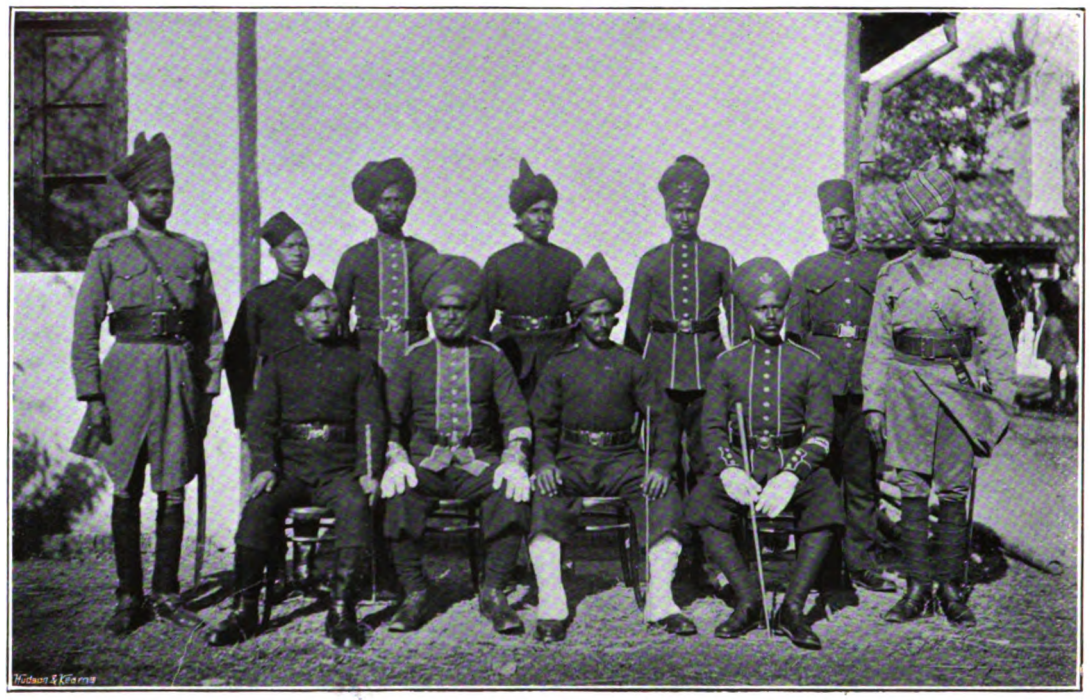
With the China Field Force.

WHEN the China imbroglio was first sprung upon us we had our hands fairly full in South Africa, and for soldiers turned to India, not only as being that portion of the Empire best suited geographically, but as containing suitable military forces available at once for placing the necessary contingents in the field. A superb division composed of one cavalry and four infantry brigades was soon on the spot. They are not particularly picked corps, for indeed they represent every branch of the Indian Army, and every province and race in the country that we recruit from. But in the field, side by side with Europeans of every nationality, they have shown themselves fully equal to any troops in the world, not alone in dash and courage, but in endurance, discipline, self-control, and all the characteristics that go to make the true soldier. And they have, in truth, been tried pretty severely, not only by war and disease, but by the conditions of the situation in which they are soldiering. For it can hardly be denied that, to put it mildly, we are not as popular as might be wished with all the nations with whom we are allied. All the news, however, goes to show how superbly our native troops have kept themselves in check.

One brigade of this fine force, namely, the second, under the command of Major-General O'M. Creagh, V.C., is stationed at Shanghai. One of our pictures shows this officer and his staff, the chief of which is Major J. M. Stewart, Indian Staff Corps. Major-General Creagh first saw service in Afghanistan, where he won the soldier's most honourable distinction by holding for several hours, with a little force of 150 men, an almost defenceless position against 1,500. Creagh himself saved many lives, and Sir F. Haines, then Commander-in-Chief in India, gave it as his opinion that if it had not been for Creagh's own personal gallantry his whole command would have been wiped out. Another picture shows the types of troops in Creagh's command, and are very interesting, as they represent such diversity of race. Nos. 1 and 7 are sowars of the 3rd (Queen's Own) Bombay Cavalry, composed mainly of Rajputs; No. 2 are a smart couple of riflemen from the 4th Gurkhas; next, with the quoits in their puggarees, two stalwart Sikhs from the 14th (Ferozepore) Regiment of Bengal Infantry; No. 4 are Baluchis of the 30th Bombay Infantry (3rd Baluchis), the historic Jacob's Rifles; No. 5 are Rajputs of the 2nd (Queen's Own) Bengal Light Infantry; and, finally, No. 6 is a sapper of a corps that is the pride of the Madras Army, the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners. The third of our pictures represents the International Police that have been formed to preserve order amongst the nationalities of all sorts congregated in Shanghai. With them is their Provost-Marshal Major Watson, and a motley group are those he commands, for alongside the British soldiers are Frenchmen, Germans, and Japanese.

MAJOR-GENERAL O'M. CREAGH, V.C., AND STAFF,
2nd Brigade China Expeditionary Force.

Major Prendergast, R.E., Commanding R.E. — *Lieut.-Col. O'Conner, I.M.S., Principal Medical Officer.* — *Major Watson, Orderly Officer.* — *Major-Gen. Creagh, V.C. (Seated.)* — *Capt. Stewart, D.A.A.G.* — *Capt. Crauford, D.A.Q.M.G.*



TYPES OF DIFFERENT RACES COMPOSING THE 2ND BRIGADE C.E.F.

A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL POLICE AT SHANGHAI UNDER MAJOR WATSON, P.M.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 220.] SATURDAY, APRIL 20th, 1901.

THE GREATEST OF IMPERIAL AUTOCRATS.

With the exception of King Edward VII., there is no monarch who rules over so wide a territory as the Czar of Russia. There is no Sovereign who within his own realms wields a more despotic power—a power which makes itself felt in all branches of the administration, in all sections of society. It is impossible to look at our portrait of the Czar without being struck by the great likeness which exists between the two cousins, the Emperor of All the Russias and the Duke of Cornwall and York. The special interest of the picture, however, lies in the fact that it represents the Czar in the picturesque uniform of the Cossack regiment, upon which falls the duty of acting as the Emperor's special escort.

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A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The Navy and the Territorial System.

THE question was raised the other day as to why French names were given to British battle-ships. Those who raised it showed a lamentable ignorance of our Naval history. They were at once answered from many quarters, some of the answers being not unnaturally more vehement than polite. Anyone who does not know that the "Téméraire" and the "Immortalité" and the "Mutine" and the "Volage," and numbers of other ships with French names, commemorate captures of vessels bearing those names in bygone days, ought to be made to feel ashamed and sorry he spoke. The tradition in the Navy is to keep up famous names, and nowadays new ships are nearly always called after old ones. Therefore it is that, though ships may come and ships may go, their names go on for ever, and thus they ought to keep in mind (though it appears they do not) the gallant deeds of the past generations of seamen.

But there are other things that names can do besides this. Juliet would never have asked "What's in a name?" if she had not been fathoms deep in love, and therefore incapable of clear reasoning. A good thing is all the better so it be called by a good name. Sometimes good names can even lend value to indifferent articles. Those who say contemptuously that it does not matter what a thing is called so long as it is in itself suited to its purpose, are very wide of the mark, and only display their lack of acquaintance with human nature. Let us take a concrete instance. It is of the utmost importance in these times to keep the public mind interested in the Navy and the Army. Now, what step in modern times has most contributed to the popularity of and the public interest in the Army? Surely the change from the old plan of distinguishing regiments by numbers to the territorial system, under which so many regiments are called after and associated with particular counties or cities. Aged officers and Chelsea Hospital veterans may regret that we no longer speak of the 45th and the 92nd, and so on. Old memories have endeared these titles to them. The new ones sound strange and unfamiliar in their ears. But there can be no doubt that the linking of regiments to localities has promoted recruiting and has in many ways brought the nation into closer touch with the Army. During this war we have had proofs enough of this. The affiliation of Volunteers to the regiments of their district greatly increased the enthusiasm which they showed at the prospect of active service. The kindly, even affectionate, feeling which counties entertain towards their own particular regiments found an outlet in the despatch of comforts, and in the keen interest with which the doings of the regiments are followed in the districts they represent.

Now, what we want to ask is, Why should not the territorial system be extended to the Navy? Why should not certain cities and counties be encouraged to take a special interest in some one ship as well as in some one regiment? The names, in a great many instances, exist already; but it is a case of *Nomina et præterea nihil.* When the "London" was launched last year, the capital was not stirred thereby. A cruiser called the "Kent" lately left the stocks. She is the first of a class of ten cruisers which are, in accordance with Naval traditions, all to be called after counties. For all the interest the counties seem likely to take in them, they might as well be called after ten things of Egypt, or ten minor prophets, Stay, though, there is one county, and that is Kent, which is inclined to break out of this condition of apathy. The Associations of Men of Kent and Kentish Men (there is a distinction between them, though the names do not suggest much difference) are taking measures to awaken a proper feeling in this matter. They have put themselves in communication with the First Lord of the Admiralty, with the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and with Lord Goschen, and, further, they have invited the Lord Lieutenant to take the lead in a movement, having for its object the identification of the county of Kent, in some permanent manner, with the cruiser bearing its name. If the movement should succeed and become general, to Kent will be due the credit of having first taken the question up.

In what way, many people will ask, can such identification as is proposed be made possible? Well, let us see what other nations do in this matter. Take the United States, for example. A certain number of American war-ships are obliged by law to be named after states or cities of the Union. How do these states and cities show their interest in the ships named after them? As a rule, a service of plate is bought by public subscription and presented to the officers' mess. This is the gift of the general public. The official recognition takes the form of a bell or a gun with a suitable inscription. Finally, the ladies of the state or city present the ship with an ensign, worked by the fingers of their most skilful needlewomen. This, to begin with; afterwards every opportunity is taken of showing that the tie is remembered and valued. If we had space, we might quote also the examples of Italy and other countries. But this one instance will serve well enough to show that there is nothing far-fetched or fantastic about the suggestion we make.

We, in England, have now and then got as far as presenting an inscription, but it has been simply an inscription and nothing else. The old frigate "Liverpool," long since broken up, could show an illuminated scroll presented to the officers by the Borough of Liverpool. But scrolls, however well illuminated, are not very satisfying gifts. They do not take high rank as tokens of affectionate regard. Is there any reason why we should not give more substantial proof of our feelings of pride in the Navy and gratitude to our seamen defenders? Is there not every reason why the territorial system, which has worked so well in the Army, should be tried in the Navy as well? There must, of course, be no foolish expectation that particular ships will be told off to defend particular places. Nor, supposing we have a "Manchester," could she reasonably be asked to undertake a journey through the Ship Canal, in order to visit her Mancunian godfathers. But if we could succeed in persuading counties to identifying themselves with ships as they already identify themselves with regiments, it would be a very good thing, both for the county and for the Navy. Its benefit to the county would lie in this—that people's attention would be more particulary directed to Naval matters, their interest both in our ships and in our men would be keener, there would grow up a more intimate personal relation between the senior Service—our first and only line of defence—and the Nation at large. If anyone doubts whether these would be benefits, and benefits of great value, we should like to hear what he can urge upon the other side.

LYDDITE was used for the first time in Lord Kitchener's Soudan Campaign. The firing of lyddite shells, in fact, opened the battle of Omdurman at 5.30 in the morning, when Major Emslie's six guns began firing at the Mahdi's stronghold from across the Nile. Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the well-known war correspondent, described the effect of the lyddite shells in one of his despatches. "They were fired," he says, "from 5-in. howitzers, which sent a half-dozen of 50-pounder lyddite shells hurtling round the Mahdi's tomb and the Khalifa's quarters. Like a spouting volcano, clouds of flames, stones, and dust burst from out the city." It is claimed that the lyddite shell kills at a distance of 120-yds. from its centre by mere concussion; but the experiences of the Boer War do not completely bear this out—as far as present information goes, that is.

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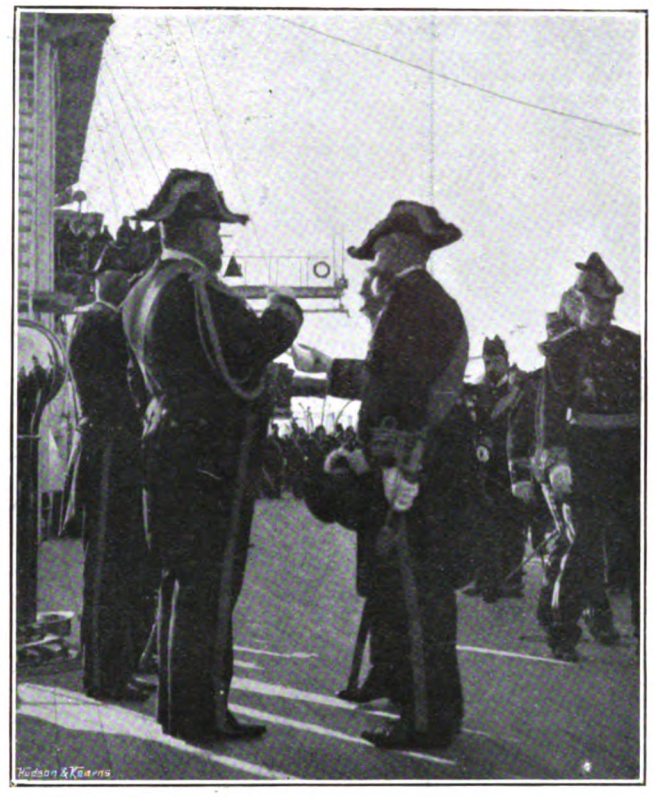
LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT.
President Loubet Presents a Medal to a Custom House Officer at Nice.

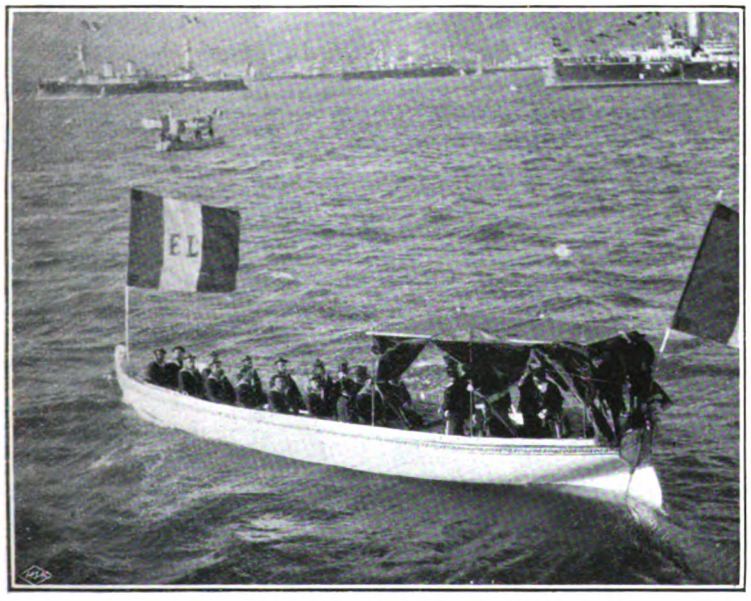
THE GYMNASTIC SOCIETIES' PARADE.
To the Right is M. Delcasse, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Baudin.

PRESIDENT LOUBET AT NICE.

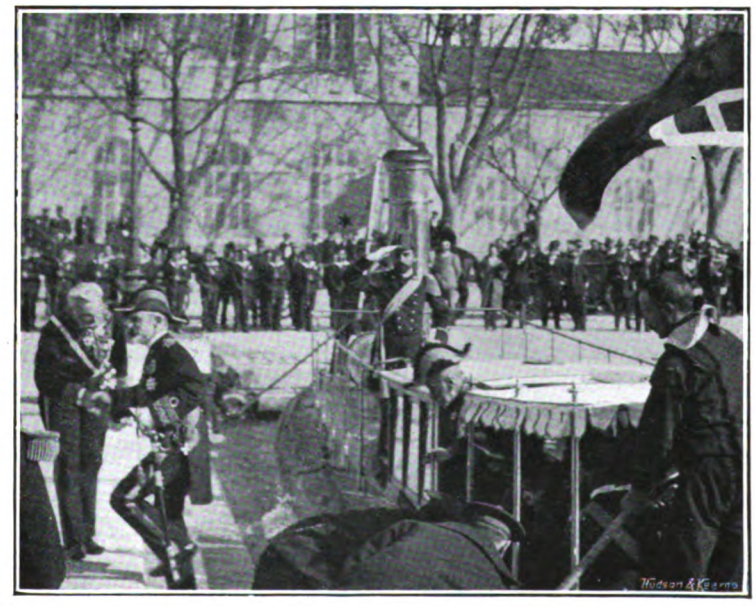


THE ITALIAN FLEET AT TOULON.

THE DUKE OF GENOA PRESENTS HIS STAFF TO PRESIDENT LOUBET.
The "Lepanto," in which the Presentation Took Place, is the Italian Flag-ship.



Photos. Copyright.
ON THE WAY TO A CEREMONIAL VISIT.
President Loubet being taken to the "Lepanto."



Louet.
AN HISTORIC SCENE AT A GREAT ARSENAL.
M. Crozier Receiving the Duke of Genoa at Toulon.

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A NATIONAL SPORT IN AN EASTERN HOME.

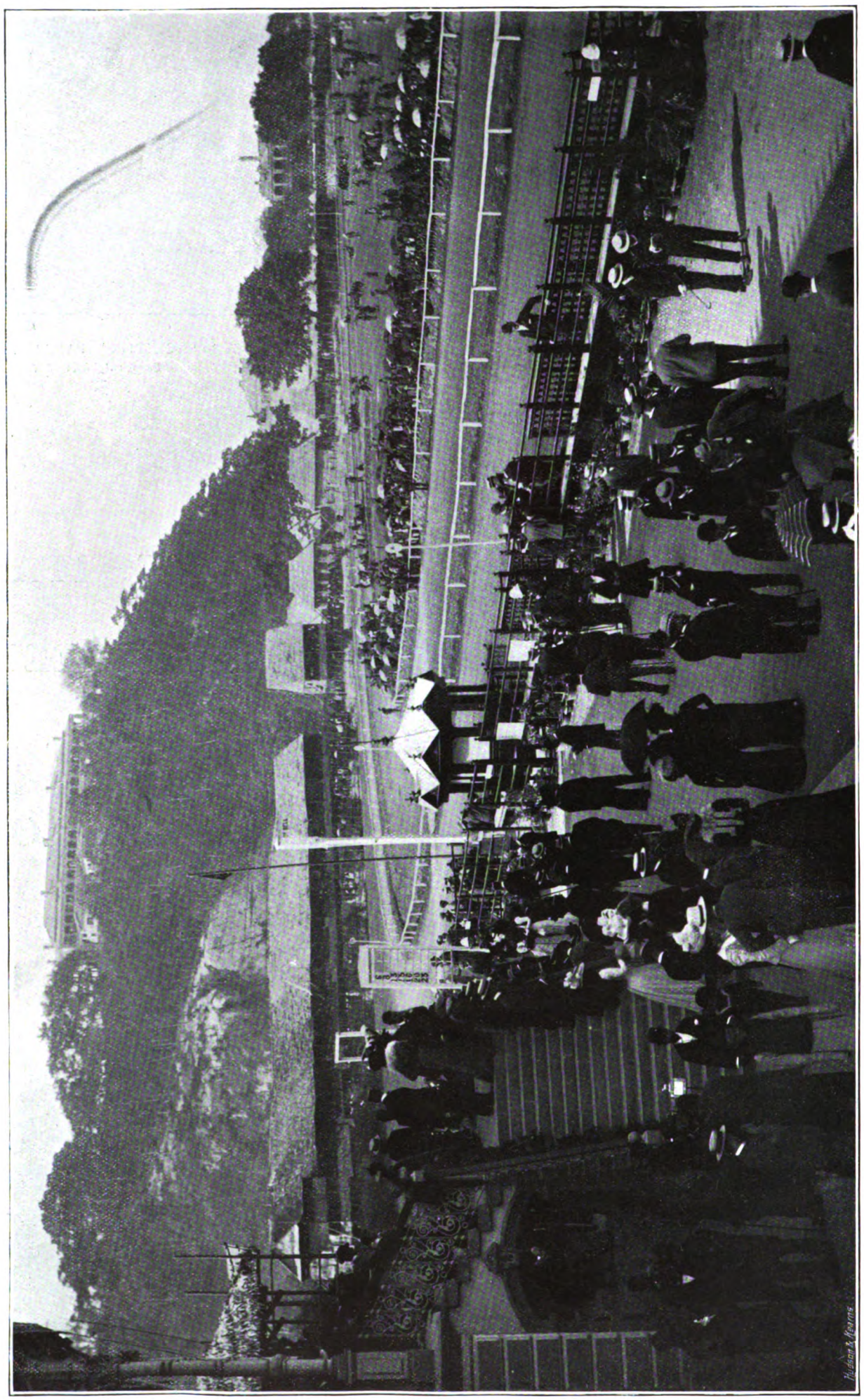

Photo. Copyright. *Mee Cheung.*

WAITING FOR THE PARADE AT HONG-KONG FEBRUARY RACES.

Wherever Britons go they take their national sports with them. This applies particularly to both the Services, and the cricket and football matches between the regiments in a camp or the ships on a station, or the matches between ships' teams and local clubs, excite relatively quite as much enthusiasm as the more important matches decided in this country. Racing, too, has found a home in many lands where British sway or British influence prevails. It is naturalised in India, and our picture shows how popular it is in the Far East. The picturesque racecourse at Hong-Kong is as pretty as that of Goodwood, and the arrangements are as complete. The races, too, are exceedingly popular. Our picture relates to the race-meeting last February, and was taken at the moment when the numbers had been hoisted, although the horses had not yet paraded for the race.

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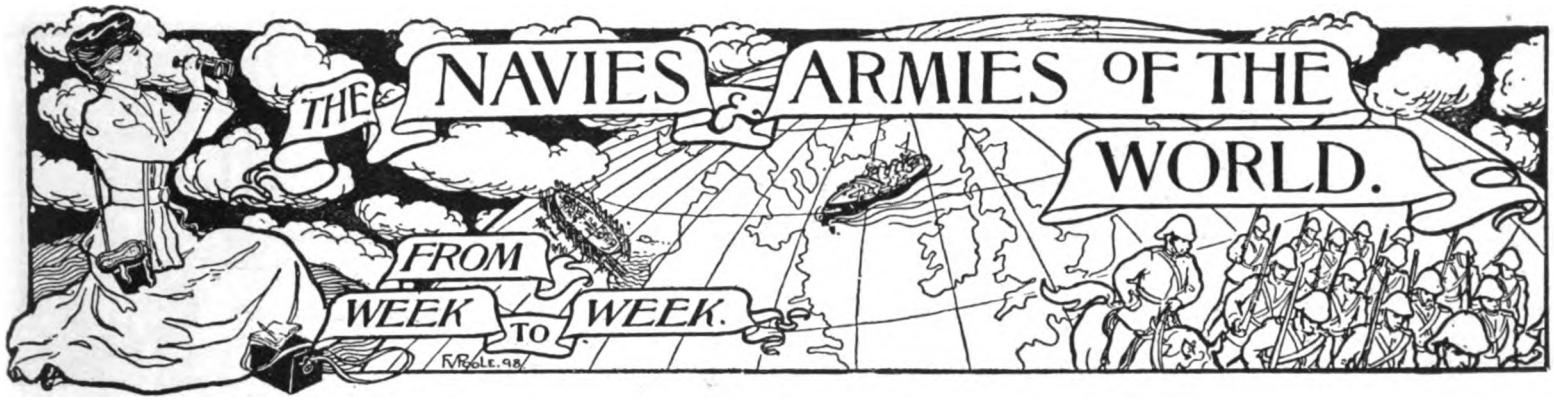

THE German officer who has been imparting light to *La France Militaire* about the great question of the supply of non-commissioned officers, has really nothing to say which is particularly encouraging either to the French or to us. He explains that Germany has an ample supply of excellent non-commissioned officers, and can therefore do with two years' service for her infantry and artillery. The reason he gives why she enjoys this advantage is apparently this—that there are schools in which lads are trained for service in the Army as non-commissioned officers. If that were enough, the French would have no difficulty whatever in obtaining all the sergeants they wanted, and in keeping them. But it is not. In Germany, once a non-com. always a non-com., is the rule. It is, as this officer explains, the rarest thing in the world for one of them to obtain a commission. The proposal to make a change in that respect has been heard in the Reichstag, probably from the democratic parties, but the authorities are opposed to it. The German sergeant retires with his modest bonus of £50 and a claim for a place in the Civil Service, and with that he is content. The Frenchman of the same class is entitled to a commission in time, and may rise to the top, though it is seldom that he goes beyond major. The re-enlisted man in France gets better terms in money than in Germany. Yet there is a want of candidates, and it is likely to continue.

* * * *

Neither the anonymous German officer nor *La France Militaire*, I presume, thinks it possible for the French to follow the example of their neighbours. The first effect of an attempt to reduce the pecuniary advantages of the *sous officier*, or to diminish his prospect of becoming an officer, would be to stop the supply altogether. It is because he wishes to rise in the social scale that he takes to the career, and if he had no such prospect, or even a worse one, he would not stay in the Army for a day longer than he was kept there by the law—at least, the most alert and intelligent would not. The stupid ones might stay because the Army offered them secure food and a roof over their heads. In fact, this question is emphatically a social one. A military organisation is not like Lea and Perrins's Worcester Sauce, which, as the poet says, suits "with flesh and fowl and bird." It has to fit the people who have to wear it, and if it does not, then it galls. Now the German system sits comparatively easily on the Germans. Some of them fret under it, but the majority wear it with satisfaction. This is the case because Germany, though much richer than she was, is still far poorer than France. She has a swarming population, for many of whom the pay and allowances of the non-commissioned officer, the £50 bonus, and the little subordinate place in the Civil Service, represent wealth. Moreover, what is even more to the point, Germany is socially organised into classes. The gentry follow the Army as their chief, all but their only, profession. Those who do not belong to the quality never expect to, and are quite content to act on the exhortation of our catechism, and do their duty in that state of life to which they have been called.

* * * *

Now the French, who may care very little for liberty and not much for justice, are profoundly enamoured of equality. It is true that they have not much more of it than other peoples. Money and family influence are as powerful with them as with others. But they like to feel that *la carrière est ouverte aux talents*, and that every soldier carries the bâton of marshal in his knapsack. To tell Frenchmen that, however hard they may work, and however clever they may be, they must not expect to enter the upper ranks because they were not born among those who have a natural claim to be there, would revolt them unspeakably. Frenchmen might endure a despot, but they would not put up with a gentry enjoying recognised privileges. Therefore it is absolutely necessary to leave access to the higher ranks open to the non-commissioned officer, and hence no small part of the difficulty of which French military administrators and critics complain. Their best non-commissioned officers force their way up, and are lost as sergeants.

And the same conditions tend to become common everywhere. In the United States, for instance, where equality and the rights of man have been much talked of, and in a large measure practically accepted, the commissioned ranks in the Navy and Army have been kept closed by insisting on the necessity of a careful education for officers. Though Annapolis and West Point are open to all who can secure a nomination, they have the monopoly of the commissioned ranks. But there has been an outcry against this of late. An agitation has arisen for promotion from the lower deck of the United States Navy. Congressmen and senators of very democratic principles have clamoured for it, and it has its ardent supporters among the warrant officers of the Fleet. The authorities are as much opposed to any such innovation as the heads of the German Army. Admiral Sampson has expressed his opinions pretty plainly, not to say crudely. For this he has been called nothing less than a coward by an excited senator, or perhaps it was a congressman. From this we may learn that the Congress of the United States contains some very full-blown specimens of folly and bad manners. But it shows something else, and that is the difficulty of maintaining any kind of superiority when once people have taken to believing in the equality of men. Education is a superiority like another, and is quite as offensive to the levelling spirit as that of birth. Sometimes it is found even harder to bear. A man knows that he could not have been born among the gentry, but he feels that he could have assimilated the book knowledge if he had had the chance, and is angry that the want of early opportunity should bar the road to him for ever.

* * * *

In the future it will probably be increasingly difficult for all nations to maintain military subordination as it has been understood in the past. Half the work of disciplining men is done when those who serve in the ranks have a natural inclination to obey those who hold the commissions, which is the case where there is a gentry and it is accepted as the proper leader of the nation. In that case, too, authority can afford to be easy and good natured, because it knows that its superiority is not contested. When it is said that a born gentleman has generally been found to be a kinder officer than one who was not, the observation was doubtless true, and the explanation is not far to seek. He found his men prepared to accept him as their master without question. The officer who knew, or suspected with good cause, that his men resented having to obey him, because he was originally one of themselves who had risen above their heads, was compelled to have a heavier hand. He had to rely on fear, because he had not the support of natural respect. There may be exaggeration in the stories told of the ferocity of French military discipline, but there can be no doubt that it is harsh, and it is so because there is no natural subordination in the ranks. With the spread of education and of material well-being other peoples will tend more and more to become like the French. Their great ally Russia finds a decreasing disposition in her people to take the divine right of the Czar and the delegated authority of his officers for granted. The Germans will, in the ordinary course of things, find a change for the worse taking place within a generation or less. Already there has been a violent outbreak of discontent with the brutalities of the sergeants in some of the regiments, and the War Office had to make efforts to get it hushed up. Yet these non-commissioned officers had done nothing of which public opinion would have complained fifty years ago. They had got no worse. The change was in the soldiers they commanded and in surrounding circumstances. The first expect milder treatment, and the Press has come into existence. Now the Press is not naturally respectful, and is very far from inclined to accept the born superiority of anybody. Therefore it will not on the whole work for discipline nor help the Governments which wish to find intelligent men who are ready to work humbly in subordinate positions with no prospect of going further.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

PARLIAMENT reopens its sittings to find its hands very full of public business. Before the Easter recess it accomplished very little. The endless debates upon the Address, the turbulence of some Irish members, and the further discussions that arose from them, impeded progress very unfortunately. By far the most considerable Parliamentary event was the presentation of Mr. Brodrick's scheme for Army Reorganisation, which will occupy the attention of the House next Monday. Even at this early stage the measure has had a curious history. It was hailed as a great and serious attempt to deal with a vital question, as affording the basis for thorough reform, and as a means by which at length we might secure the Army of our desire. The voice of approval in the Press, on the morrow of Mr. Brodrick's explanation, was almost unanimous. There were some few, it is true, who discerned the little rift within the lute, but the suggestions of the doubters were drowned in the general acclamation. Now, the much-boasted scheme is plainly disclosed as inadequate. By a strange revolution the Press has changed its view, and in some quarters no criticism is too harsh to pour upon the military measure. It will give us no more than two Army corps available for foreign service, for the Irish corps is not in that category, and the whole Army corps system is not to our needs. We are to have a paper army of great strength to defend what we have the best reason to believe will never be seriously attacked, and we are to be provided with a small foreign service army where the need of men may reasonably be great! Such are the views that have lately become current, and of which we shall doubtless hear much more in the course of the coming week.

THE DODO.

Resurrected at Malta by the "Victorious."

Something may well be Contributed to the Gaiety of Nations by our Series of Pictures of the Strange Beasts and Birds which British Naval Officers Created to Honour the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall at Malta, and to which Allusion is made on the Opposite Page. Not the Least Interesting surely was the Dodo, that Strange Extinct Bird, of Goblin Aspect here, which saw the Light Anew on Board the "Victorious." Laughter Loud and Long Greeted its Launching on the Waters, and Never Before did Dodo in Real Life Witness Events so Impressive.

JUST as the meeting of Parliament indicates the beginning of legislative activity, so does the cessation of general mourning for Queen Victoria mark a new period in our public life. It is not that we shall forget the venerated Queen who for so long a period ruled over the land, and passed away full of years as of honour, but that the current of national life resumes its normal course. We feel the advantage of having a King able to take a complete part in the work of his people, and it is pleasant to think that the coming summer promises to find the people no longer under the shadows that have so long oppressed them. If, on the one hand, we have yet to await the final settlement of the South African quarrel, on the other we have the inspiring spectacle of the daughter colonies rising with joy, and with a larger sense of power, to greet the heir to the throne. At Colombo, as at Gibraltar, Malta, and Aden, an enthusiastic welcome was prepared for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. Ceylon is one of the rich jewels of the Imperial Crown, and has grown to wonderful prosperity since the extinction, in 1815, of the rule of the Singalese King, who was a despot of the worst Oriental type. Looking broadly upon the conditions of this present time, we cannot but recognise, so far as the internal affairs of the British Empire are concerned, that the beginning of King Edward's reign does truly mark a new and brighter period in our national history.

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THE BRITISH COMMANDANT AT TIENTSIN.

Captain Edward H. Bayly, of the "Aurora," was Commandant at Tientsin during the Troublous Times, and he Earned a very Worthily-gained C.B. on the Occasion. Sir E. Seymour in his Despatch said that he Displayed "Great Calmness, Energy, and Good Judgment, and a Tact and Temper Quite Remarkable." The Officers with him are, on the Left, Midshipman H. C. Halahan, and Immediately Behind him, Reading from Left to Right, Assistant-Paymaster A. F. Hughes and Assistant-Engineer A. E. Cossey.

THERE is an old saying that any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and nothing is more

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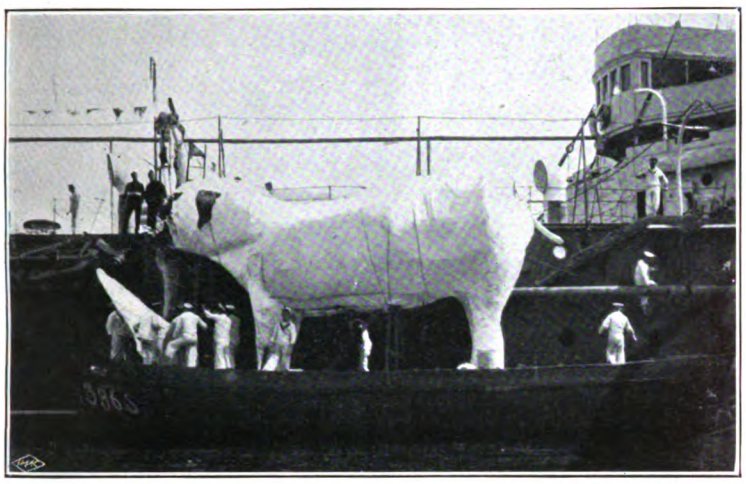
amusing than to see how the Nationalist Press of Paris continues to use the Boers for the flagellation of the French Republic. France, says one luminous organ, turned from the glorious paths of her history by the ill-doing of her rulers and the infertility of their *régime*, yet keeps her soul open to generous emotions and noble ambitions. Being able to contemplate at home only a power without conscience and a parliament without ideals, filled with politicians without heart, she turns her ear to distant echoes of heroism, and accepts from an admirable people the true lesson of greatness. "It is still the little Republic of South Africa which gives us a sublime example of sacrifice for the sacred rights of Liberty and that holy ideal the *Patrie*. Whole families fight on the battlefields, where the old man and the youth are side by side, and often, after a sanguinary encounter, the same tomb



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A MALTESE METAMORPHOSIS.

The Bulldog which was Turned into a Rhinoceros.

receives the bodies of both." These empty phrases are not, as the reader might have supposed, intended to glorify the Boers, in whom the Nationalists have very little real interest; the sole object is to find a new weapon with which to assail the Government of the country. Happily for us there are some things that we do better than our neighbours, and though our papers may make mistakes, we are spared from having a Press so stupidly wicked as that of the Nationalists beyond the Channel.

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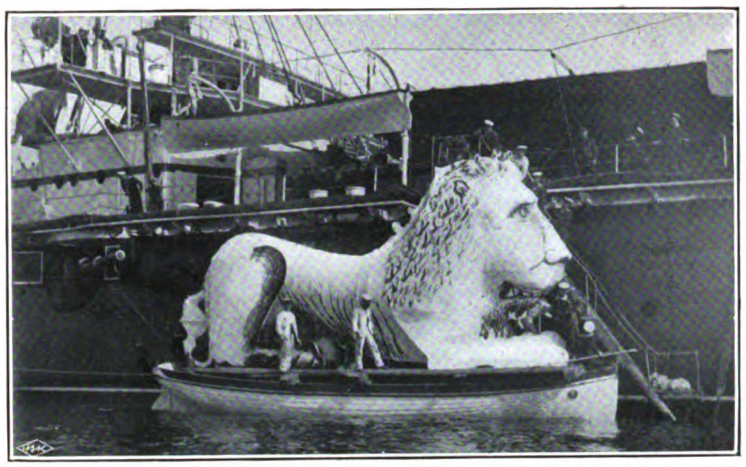
THE situation revealed by the returns of the Indian census is far from satisfactory. Last year the Viceroy estimated that the mortality due to the famine had been about 750,000. As a matter of fact, there is now the best reason to believe that at least 5,000,000 of people have died since 1896 from causes directly due to famine, and the mortality estimated for last year is now known to have been very largely exceeded. The state of things in Western India is deplorable. In Oodeypore there has been a decrease of 45 per cent. of the population, a fact which is significant of the terrible ravages of last year's famine, and the cholera carried off thousands who had been enfeebled. The Central Provinces are not in a much better state. There the famine of 1900, following upon other troubles, was the worst on record, and brought cholera, and many other grievous ills besides, in its train.



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THE BRITISH LION.

As Turned Out by the "Cæsar."

Up to the year 1896 the population had increased normally, but then began the trying years which have inflicted a large decrease of population upon the countries, marked within the last year by over 1,000,000 people being swept away. One disquieting feature is that plague has been allowed to establish itself, especially in Bombay, where the people have grown callous and indifferent to its ravages. For political reasons the authorities were obliged to relinquish some restrictive measures, and the people have not been slow to follow the lead, for the better natives make no attempt to combat the ignorance and the prejudices of the poorer people, who are the victims of their own blindness. The mortality from famine and plague in India is made a reproach against us by foreigners, but Lord Curzon is alive to the situation, and, though the labour will be enormous, irrigation works will yet be completed which will make vast tracts secure against these devastating ravages.

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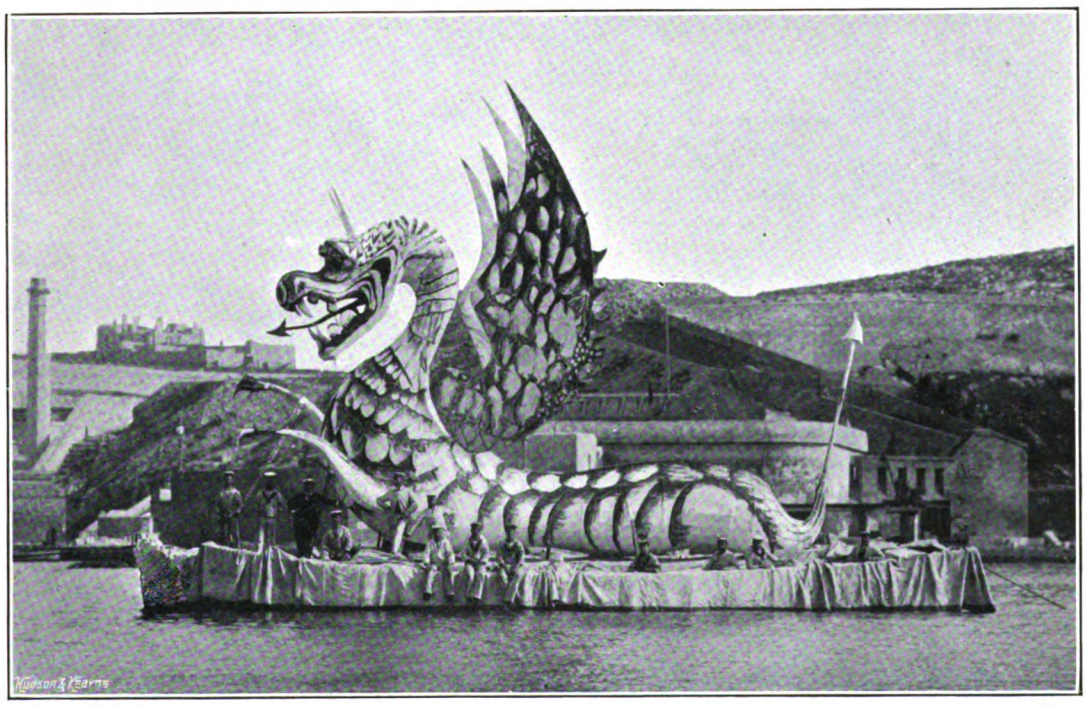
THOSE who imagined that the refusal of China to sign the Manchurian Convention would have any effect upon the final result, are likely to find themselves undeceived. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, is the maxim of Russian statesmen in their dealings with the neighbouring states whose provinces, on one ground or another, they occupy. Convention or no Convention, it will be found that they will retain Manchuria as they have retained the Leao-tong Peninsula. China may even have a cause of grievance against the Great Powers for not exacting from Russia a fulfilment of her pledges not to seek territorial advantages. It would be idle to ignore the fact that the alleged temporary occupation of Manchuria will be final. The Muscovites will temporise according to their custom, for it is not to their interest to come to blows with Japan until the new Russian ships which are destined for the Far East are ready. We cannot take Sir Robert Hart as a dispassionate judge of the Chinese situation, but at least it is certain that the Celestial Government has not the means to resist the encroachments of its powerful neighbour. Russia, as Li Hung Chang says, is the only Power the Chinese are afraid of, and if other European Powers object to what occurs, they must make their representations and enforce their protests in St. Petersburg rather than in Peking.



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MARINE MONSTERS AT MALTA.

The Dragon of the "Gladiator."

The Send-off from Malta of the Duke of Cornwall was Marked by a Water Fete such as could only have been Produced by the Fleet. Search-lights and an Abundant Display of Pyrotechnics Played their Part, but the Feature was the "Noah's Ark" Procession of Animals, Existent and Fabulous, to which each Ship Contributed. All were Illuminated Inside, and the Fantastic Procession made a Sight that, as the "Times' Correspondent Declared, "would have made an anchorite smile." Four of them are Illustrated in these Pages. The Dodo, Extinct since 1681, was Resurrected for the Occasion by the "Victorious." The "Gladiator" Dived still Deeper into History and Produced a Superb Dragon, which, as the Mythological Guardian of Treasure, was not a Bad Emblem for a very Smart Cruiser. The "Cæsar's" Contribution was a very Fine Lion. Another Ship Swelled the Procession with what was Originally Intended for a Bulldog, but as its Dimensions Enlarged it became a Rhinoceros. There were also a Crocodile, a Kangaroo, a Whale, a Swan, and a Sea-serpent, all Manufactured by the Carpenters of the Ships.

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WE lately gave some credit to the Chinese Viceroys of the Yang-tse who have done so much to resist the spread of the Boxer poison and to protect the lives and interests of Europeans. Sir Robert Hart has described the Boxer rising as a popular movement spread all over China, and certainly the Empress Dowager's order for the extirpation of foreigners was sent to all the provincial capitals. Nevertheless, it was only in four provinces that missionaries were done to death, the greatest atrocities being in Shan-si and in the neighbouring Mongolian border. Evidently, therefore, some greater quality must be admitted to exist in the Chinese local governments than has been attributed to them. In Shantung, Yuan Shih-kai, though he was regarded with suspicion on his appointment, has shown great firmness and tact. Other local Governors to whom much is due are Tuan Fang, acting Governor of Shen-si, and Kwei-chun, Viceroy of Sze-chuan. These Manchu officials protected the lives of Christians in their provinces, and completely overawed the anti-foreign Governor of Honan. It is to the credit of several Viceroys and Governors that, at the peril of their lives, they disobeyed the Dowager's incitement to massacre, and the representatives of the Powers must find some means of securing reward for them and recognition of their good services.

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FIJIAN CONSTABULARY.

The Fiji or Viti Islands were Ceded to Her Late Majesty in 1874, and the Corps of Native Constabulary, a Very Typical Group of which is here Shown, was Raised at once by the A.D.C. of the First Governor, the Well known Sir Hercules Robinson, the Late Lord Rosmead. Our Picture is One of Special Interest, for it was Taken in the Grounds of Government House, Suva, by the Late Sir J. B. Thurston, who was the Predecessor of the Present Governor, and the First White Man to Fully Explore the Islands.

THE partition of Asia has caused in past times, and seems yet likely to cause, much bloodshed, and to have been the source of abundant quarrels. It is, therefore, curious to reflect that the scramble for Africa has been conducted amicably, and that the European Powers have not resorted to the arbitrament of war. Prudent counsels and good statesmanship have ruled the destiny of the continent, and now that practically the whole of it has been parcelled out, it is interesting to learn what are the respective shares of the European States in the settlement. To France, an area of more than 3,800,000 square miles has fallen, but this includes Madagascar and a vast expanse of the Sahara, which probably cannot be turned to great account. Great Britain possesses more than 2,700,000 square miles, with which we may link more than 1,000,000 square miles constituting Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan. Great Britain and France have gained by far the greatest territorial expansion in the continent. Germany follows with considerably less than 1,000,000 square miles; the Portuguese have close upon 800,000 square miles; the Italians 188,000, and the Spaniards 170,000. The separate States, of which the Congo Free State is by far the largest, with 900,000 square miles, have together approaching an extent of about 1,500,000 square miles. Evidently the leading Powers have nothing to complain of in this partition of Africa, but Great Britain is undoubtedly in a far more advantageous position in relation to the distribution and resources of her African possessions than either France or Germany.

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THE WINNERS OF THE ARMY ASSOCIATION CUP.

A. Patrick (Reserve). A. Young (Right Back). J. Lynn (Goal). T. Darling (Left Back). Sergeant J. Gilmour (Trainer).
Lance-Corporal T. Yates (Right Half-back). Lieutenant P. Balfour (Hon. Sec.) J. Bell (Centre Half). Corporal J. Logan (Left Half-back).
J. Allare (Right Wing Forward). T. Burke (Right Wing Forward). W. Caldwell (Centre Forward). J. Findlay (Left Wing Forward). D. Tucker (Left Wing Forward).

The 2nd Highland Light Infantry can Fairly Claim to have Won the "Blue Ribbon" of Army Football in the Closest Game that has been Played for the Much-coveted Championship. Their Opponents were the 3rd Coldstream Guards, and only after a Stubborn Struggle did the Highland Light Infantry Score the First Goal of a Hardly-contested Match within a Minute of the Finish.

THE fact that the young King of Spain is within a measurable distance of attaining his majority, when the work of the Queen Regent will come to an end, is turning attention to the situation of affairs in the Peninsula, and it is apparent that the ship of state will require a skilful helmsman to carry it through the shoals and shallows that endanger its progress. There are many elements of unrest both among Carlists and Republicans, but, with wise and temperate rule, all should be well. The trade of the country, notwithstanding the loss of the colonies, shows a tendency to increase, and undoubtedly the mineral and agricultural resources are so great as to promise a large measure of prosperity. The country is perfectly capable of assuming an important position among the great commercial nations, and attention is being turned at the present time to the discovery of other markets for Spanish products. Unfortunately, through a certain curious perversity attempts are being made to cultivate commercial relations with countries which have no great promise, while the important industries which should place Spain in a highly-satisfactory situation appear to be neglected. The expansion of commerce with the United Kingdom is, however, progressive, and Spanish minerals and metals, fruit, wine, and cork come into this country in large quantities, while our machinery and manufactured goods have a great sale in Spain, where the promise is still better.

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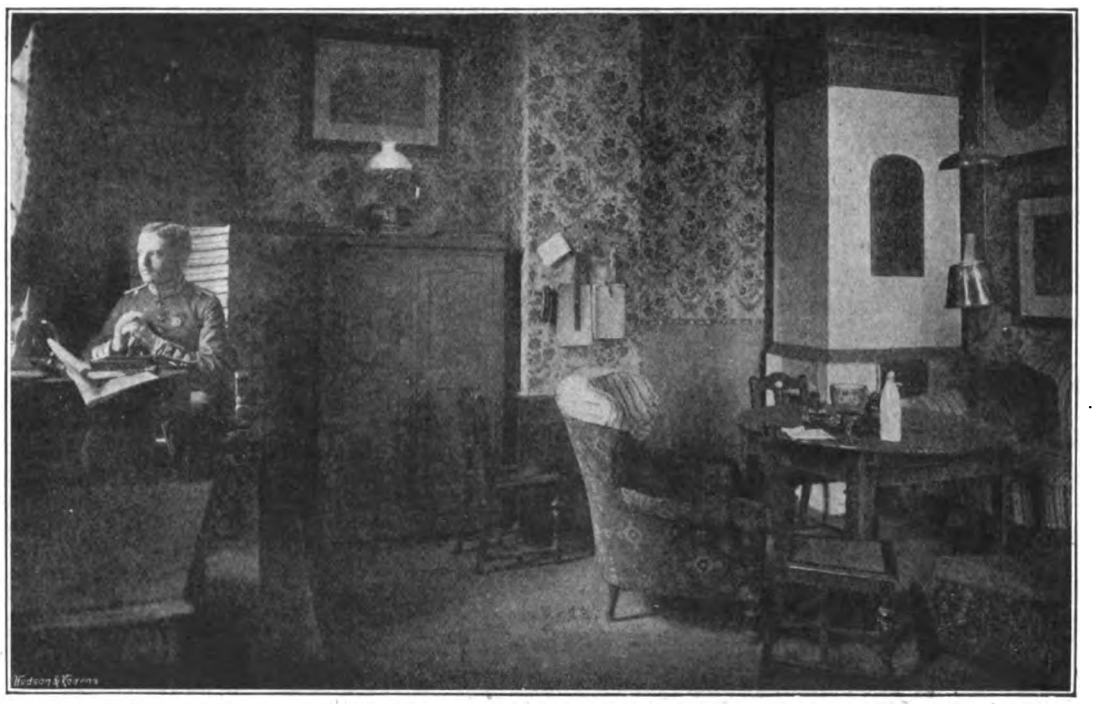
The Army of the Kaiser.

RECENTLY we presented to our readers a number of very interesting pictures illustrating the social life and duties of the German soldier, and we now add a further selection from the same excellent series. Something has already been said about the fine provision which has been made for his comfort—a matter to which the greatest attention has been paid by the responsible department of the Army. It must be remembered that the Kaiser's fighting men, being drawn from the people on the principle of universal service, are members of a military family, and it is constantly impressed upon them that it is their duty and highest honour to serve the State, and, if need be, to shed their blood in its cause. The Emperor himself and all the Princes of the Empire set the example of duty which is followed by every man in the ranks. Solid comforts go with this honourable work. Indeed, owing to the fact that the men come from all classes of society, it is found necessary to give a certain consideration to the tastes of the better men, and the operating and agricultural classes in the Army gain some advantage thereby.



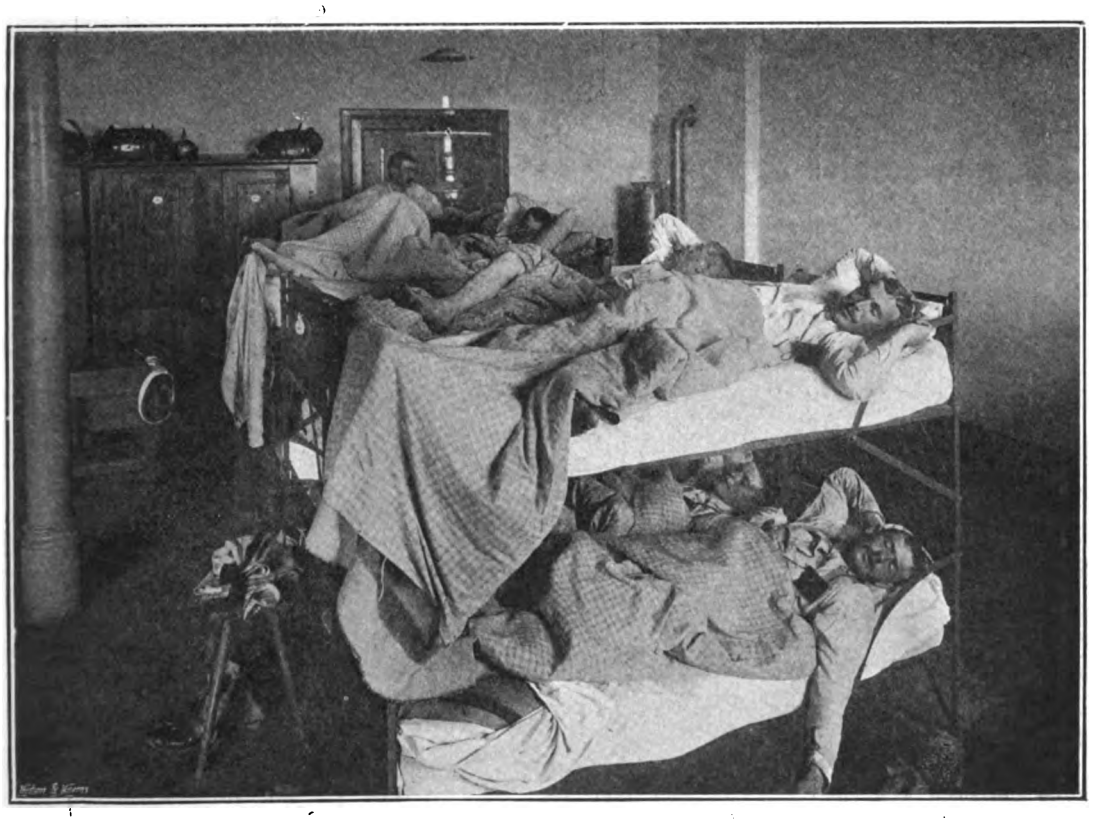
THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER AT HOME.
His Comfortable Quarters in the Barracks.

The non-commissioned officer in barracks has very pleasant quarters, with quite a domestic character that many might envy. The men sleep in large and airy places, and have iron beds arranged in a manner that is well seen in one of our illustrations. They have straw mattresses, pillows, and good blankets, and cleanliness is an object of first consideration. This remark applies to the clothing and the feeding of the men also, and not less to the condition of the barrack-rooms, which are frequently inspected by regimental officers. It has already been suggested that the food is plentiful and good. Except in the case of the "one-year volunteers"—who mostly belong to the better classes of society, who satisfy certain high educational requirements, and who are able and willing to clothe, maintain, and house themselves in return for the privilege of escaping a year's active service—the rations for the men are provided by the military department. To every man a specific daily bread ration is allowed, and the other food is supplied out of pay and supplementary allowances. In garrison this bread ration amounts to 750 grammes. The further provision takes place under a battalion committee, including non-commissioned officers and *gefreiten*, or lance-corporals, and any economy that can be made is applied to a fund for providing additional delicacies, or soup, tea, or potatoes for supper. The other substances composing the ration are meat, rice or grain, fresh vegetables, potatoes, salt, and coffee, these being allowed in various proportions for different services.

In most cases the men forming a company eat together, but the non-commissioned officers eat by themselves. The barrack canteen is a great institution, at which many a *seidel* of laager and bock bier is drunk by the thirsty Germans; and the barrack dining-room and the canteen are the centres of social life in the battalion. In certain cases, individual men, or even bodies of troops, are allowed to take the provision in barracks into their own hands, but it cannot be said that this system of *Selbstverpflegung* answers any better than that maintained by the military authorities.

The provision of food on the march or in manœuvres is necessarily different, and on long railway journeys also. In the field, the soldier has the *kriegsportion*, which is somewhat larger than that allowed in barracks, and now includes much preserved food, but must not be confused with the so-called "iron ration," which every soldier carries in war-time. Modern processes of food preservation have added a great deal to the comfort of the soldier, and immense strides have been made in this matter in Germany. There is a huge factory at Mainz, which can produce daily 500,000 portions of coffee, 62,500 of prepared meat, 83,500 of vegetable food, 160,000 of compressed flour, and large quantities of other supplies. These preserved foods are not, however, supplied except in special cases to soldiers in garrison, who are provided with a diet of fresh food, the best obtainable in the district.

The fact that the Army is a national family makes it undoubtedly a most popular institution, and there is no real distaste to military service. At times the non-commissioned officer responsible for the progress of his men may make Army service a heavy burden for some dull rustic, but, on the whole, the treatment of the men is kindly and considerate. And the Army confers undoubted benefits upon the nation. The man who has undergone the training—even if it severely taxed his physical powers—is a better member of society than before enrolment. The sober comforts of barrack life do not content all, but, generally, it must be said that the German is proud of his Army and proud to belong to it.



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REVEILLE ON A SUMMER MORNING.
A Snap-shot of the Soldier En Deshabille.

A previous article appeared on April 13.

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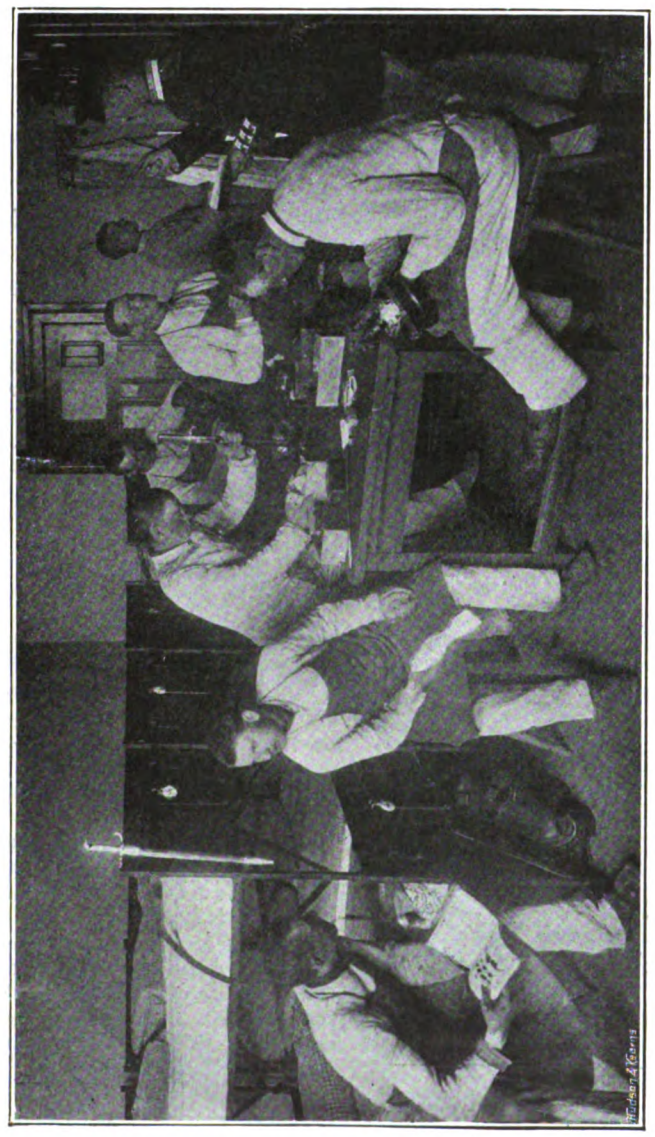
Scenes of German Military Life.

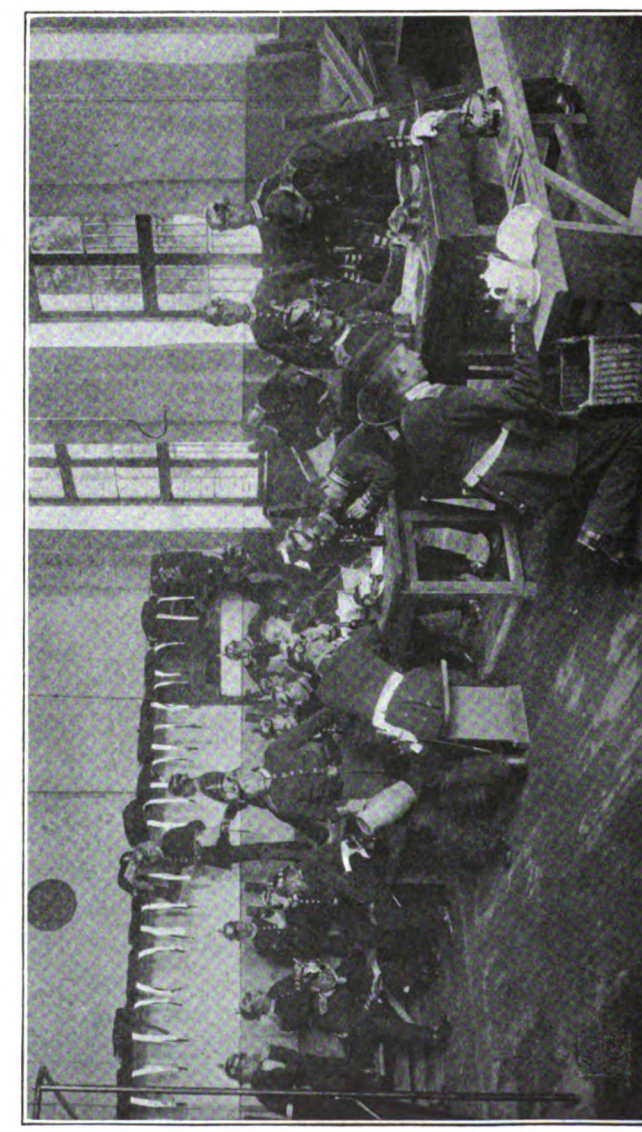
AT THE BARRACK CANTEEN
Where Beer and Politics are Discussed.

THE CARE OF A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.
A "Soft Time" for the German Soldier.

"Navy & Army."



PREPARING FOR THE INSPECTION.
Soldiers Cleaning their Accoutrements.



RETURNED FROM THE PARADE.
Leisure Hours in the Barracks

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The Press Censors in Cape Town.

ONE of the most important departments of work on the civil side of the war is that of the Press censors. From the outbreak of hostilities up to the present time the control of all news from the front has been in their hands. And a busy time they have had of it too. Very few, apart from those engaged in the actual work of the department, can estimate the amount of worry, work, and anxiety that attends the labours of the censors.

The chief censor at the present time is Major J. F. R. Bagot, and a short history of this hardworking officer will no doubt prove interesting to our readers. Major Bagot first joined the 96th Regiment in 1873, from which regiment he was shortly afterwards transferred to the Grenadier Guards, in which he served until 1886. Since then he has been major in the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry. He was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada in 1882-83, and again in 1888-89, in which capacity he won golden opinions and proved himself a thoroughly capable officer. In 1892 Major Bagot was elected M.P. for Westmoreland, and it is interesting to recall in this connection that he was elected unopposed for the same constituency at the last General Election while he was on active service in South Africa. The major went out to the front at the commencement of the war as secretary to the Portland Hospital. He was made chief censor at Cape Town shortly after the arrival of Lord Roberts at the seat of war, and afterwards succeeded Lord Stanley as chief censor to the Field Force.

MAJOR J. F. R. BAGOT, M.P., CHIEF CENSOR,
On Duty in his Office.

Associated with the chief censor in his arduous labours are the following officers as assistants. First among them comes Lieutenant-Colonel Angel Scott, of the Black Watch, now brigade-major of the Surrey Volunteer Brigade. Colonel Scott has seen much active service in Egypt. He was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. and also Press censor to the forces in the Soudan in 1884. His record of service in Egypt, from 1882 to 1885, was a highly creditable one. The other members of the censor's staff are: Captain N. Sarsfield, of the Connaught Rangers; Captain H. N. Hinde, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry; Captain Young, late of the 16th Lancers; Lieutenant the Hon. Ivan Campbell 3rd Royal Scots; Lieutenant H. R. Saint, South African Irregulars; Captain Rickards, Imperial Yeomanry; Lieutenant Hon. A. Littleton, Roberts's Horse; Lieutenant T. T. Whitehurst; and Lieutenant J. G. Kennedy, Paget's Horse. All these are the energetic coadjutors of Major Bagot in the cable and inland telegraph offices. When the word energetic is used it is not without reason, for the officers are on duty for the whole twenty-four hours in the cable office. Two of them are always in attendance regulating the work of that department. In the inland telegraph office there is the same work going on, but as the "wires" relating to the war and affairs in South Africa are necessarily very important, the office is closed from midnight to 8 a.m. for censorship. The importance of the censor's work can be appreciated when it is remembered that Cape Town is the principal point whence all communications between the seat of war and Europe can be controlled; messages by cable average between forty and fifty an hour, the busiest time being the evening and night up to 3 a.m. All code and cypher messages have to be translated for examination by the censors, and no message of any sort can either go out or come in till it has been passed by them. There is only one exception to this paramount rule, and that is in the case of Government messages.

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THE PRESS CENSOR'S STAFF AT CAPE TOWN.

Reading from Left to Right as One Looks at the Picture, the Names are: Lieut. H. Saint. Captain G. B. Rickards, I.Y. Lieut.-Col. A. Scott, Black Watch. Lieut. Hon. A. Littleton, Roberts's Horse. Lieut. J. G. Kennedy, Paget's Horse. Lieut. Hon. I. Campbell, 3rd Royal Scots. Captain Young, late 16th Lancers. Major Bagot, A.A.G., Chief Censor. Captain W. S. Sarsfield, Connaught Rangers. Captain H. N. Hinde, Somersetshire Light Infantry. Lieut. T. T. Whitehurst, I.Y.

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Homing Pigeons in Warfare.

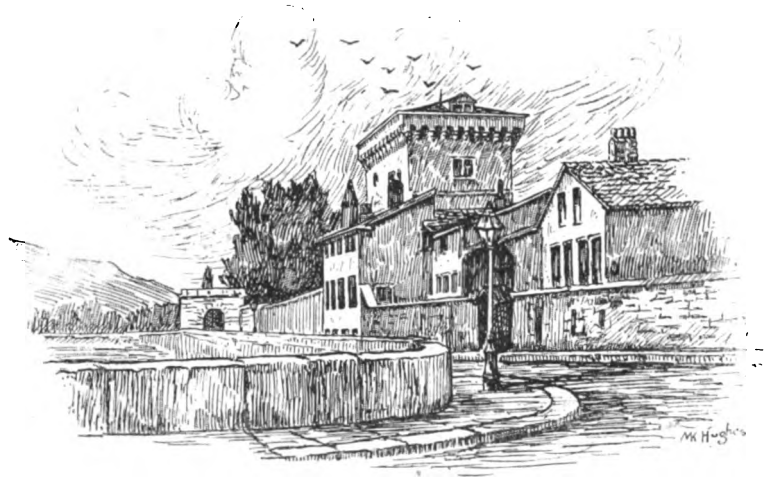
By George J. Larner.

THE establishment of a military pigeon loft at Aldershot brings the question of the value of homing pigeons in warfare once more before the eyes of the world. When we consider the late situation in South Africa, and the especial importance of news from besieged towns like Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley, we can well understand the great value of the homing pigeon in times of war. Had it not been for the foresight of a well-known Durban fancier, we should have been without news at an important time in the early part of the siege of Ladysmith. We heard next to nothing about pigeon messages during the war, though we found how valuable were some pigeongrams when the heliograph failed. The small number of trained birds originally sent into Ladysmith was, however, insufficient, and it would have been of the utmost service if we could have had pigeongrams from General White at the critical time of the Boer attack.

There is, in fact, no reasonable doubt that had a sufficiency of trained homers been available at the commencement of the war, we could have had news from the besieged every day that the air was free of fog. Of course a large number would have been needed. The same applied to Mafeking, which, lying as it does about 200 miles north of Kimberley, would have been well in touch with that place. If, then, Kimberley had had a good store of birds trained to fly to Durban, it will easily be seen how complete would have been the chain of communications between these important places. It would be erroneous to conclude that 100 pigeons would be capable of carrying 100 messages; so far from this being the case, they would, in practice, be found to be able to bring a much smaller number. This is entirely regulated by the distance the pigeon has to traverse; but in even the shortest distance duplication is necessary, as one bird might fall by a hawk or an enemy's bullet. It is a well-understood thing among the officials of the foreign military pigeon system that the multiplication of the messages depends entirely on the distance to be traversed, the age of the birds, and the position of the wind. Lieutenant Gigot, the eminent Belgian authority on homers, gives the following table in the military section of his work, "La Science Colombophile":

Distance to fly.	No.	Age.	Wind and Weather.
60 miles	2	At least 6 months	Favourable
90 ,,	2	,, ,,	,,
120 ,,	3	1 year	,,
150 ,,	3	2 years	,,
180 ,,	4	2 ,,	,,
210 ,,	5	2 ,,	,,
240 ,,	6	3 ,,	,,

This table shows that whereas the message is merely duplicated at sixty miles, at 240 miles no less than six copies are despatched. I am quite in agreement with the authority as to the necessity of this, and there can be no doubt that by multiplying the messages as the distance increases we shall be on the safe side. Had the regiments captured at Nicholson's Nek been provided with homers, there is hardly a doubt that they could have been reinforced in time to save them. Homers would be most valuable in short expeditions, where troops go out to make reconnaissances a few miles from the centres. Any bird of fair quality would cover, say, five miles back to a centre in 7-min. or 8-min., and a loft could be established for this purpose in a few weeks if young homers were obtained, and used the fort or camp. The military use of the homing or carrier pigeon is not of such recent growth as is generally believed. Quite the contrary; there are records to prove that the pigeon was used in warfare even before the second century. The following extract from "Las Palomas Mensageras"—a work written by the head of the Spanish military pigeon system—will show how early the idea had commended itself to the human mind: "Pliny tells us that during the siege of Modena the second Brutus sent letters to his consuls by means of pigeons." M. La Perre de Roo, a Belgian authority on homers, thinks the quickness with which Cæsar stayed the revolt of the Gauls proves that he had some such means at his disposal for sending messages; and as pigeons were used about this time for the purpose it seems extremely likely. In the time of Diocletian pigeons were employed in war, and the centurion Phocion used them for carrying messages. During the Crusades pigeons were used at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre by Richard Cœur de Lion. By this means he was enabled to have constant communication with the Sultan Saladin, who received three messages to say the English king had arrived there.



The Military Loft at Grenoble, France.

Pigeons were also used as messengers in the war between Spain and Holland in 1574, when Leyden was besieged by the Spanish troops. They were made use of at the siege of Haarlem. So great were the services rendered by them that, out of gratitude for their services, they were fed at the public expense, and at their death were preserved in the Leyden Museum. The true value, however, of this marvellous bird as a war messenger was not really discovered until the Franco-German War of 1870-71. After the disaster of Sedan on August 30, 1870, the German troops marched rapidly on Paris. M. La Perre de Roo, reading the accounts of the war in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, and seeing the extreme gravity of the capital being cut off from all the external world, wrote a letter to the Minister for War, suggesting the use of the homing pigeon, and advising him as follows: First, to collect all pigeons belonging both to private fanciers and to colombophile societies in Paris, at a price; second, to send all these same pigeons out of Paris before the arrival of the German troops; third, to collect in Lille and Roubaix the pigeons belonging to fanciers and societies, and send the same to Paris before the Germans arrived. The following day the Imperial Government fell, and the letter remained unanswered. However, part of the programme was fulfilled, either at the suggestion of M. Perre de Roo or of the Governor of the National Defences, as 800 pigeons were sent from the North of France to Paris. Many other well-known fanciers also made propositions, among them being M. Cassier, president of the society "La Esperanza" of Paris, who went to offer pigeons to the Governor of Paris, General Trochu, but he was received by an official who laughed at his idea, saying that he had already been preceded by plenty of people with the same idea. According to M. Derouard, it was not M. La Perre de Roo who initiated the idea of utilising homers, but a Frenchman named Fraclet. The result was, however, that in spite of the coldness with which those in authority received the idea, several pigeons were sent to the Director of Telegraphs at Tours; and in a short time, and contrary to military opinions, Paris was blockaded, and all ordinary means of communication with the external world were cut off. It was then that the natural ingenuity of the French people asserted itself, for the idea of using balloons struck M. Rampont, the Postmaster-General of Paris, and he and M. Durnog ascended on September 23 in the balloon Neptune, at about five o'clock in the morning, carrying thirty kilogrammes of letters and despatches. By this means the other parts of France received news of what passed in the capital. But, of course, the most important matter was that the Parisians should receive some news of the outer world. This problem was solved by the use of the homing or carrier pigeon. Two days after the departure of the first balloon, at 5 p.m., the second one ascended—the Ville de Florence—which carried three pigeons belonging to M. Roshekes; six hours later these birds had returned to Paris, bringing news that the balloon had descended at Triel, near Tours, and had safely delivered the messages to the officials there.

Micro-photographic Despatch.

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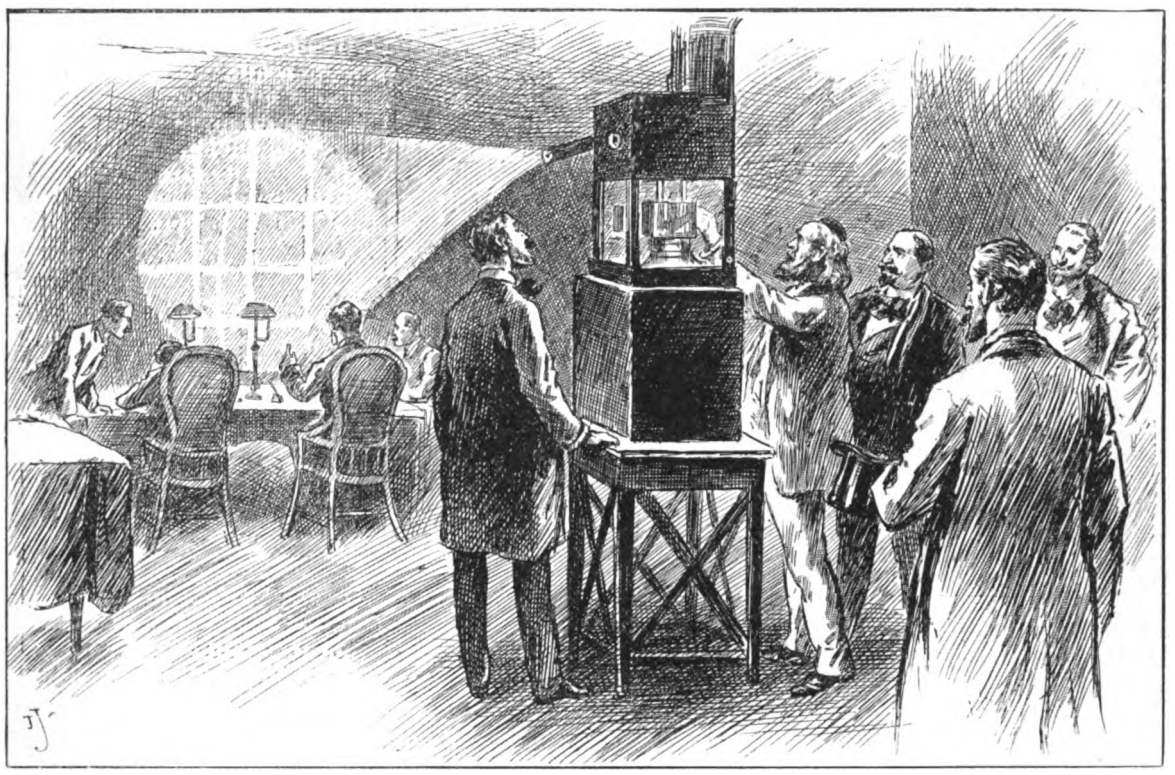
The predictions had been fulfilled, and Paris was no longer cut off from the world, but had instead a really excellent means of keeping up communication. Those who had depreciated and doubted the use of the pigeon were now full of enthusiasm, and newspapers announced the arrival of each pigeon in Paris. In all sixty-four balloons went out of Paris during the siege. Of these five fell into the hands of the Germans, three in the part of France which they occupied, one in Bavaria, and one in Prussia. Six fell in Belgium, five in Holland, and one in Norway. One of the balloons, Le Doguerre, was pierced by the enemies' bullets, and was captured on November 12 at Jussigny. The occupants were made prisoners. The Germans, into whose power part of the pigeons in the balloon had fallen, hit on an ingenious ruse to deceive the Parisians. They attached the following message to a pigeon, and tossed it: "Orléans repris par ces diables; partout population acclamant." But this stratagem was frustrated by a previous message attached to the tail feathers of the pigeon by one of the voyageurs.

Before digressing further, let us examine the military pigeon system of Europe, and as we have heard a deal about the tossing of German pigeons off our coasts, we cannot, perhaps, do better than start with this country. In the first place there must, of course, be a centre, which centre must of necessity be the capital; therefore the German military pigeon system comes, as it were, to a focus at Berlin. This town is in communication with the following towns, which, in other words, means that in all those towns there are situated military lofts of pigeons, as well as large lofts in the capital: Cologne, Metz, Mayence, Wurtzburg, Strassburg, Schwetzingen, Wilhelmshaven, Tonning, Kiel, Stettin, Danzig, Konigsberg, Thorn, Posen, Breslau, and Torgau. It will be easily seen that in the event of Berlin being invested there would be means of communication with all parts of Germany. The next important military pigeon system—speaking in a numerical sense—is that of Spain. This is under the care of one of the most practical homing fanciers in that country, viz., Señor Don Lorenzo de la Tejera y Magnin, the author of a standard text-book on the military use of the homer. This gentleman not only brings into the matter a sound knowledge of the homing pigeon, but he is, moreover, an authority on military questions. It is a great acquisition to any country desirous of establishing a good system of military lofts to have someone at the head with great technical knowledge, and who also thoroughly understands the homing pigeon.



Reading a Pigeongram by a Magnifying Lantern at the Siege of Paris.

Following Spain comes France, taking an easy third with her military pigeon system. Doubtless no pains have been spared by that country to bring her system to a very high state of perfection, and considering the experience gained during the siege of Paris, this ought not to have been a very difficult matter. There are no less than seventeen military lofts in France, including the central lofts at Paris. The following places are all in communication with the centre: Mont Valérien, Vincennes, Lille, Douai, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, Mezières, Verdun, Toul, Langres, Belfort, Besançon, Lyons, Marseilles, and Perpignan. All these places, with the exception of Lyons, Marseilles, and Perpignan, are situated on the German frontier, of course the most important strategic locality.

Following France comes Italy, which can boast of fourteen military pigeon stations, all, like those of Germany and France, converging on the capital, Rome. Each of the following places, wherein are situated military lofts, is in communication with that city: Ancona, Bologna, Verona, Piacenza, Alessandria, Mont Cenis, Fenestrelle, Exilles, Vinadia, La Maddalena, Cagliari, Gaeta, and Genoa. La Maddalena and Cagliari, situated in the Island of Sardinia, are in turn connected with each other and with the capital.

Portugal has, again, a first-class system of military lofts, which is remarkable for a Power of lesser magnitude. There are in all fourteen military pigeon stations in this small country, including Lisbon, the centre. They are as follows: Oporto, Valencia, Chaves, Braganza, Almeida, Guarda, Coimbra, Castello Branco, Abrantes, Elvas, Peniche, Bega, and Lagos.

Austria has but six military pigeon stations. The central loft is, curiously enough, not situated at the capital, but at Komorn. The following are in communication with this centre: Cracow, Francenfest, Karlsburg, Serajevo, and Mostar. Russia, again, has only a small system of military lofts, the chief and central one being at Brest-Litovsk, which is in communication with Warsaw, Novo-Georgievisk, Ivangorod, and Luninetz. Switzerland is represented by only four military pigeon stations, these being at Thun, Basle, Zurich, and Weesen. Denmark has only a solitary military pigeon station, situated at Copenhagen. Sweden, again, has only a single station, situated at Karlborg.

From the foregoing it will be seen that England is far in the rear in the matter of establishing lofts of homers to be used for the purpose of assisting her in the event of her being engaged at war. Yet, surely she greatly needs them; in fact, it may be said she is more in need of their assistance than any other Power. It is, perhaps, true that we do not stand in need of a military pigeon system to the same extent as do the continental Powers. Nevertheless, we ought to have one; the outlay would be very small. Then, again, take the Naval use of homers. Might they not be of great use to us in bringing messages from ships in various parts of the Channel to stations on the shore? The Americans made much use of their pigeons in this manner in the last war, and we believe the birds gave great satisfaction. One disadvantage that attends the use of homing pigeons is, of course, the fact that they cannot fly through fog; but they will pass through much mist and rain, provided they are of the proper age—viz., three to five years—and have been trained each year. It is unfortunate that more minute particulars of the military lofts of foreign Powers cannot be procured; not that this would be of any special value, but it would serve to show us how much we are behind other Powers.

There are, I believe, but two Government lofts of homers, both situated on the South Coast, and Aldershot is being provided. Would it not be a good investment to spend a few hundred pounds in establishing a system of such lofts right along our entire South-Eastern, Southern, and South-Western Coasts? There would then be in readiness a perfectly organised pigeon system, which, if it were looked upon as simply an auxiliary means of conveying messages, must indubitably in the hour of need be well worth the small outlay. It must, too, be borne in mind that whereas there may be a possibility of a despatch-boat being intercepted, it would be quite impossible to intercept a pigeon. The Government have recognised the principle by the establishing of two or three lofts of pigeons. Why should they not make a thorough working system, fit for any emergency?

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SOME CURIOSITIES IN RIFLE SHOOTING.

By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

THE aiming of a rifle at a still object is not quite so simple a matter as it looks. Even when no calculations have to be made for wind and distance, there are, all the same, things to contend with which prove too much for some people, and the principal of these is the indistinctness of the sights, especially the back sight, whenever the aiming eye is focussed upon the object to be hit. It may be said that no eye can define two objects when they are at different distances, and so it happens that when the deer is aimed at, the open back sight usually appears multiplied one, two, or more times. As eyes get older this multiplication occurs even for objects focussed by the eye, but it is when the "V" is out of focus that even the best of young eyes fail to see where the sight leaves off and where the opening begins. This blur does not matter much to them if they know, as all good rifle-shots must know, how to treat it. They use it as they do a Lyman peep sight, and look through what appears to be the middle. The middle is, of course, found by the most light in the peep sight, and that is the principle on which the middle is also found in the open sight. But here, in the latter, it is liable to be disturbed, by reason of uneven lights, as the sun, for instance, shining on one side of the "V" and not upon the other. When the sight has so far gone as to blur an object at 100-yds., it is often enough said that the only chance of rifle shooting is to use the other shoulder and the other eye, or else to use an orthoptic sight, which differs from the peep sight by coming very much nearer to the eye and also in having a very much smaller hole to look through. Another way is to wear orthoptic spectacles as manufactured by some of the opticians. But even then age may make these devices next to useless, and when this is the case it is commonly thought that there is nothing for it but the telescope.

But the orthoptic, the telescope, and the peep sight alike all go to make shooting at moving objects very slow. The peep sight may be excepted from this charge, provided it exactly fits the shoulder of the shooter, so that his eye comes to the spot as a consequence of an exact physical fit every time; but this involves only being able to use one elevation thus quickly, for as soon as the peep sight is screwed up for a longer shot, the pressure of the cheek to the stock no longer finds the opening physically, and it has to be sought for. That takes time, and meantime your deer is moving off. Then there is a limit to the definition that the orthoptic sight will give your target. I saw it stated lately that the only rays of light which give a sharp image are those which enter the eye at right angles. This is one of those elementary half-truths that do so much damage to investigation. I do not believe that any image whatever is given by the rays of light which enter the eye at exactly right angles. If it is desired to see whether this is correct or not, let anybody take orthoptic spectacles and screw down to the smallest possible opening; the appearance to the eye will then be an opening with a black dot in the middle. If this does not occur it will only be because the opening is not small enough; but it can be observed fairly well with an ordinary orthoptic sight if that is removed a little further from the eye than is common in shooting. At any rate, the point of a needle pushed through carbon paper will make a hole small enough for this phenomenon to occur to any eyes. This shows that the exactly right-angle rays of light are of no use, instead of being the "only ones" which give a sharp image, and that it is the rays of light which immediately surround these latter that are of real use, while this, again, condemns the opening of an orthoptic sight to be of a size large enough to enable the centre of the eye to get some rays of light which are not exactly at right angles with it. That is, you cannot go on making the orthoptic so small as to ensure definition at all three distances, target, fore, and back sight; and other devices have to come in when these fail. Very often it has happened that the badness of definition from the right eye has caused shooters to give up practice, believing that they were past it, when the very simple device of shooting with both eyes open would have helped them to their old form again.

I know that I shall be misunderstood here by many shooters who believe that when the second eye is kept open it takes no part in the proceedings, but is only a wide-awake sleeping partner after all. Others, again, know that this is not so, and to them I must apologise for explaining anything that they are already well aware of. But I am safe in saying that the majority of game-shots who regularly bring down their rocketers, right and left, with two eyes open, do not give the left eye credit for being able to tell the right when it is on the spot and when it is not. I do not believe that the majority believe that it is possible, for instance, to put a playing-card on the muzzle of their rifles and shoot with precisely the same amount of accuracy as if it were not there. But it is constantly done in this sense, that although the card is not there, the gun-barrels blot out the object aimed at from the right eye. In fact, when any alignment is taken with the right eye, this is precisely what is bound to happen every time a pheasant comes overhead, and the gun has to go forward before the bird in order that the shot may meet it.

Although in practice, then, the work two eyes are capable of is often enough used, the people who do it with so much apparent ease would declare it to be impossible to do the same work with a playing-card stuck (a good fit) on the end of their guns. But that would be only because they have not tried, and would have no confidence in themselves if they did. They would look at the playing-card, not at the game, and in this method of aiming everything depends upon the focus of both eyes being right for the object to be hit.

I have lately seen pennies thrown up and hit with a bullet when a card was on the rifle muzzle, an expertness which is past me, although I can do it as well with the shotgun as I can hit a sitting mark with the rifle. As mere trick shooting, I should not introduce it here, but I do so in order to make good my statement that when one eye fails the rifleman should try two. I may be excused for a moment perhaps if I say that I am not talking off the book, as I know by my own shooting. At 100-yds., for instance, I cannot see the 3-in. bull with my right eye, but with the left I see it well enough, and I can shoot straight by the use of two eyes, with or without the card on the muzzle of the rifle, just as often as I could when the right eye saw the bull. But Mr. Stockbridge, who is assisting me with the shooting of the rifles at Cricklewood, can hit pennies thrown up with a card on the muzzle, a quickness of aim I cannot accomplish, at least with a strange rifle, and I never tried it with any other. The explanation of this is easy enough to anyone whose eyes are pairs; that is, to anyone who only sees one image of the thing focussed. We all know, of course, that when two eyes see an object there is an image formed for each eye, but these two are superimposed as one only on the brain. The secret of two-eyed rifle shooting (perhaps in contradiction to that form of game shooting in which no alignment from the eye is made) is, that whatever comes between either eye and the object focussed appears to the brain to be upon its one, or superimposed double, image. The best way, therefore, for a beginner, who wants to use the rifle from both eyes at once, to see what his eyes will do is to hide, by a strip of paper on the left side of the barrel, both sights from the left eye; hide also, with the card on the muzzle before mentioned, the target from the right eye, stare fixedly at the target, and bring up the rifle to align with the right eye along the sights. Then, if the focus is kept

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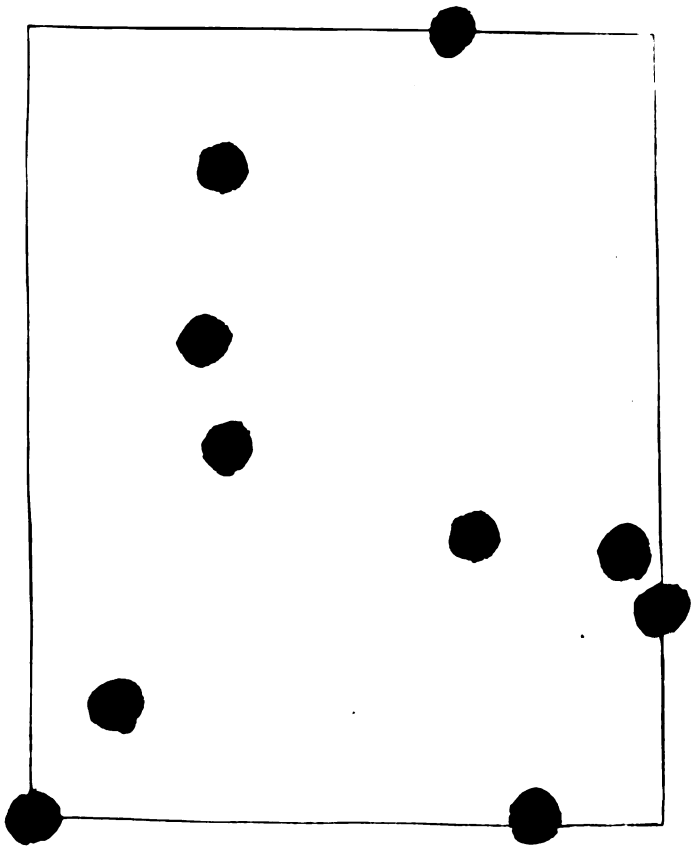
upon the target, the brain will instantly observe when the sights come between the right eye and the target, although only the left eye can see the latter. The card upon the muzzle will have a transparent effect for the brain, and the alignment of the sights on to the target will be accomplished by the focus; that is to say, the right eye is focussed in obedience to the only eye that can see the object, the left. As long as the left is focussed on the object, so is the right also directing its gaze in an exact line for it, so that whatever object—sight, or anything else—seen by the right to cross this line, is recognised by the brain to be upon its single image of the target. It is clear, then, that concentration of focus upon the target is the secret of the whole of this double-eyed shooting by alignment. It goes on as much after the removal of the card and the strip of paper on the side of the barrel as it did before; only, when these are in position there is proof of what is being done, and when they are not there is no actual proof.

It seems to follow, at any rate, that as long as a shooter has one long-sighted eye and one short one, provided they focus true to each other, he need not give up rifle shooting.

But the most interesting part of this method of shooting is when in the gloom of dark woods in the evening the ordinary fore sight cannot be made out. Then comes in the



Diagram, full size, made at 100-yds., with Playing-card on the Muzzle of a Greener ·310 Rifle, Kynoch Cordite Ammunition.

usefulness of being able, as it were, to see through a sheet of white paper stuck upon the muzzle. The object to be shot at may be out in the moonlight, the barrel under the black foliage of dense woods; and it was in consequence of such difficulty occurring when big-game shooting, that Mr. Stockbridge took to the method above described.

All the different sights which are specially designed for night shooting have some fault. Generally it is that in the woods they cannot be seen, even when they are made of white enamel. This is because they are not large enough. Mr. Walter Winans, some years ago, invented an electric sight for the same purpose, but it added greatly to the weight of the weapon and, besides, was very unsightly, although no doubt it answered its purpose if anybody ever tried it at game. Diamond sights have also been tried, but they are not as good as white enamel ones, provided the latter are big enough. The advantage of the card on the muzzle comes in here; you can slope it at any angle to catch what light there is, and the black fore sight in front of it always stands out as clearly from its white background as anything possibly can do in the dusk. It is safe to say that whenever you can see game a dozen yards away you can also see the black fore sight against its white background of card, and that is when the trick of two-eyed alignment comes in. By this meaas, if you can see your beast, you can also aim at it.

This is not the first time I have written on this subject, but I fear that on earlier occasions what I have advanced in favour of two-eyed shooting for rifles, and the proof of it by means of the card on the muzzle, was sometimes put down as theoretical. Of course, having regard to my own loss of powers of definition in the right eye, I knew it was not; but at that time I had never heard of anyone who could hit pennies with the carded rifle, as I have now described, and that feat, I think, will dispose entirely of the theoretical aspect of two-eyed alignment. I explained it many years ago in a newspaper I then edited, again last year in my book "Experts on Guns and Shooting," and yet I find that it is still new to the majority of shooters, and even some of those who use their two eyes and perform the focus alignment every time they shoot, believe that it is merely a case of hand and eye working together, just as it is when they catch a cricket-ball. Of course, I know well enough that there are many who shoot game in this way with the scatter-gun; but without alignment they cannot with a single bullet break pennies tossed in the air, and without alignment they cannot make 3-in. diagrams with a miniature rifle at 100-yds. Yet that is what Mr. Stockbridge can do with the card on the end of the rifle; and with it also I have seen him take the ashes off a cigarette in his assistant's mouth, and with the next shot put out the fire; so that in his case, at least, the extreme accuracy of the rifle-like aim is not prevented by the obstruction to right-eyed vision; nor are the nerves of either of the two in the smallest degree upset by the fact that one of them is shooting at something which, according to most rifle-shots, he cannot see to aim at, although that object is within an inch of a man's nose. I should be very sorry to attempt anything of the sort myself, with or without the card, and I only mention it here in order to prove that the loss of the powers of definition with the right eye of an object to be shot at, has really no influence whatever on rifle shooting, provided that the left can see all right and is made to do its proper work.

It is often said that the eye which can see the best is the master eye by nature. This proposition requires much modification; my very imperfect right eye, which cannot see the target, is, all the same, the master eye in the matter of aiming; that is to say, the sights naturally come up between it and the object aimed at, although it cannot see that object. I hate writing about myself, but I think this is curious enough to record, and ought to be done in view of the very curious stuff that is often committed to print about the master eye. But I can instantly convert my master eye, that is, my right, into subservience by putting on spectacles, with the right an orthoptic. I judge by this that it is the quickness with which the eye sees in the direction of the shot, perhaps the barrel itself, that settles which eye is to control the bring-up of the weapon. This may be useful to some people whose left eye drags over the barrels. They have only to use an orthoptic spectacle over the left, and the little light it will let in will alter the bring-up of the gun at once. They will, until they take off their glasses, have a right master eye to a certainty. I am not sure that everybody would consider the wearing of these spectacles preferable to closing an eye and taking an alignment with the right, but for this special purpose perhaps something a little less heavy, and without the screw arrangement, could be made.

I give a diagram, 4⅛-in. × 3¼-in., made at the first time of asking with a ·310 Greener rifle with the card stuck on the muzzle, the distance being 100-yds. and the shooter Mr. Stockbridge.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"INLAND COUNTY."—As there are no references to cooks in the little Admiralty pamphlet "How to Join the Royal Navy," we will answer your queries here. The age for joining as acting cook's mate is from eighteen to twenty-three years, height 5-ft. 5-in., and chest measurement 32-in. Men enter first as a temporary enlistment for six weeks' instruction at the depôt, and then pass an examination before the "cooking" instructor. If found efficient, they are taken before the Captain of the Depôt for entry for twelve years' continuous service like other men, and are rated as cooks' mates. They first do six weeks' training, learning to cook for the men, to lay fires, clean cooking utensils, and more especially to acquire cleanly habits. In the second six weeks they understudy a cook at the galley, who reports on their efficiency. After three months they are examined again, passing out as first or second cooks' mates, those passing very well being recommended for rating as first cooks' mates at once, otherwise the rank is obtained by the recommendation of the ship's cook in the ship they serve in.

* * * *

"COCKNEY."—The furlough season at home begins on October 1 and ends on March 1. Furloughs are granted at the discretion of the commanding officer. A soldier must be dismissed his drills and must be out of debt before he can expect the favour to be granted. The period for which a furlough is granted depends a great deal on the distance the man has to travel and the expense to which he will be put. Of course, everyone cannot be away at once, and it is usually recognised that never more than 25 per cent. of the strength of the corps can be away at the same time. Every effort is, however, made to grant furloughs to men returning from abroad as soon as possible after their return home. Indeed, if the duties of a station will allow of it, it is customary to grant leave to the whole of a returning unit. Furloughs during the non-furlough season are granted in special cases at the discretion of the commanding officer; but furloughs are never granted to non-commissioned officers to enable them to take up appointments in the Army Reserve, Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers.

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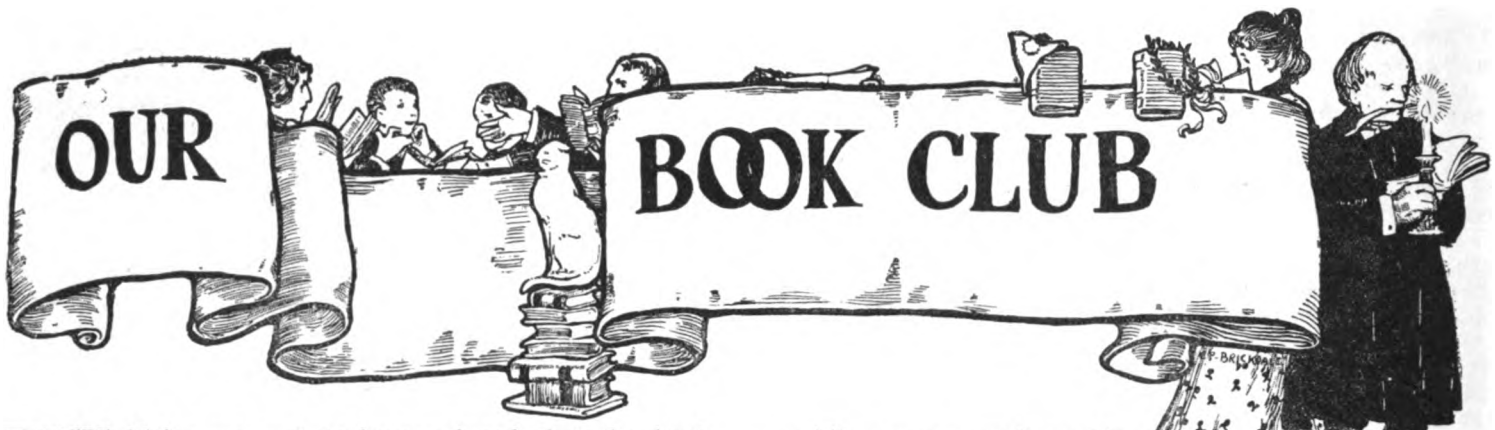

THE Major was not to be convinced that the book "England's Danger," described as by Theodor von Sosnosky, is not really by an Englishman. At least, he averred that it showed such an intimate knowledge of many details of our military affairs that, coming from the pen of a foreigner, he must be regarded as one who has devoted himself in a very exhaustive fashion to the study of his subject. However this might be, we could not but recognise in his book a very breezy and outspoken criticism of our military system. He declares that he never set foot on British soil, but that from his boyhood he has had an absorbing interest in British military concerns. It was not, we said, at the first sight easy to understand why a foreigner should be at the pains, not only to denounce our Army and most of its works—which indeed is something in the way of a foreigner—but also to prepare extensive tables showing the strength and distribution of the Army, and finally to propose a complete scheme of Army reform in full detail. Men do not often act in this way. No Englishman, for example, has ever been found to instruct the French as to how they should order their Fleet, whereas an Englishman in the guise of a foreigner did, some years ago, denounce our Naval organisation in the most whole-hearted manner.

What, said the Major, who was expounding the subject, is excellent in the new book is that the author, though recognising the supreme importance of the British Navy, shows that this advantage does not absolve us from the necessity of maintaining an Army of corresponding strength in constant readiness for war. It is to the Navy, in his historical sketch, that he attributes our defeat of Napoleon, in which he merely echoes the remark of a French admiral, who said that the ships of Nelson were the victors at Waterloo. There are, it is true, some very odd things in this historical survey. Quatre Bras is a defeat; the army in the Peninsula is incapable of decisive action and is dependent on the Spaniards and Portuguese; in the Crimea we play an insignificant part compared to the French! What shall we think, interposed one of our members, of a writer who fails so completely to recognise the story of the Crimea as an imperishable monument to the sterling qualities of the British Army. It was the administration that was wrong, not the Army that failed, and the Army did not lose "the prestige that had followed its banners since the days of Wellington." Then we find Lord Wolseley receiving the title of "Lord of Cairo," for the "easy victory" of Tel-el-Kebir! Having posed as an ardent admirer of England and Englishmen, Herr von Sosnosky is thus delighted to disparage our successes as cheap, and to magnify the achievements of our adversaries, which is again, the attitude of a foreigner. The main object, said the Major, was to show that the quality of the Army had been depreciated grievously since the days of Wellington. "But the real cause at the bottom of all this is nothing more nor less than want of troops. Want of troops! It is the spectre that haunts the British Army, the shadow that dogs its footsteps everywhere, that trammels every movement and the working of every plan, and darkens the glory of its most splendid achievements." It was pointed out to us that, although the author speaks of these splendid achievements, he does not proclaim any as such. He asserts, on the other hand, that the British Empire has been in the habit of fulfilling its obligations to its allies in money rather than troops, leaving the solution of military problems to them, so that, on the Continent, the Army came, with its reduced quality, to be regarded as a *quantité négligeable*.

It is the voluntary system, according to Herr von Sosnosky, that is responsible for our shortcomings. It causes us to admit an inferior set of men into the ranks, and contributes to the poor estimation in which we hold—or have held—the Army. A curious paradox gratifies the author. Uniform, which on the Continent is a distinction, is a disadvantage in England, and yet this contempt of uniform, the outward sign of the profession, is in absolute contradiction to the excessively high opinion which English people have of their Army. So curious does this paradox appear, that Herr von Sosnosky describes it as a problem in national psychology, and he considers it equally paradoxical that, while we are malignantly opposed to soldiering as a profession, we are passionately fond of soldiering as a game. It is certainly unwise to prophesy unless one knows, and assuredly the critic has fallen into a grave error in speaking contemptuously of our Colonial troops, of which he says the value is "very small."

A writer who so thoroughly misunderstands our Imperial resources cannot well be accepted as a guide. Nevertheless the book commands attention by the inherent interest of its subject and the vigour of its style, while there is undoubted force in some of the criticisms. There appeared to us to be much interest in the remarks about the territorial districts and district commands being badly proportioned, in point of numbers, and another arrangement might facilitate mobilisation. The outcome of this drastic criticism is that the British Army, with the exception of the Guards and the cavalry, is represented as split up into small fragments, scattered over the face of the globe, with a system of mobilisation anything but admirable.

Let it be agreed, said the Major, that we have not well adapted our means to our ends. We have created a great Volunteer organisation, albeit an imperfect one, mainly for the purpose of internal defence, which is a somewhat remote contingency, while we have organised no force adequate for our Imperial purposes, which are of constant incidence and may call any day for the exertion of force at a distance from our shores. So far, we may agree with Herr von Sosnosky.

Having proclaimed his condemnation of our existing system, the critic proceeds to indicate the war in South Africa (which appears to have supervened during his labour) as a standing example of every sin that system has ever committed. On the whole, we came to the conclusion that all the things said by the critic about the war have been said by someone else before. There is the insistence upon the temporary fact that "the mighty British Empire, face to face with a handful of Dutch farmers, could only stand on the defensive." We encounter the old attack upon Sir Redvers Buller's generalship; we have Lord Roberts securing a victory over Cronje, while the glory rests simply and solely with the *glorieux vaincu*; and we hear enough of incompetent generals and incapable subordinates, suggesting that the defects of the British Army are radical and thorough-going, to be found in all its details, from the highest to the lowest branches of the Service, and that there is a need for root-and-branch reform. So many schemes of Army reorganisation have been propounded, good and bad, but mostly the latter, that we did not enter into all the details of Herr von Sosnosky's scheme. There were those among us who thought that Mr. Brodrick's proposals left very much to be desired, but we did not recognise that the critic's remedy of universal conscription was applicable to our state. Conscription, we said, is not the right foundation for a foreign service Army such as we require, and our military forces must be fitted for active service, and largely for garrison duty, in distant parts of the world. It was nevertheless a pleasure to read the outspoken criticism found in the book. Things are certainly put in its trenchant pages in a somewhat new light, and the author must be complimented upon a vigorous treatment of a complicated subject, even though his proposals should be impracticable, and in spite of the fact that he writes somewhat in the spirit of a partisan. Those who are interested in such questions—and all Englishmen should be—will do well to read the book, which is a very spirited contribution to its subject. Reaching this conclusion, the meeting of our Book Club came to an end.

JOHN LEYLAND.

Some books worth buying:

"England's Danger: The Future of British Army Reform." Theodor von Sosnosky. Translated by M. Sinclair. (Chapman.)

"The Relief of Ladysmith: The Artillery in Natal." Captain C. Holmes Wilson, R.A. (Clowes.) A narrative that should be in the hands of every Artilleryman.

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The Easter Cycling Manœuvres

THE war in South Africa has been fruitful in lessons, but it can hardly be said to have thrown any light on the value of cyclists Wheelmen may indeed become capital scouts, for they can move rapidly even over a country which, to anyone not accustomed to cycling as viewed from the standpoint of war, would appear incapable of being traversed by heavily-weighted machines. Of course this possibility of rapid movement will never compensate for lack of discipline or of training with the rifle, and we must beware lest the opposition offered by the Boers in a country eminently adapted to their mode of warfare should revive once more the heresies of the sixties, and induce us to imagine that cyclists, or undisciplined men with rifles, hiding behind hedges, or seeking to hold isolated farmhouses, could offer any serious opposition to an invading force or even materially delay its advance. England, however, with its innumerable enclosures and numerous high roads and byways, is essentially the country in which disciplined and properly-trained cyclists might be expected to develop the maximum of utility; and the War Office, recognising this fact, was anxious that manœuvres should take place directed to ascertaining whether it is possible to employ with advantage cyclist troops in large bodies as part of an armed force, using them, most probably, against the flanks and rear of an advancing enemy; and, if so, to ascertain in addition how these bodies should be organised and manœuvred. The result was a general turn-out of cyclist Volunteers at Easter.

In the neighbourhood of London the cyclist Volunteers of the Home Military District were opposed to those of the Eastern Military District, the manœuvres taking place in Hertford and Essex, and the heavy rains of the Saturday intervening between Good Friday and Easter Day, which, of course, made the roads terribly bad going, gave an effectual indication of one limit of the employment of cyclist Volunteers. The men struggled with the utmost pluck, but they were beaten by the climatic conditions, and except for the capture of a picket and the occasional contact of opposing scouts, no results were achieved, and the manœuvres ended in something like a draw. In other words, as everyone might have foreseen, the cyclist laden with rifle and bayonet, great-coat and haversack, loses in really bad weather a great part of the mobility which confers upon him his special value. In Cheshire, where the manœuvres to which our pictures relate took place — a Northern force opposing a Southern one—the conditions were more favourable. There were punctures and broken chains and an occasional irretrievable smash. But everyone knows that punctures will happen and that chains will break, and the ingenuity of inventors has not yet discovered a means of averting such calamities. When such a discovery is made, not the least of its effects will be to add materially to the military value of the cyclist.

FAIRLY ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

A Section of the Southern Force Leaving Chester.

UNDERGOING A CRITICAL EXAMINATION.

Captain Hartley and Captain Morrice Watching the Men Pass Chester Cross.

Photos. Copyright. *G. M. Cook.*

THE START OF THE CHESTER FORCE ON GOOD FRIDAY.

The Cyclist Volunteers Mounting Outside Chester Castle.

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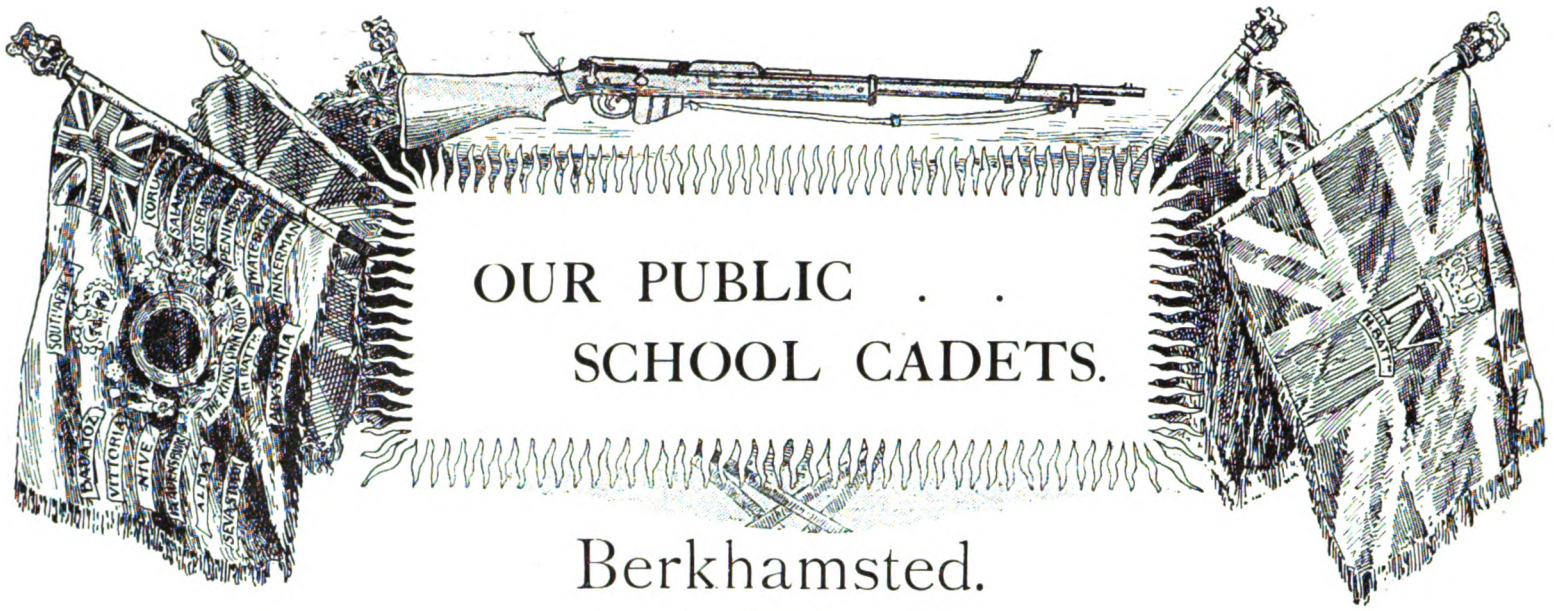

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Berkhamsted.

By Callum Beg.

AMONG all the smart school cadet corps none exceeds the Berkhamsted Corps in point of military efficiency and smartness. Founded in 1891 by Mr. Wynne Willson, now Chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford, it was warmly taken up both by boys and masters, and has always had a staunch supporter in the person of the head-master, the Rev. Dr. Fry.

At its inception the corps mustered some fifty or sixty of all ranks, but under the guiding influence of Captain Willson, who had formerly commanded his company at Marlborough, the numbers were almost doubled in five years, and when he resigned in 1896, he had the satisfaction of leaving behind him a flourishing company about 100 strong.

Captain Willson had in Lieutenant Parsons a "right-hand man" of no mean ability, and no one could have been more fitted than was the latter to take command of the corps after the resignation of the founder. Consequently the ranks were not reduced in numbers when Captain Wilison relinquished the command, but, on the contrary, have been steadily augmented, with the result that at the present time nearly 150 of the boys are enrolled as cadets.

Captain Parsons is known as a keen and energetic Volunteer, and has done much to preserve the best traditions of Berkhamsted. Not only does he devote his time unsparingly to the interests of the cadets, but also commands a company, connected with Lord Brownlow's estate at Ashridge, of the 2nd (Hertfordshire) Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, to which, by the way, the school corps is attached. Both the battalion and its cadet corps are clothed in grey, the former having grey facings and the latter blue.

Photo. Copyright. THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*
Lieutenant G. H. Gowring. *Captan James Parsons.* *Second-Lieutenant H. Thornton.*

Boys are not compelled to "take up arms" in defence of their hearths and homes, but after joining the corps members are kept strictly to their voluntary engagement. Patriotism, however, runs high at Berkhamsted, for out of 250 boys over fourteen years of age nearly three-fifths have shouldered the rifle. The masters too take a lively interest in the corps, and seven of them are members of it, some serving as non-commissioned officers, and others in the not-to-be-despised rank of "full private."

It is worthy of note that the cadets are not armed with obsolete or useless weapons, but with Lee-Metford rifles, which they know well how to use to advantage; but of their musketry attainments more hereafter. Thus equipped, it is not surprising to find the boys taking a keen interest in all military exercises. Drills are held regularly twice a week—once in uniform and once in mufti. Nor is any school

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work permitted to interfere with the proper training of the corps, and the head-master, who, as we have observed, is a keen advocate of "soldiering," has arranged that no other engagements clash with the parades. The corps is usually formed into two companies, and is thus to all intents and purposes a battalion.

The school is fortunately situated with reference to manœuvring. Berkhamsted Common forms an ideal site for field days, and it is hardly necessary to state that the cadets are not always engaged in what is known as "barrack-square drill," but are also exercised in the more useful branches of a soldier's education.

Scouting occupies a prominent position in the corps' programme of military training, and it will no doubt interest our readers to know that the Berkhamsted boys are well grounded in General Baden-Powell's famous book on the subject.

Signalling is, of course, not forgotten, and the corps can boast of an efficient section numbering nine men, and entirely trained by one of the senior boys. A bugle band forms part of the establishment, under command of a master, but the captain, being a keen soldier, realises that every cadet, whether a musician or not, must before all things be an efficient soldier. The band, therefore, is only occasionally used; or to employ a well-known official term, the bandsmen seldom "parade as such," but are trained like the remainder of their comrades.

It would be hard to improve upon the system of promotion obtaining in the corps. The coveted lance stripe is not given to Tom, Dick, and Harry, if we may use such a phrase in referring to cadets, but all candidates for the appointment of lance-corporal are required to pass a qualifying examination. General smartness can only secure the next step in promotion, that is, to the rank of corporal, and corporals, in their turn, before being raised to the dignity of sergeant, must satisfy their commanding officer that they have a thorough knowledge of company movements, and are competent of commanding, under all circumstances, a section in the field. The system is found to answer well, and Captain Parsons is to be congratulated on having behind him a number of non-commissioned officers not to be excelled in efficiency or smartness.

An event of importance in the military year at Berkhamsted is the Annual Drill Competition between the six senior houses of the school. Weeks before the event is decided the house commanders are to be seen exercising their teams, and on the day of reckoning the interest and excitement displayed by all ranks is intense.

Field days are arranged every term in conjunction with other corps, and the Berkhamsted boys take part yearly in the Spring Field Day at Aldershot. Since 1893, too, a detachment, usually about sixty or seventy strong, has been sent to the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot. Here it has always come in for a share of praise. In 1898 especially it won distinction, and was one of the five corps specially commended

THE SECTION COMMANDERS OF THE CORPS.

Sergeant-Major Ballam. Sergeant Sewell. Sergeant Herbert. Sergeant Bavin. Sergeant Sheather. Sergeant Pattenson. Sergeant Scott. Colour-Sergeant Trask. Sergeant Stocks. Sergeant Thomas.

THE SCHOOL CORPS BAND.

Bugler Janion. Bugler Powell (ii). Bugler Bell. Bugler Perkins. Corp. Locke. Lance-Corp. Dr. Dornton. Bugler Powell (iii). Bugler Balding. Bugler Crouch. Bugler Buckle. Colour-Sergeant Trask (Bandmaster). Bugler Syson. Bugler Fowler

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE SIGNALLING SECTION.

Private Foreshew. Private Markham. Lance-Corporal Sparke. Lance-Corporal Brunner. Private Cragg. Private Stagg. Private Howard. Sergeant Legh.

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by Major Buchanan-Riddell, then in command of the Public Schools Provisional Brigade, whose sad death has since been lamented by hundreds of schoolboys who were fortunate enough to come in contact with the gallant soldier.

Due prominence is given to musketry, and the boys are encouraged to practice at the range on Berkhamsted Common, which is placed at their disposal on certain days. The corps has regularly since 1894 entered a team for the Ashburton Shield at the annual Bisley Meeting, and has always secured an honourable position. In 1899, when the Shield was won by Rossall, the Berkhamsted team followed close on the winners, taking second place. On that occasion Sergeant d'Egville made what is believed to be a record score in the competition for the Shield. At 200-yds. he put on 32 points, and at 500-yds. 35 points—a total of 67 out of a possible 70. In 1900 the team shot well, but did not succeed in maintaining its high position on the list. Sergeant d'Egville, again shooting for his school, under much harder conditions, registered 65 points.

During the winter months the corps undergoes steady and systematic practice at the Morris-tube range, and although shooting with miniature ammunition may not make a man what is known as a "crack shot," there is no doubt that it goes far to "teach the young idea how to shoot." Constant practice with the Morris-tube gives the novice confidence on the range and teaches him how to handle his rifle when firing with Service ammunition. The corps is inspected every year by the officer commanding the 16th Regimental District, usually at the same time as the battalion to which it is attached. Last year, however, the custom was departed from, and the corps was separately inspected.

The corps, numbering nearly 150 members, was drawn up in the school grounds formed into two companies with a signalling section. Captain Parsons was in command, and the company officers were Lieutenants Gowring and Wagstaff. Headed by the band, the corps marched to the inspection ground, and there received the inspecting officer (Colonel Young, commanding the 16th Regimental District) with a general salute. The ranks were then inspected, and afterwards the corps marched past in column and quarter column. These movements were followed by the manual and firing exercises, but the inspection was not confined to ceremonial or "steady drill."

The day concluded with a tactical exercise, more familiarly known as a "sham fight." The band was for the time being the "enemy," and took up a position about half a mile off. To Captain Parsons fell the task of formulating a scheme of attack, and this he did with marked ability. Sending out picked scouts and signallers, he was soon in possession of early information regarding the whereabouts of the enemy, and speedily formed up his battalion in attack formation. One half-company was extended in skirmishing order, with a half-company in support and the second company in reserve. Words of command were very seldom to be heard for the advance was almost entirely carried out by signal, and the lads worked well. The firing was by section volleys until the final position was neared, when independent firing was ordered, which was followed by a vigorous charge.

All this was a test of the corps' efficiency in the field, and all ranks acquitted themselves with marked credit. The old type of inspection is fast dying out. Nowadays the tendency is to examine units in the field rather than in the barrack square, and it may fairly be said that the Berkhamsted cadets shine under the new *régime*.

The manœuvres over, the companies were exercised under their own company commanders, and Colonel Young then called out the officers and complimented Captain Parsons and the other officers on the ability with which they had manœuvred their men. The inspecting officer then addressed the corps and congratulated it upon its numbers, smart appearance, and steady drill. The scouting, he said, had been intelligently carried out, and he dwelt upon the importance of this species of work in the field. He also alluded to the valuable lessons of discipline taught in the work of the corps, habits of discipline which the ordinary school life, however perfect, could not teach. In conclusion Colonel Young said, "Captain Parsons, I congratulate you on your battalion." The remarks of the inspecting officer were well merited, and the officer commanding the corps has every reason to be proud of the eulogy bestowed upon it by so distinguished an officer.

That the early training received in the ranks of the Berkhamsted Cadet Corps bears good fruit, is demonstrated by the fact that a representative proportion of those who have served in its ranks on leaving school continue their Volunteer training as officers or in the ranks of Volunteer corps in all parts of the country. Others, of course, take commissions in the Regular Army. Over thirty "old boys" have seen service in South Africa. Of these four originally went to the front with Volunteer detachments, and afterwards received commissions in the Regular Army.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, and St. Paul's School on April 6.*]

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

A FULL MUSTER.

The Berkhamsted Cadets on Parade.

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WITH THE GARRISON OF THE TAKU FORTS.

The present garrison of the North-West Fort, commanded by Major F. G. Kappey, R.M.A., has occupied it since the end of August. Major Kappey was for some time seriously ill with dysentery, but has now sufficiently recovered to resume his post

THE TAKU THEATRICAL TROUPE.

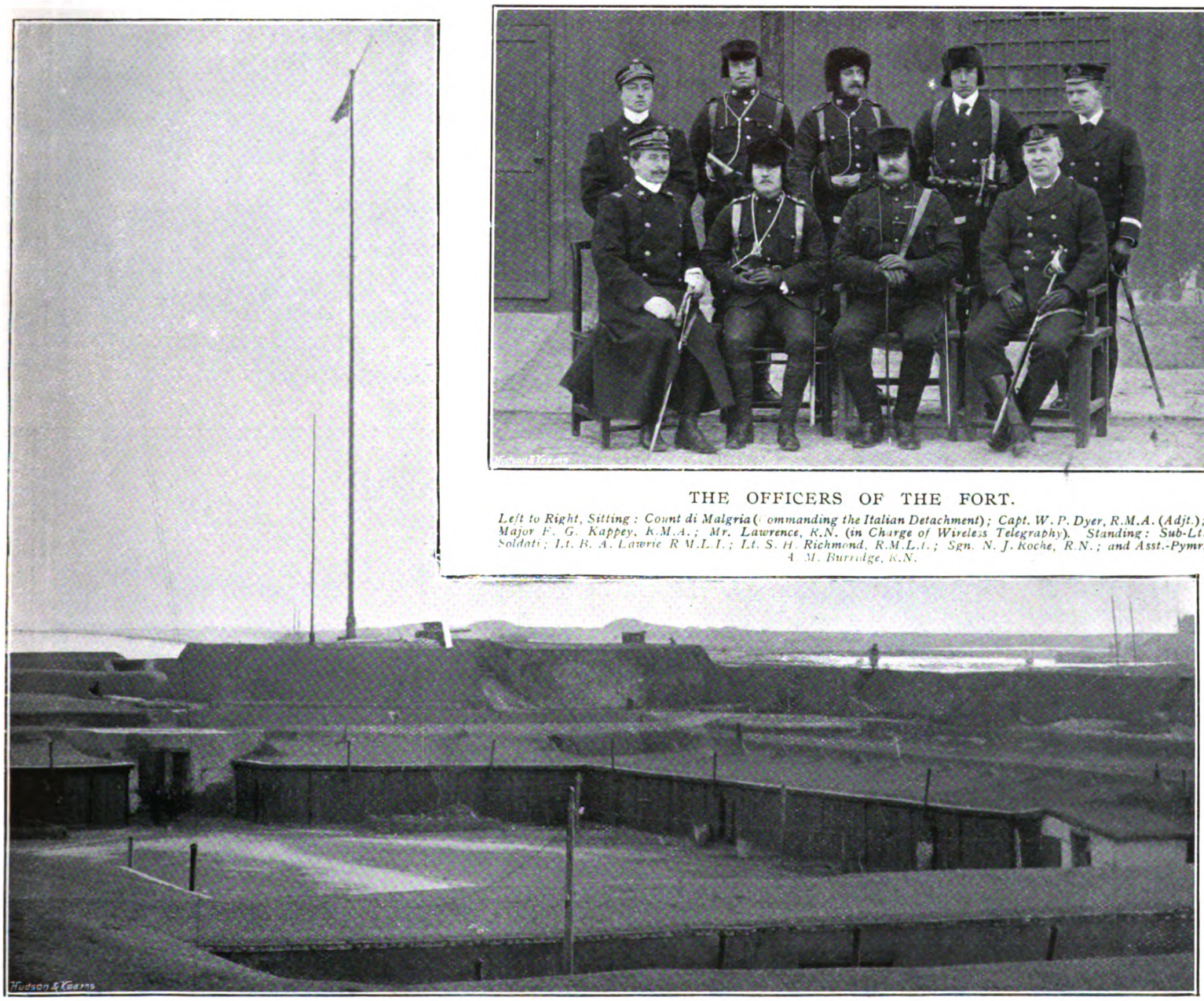
Dr. Roche. Lieut. Richmond. Major Kappey. Mrs. Craufurd. Miss Cromarty. Mrs. Hurst. Mrs. Ratten.

THE MARINES FOOTBALL TEAM.

Which has been Very Successful in Winning International Matches with Dr. Roche as Captain and Lieutenant Richmond as Referee.

THE OFFICERS OF THE FORT.

Left to Right, Sitting: Count di Malgria (Commanding the Italian Detachment); Capt. W. P. Dyer, R.M.A. (Adjt.); Major F. G. Kappey, R.M.A.; Mr. Lawrence, R.N. (in Charge of Wireless Telegraphy). Standing: Sub-Lt. Soldati; Lt. B. A. Lawrie R.M.L.I.; Lt. S. H. Richmond, R.M.L.I.; Sgn. N. J. Roche, R.N.; and Asst.-Pymr. A. M. Burridge, R.N.



Photos. Copyright. A VIEW OF THE FORT TAKEN FROM THE MAIN RAMPARTS. *"Navy & Army."*

It shows the Curious Mud Roofs of the Barrack-rooms, with the Entrance by which the Fort was Stormed. Also can be seen the Marconi Mast Erected by the Taku Tug and Lighter Company, and a 12-centimetre Gun Disabled in the Bombardment.

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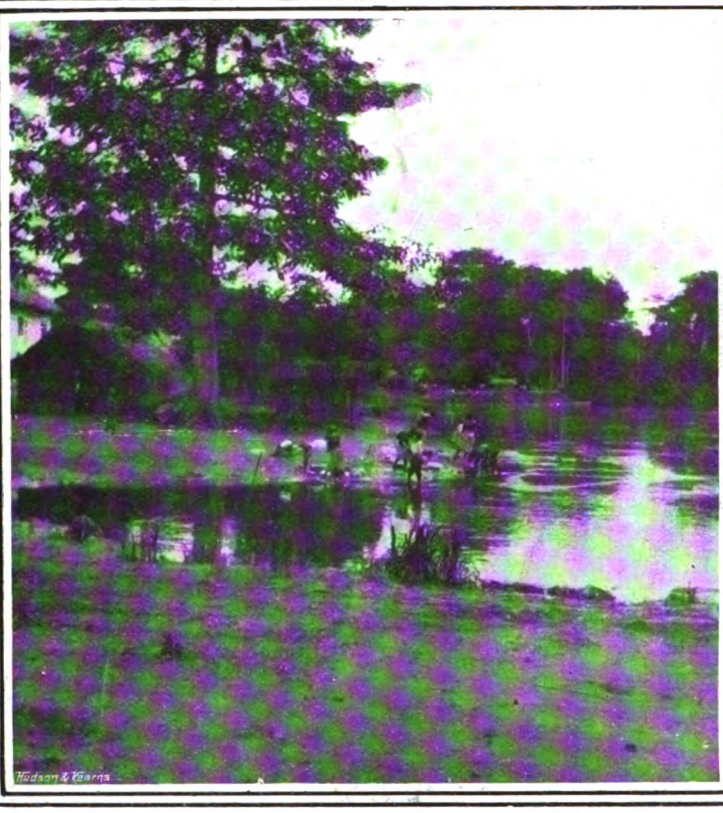
THE THIRD ASHANTI WAR.

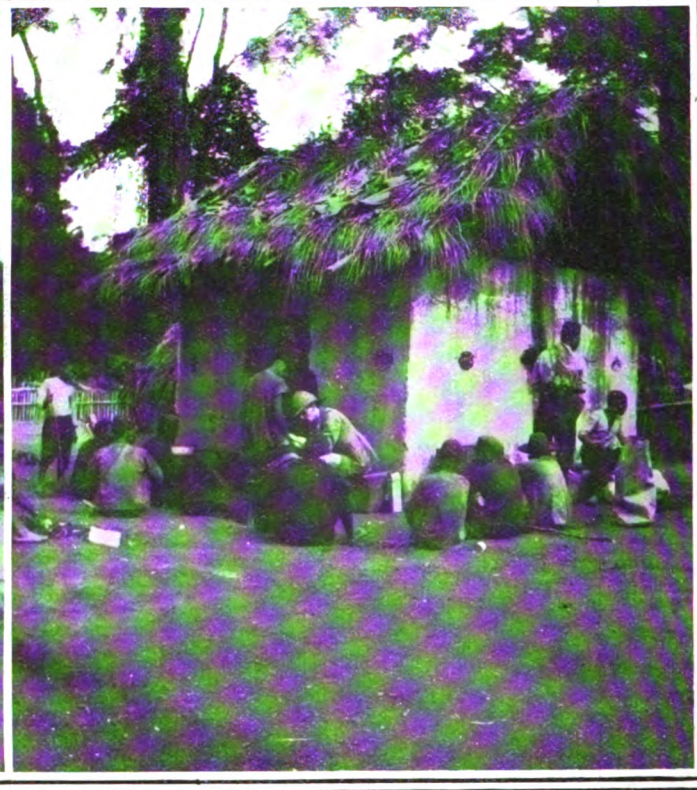
From Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

WHILST we were carrying on the biggest campaign which this generation has seen, to say nothing of momentous events in the Far East, a British army was engaged in a very hard-fought and arduous campaign in one of the most trying and pestiferous climates in the world. The other events somewhat dwarfed it, to the view of the man in the street, but none the less was it one of the most striking campaigns that our history will have to tell of. It was a campaign fought entirely by black troops alone, but officered and led, of course, by Britons. These troops were native levies drawn from many and distant parts of our great Empire. There were men from Somaliland, British Central Africa, the West Indies, all the West African Colonies, and, first amongst all, the stalwart Sikh of the Punjab, whom the negro has christened "the black white man."

Of the sort of country we were fighting over—not large in area—our illustrations are very typical. The men we were fighting were very different from the Ashanti of old, for the advance of civilisation has taught them very different methods from their old manner of warfare, and they have acquired and know how to use modern weapons, and are equal to availing themselves of what has been learned from the conqueror—the use of rifle-pits, stockades, and loopholed walls. How heavy the fighting was is sufficiently shown by the fact that out of a total of 3,400 men 850 were killed or wounded. Out of 200 British combatant officers engaged, fifty-five were killed or wounded. Add to this the heavy casualty list from disease, and it will be seen how Sir James Willcocks's brilliant campaign deserves all the honour that it has gained. Of course, it gets a special medal, and one most worthily gained, and it adds besides to its roll of honour two V.C.'s and ten D.S.O.'s given to heroes of the campaign.

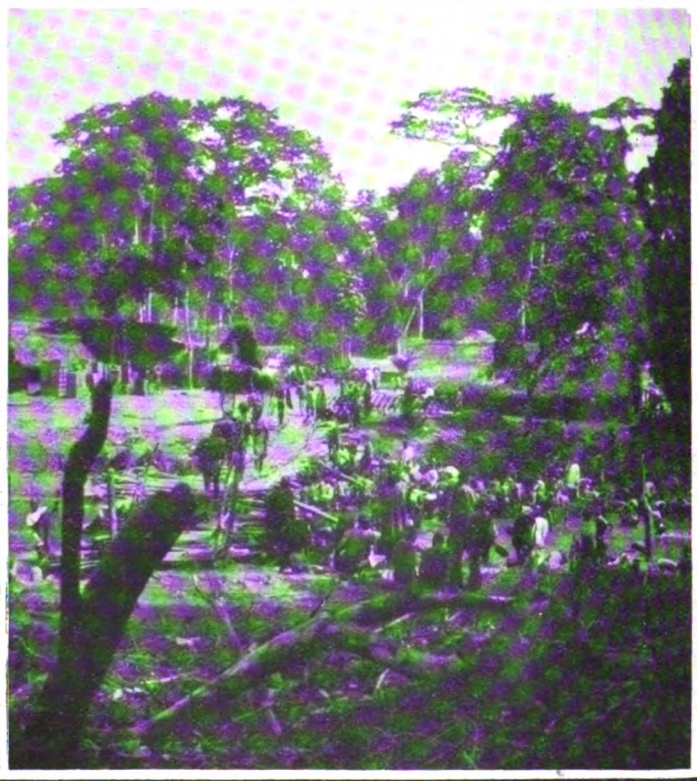


A SCENE ON THE PRAHSU RIVER.



THE DOCTOR SEEING SICK AT KWISA.

THE DANKERA NATIVE LEVIES.



A HASTILY-CONSTRUCTED BRIDGE AT FUMSU.

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MORE COLONIAL AID FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

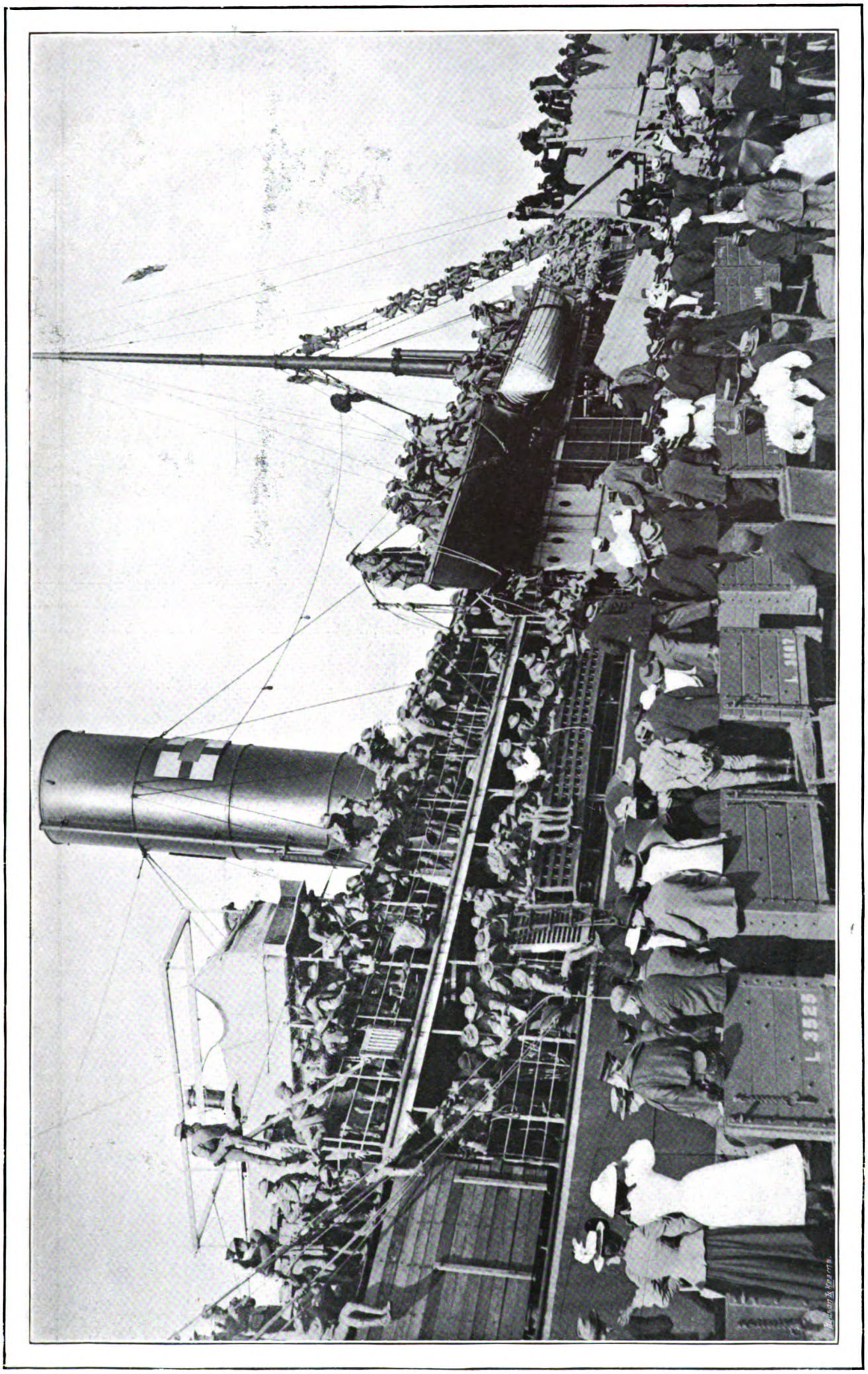

Photo. Copyright. *Bell.*

THE SIXTH NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT LEAVING AUCKLAND IN THE S.S. "CORNWALL."

During the present war in South Africa nothing has been more remarkable and more significant than the eagerness with which the daughter realms have given of the best of their sons to go to the front and to fight beside the representatives of the Mother Country for the welfare of the common Empire. Nobly, too, have they done their duty, and it must ever be a cause of satisfaction that many of them have won commissions and distinction. Our picture represents the departure from Auckland of New Zealand's sixth contingent, and it is worthy of note that if the Mother Country had contributed in the same degree as New Zealand has done, in proportion to population, she would have sent to South Africa 150,000 volunteers.

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"Welcome, Welcome Home."

ENTERTAINMENT AT DUNEDIN TO MEN OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENTS RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

It is the correlative of the willingness with which New Zealand has sent her sons to the front in South Africa that she should extend to them an enthusiastic welcome on their return. The above striking picture shows the stirring scene in the Agricultural Hall, Dunedin, when the returned members of the first three contingents—replaced by others—were entertained at luncheon.

Proclaiming the King at the Antipodes.

Photos. Copyright.

THE MAYOR READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING'S ACCESSION AT DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

Heartfelt as was the grief which was felt throughout the Empire at the loss of the great Queen, there was a universal feeling of satisfaction that she was succeeded by one who, as Prince of Wales, had won the affection of his future subjects. The scene depicted in our illustration shows that New Zealand was no whit behind other places in the loyal enthusiasm with which the proclamation of the new King was received.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII—No. 221.] SATURDAY, APRIL 27th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Bassano.*

THE DIRECTOR OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

Major-General Sir W. G. Nicholson, K.C.B., who recently succeeded Major-General Sir J. C. Ardagh as Director of Military Intelligence, served in South Africa first as Military Secretary to Lord Roberts, with whom he was intimately associated in his earlier service, and afterwards as Director of Transport. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1865, and his first service was with the Candahar Field Force. After the Afghan Campaign, in which he was twice mentioned in despatches, he served in Egypt and then in Burma. His last war experience before going to South Africa was with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and for this he received the K.C.B.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

"NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED" RIFLE TRIALS.—*An announcement will be made next week as to the date upon which these trials will be renewed.*

Footing the Bill.

"I will not rate the intelligence of my countrymen so low as to suppose that, when they supported and cheered this expenditure, they did not know that they would have to pay the bill."

THUS the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with more than a shade of irony in his tone. To suppose that, when people are in cheering mood, they think of the reckoning to come—to suppose this seriously would be to run counter to all our knowledge of human nature. Calculation is not a common habit, as the furniture dealers know well when they inveigle the thoughtless into the toils of the hire-purchase system. "Who," asks Lucrece in the poem,

> "Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
> Or sells eternity to win a toy?"

Who? Why, five people out of every ten! It would be nine out of every ten if the four were not restrained by cowardice. One in every ten, perhaps, certainly not more, really calculates, roughs out in his mind a profit and loss account, and acts wisely on reasonable grounds. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows this as well as anybody, but it is his humour to be ironical.

However, here is the bill, whether we like it or not, whether or not we thought about it when we gave our orders with so light a heart. The "little war" that was to cost, according to estimate, not more than £10,000,000 altogether, has cost up to date £150,000,000, and the end is not yet. We all know those delusive estimates. The plumber and the builder and the paper-hanger and all the other necessary breakers of rest and comfort who descend upon the householder at this spring-cleaning season of the year—they know them well. And the Government were no better, except that they erred from miscalculation and not from craft. Yet there can be no tightening of the purse-strings. We are all agreed about that. What we have begun we must go through with. It is true that before we began to build our tower we did not "sit down and count the cost whether we had wherewith to complete it." But complete it we must now at any cost, "lest haply, when we have laid a foundation and are not able to finish, all that behold begin to mock saying: 'These men began to build and are not able to finish.'" Right or wrong, we must finish our task, and leave posterity to judge of it. Posterity may say we put our money on the wrong horse, as we did in the Crimea. But it will be admitted that we played the part of Englishmen in setting our teeth and saying, "It's dogged as does it." Better this than the derisive verdict both of posterity and of our own time—"These men began to build and are not able to finish."

Up to this point the nation is unanimous, so far as nations ever arrive at unanimity. But as soon as the question is, not "whether we shall find the money," but "how we shall find the money," then the strife of tongues breaks out with all the vehemence of opposing views. "All increased taxation is odious," said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach with perfect truth. The problem which a Chancellor of the Exchequer ought to solve is how to impose increased taxation without inflicting special hardship upon any particular class. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's solution of this problem is to give the heavily-burdened income-tax payer another wrench, and to put a duty upon an article of food that is of more importance to the very poor than to any other class in the community. But it looks as if, at last, the middle-class worm would turn. Anyone who has read the recent letters in the *Standard* must have seen what a deep feeling of indignation exists among those who earn their living hardly by brain-labour, and find that they are expected to bear the chief weight of taxation. It is absurd, considering the enormous sums that are spent on luxuries of every kind, to say that no further taxation could usefully be imposed in this direction. Luxuries should be taxed up to the extreme limit before necessaries are taxed at all. An income of more than £5,000 a year ought to be considered a luxury. "Look at our duties and the claims upon us," cry the idle rich, "and the charities we support, and the position we are expected to keep up." All luxuries! Why should they not be taxed as much in proportion as the poor man's tobacco and tea? To demand from a man making £500 a year by the exercise of his wits, and bringing up a family upon it, without capital to fall back upon, with nothing but his wits between him and destitution, that he shall pay down £20 odd, in addition to indirect taxation upon all his luxuries and upon some of the necessary articles of food—it is monstrously unjust. It is not only unjust, it is bad policy. Until the education of which we hear so much begins to produce an effect upon the masses, it is to the middle class that we must look to represent the great name of our country in the solid, steady, British fashion. The upper class is becoming more and more a plutocracy, and therefore degenerate. The lower class is only just making its way out of the mists of ignorance and prejudice. The middle class alone works quietly along accustomed lines, and keeps the sanity of the nation unimpaired, willing to bear almost anything rather than disturb the outward harmony of the processes of government. But, when they are once roused, they will make their power grimly felt. They have been saying for a long time past that we need men of business, drawn from the class which earns its own living, to manage our affairs of State. The time will come when words will take shape in deeds. We may be even now upon the verge of one of those bloodless revolutions that have from time to time changed the face of English politics. *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* The Government have given signs of madness before, but never of such madness as this. They have blundered and bungled and been forgiven even unto seventy times seven. But this is their crowning folly—to flout the very people upon whom their existence depends. If the middle class lets them remain in office now, it will be merely in contemptuous resignation to the inevitable, merely because they are the pick of a bad basket.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been graciously pleased to continue his patronage to the Royal Academy, Gosport.

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WE are informed that a vacancy has occurred on the inspecting staff of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, and that candidates are invited to make application for the vacant post.

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"ARTIST."—A machine-gun section operating with mounted infantry consists of one officer, sixteen non-commissioned officers and men, with eighteen horses, and two Maxim guns on special carriages. When, as is the case in the campaign in South Africa, the mounted infantry is organised into a battalion, the total strength of the battalion consists of four companies and a staff of four officers and six men in addition. Mounted infantry have been frequently employed in connection with cavalry, as was the case after the battle of Dundee, when a squadron of Hussars and a company of mounted infantry fell into an ambush. It is usual for two companies to be attached to a cavalry brigade of three regiments, each with one machine gun.

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R. J. D.—The King visited Canada in the year 1860. On July 9 of that year His Majesty left England with the Duke of Newcastle, and arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24. Halifax was visited on July 30, Quebec on August 18, Montreal on August 25, and Ottawa on September 1. His Majesty and suite arrived at Detroit in the United States on September 20, and afterwards visited Washington, where he was entertained by President Buchanan. On October 9 the King visited Philadelphia, and New York on October 11, and Boston on October 17. The Royal party embarked on the return journey at Portland on October 20, and reached Plymouth on November 15. With regard to whether a certain number of prisoners were released on the occasion of the visit, there may have been some liberated, but we have not been able to find any record of the fact.

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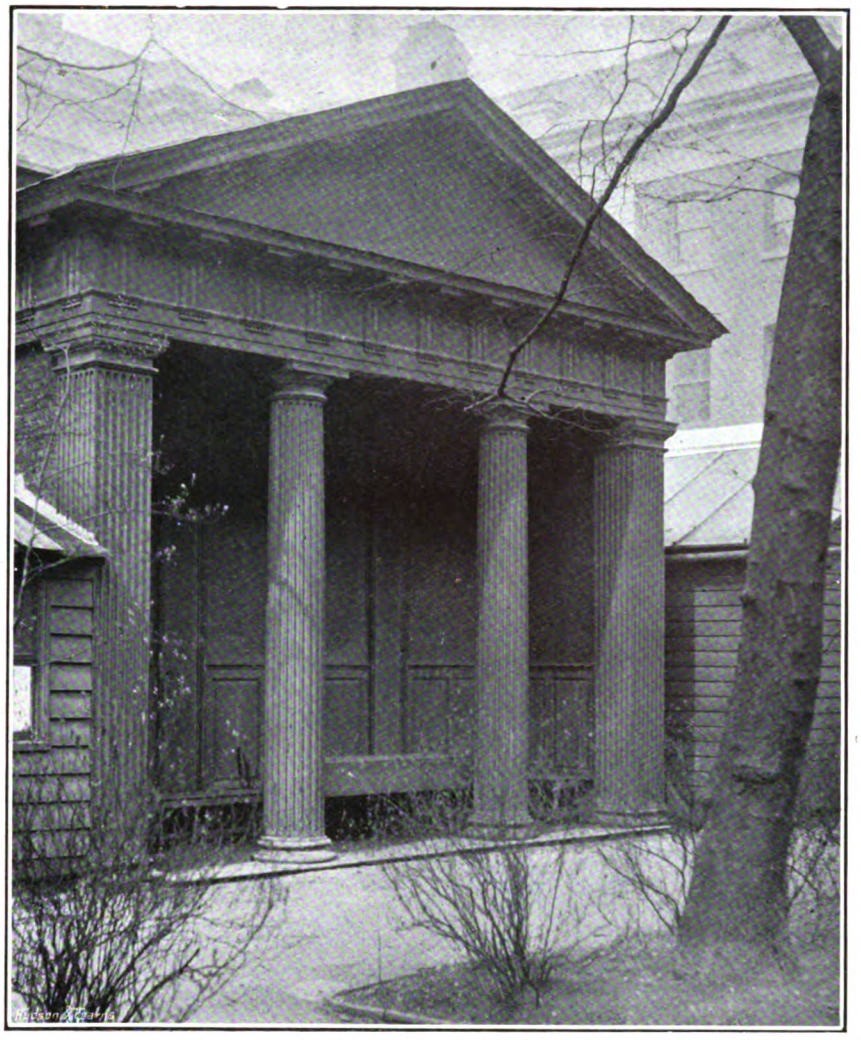
IN THE ADMIRALTY GARDEN.

TWO INTERESTING OLD SUMMER-HOUSES.

ENERGETIC in their efforts as are the societies which seek to preserve the remains of old London, they do not cherish the hope that everything can be saved. The inevitable expansion of a great metropolis, and the ceaseless movement of change which goes on in its thoroughfares, lead necessarily to the gradual removal of many interesting evidences of former times. Whitehall has passed through as many changes as any other street in London, and the majestic piles which have risen, and are yet rising, there to house the Government departments, would offer a great contrast, indeed, to the palaces of the Tudor and Stuart Kings. Where now is Holbein's famous gateway, which was the stately entrance to the old Palace of Whitehall; where are the gardens in which fickle Henry spent the days of dalliance with ill-fated Anne? The Banqueting-hall, now happily preserved by the Royal United Service Institution, alone remains of all the spendours of the Stuart times.

Our illustrations are of exceeding interest both to those who love the Navy and to those who treasure representations of the perishing architecture of old London. They depict two summer-houses in the Admiralty garden, which the enlargement of the structure makes it necessary to remove. To what date or period do they belong? Their classic aspect of pillar and pediment, and of caryatid figures to support the heavy entablature, seems to bespeak an existence of some two hundred years or more. They may even go back to the Wallingford House of Buckingham, where, in 1626, he assembled his "Council of the Sea," the same place at which, after many migrations, and in a new building that was to undergo many a subsequent change, the Admiralty business was at last installed. An Admiralty building was erected there about 1719, but it soon fell into decay, and the present structure was put in hand in 1722, the screen on the Whitehall side being added in 1760 by Robert Adam, one of the brothers who designed the Adelphi. On the other side lay the secluded garden, where trees grew, and where there was shelter in these covered seats from the summer sun. The First Lord had his official residence on the south side of the building, and behind it extended westward a strip of garden, with the summer-house, supported by those sturdy giants, at the other end. This garden was separated from the Admiralty garden proper, which lay on the western side of the main block, and wherein stood, and now stands, the other summer-house with the fluted columns. Here walked "their Lordships," discussing many a weighty matter, we may be sure. The First Sea Lord in some instances, perhaps in many—Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, "Nelson's Hardy," was one—resided at the Admiralty, and the system had conspicuous advantages, for the chief adviser was actually on the spot. It is in relation to the old seamen that these Admiralty summer-houses have their interest. There has been some attempt to associate them in a special way with Nelson, but we believe there is not the smallest evidence for this, and the idea is discountenanced at Whitehall. That he and other famous seamen walked in the Admiralty garden is probable, or even certain; but this is no more than to say that the Admiralty itself is a very interesting place.



A CLASSIC RESTING-PLACE FOR THEIR LORDSHIPS.

One of the Summer-houses about to be Removed.

In completing the quadrangle of Admiralty buildings the summer-houses must necessarily be removed, and therefore our pictures of them will be of permanent value. When Buckingham House in the Strand was pulled down, some remains of it were taken to Chiswick and elsewhere, and when Temple Bar was removed from its ancient site it was not destroyed. Perhaps, in the same way, someone might be glad to remove and re-erect these Admiralty summer-houses, which certainly, in some country garden, might be redolent of the glories and the interests of the British Navy.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE SHELTERED SEAT OF THE FIRST LORD'S GARDEN.

Reminiscent, perhaps, of many a Figure-head.

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THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

Photo. Copyright. A COMICAL FOOTBALL TEAM. *Crockett.*

Included in the work of the student at the Royal Naval Engineering College is that of physical training and development in the gymnasium and playing-field. Like all healthy youths, the students enter with great keenness into all manner of sports. Rugby football is the favourite, and four teams are kept going throughout the season, and the first fifteen is one of the best teams in Devon. Football may now be said to be practically at an end, and before long cricket will be in full swing. The Royal Naval Engineering College cricket team during the coming season is to be practically the same as at the end of last summer, Mr. A. V. S. Sharp acting as captain. Matches have been arranged for the ensuing five months, and it is hoped that the players will be as successful as last year, when they only lost one match—that against Holsworthy at the beginning of the season. Our illustration is of the "Wasters" football team, dressed in the fantastic garb in which they recently played a match.

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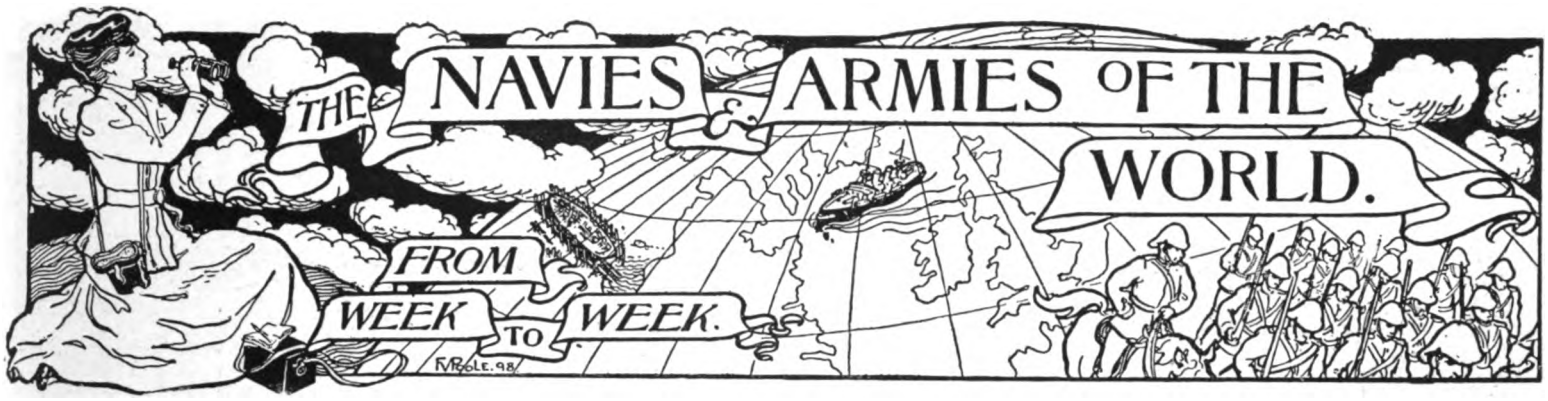

WHAT is it that apparently causes this question of the grievances of the engineer officers in the Navy to be insoluble? So far it has certainly deserved the name, for it has dragged along for years, without visibly getting much, if at all, further towards a solution. The engineers complain, and some of them, or at any rate ill-advised friends of theirs, have occasionally written ill-tempered letters, which have been answered off-handedly, and what ought to have been a reasonable discussion has become a wrangle. But that is no reason for leaving the matter unsettled, either by changes which are of a nature to satisfy the engineers, or by a resolute refusal to yield to their wishes, accompanied by a clear and well-supported statement of the causes which restrain the Admiralty from doing what it is asked. It is surely discreditable that one course or the other has not been taken before this. To ask the engineers to state their case, and to make soothing assurances that everything humanly possible shall be done for them—which looks like the present official method of keeping things sweet—has much the appearance of an official device for drawing out time and putting off the evil day. To me at least it seems that the engineers have been industriously stating their case, not always very wisely, and occasionally with baddish manners, but quite intelligibly, for a long time. Repetition is not needed. If My Lords do not understand what is wanted, they would not be any better off though Aristotle himself were to come from the dead to enlighten their minds.

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One would think, if one did not know how many words are used in public controversies to no purpose, that the matters of fact which it is essential to fix as a basis for any decision ought by this time to be fairly well known. It is manifest, however, that they are not. Here, for instance, is "Navalis" of the *Times* sailing into the controversy with his well-known Sir Oracle air, and disposing of the complaint of want of disciplinary authority in the following mild, decisive way: 'Now," he says, "engineer officers under existing circumstances have full and ample authority in their own branch." Of course, this is as much as any rational man could possibly want—or, indeed, it is more. If what you have is full measure, it is quite enough. If it is ample, it is more than sufficient. To have both the fullness and the amplitude is more than is necessary, which is luxury. And that is the position of the engineer officers, "Navalis" being witness, or else he is tautological. The misfortune is that there comes along Admiral Sir John Hopkins, who says in good round terms that full and ample authority is "just what they have not." This is an emphatic contradiction made by a recognised judge in the matter, that is to say, by a Naval officer of the executive branch who has every means of knowing how things really stand.

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Conflicts on very plain issues of fact among those to whom we have to look for guidance are not calculated to inspire confidence. A reference to other sources of information leads us rather to conclude that "Navalis" and Sir John Hopkins are using the same word in different senses—a common and fruitful source of confusion in all controversies. When people are allowed to do that, they can go on for ever without arriving at a definite conclusion. How it is that "Navalis" and Sir John Hopkins can be found maintaining apparent opposites is explained by "R.N.E.," who had written on the subject in the *Times* a few days before either of them. He allows that by the courtesy of the executive branch engineer officers do exercise a certain measure of disciplinary authority, but his complaint is that they have the power only by sufferance, and he thinks this is not the position they ought to hold. "Navalis" was thinking of the fact, and Sir John Hopkins was thinking of the doctrine, and both used the same word, but not in the same sense, without, one hastens to add, the least intention of deceiving anybody. And yet a reader going to them for instruction might very well be misled, which shows, not for the first time by any manner of means, that the lax use of terms—or the use of them without previous exact definition—is a sovereign method of darkening counsel. The point is not that the engineer officers have no disciplinary powers in fact, by use and wont and the concession of executive officers, but that they have none of right and by the grant of those who make the law for the Navy. They think they ought to have, and the question is whether they are right or wrong.

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Unless there is something which a member of the outside public wants the necessary knowledge to understand, the question would seem to be answered already. If it is found consistent with good order in the Navy to allow the engineer officers to exercise disciplinary powers, why should they not have of right what they are suffered to have in practice? On the whole, it would seem to be much more regular that what exists in practice should be recognised by the law. One would like to know the nature of the harm which would ensue if the two were reconciled. "Navalis" says, very justly, that it is most desirable that punishments should be "consistent and uniform." It is, indeed, much to be wished that that should be the case, not only in the Navy, but at the Assizes. The general principle will secure the approval of all right-thinking men. But what danger will there be of inconsistency and want of uniformity if the "minor disciplinary powers" are conferred on the engineers? Again, "Navalis" lays it down that engineer officers ought not to be taken from their proper work. Very true, not only for them, but for all men; but the point is whether, given the position they necessarily have in a ship when machinery has been developed to the extent we now see, and when so large a portion of the ship's company is under their orders, they have a status proportionate to their function. The maintenance of discipline is part of their work, surely, and have they the power, or have they not? "Navalis" says yes; Sir John Hopkins says no. The Admiralty does not decide, and so the debate goes on, which really does not look good for discipline.

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What, one is driven to suspect, lies at the back of it all, is, as usual, a matter of *amour propre*, which is a nice French way of saying vanity, in the one party and in the other. The "executive" or combatant officers, or the advocates who speak for them, show unconsciously that they dislike the notion of having to share their place in the world with a body of new comers. The engineers openly show that they do not think they are as much on the footing of "officers and gentlemen" as they ought to be. We shall probably get on the most likely road to lead us to a final settlement if we start by settling as a preliminary just this very question of "the officer and gentleman" position. It will simplify the case if we sweep away the arbitrary distinction between "executive" or "military" and "civil" branches when thinking of the engineers. The doctors, instructors, chaplains, and paymasters may fairly be so called. Their duties are essentially "civil," and a ship might be perfectly efficient for fighting purposes without any of them. But how would a ship go into action without her engineers and stokehold complement? It is absurd to suggest such a thing. She would be in a worse position than an old liner with the masts taken out. You could rig jury masts, but the Bluejackets and Marines could not handle the engines and do their own work too. There is nothing more "civil" in the engineering than in the navigating of a ship. Both may be done for purely commercial purposes, but they are indispensable parts of the management of a vessel of war, and both, therefore, form inseparable parts of her military capacity. We have already swept away the distinction between the fighting and navigating class of officer, which had come down from the time when the first was a soldier put in to fight only and the second was a mariner who looked after the sails and the helm. Sooner or later we shall have to assimilate, much more closely than we now do, the executive and the so-called civil branch of the engineers. The rational course is to look facts in the face and act on them. We can begin by putting the engineers on the footing of "officers and gentlemen," and it will probably be discovered, after a time, that there would be an advantage in making them begin their training in the same school, in order that they may start in life as comrades.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

THE Duke of Cornwall has now entered upon the last stage of the sea passage to Australia, where a great people, strong with the consciousness of its new strength, has made every preparation for a regal reception for himself and the Duchess. So far the tour has passed in the happiest circumstances, and at Colombo and Singapore, as at the other places where the "Ophir" has touched, the acclamations which have greeted the Royal pair, both from Englishmen and the native races under our sway, have been the enthusiastic expression of abiding loyalty to the throne. It is interesting to remember that it is now more than 300 years since James Lancaster set sail on the voyage that carried him to Penang, and that led to the foundation of the East India Company. Lying upon the Straits of Malacca, the great trade route between India and China, Singapore is necessarily a very important centre of commerce, which has attracted traders from all parts of the East, and has given the Chinese an opportunity of showing what good work they can do away from home. It is not less a position of high strategic value. Except, perhaps, for Suez, there is no greater commercial route in the world than the Straits, and the P. and O., the British India, the Messageries Maritimes, the North German Lloyd, and other companies bring Singapore into direct communication with India and Europe on one hand, and China and Japan on the other, while the Dutch packet company runs a line to Java and Sumatra, and there is regular communication with Australia. Indeed the Straits Settlements are in relation with the whole wide world in a position of singular advantage. Such a possession could not but prosper, and greatly has it prospered, as the Governor well said during the Duke's stay at Singapore, since it was added to the British Crown.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. FUNSTON

Is the Officer of the United States Army who Cleverly Captured Aguinaldo, the Leader of the Philippine Insurgents.

NOW that the echoes of the cordial expressions which marked the visit of the Italian Squadron to Toulon have died away, it is profitable to consider further the real political significance of the visit. It was not a significance that had relation to alliances, but to the growth of a better understanding between the Latin peoples. It showed that the French had forgotten the insult offered to their *amour propre* when the Italians marched into Rome at a moment of humiliation, and at a time when the French troops were withdrawn from the Holy City. It indicated that the Italians have passed through the period in which they felt so acutely the damaging blow to their policy inflicted when the French occupied Tunis. Much water has passed under the bridges during the twenty years since 1881. Then the French troops returning from Tunis, which had just been placed under the French protectorate, were greeted at Marseilles with some hisses attributed to Italians. The infuriated French fell upon the supposed offenders, there was much bloodshed, a panic ensued, and many members of the Italian colony fled. Beyond the Alps the effect was instantaneous. A wave of anti-French feeling was raised which spread throughout Italy, where the attacks upon Italians in Marseilles were represented even as reprisals for the Sicilian Vespers of 1282. The Press was loud in its denunciations, and the embittered feeling that ensued brought Italy finally within the orbit of Germany. It was suspected that Bismarck himself, by supporting the purposes of France in Tunis, had thrown the apple of discord. Italy remains attached to the German Alliance, but it is at least pleasant, as a lesson to be drawn from the celebrations at Toulon, to recognise that the agony of the thorn which an Italian statesman said had been driven into the heart of his country, has been assuaged by the passage of time.

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THE JAPANESE TROOPS IN CHINA.

A Parade of the 9th Infantry Brigade, which Formed Part of the International Column that Relieved Peking. The Mounted Officer at the Front of the Column is the General who Commanded the Brigade. The Japanese Troops have Gained High Credit for their Courage and Discipline.

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FROM that very delightful volume, "A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife," we gain a clear insight into some of the reasons for the success of that famous corps, "Rimington's Guides." There was a latitude of control or external discipline that made men like the service; there was a stern inflexibility in all essentials, in regard to which Rimington was a martinet. Woe to the trooper whose horse was ill-fitted with a saddle, or who had galled his mount by an improper distribution of weight. The leader of the Guides was not the man to make rose-water war. There was no imposition of needless or unjustifiable hardships upon the Boers, but where there was legitimate loot, as of forage for horses, Rimington's men went for it, and men and horses grew fat while in other corps both were starved. It was neither a Colonial nor quite a Volunteer corps, but one possessing many irregular qualities, and a man who did not like the hard work could generally get a discharge. Rimington's saw more service than any other corps in the western theatre of war, and their casualties were nearly 40 per cent. This should be sufficient answer to the charge of treachery once raised against them, which the Subaltern denounces as a flagrantly unjust and despicable charge. The linesmen seemed jealous of the freedom from restraint which the Guides enjoyed.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF BADEN-POWELL'S POLICE.

The Sergeant-Majors here Shown come from the 10th Hussars, Protectorate and Rhodesian Regiments, and 2nd Life Guards.

THEN, what men they were! It was a liberal education to be in their company. The young horse-racing bloods from Johannesburg were matched with men from Eton, of whom the Subaltern was one, and medallists of Universities. A dare-devil sergeant, who confessed that he was better than he appeared to be, and no better than he should be, aspired to be the historian of Wales. One man was the grandson of a former Governor of the Colony; another represented one of the oldest families in England; a third was a schoolmaster. Then there was Pat Nolan, "last of the O'Gormans," and his countryman De Landre, witty and genial both, and ever ready "to set the table on a roar." Many, of course, were hardy colonials; some were undesirables at home; one and all were brave and excellent fighting men.

THE CAIRN OF A V.C. HERO.

This Granite Memorial was Erected by the Natal Government on the Spot where Lord Roberts's Son Fell Mortally Wounded at Colenso.

NOT all the deeds of bravery of which South Africa has been the scene—not a tithe of them indeed—find their way into the public prints. Here is an episode that deserves to be recorded. On February 13, Privates Griffiths and Troy of the 1st King's (Liverpool Regiment) were on patrol from Bugspruit, when they perceived a train which the Boers had just blown up. The gallant fellows determined to prevent it from being looted if possible, and crept up to where lay an engine which had previously been derailed. There they took shelter, and kept 200 Boers at bay, killing their leader. Their action had saved the train from being looted, and both the brave men were most deservedly promoted to the rank of corporal "for distinguished gallantry in the field."

MANY curious reports have been circulated as to the conduct of the European allies of the Boers. Among them, of course, were some very honourable men, like Colonel de Villebois-Mareuil, moved by the spirit of adventure or by mere Anglophobia, but the majority were probably men who had left their country for their country's good. Among these seem to have been some Russians, whom Captain Ganetzki was unable to subject to discipline. The *Anglo-Russian* avers that they behaved in a most disgraceful manner from their very arrival in South Africa. The Boers supplied them with horses; but on the next day the horses were missing, and the Russians were found in public-houses drinking away some of the money they had procured by the sale of them. They would probably have bartered their rifles also, but the publicans were wary in this matter. Not content with selling the horses they were furnished with, these precious allies, taking a lesson from the Boers' book, commandeered the horses of private owners, giving in exchange worthless pieces of paper. They took part in some actions, but their demoralisation made them worse than useless, and at last the Boers were compelled to decline their services, and Captain Ganetzki returned home, leaving them to their own devices.

"TELL not the deed to blushing Europe's ears," wrote Byron, when he denounced in "Childe Harold" the pillage of the Parthenon, making shame of the Elgin marbles, and "the modern Pict's ignoble boast"

> "To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spar'd."

Maybe there are worse things to tell to blushing Europe of the deeds of some of her continental sons in China than the seizure by the French and Germans of the ancient astronomical instruments placed by the Jesuits on the walls of Peking, or than the transporting to St. Petersburg of the famous Manchu Royal and Imperial Library from Moukden. There may be worse things, we say, but these are bad enough. The Russians have invented a fable to excuse the pillage. When the Legations were besieged the library of the Russian Orthodox Mission in Peking was destroyed. It consisted, of course, of printed books which can be bought any day in the shops of St. Petersburg, but the reprisal gives to Russia a collection said to be priceless. We may doubt whether it includes those Greek and Latin texts of high antiquity, but it certainly embraces a vast bulk of the ancient literature of China

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LORD WOLSELEY'S ARRIVAL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Lord Wolseley is Head of the Mission Charged to Officially Notify the Accession of King Edward VII. to Austria and the Balkan States of Europe. Our Picture shows his Departure from the Railway Station, where the Mission had been Met by General Ahmed Ali Pasha, the Sultan's A.D.C., and other State Officials.

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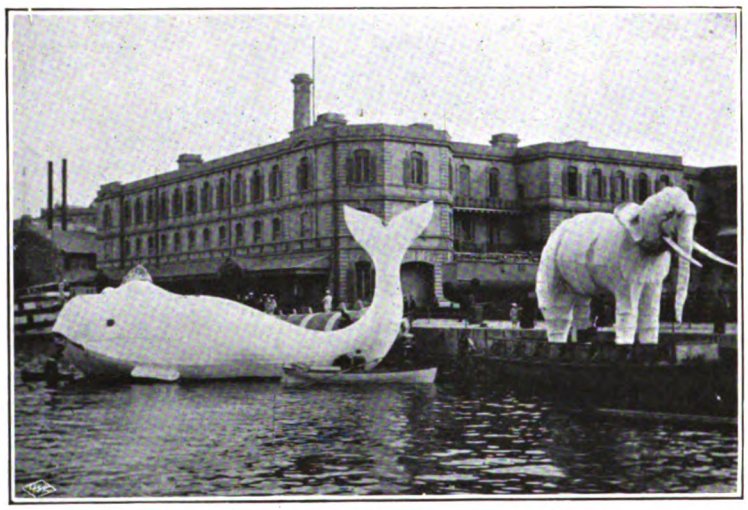
henceforth to be as dead to that country, though not, let us hope, to the world, as is the library of Alexandria to the modern land of Egypt.

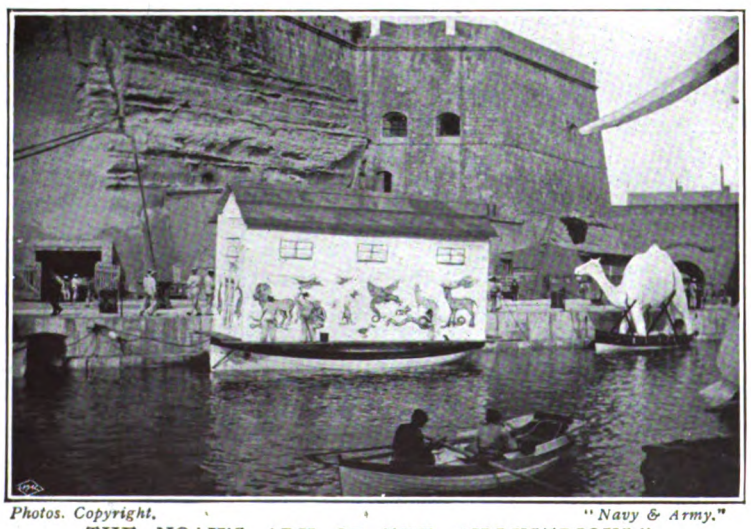
THE story of the capture of Aguinaldo, by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, United States Volunteers, reads like an adventure in a boys' book, and the daring deed cannot fail to win admiration from men of all nationalities. Not every man whose bravery had been abundantly proven would place himself absolutely in the hands of a large band of Malays, whose constancy can never be relied upon, no matter how great it may seem; but this is quite in keeping with General Funston's past career. The general has figured in many exciting adventures, not all on the field of battle, and in all he has won the greatest success. As his companions say, excitement is meat and drink to him. Being connected with the Federal Department of Agriculture, he has twice been sent, for botanical purposes, to Alaska. In the second expedition, after his companions had aided him in building a canoe, he made alone the perilous trip of 1,500 miles down the Yukon River. Nearing the end of his journey the boat capsized, and he struggled for life in the icy water and succeeded in saving himself. Five years ago his adventurous spirit led him to Cuba, then struggling for liberty. He enlisted in the Insurgent Army and served under Generals Gomez and Garcia for eighteen months. He soon became Commander of the Cuban Artillery. In leading a cavalry charge he was wounded in both lungs. His horse, being shot, fell upon him, crushing his right leg. A party of Spaniards captured him, but ready wit served him a good turn. He told them he was an American and had joined the Cuban Army, but had had all he wanted of it, and had come over to the Spanish. The Spaniards, believing his story, allowed him to leave the island. When hostilities with Spain broke out in 1898, he became colonel of the 22nd Kansas Volunteer Infantry, and was sent to the Philippines, where he soon distinguished himself by his courage and dash. On the march to Malolos, one of the insurgent capitals, his gallantry in crossing the Rio Grande with a detachment of his regiment in the face of a galling fire from the rebel trenches won for him the rank of brigadier-general. General Funston comes of a Middle West family of Scotch-Irish descent. He is but 5-ft. 4-in. in height, yet he is a well-built and powerful man. Although but thirty-six years old, his achievement in capturing Aguinaldo has won him an advancement in the United States Army for which there are few precedents. When in San Francisco *en route* to the Philippines in 1898, Funston married a California girl, who accompanied him to Manila and has constantly remained with him.

THE SWAN, MADE IN MALTA DOCKYARD
Which Took the Second Prize.

THE "HIBERNIA," THE DEPOT-SHIP'S CONTRIBUTION
Which Took the First Prize.



THE ELEPHANT OF THE "CANOPUS."
And the Dockyard Whale.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
THE NOAH'S ARK OF THE "ILLUSTRIOUS."
And the Camel of the "Royal Oak."

THE situation of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula, to which allusion has been made several times in this column, does not tend to improve, and the Macedonian agitation is still a menace to the peace of Eastern Europe. That the Turkish functionaries exercise severe and perhaps indiscriminate methods of repression is true. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the Macedonian Committee has stirred up a large spirit of discontent among the Macedonian subjects of the Sultan. It would be easy to exaggerate the elements of danger which exist, though these are enough to raise many misgivings. If the Bulgarian Government were stronger, and were not conducted under such gloomy conditions, and if it had not at one time used the Macedonian agitation to magnify the position of Bulgaria, it would be able eventually to suppress agitation within its borders, and, at the same time, to secure respect for the persons and property of the Macedonians in Turkey; but the instability of the Government, the illness of the heir apparent, and the deplorable financial conditions of the country, do not justify great expectations, and there is a danger that outbursts of fanaticism may operate disastrously for Christians in Turkey. The cry of Macedonia for the Macedonians pleases neither the Porte nor the Bulgarian Government, which are at last both interested to check any outburst, and this is a factor which may overcome the tendency to disorder. Although the Far East has usurped the large share of public attention which was formerly centred upon the Near East, there are dangers in the latter quarter not to be overlooked. The violence of faction on the one hand, and the harsh methods of Turkish officials on the other, reaching an extreme degree under ill government, provide the materials for an explosion which may almost at any time shock the ears of startled Europe. There is something of an excuse for repressive methods on the part of Turkey if the Macedonians are stirring up revolt, and it was certainly the business of Bulgaria to check the tendency to disorder This appears to be exactly what it has not done, and the penalty for Bulgarian mismanagement may impose a heavy burden upon Europe.

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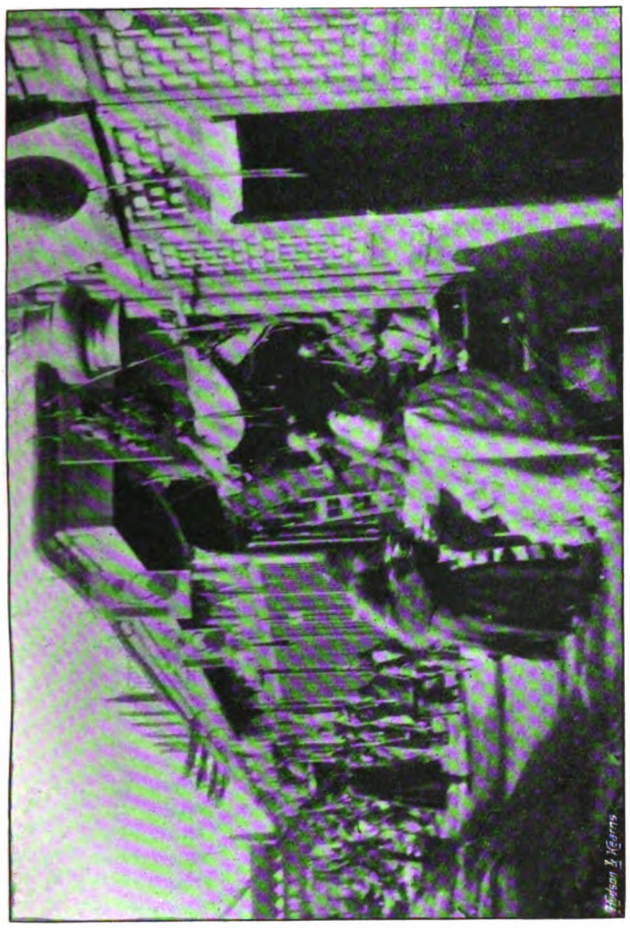
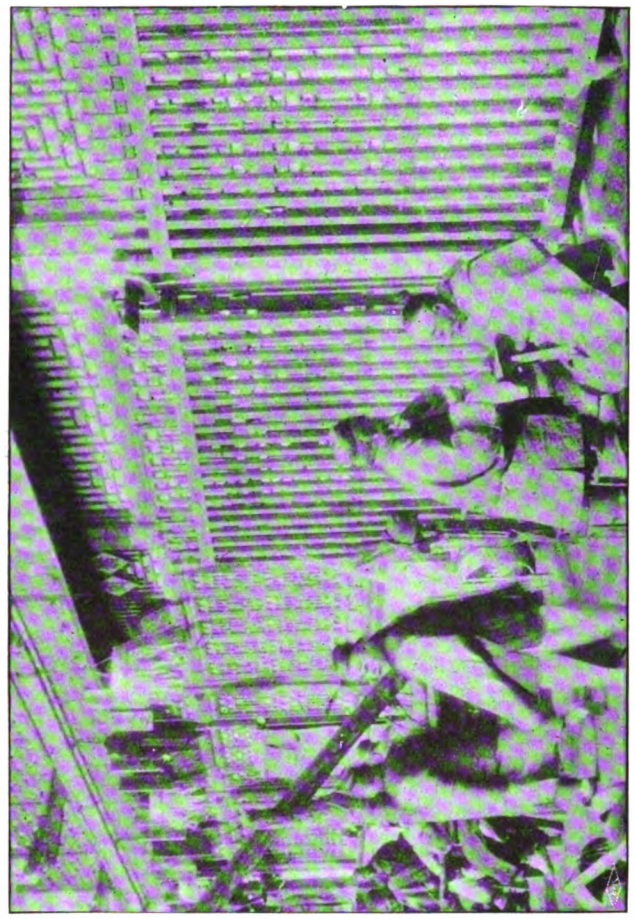
SIGHTS AND SCENES IN CHINESE CITIES.

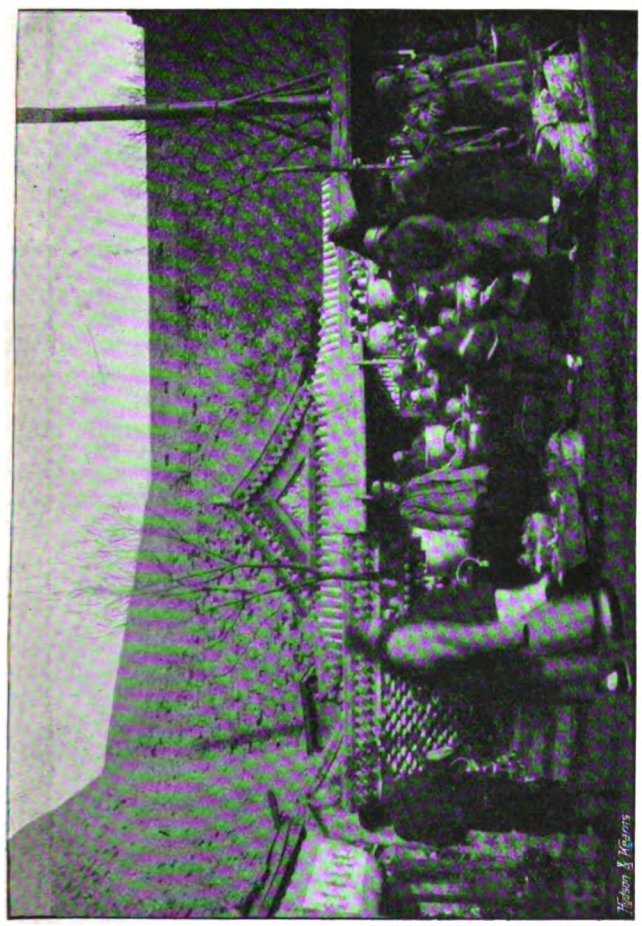


ON BARGAINING THOUGHTS INTENT.
A Scene in a Street in Peking.

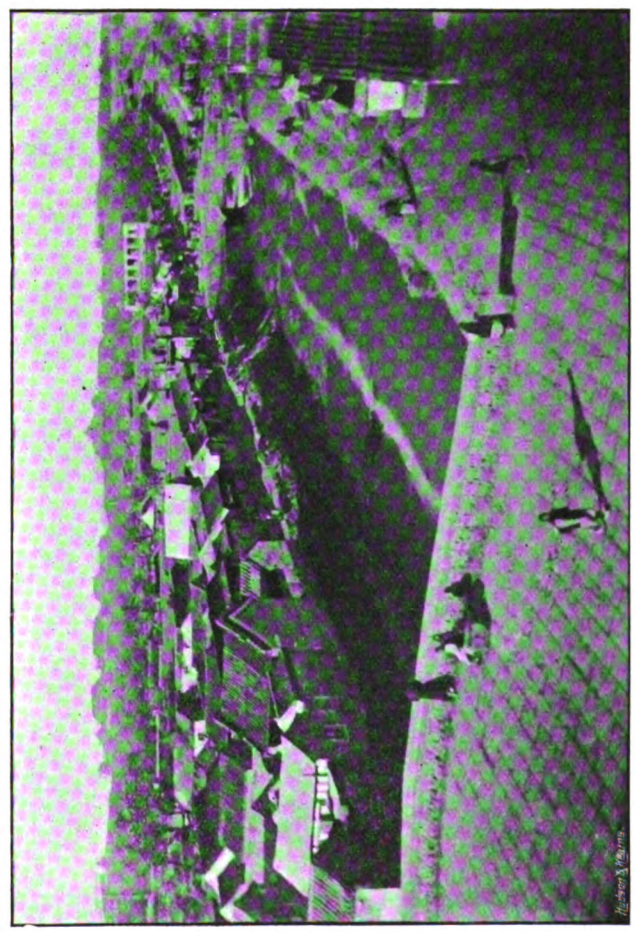


THE OPERATIONS OF A CHINESE BARBER.
"Chop-chop" with the Scissors.

"Navy & Army."



A CUP OF AFTERNOON TEA.
A Sketch in a Chinese Tea-house.



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NOT AN IMPOSING FLOW OF WATER.
A View on the Grand Canal.

Agricultural pursuits occupy the attention of the greater portion of the people of China, and the line of demarcation between the urban and rural populations is much more strongly marked than in this country. In the country districts the people are stolid if they are not stirred to fanaticism. In the larger towns the inhabitants have made acquaintance with foreigners, and have learned the meanings of foreign methods. In the main, however, they remain essentially Chinese, and our pictures show how far they still are in dress, in street architecture, and in customs from what, in our Western ideas, we consider civilised life. There may be a favourable ground for the cultivation of civilisation in China; if so, it has only just been scratched.

From Photos. by an Officer of the Chinese Field Force.

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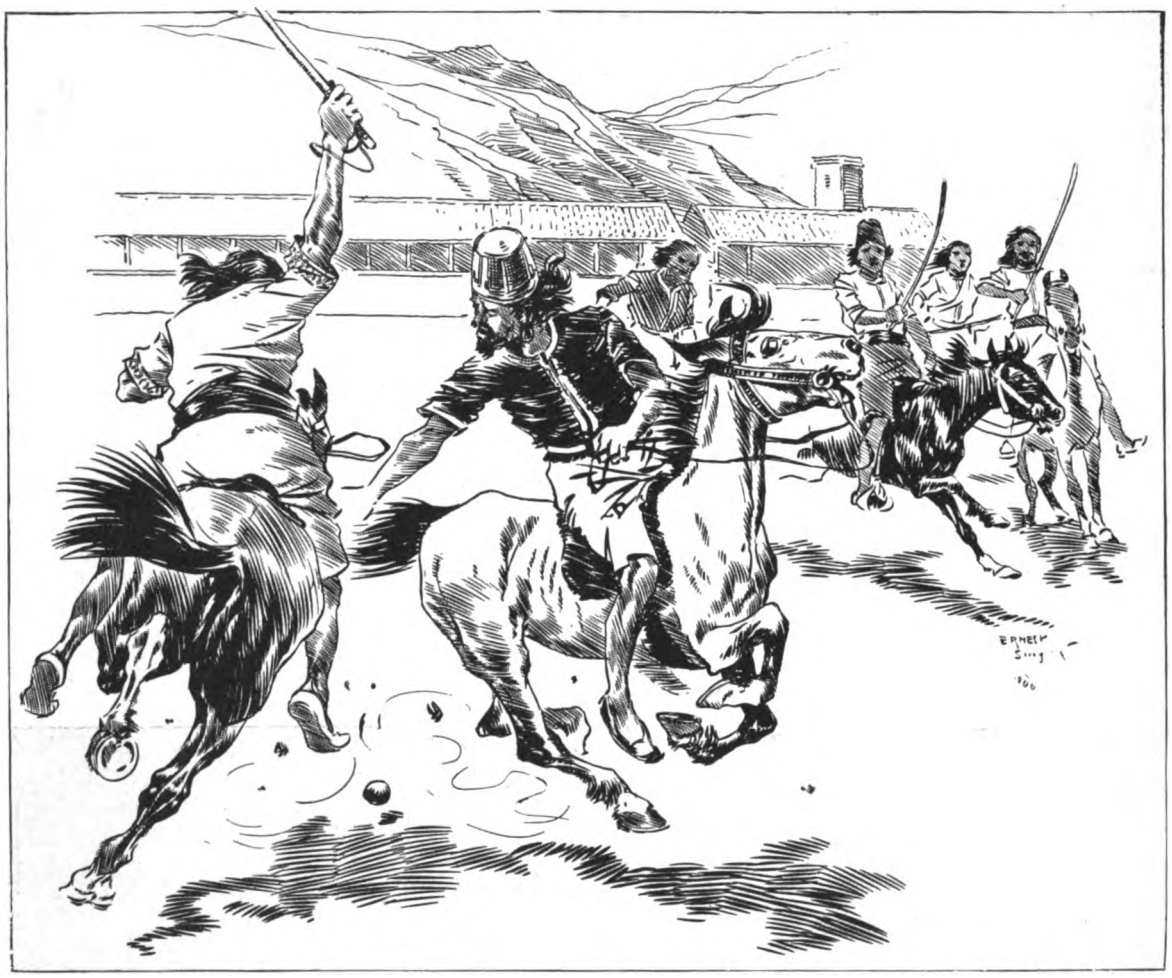
THE ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF POLO.

By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Gordon-Alexander.

It has occurred to me that polo players may be interested in hearing how the game was first introduced into the British Army, and thereafter to Hurlingham and the world in general. I have recently read a rather learned disquisition on the origin of the game of polo, tracing it back to a form of equestrian sport that Persian and Turkish monarchs called *chaugan* some 500 years before the Christian era, how it reached Japan by way of China in the sixth century and was called *dakiu*, and how in the eighth, ninth, and up to the twelfth century it was played in Persia, India, and Greece. When the writer goes on to say, however, that it "was adopted between the years 1842 and 1854 by British Army officers stationed in Northern Hindustan from the game of *kan-jai-bazéé*, which at that time was played by the natives of Manipur (a fertile valley situated in the north-west of Burma), and said to have been handed down to that people by their ancestors—the Tartars," I must demur to that statement, and am more inclined to side with those authorities who believe that the Tibetan game of *pulu*, identical in many respects with *kan-jai-bazéé*, was the foundation of our modern polo, and for the following reasons.

When on six months' leave in 1865, at Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, from my regiment then quartered at Sialkot, in the Punjab, I formed one of a party of officers who, on the invitation of the commander-in-chief of the Maharajah's decidedly rag-tag-and-bobtail native army of those days, before Imperial Service Troops had been even dreamt of, visited the great fort situated on the hill which dominates the native capital city, to inspect a rather strong regiment composed of an ugly little very dark skinned race of hill-men, who, unlike the fair and handsome but unwarlike inhabitants of "The Happy Valley" itself, had repeatedly proved themselves to be reliable troops, led only by their own native officers, in H.H. the Maharajah's frequent disputes with other hill tribes on his northern and north-western boundaries, over whom he claimed lordship. Although of a different race from our own invaluable troops, the Ghoorkas, their features bearing fewer traces of Tartar origin, I believe it would be found that under British officers they would prove equally brave and reliable; indeed, I have little doubt that there is sure to be a contingent of these Kashmir Highlanders amongst the reigning Maharajah's Imperial Service Troops of the present day.



Kashmiri Highlanders Playing Polo at Srinagar.

After we had witnessed them execute various manœuvres out of the British Drill Book, and march past to the music of the Himalayan bagpipes and other weirdly-sounding instruments, we were asked by their colonel if we would like to see a party of them engage in an equestrian game, which Mr. Jenkins, the British resident at Srinagar, who was with us, described as a sort of hockey-on-horseback. We, of course, willingly accepted the offer, and the regiment being dismissed to its quarters, the great barrack yard, which was of an oblong shape, was left clear for the players. The barracks all round this yard were one story high, with very broad verandahs overlooking the drill ground, and we were conducted by the native officers to the upper verandah of what, I suppose, was the officers' quarters.

The officers and men had worn on parade a curiously shaped stiff high hat, impossible to describe, a sort of frock coat made of the thick woollen cloth of the country, dyed a dark colour, and rather tight-fitting breeches, with very slovenly woollen "puttees," both of the same dark material as the coat. A cross shoulder-belt was worn over the right shoulder, with a pouch for ammunition, and a belt round the waist for the bayonet. On parade they wore the ordinary native shoe without stockings, but went about barefoot on the hills, we were told, or with the native stocking, with great toe free. They were armed with very heavy flint muskets and bayonets. Their hair, which was worn very long, was wiry and nearly jet black, and I do not suppose that either officers or men ever washed their faces.

After a short interval, occupied by those who were to play the game in getting off their uniforms and saddling their ponies, some twenty or thirty of these little men, including many of the native officers, turned out mounted on the most miserably small and more than half-starved *tâts* I think I ever saw, even amongst our own grass-cutters in the plains of India. The men of the regiment who did not join in the game seemed to take a genuine interest in it, for they crowded, as lookers-on, all round the barrack square, and laughed and shouted and uttered unearthly cries as the game proceeded. Throughout the game the players also indulged in a great deal of shouting, charging down on the ball with a continuous "Ha! ha! ha!" meant, I believe, to intimidate their adversaries.

Although the riders were, like most Orientals, very light weights, the miserable little ponies generally sat down on their hind legs, if they did not roll over altogether when they collided, and their gallops or charges were exceedingly feeble. From this description it can be gathered that although the exhibition was very laughable it was hardly exciting.

Colonel Trevelyan of the 7th Hussars, and Captain Losack of the 93rd Highlanders, asked, however, to be allowed to take part in a game, but Losack not being exactly a light weight, like Trevelyan, the ponies he tried could scarcely get along with him, far less gallop. Again, when Trevelyan and Losack, imitating the native cry, proceeded to shout "Ha! ha! ha! ha!" when charging the ball, none of the native players opposed to them would face those stentorian British shouts.

Colonel Trevelyan thought, nevertheless, that there was something in the game, and arranged with Mr. Jenkins, the British Resident, to obtain the loan of the stoutest *tâts* the Maharajah could procure for us in Srinagar, that we might try to play it amongst ourselves on the great *maidan* or parade ground, on the left bank of the Jhelum outside the city.

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I contend that it was there that the game of polo as now played in this country really originated, the first players being Colonel Trevelyan, 7th Hussars; Captain G. W. Losack, 93rd Highlanders (now in the Indian Forest Department); Mr. Jenkins, then (1865) British Resident at Srinagar; Mr. F. Drew, in the service of H.H. the Maharajah, as geologist; and myself; that is, the regular players, but made up sometimes to half-a-dozen each side perhaps from officers only making a few days' stay at Srinagar.

I myself had taken up a big 15-hand "Waler," and ridden it most of the way, too, to Kashmir, but he was not a success on the polo ground, as he knocked over everybody and everything like nine-pins. The stoutest *tàts* procurable, although an improvement upon the poor little beasts we had seen in the barrack square of the Kashmir Highlanders, were sorry little animals at their best, and generally rolled over between our legs, or sat down with us, whenever we cannoned against each other.

On Colonel Trevelyan rejoining his regiment, the 7th Hussars, at Sialkot, he introduced the game to them, and they were joined in it by the officers of a troop of Bengal Horse Artillery, commanded, I think, by Captain Alfred Lyte (now Major-General Lyte, late R.H.A.), also quartered there, and by many of my own brother officers of the 93rd Highlanders. When I rejoined my regiment in the cold weather of 1865, therefore, I found the game thoroughly established, with many improvements on the original as first played on the *maidan* at Srinagar.

I have seen it disputed in print which was the first British cavalry regiment to introduce it into England. I think there can be no question that it was the officers of the 9th Lancers, that splendid corps, old comrades of the 93rd Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell throughout his campaigns for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and which returned home at the end of the sixties. They were quartered at Mirath, I think, in the cold weather of 1865-66, and picked up the game from officers of the 7th Hussars. Thus the officers of the 7th Hussars were the first to play the game in India in 1865, but the officers of the 9th Lancers were the first to bring it home, two or three years afterwards.

Polo has grown so rapidly into favour amongst the Anglo-Saxon race, however, that it is now found wherever the Anglo-Saxon makes his way—in the British colonies, in continental Europe, in Africa, Australasia, America, and even in the islands of the Pacific. It is said that Mr. James Gordon Bennett first introduced the game into America in 1876, and that now the American Polo Association includes some twenty clubs which flourish all over the United States.

If polo was adopted by any British Army officers between the years 1842 and 1854, then the Mutiny must have wiped out even the recollection of it, for from 1857, when my regiment landed at Calcutta, up to the hot weather of 1865, when I was on leave in Kashmir, neither I nor any other British officer I ever met had even heard of it, and I and the small party whose names I have given always believed that we were the first Europeans who had attempted to play it, and that Colonel Trevelyan was the first to introduce it into the plains of India.

The Romantic Story of a Gainsborough.

THE recovery by Messrs. Agnew of the portrait by Gainsborough of the Duchess of Devonshire—familiarly known as "The Missing Gainsborough" since it was stolen in 1876—recalls to mind a far more touching and romantic incident connected with another portrait by the same artist, which was lost to view for many years, although the place of its sepulture was well known to those who had any right to enquire. This is the picture of which we give an illustration—a picture of the beautiful and luckless Mrs. Graham, which now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland in Edinburgh, and which, painted in 1794, is by many people regarded as Gainsborough's finest work. Now that the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire has been recovered—and it is at least possible that the circumstances connected with its loss have led to a popular misconception as to its artistic merit—it will be possible to weigh the two pictures in the scales of criticism, and to arrive at a conclusion on a subject in regard to which some qualified judges have already formed a strong opinion.

The story of the Edinburgh picture is connected with the all too short married life of the wife of that Mr. Graham of Balgowan who, by the reckless daring and military skill which he displayed in Egypt and the Peninsula, won for himself the title of Lord Lynedoch. Unhappily his wife did not live to be either Lady Graham or Lady Lynedoch, and, indeed, it was her death which drove him into the Army. She was a daughter of General Earl Cathcart, and was as remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition as for her personal charms. She married young—the picture which we reproduce shows her at the age of seventeen—and, with a devoted husband, whose attachment she heartily reciprocated, seemed to have before her every prospect of a happy life. Unfortunately she died while still young, and what the bereavement meant to Graham may be judged from the fact that, at her death, he ordered the picture of her to be bricked up in a wall of his ancestral home at Balgowan, an entombment from which it was not extracted until after his death. Although forty-five years of age at the time of his loss—up to which time he had lived the life of a Scotch laird fond of field sports—Graham joined the Army as a volunteer. He first saw service at Toulon; then he raised the famous 90th Regiment, now the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians. With it he served constantly in the Mediterranean and in Egypt, and when fifty-four accompanied Sir John Moore to Spain as a volunteer A.D.C. After Corunna, he was at last granted substantive military rank. He won great distinction, and died a field-marshal and a peer, but he never put another woman in the place of the beautiful young wife whom he had loved so well.

THE BEAUTIFUL MRS. GRAHAM.
An Immortal Portrait by Gainsborough.

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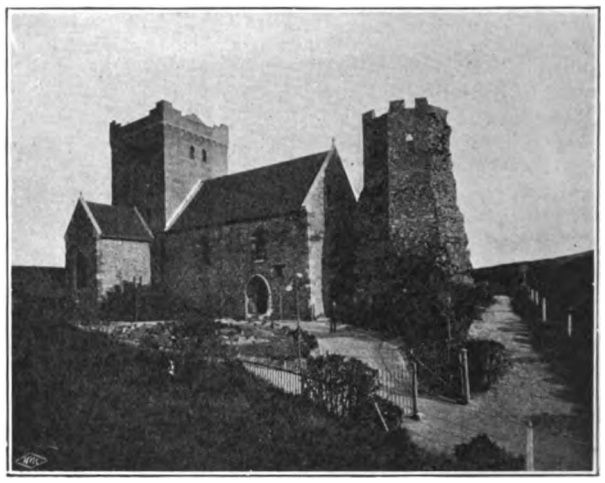
THE CASTLE KEEP.
Finished by Henry II. in 1187.

DOVER, ITS CASTLE AND HARBOUR.

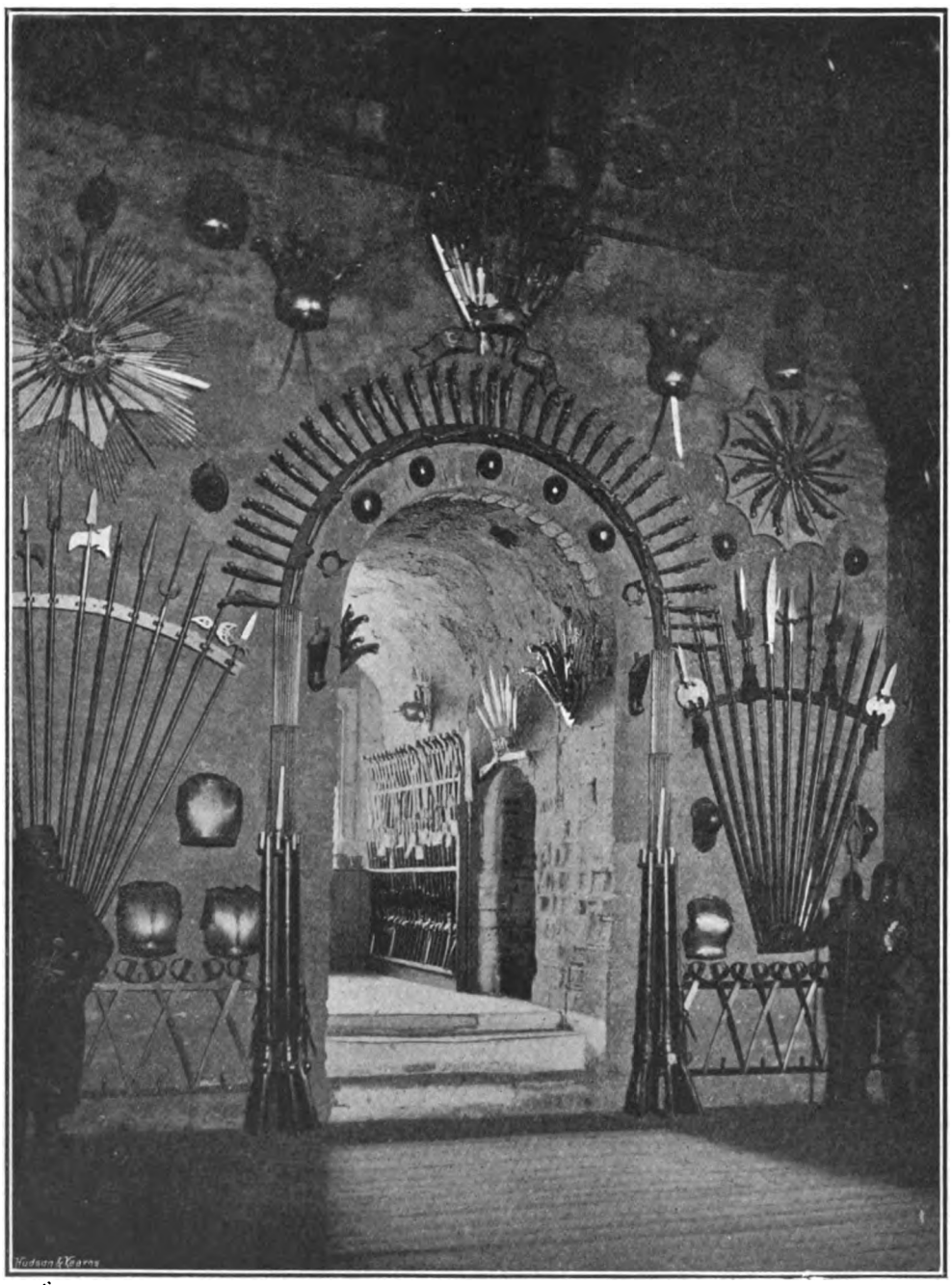


CHURCH OF ST. MARY.
The Oldest Building in England.

DOVER is the oldest of the Cinque Ports, and looms larger in our national history than any town in the Empire. The Romans knew it as "Dubris," the Normans called it "Dovere," the French "Douvres," whilst in legal documents of to-day it is called "Dovar," all terms being derivations from the Celtic "Dour," the name of the little river that runs through the town.

From time immemorial it has been an important strategic point, both Naval and Military. In one of our pictures is shown the "Pharos," or lighthouse, which is undoubtedly the oldest building in England, and was built by the invading Romans in the early part of the first century. The Romans soon after built a fortress on the spot, and part of it was, some three centuries later, converted into the Church of St. Mary in the Castle. Many centuries and races have worshipped in the old pile, the walls of which are still standing, and the old beacon has guided divers craft of all sorts and ages into Dover Harbour. How long ago it is since Dover first became a fortified place it would be hard to say, but certainly it was a stronghold of the Saxons, which William the Conqueror hurried to possess immediately after he had consummated his victory at Hastings. The keep was finished by Henry II. in 1187, this undertaking costing no less than £5,000—by no means an inconsiderable figure in those days. The castle itself, the outer wall of which contains the Constable's Tower, the finest gateway in England, was not fully completed until well into the thirteenth century. The old fortress has been besieged over and over again. It fell to Stephen, after a staunch resistance, through the treachery of the then Constable, but Hubert de Burgh made a gallant and successful defence against French attack in 1216. It was captured by surprise by a few townsmen for the Parliamentarians in the Civil War, and held till reinforcements were thrown in, when it became a stronghold of the Cromwellians throughout the war; and similarly it was captured and held for William of Orange at the close of the Stuart dynasty. Two of our pictures are those of a window in the banqueting-hall and of the great staircase, and from these it will be seen that the superb old fortress has become as great a museum of arms and military trophies of all ages as has the Tower of London. Of course the bulk of all the older parts of the pile has been either rebuilt or extensively repaired, but much of the original structure yet remains, and the grand old castle still forms a part of the fortifications.

Dover, as we know, is rapidly nearing its completion to a most important harbour, both commercially and as a protected anchorage. Besides Dover Castle, which covers the huge sweep of enclosed roadsteads that constitute the most colossal harbour works that have ever been undertaken, there are on the north Fort Burgoyne, on the west Archcliffe Fort, with batteries along all the Western Heights, where the barracks are situated. All these are, or are being, armed with the best of the modern weapons of precision. Briefly speaking, the scheme when completed will include a capacious commercial dock, thirty-six acres in extent, having on the outside of it a huge area of protected anchorage, where the largest fleet can lie immune during the worst kind of weather. A glance at our picture will show the exact idea. The old Admiralty Pier is lengthened by a distance of 2,000-ft. A new "East Arm" is being run out to a distance of 3,320-ft. from below the cliffs, from which frowns down the convict prison. Between the ends of the Admiralty Pier and the East Arm will lie the Southern Breakwater, which will have a length of



Photos. Copyright. A WINDOW IN THE BANQUETING-HALL. *Gibson.*
Up to the Time of the Stuarts, Dover Castle was a Royal Residence.

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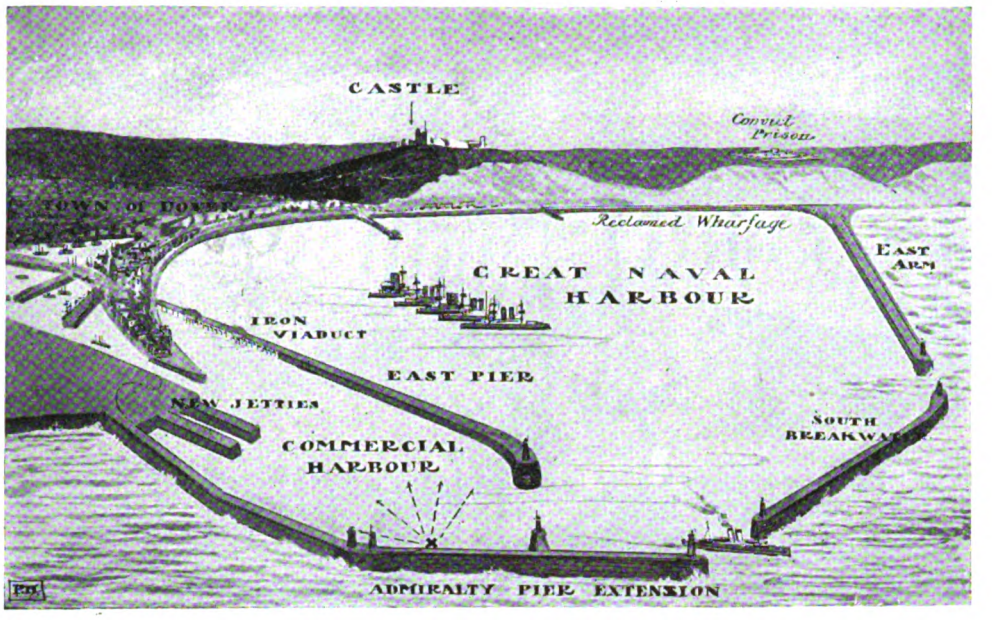
4,200 ft. The area thus enclosed will form a superb anchorage almost as large as many of the natural harbours of the world. The two entrances will be wide and spacious, but can easily be protected by boom defence. The one lying between the East Arm and the end of the South Breakwater will be 600-ft. wide, whilst the entrance at the Admiralty Pier side will have a width 200-ft. greater. The depth of water on both entrances will be 42-ft. Glance your eye over the plan, and judge if the scheme now approaching completion is not a grand one. When the great works are finished the anchorage enclosed will be sufficient to admit of a fleet such as in the old days was often to be seen in the Downs. A fit anchorage for the fleet that will guard the silver streak which has kept the little isle that is the hub of the greatest Empire in the world inviolate from the foot of the invader throughout the whole of its existence as a nation, and that, please God, will still do so in spite of submarines and all other scientific developments. The work now in progress, which is to be completed in 1908, is peculiarly connected with our reigning monarch, for the Parliamentary Bill giving sanction to the scheme received the Royal Assent in 1891, and two years, less a day, later the Prince of Wales, as he then was, laid the foundation-stone of the commercial harbour pier, the initiative of the great undertaking. Work began on the outer harbour works in 1897, and the first pile was driven in the extension of the Admiralty Pier in December, 1898. When completed, Dover Harbour will be the largest artificial anchorage in the world. As a port of call Dover easily comes first, as the most advantageous on the South Coast, and a point in its favour is that it is the nearest English port to historic Calais.



PLAN OF THE NEW HARBOUR.
As it will Appear when Completed for a Naval and Commercial Port.

Many of the most distinguished men in our national life, as, for example, without diving too far back into history, William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington, have been Constables of Dover Castle. The post, as in the case of the present holder, the Marquess of Salisbury, who has been Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle since 1895, when he succeeded the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, is almost invariably associated with that of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The latter's official residence is at Walmer Castle, Deal, but now that Dover is to have such a grand harbourage the holder of both posts may think the latter post of more importance, and cast an eye to the Constable's Tower in Dover Castle, now the official residence of the G.O.C. the Southern District.

Photos. Copyright. *Gibson.*

STAIRCASE IN DOVER CASTLE.
The Castle is as Grea a Military Museum as is the Tower of London.

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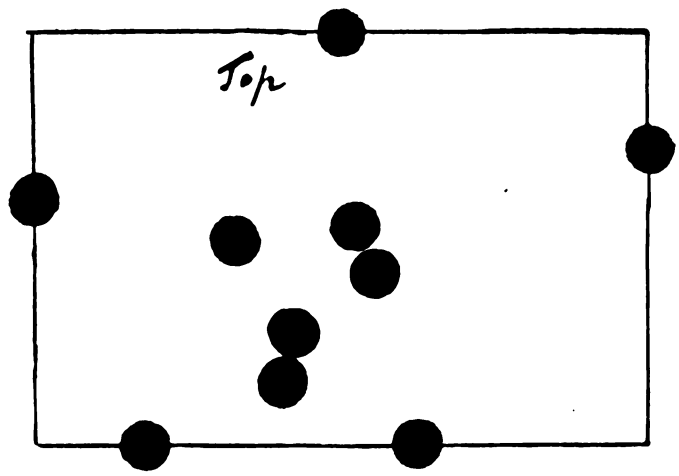
The "Navy and Army" Rifle Trials at Cricklewood.

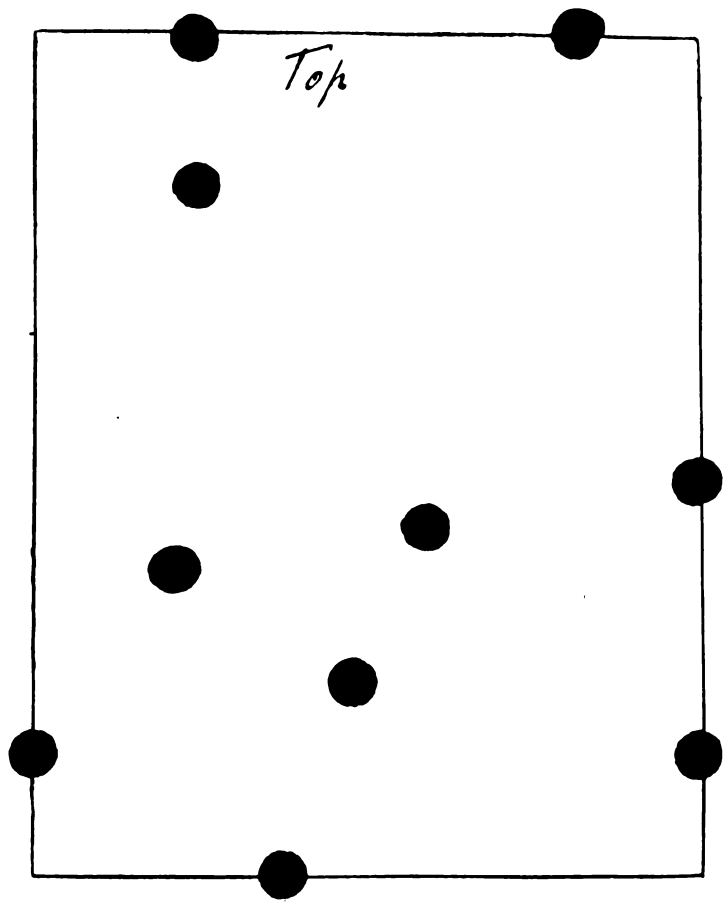
By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

BOATRACE day was hardly the sort to select for rifle shooting, but to our sorrow it had been decided upon weeks before the official weather prophet at Greenwich determined what particular nastiness he would give us. As a matter of fact, we could have put up with the wind, as we had done on various occasions before, but the rain was another affair. It came direct into the eyes of the shooters, and it takes a very hardy marksman indeed to stand a splash in the eye with a raindrop just hardening into a hailstone at the very moment he is pulling trigger, and to stand it without flinching. Red Indians might do it; but as the object of rifle trials is to test rifles and not necessarily men, Red Indians or otherwise, after a few trial shots it was decided to wait until later in order to see whether it cleared. It did not, but got worse as the day grew older, and when it was past two o'clock it was decided not to begin a task that it would be quite impossible to finish in the time at disposal during the afternoon. As each rifle has to have the same number of shots in the day, and sometimes three or four fall to the lot of one man to shoot for each of the black and nitro powders, it is no mean task.



Full Size.—First Target, ·310 Greener Rifle, Kynoch's Cordite Cartridges, 100-yds.

Wednesday, April 3, was a very much better day in every way, but still a day of high wind blowing across the range, so that the shooting obtained was extraordinary under the circumstances, and it will be a very long time perhaps before a better series of three diagrams are made at 100-yds. than were put on consecutively by a gentleman from Birmingham. I am going to ask the Editor to reproduce these three diagrams, along with two of the next three made by the same shooter with black powder. The fifth target was spoilt by him and not carried through owing to a miss at the second shot; so really these first, second, and third cordite and first and third black-powder diagrams represent fifty out of fifty-two of the shots fired, and why I ask the Editor to find valuable space for such straggling targets as these two made with black powder is by way of proof to others of that which has been almost staggering to me, viz., that our English-made black-powder cartridges are not to be compared for evenness of shooting with the consistently superb results obtained from cordite powder as loaded at Kynoch's, Limited. It is only fair to say this, because some of the cordite cartridges tried for these ·310 rifles of Greener's make, are even more wild in their shooting than the black powder, but these were of a different make. If anyone takes the trouble to look up the conditions and rules of the trials in an earlier issue of Navy and Army, he will see that the trials were started with the idea that they would be almost exclusively black-powder trials, and only two prizes were put down for nitro powder, on the off chance that somebody might prove to us its advantages for small bores. This idea was confirmed when I personally invited each of the nitro-powder manufacturers to give a large prize only to be won in the event of the best black-powder targets being beaten by their own nitro. Each of them declined in turn to invite this sort of competition by an offer which I personally regarded as a very safe one and never likely to be won. I am quite sure that nine out of every ten shooters with miniature rifles still hold the opinion that black powder is superior, so that there is every reason for asking for the space to give these diagrams full size, because they not only show a remarkable and interesting difference between the two powders, but it is one that has been maintained throughout these trials whenever a suitable cordite cartridge has been discovered for a rifle. Unfortunately, this has not been the case with all rifles sent for trial, and they, therefore, suffer by comparison, perhaps by no fault of their own. Everybody knows that black powder is, at least, as regular as any nitro powder that can be made. It is said that this regularity is because the cap has less altering influence on the black powder, so that the nitro suffers from a fluctuation in the cap charges in two ways, while in shooting black powder only in one way is there effect, viz., the different strength, or gas evolved from the cap, affects elevation, whereas with nitro the quickness of ignition of the powder makes all the difference to the strength of explosion, and quickness is governed by the cap, which is not so, to the same extent, with black



Full Size.—First Target, ·310 Greener Rifle, Black-powder 100-yds.

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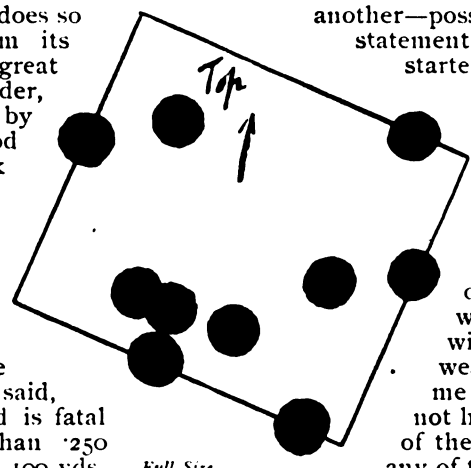
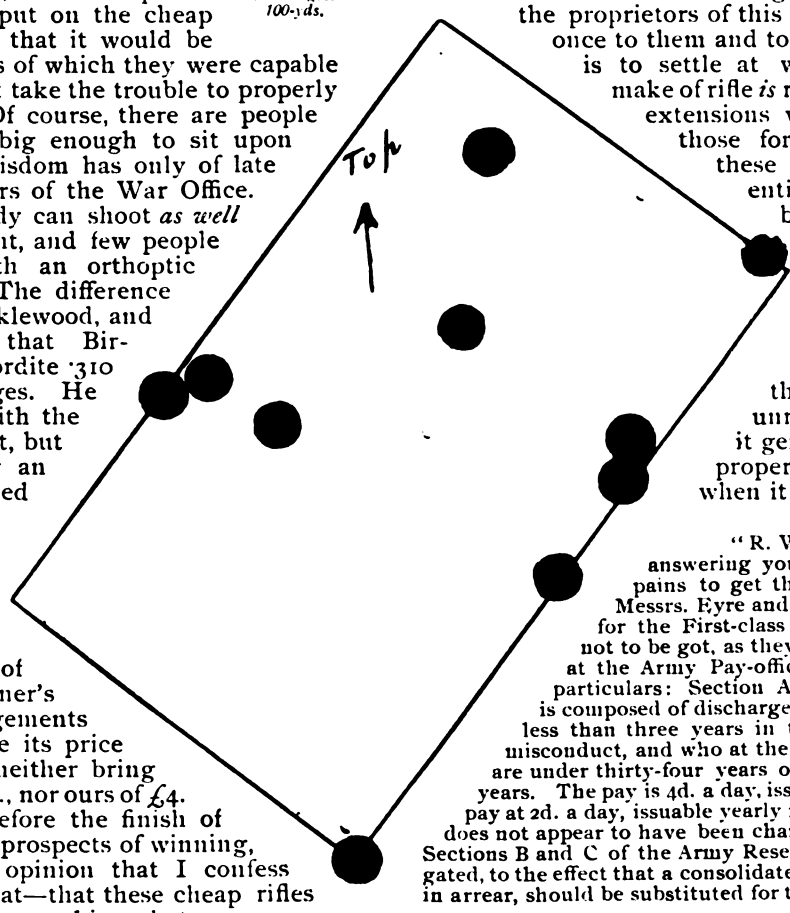
powder. So that when nitro powder, as it now does, beats black powder for regularity, it does so in spite of difficulties inseparable from its loading; and to my thinking this shows great irregularities in the loading of black powder, a subject which I am about to test by weighing and gauging. Possibly as good ammunition as is made with black powder comes from America; of course, I am only speaking of miniature rifles, of which the twenty-two Winchester is as good at the 100-yds. range as any of the weapons under ·250 bore. Probably this gauge is the best of the very small bores at that distance, and certainly exceeds in good shooting the ·295-·230 bores; but, as I have previously said, the day must be chosen for it, for wind is fatal to the shooting of anything smaller than ·250 with the ordinary miniature loads at the 100-yds. range.



Full Size.—Third Target, ·310 Greener Rifle, Kynoch's Cordite Cartridges. 100-yds.

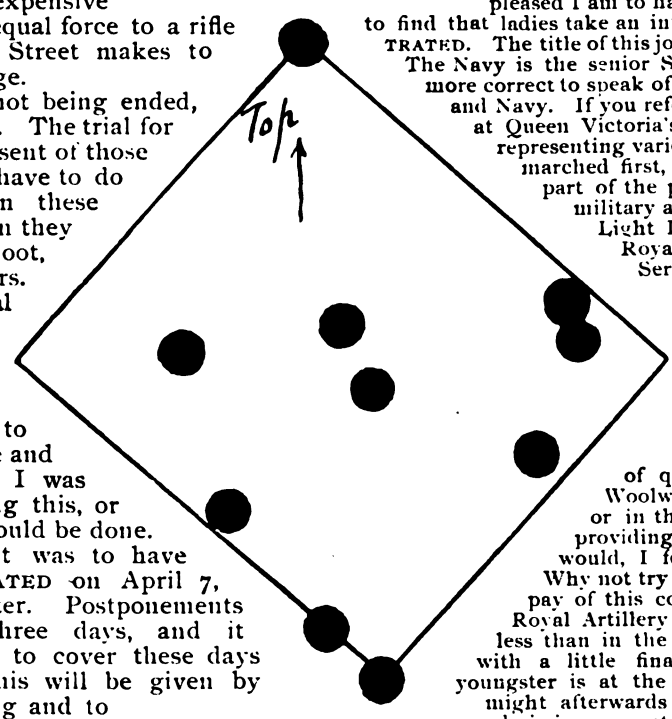
It may perhaps be remembered that in my first report, and several times since, I have spoken of the coarseness of the sights put on the cheap rifles, and expressed the opinion that it would be impossible to get the best results of which they were capable out of them if the makers did not take the trouble to properly regulate the fineness of sights. Of course, there are people who will argue that a fore sight big enough to sit upon is the correct thing, and their wisdom has only of late been challenged within the doors of the War Office. But that is all nonsense. Nobody can shoot *as well* with a coarse as with a fine sight, and few people as well with an open as with an orthoptic sight—that is, on the average. The difference has now been made clear at Cricklewood, and by no shooter more than by that Birmingham rifleman whose three cordite ·310 Greener diagrams grace these pages. He had made good targets before with the same make of rifle and open sight, but on this occasion he was using an orthoptic back sight and a protected ring fore sight, which just showed the white round the 3-in. bull at 100-yds. This back sight must not, of course, be mistaken for the Lyman peep sight, as the opening of that is much larger and the shading of the eye less effective. Mr. Greener's rifle lends itself to these arrangements in a remarkable manner, because its price is so low that the sight fittings neither bring it above the Bisley limit of £3 10s., nor ours of £4.



Full Size.—Third Target, ·310 Greener Rifle, Black Powder, 100-yds.

Of course, it is not a time, before the finish of the trials, to say a word as to the prospects of winning, but I am prepared to give an opinion that I confess never to have expected to arrive at—that these cheap rifles of Mr. Greener's shoot as well as anything that is made, and that money to spare is better laid out in extra sighting than in more expensive rifles. The same remark applies with equal force to a rifle which Mr. Jeffery of Queen Victoria Street makes to take a bottle-shaped ·255 cordite cartridge.

I have spoken above of the trials not being ended, because additional dates are being fixed. The trial for April 6 was abandoned by common consent of those interested. A good many people who have to do with gun businesses are interested in these trials, more than was contemplated when they were made open for anybody to shoot, instead of being confined to gunmakers. It meant that to have shot on the original date would have prevented a holiday, so that by mutual consent the trial for April 6 was postponed to a date to be settled later, when other dates will be announced. Meantime I undertook to send a postcard round to the gun trade and to others notifying the change, but I was prevented by sudden illness from doing this, or even from giving instructions that it should be done. This report will be delayed also. It was to have reached NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED on April 7, but cannot do so for several days later. Postponements have, therefore, been made upon three days, and it will be necessary to extend the trial to cover these days and more, and plenty of notice of this will be given by letter to those who have been competing and to others interested. Perhaps no harm will be done by a little delay, as the first announcements of a rifle trial were not taken very seriously, for some reason or another—possibly because dates were not fixed when the statement was first made; and in many cases those who started, when they were fixed, to get rifles ready, or to lay down lines for new and suitable rifles, have not come up to time, and some others who have done so came with their rifles unfinished and unsighted.



Full Size.—Second Target, ·310 Greener Rifle, Kynoch's Cordite Cartridges, 100-yds.

Moreover, there is another thing to consider, one that occurs as a consequence of the results, as far as they have gone, of these trials. They have, as has already been said, divided miniature rifles into two classes, those with a chance and those with no chance of winning at the 100-yds. range in ordinary English weather. Those who have been so kind as to lend me some of the smallest bores have, consequently, not had a show, because I have prevailed upon some of them to withdraw where they had no chance. But any of these rifles, shooting their 1s. 6d. per 100 cartridges, may, nevertheless, be extraordinarily good practice at distances less than that of 100-yds., and what I should like to do, writing of course without consulting the proprietors of this paper, and as a suggestion at once to them and to those interested in the rifle, is to settle at what distance each particular make of rifle *is* reliable. To effect this, further extensions would have to be made than those for the purpose of completing these trials, which, of course, are entirely by themselves, and cannot be mixed with something entirely different. This, therefore, must be regarded as only a suggestion of mine personally, and it is by no means a thing as easy as it looks, for the reason that there is so much unreliable ammunition about that it generally takes longer to find the proper cartridge than to try the rifle when it is found.

"R. W."—You must excuse the delay in answering your query, as I have been at some pains to get the correct reply. On applying at Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's for the Regulations for the First-class Army Reserve, I found they were not to be got, as they were out of print. I then applied at the Army Pay-office, and there I got the following particulars: Section A of the First-class Army Reserve is composed of discharged soldiers who have served for not less than three years in the Army, were not discharged for misconduct, and who at the time of enlistment in the Reserve are under thirty-four years of age. The term of service is five years. The pay is 4d. a day, issued quarterly in arrear, and deferred pay at 2d. a day, issuable yearly in arrear. This method of payment does not appear to have been changed as regards Section A, but in Sections B and C of the Army Reserve last June an order was promulgated, to the effect that a consolidated rate of 6d. a day, issued quarterly in arrear, should be substituted for the old system.

* * * *

CONSTANCE L.—Let me, to begin with, say how pleased I am to have a lady asking questions. I am glad to find that ladies take an interest in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. The title of this journal practically answers your question. The Navy is the senior Service, and therefore ranks first. It is more correct to speak of the Navy and Army than of the Army and Navy. If you refer to the official order of the procession at Queen Victoria's funeral, you will find that the men representing various regiments and Army Departments marched first, and that the men at the tail of this part of the procession, immediately preceding the military attachés, were those of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, Royal Marine Artillery, and Royal Navy. That is to say, that the Sea Service had the post of honour by being nearer to the gun-carriage which bore the Royal coffin. Between the Blue-jackets and the gun-carriage were the attachés, the headquarters' staff, and the field-marshals, some bands, the Earl Marshal, Gold Sticks, and White Staves, but no troops.

* * * *

"ENGINEERS."—The initial cost of qualifying for a commission, either at Woolwich for the Engineers, or at Sandhurst, or in the Militia for a Line regiment, and of providing the necessary outfit on being gazetted, would, I fear, be greater than you can afford. Why not try for the Royal Marine Artillery? The pay of this corps is about the same as that of the Royal Artillery; but the expenses in the Marines are less than in the Army. After the cost of outfit, and with a little financial help during the two years a youngster is at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, he might afterwards support himself. Particulars as to admission, pay, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary to the Admiralty.

THE EDITOR.

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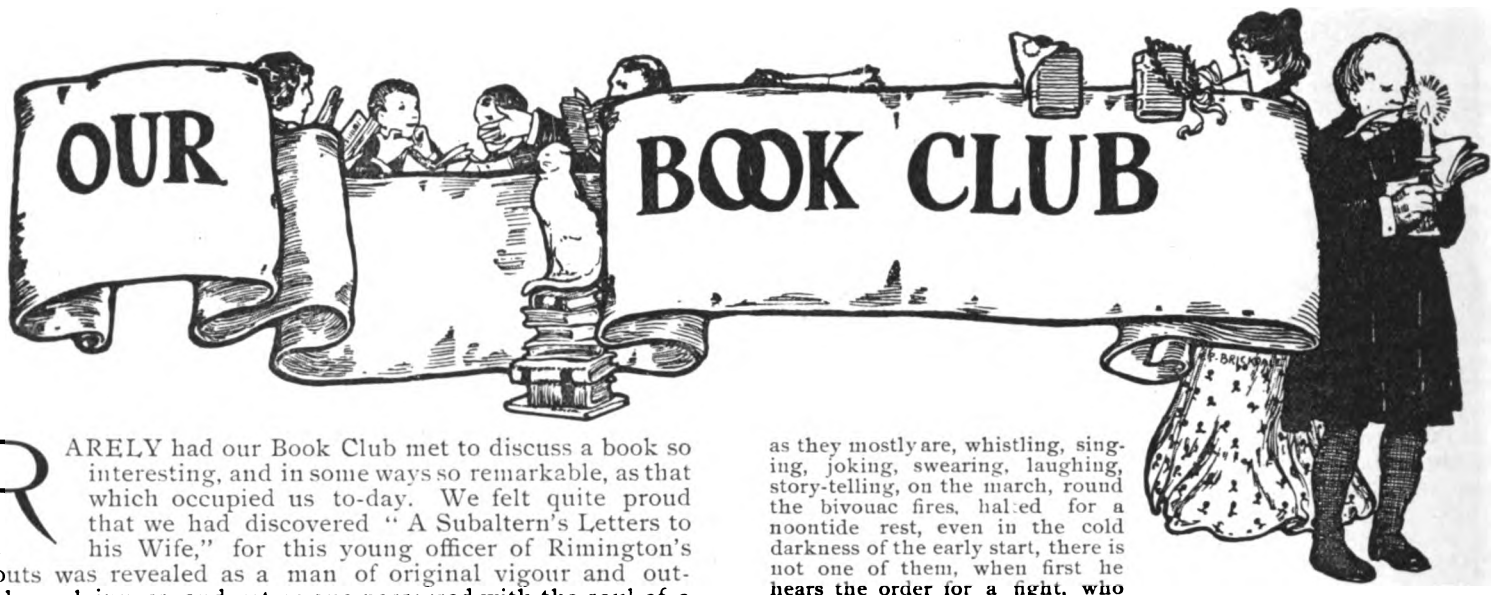

RARELY had our Book Club met to discuss a book so interesting, and in some ways so remarkable, as that which occupied us to-day. We felt quite proud that we had discovered "A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife," for this young officer of Rimington's Scouts was revealed as a man of original vigour and outspoken plainness, and yet as one possessed with the soul of a poet, and wielding a most accomplished pen. Few soldiers can have gone out to South Africa who have seen more, for the Subaltern has not looked only, nor even chiefly, at the marches and counter-marches, the troubles of camps and quarters, and the sounding events of skirmishes and battles; he has looked within, and has given us, in a series of sketches, a vivid picture of the war and its background. He has looked at Nature with something of the same mental recognition and the same understanding and observation that were found in Ruskin; and as a classic scholar, too, who regarded things from a larger point of view than that of the little episodes of every day. He is a realist and an idealist both. This is how he characterises the veldt: "The veldt is like the eye of the basilisk; it fascinates, no one knows why. And yet one may hazard a guess. Perhaps it is the sense of freedom born of the unbroken sweep of the land, onwards and ever onwards towards the distant horizon; the glorious exhilaration of that upland air; the magic touch of that undimmed sun. Yes, but above and beyond all these, there is something baffling and elusive; a *genius loci*, intangible and undefined; it is the shapely grandeur of the clean-cut hills; it is the rolling miles of grassy flat; it is everywhere; it is nowhere; it is the calm eye of the Unknowable translated into rock and sand." Then we are brought into the presence of the myriad "children of the veldt"—the ant, the ant-bear, the mere-cat, the springbuck, than which, when all things were made, nothing was better made, and many more of its inhabitants; all described with a masterful hand. We were particularly delighted with the description of the veldt sunrise:

"The trooper, happily for himself, cultivates instinctively his artistic sense. He gets up in the cold and the dark; he rides out to patrol the country, and still it is dark and cold. Instinctively he looks towards the East, and there the piled-up banks of violet cloud stretch like a great pall over the grey horizon. He glances at his watch, and sees that relief is close at hand. Suddenly a saffron line lights up the inner edge of the violet cloud; the line spreads into a glow, the clouds fade and disperse in rosy wreaths, the stars are put to flight, great golden arms of radiance, like heralds before a king, shoot out across the saffron to the blue, proclaiming the advent of the greater light to rule the day, and in a moment more the fiery red ellipse of the sun peeps over the verge of the plain, and slowly grows into the perfect orb. As he mounts the sky the last belated courtiers of the night, splendid in yellow, violet, and rose, vanish to their rest; his mood changes, his royal ire is appeased, his fierce red mellows to a brilliant scintillating gold; he has conquered the powers of darkness; it is day."

Equally fine is the description of a sunset seen as the scouts rode towards Bloemfontein. Evidently, we said, this subaltern is a master of words. He uses them well also to describe people. Thus we are made acquainted with a farmhouse in the Free State, "of pious memory," whence the intellectual farmer has been banished by the growing boorishness of his son and daughter; where an Arundel "Madonna" looks down upon a coarse-faced lout, rolling in a half-intoxicated carousal, and where the Giottos and Salvator Rosas survey a raw-boned damsel, who generally wears her hair in curl-papers, who saves up all her money to buy a phonograph, whose favourite recreation is to purchase dresses, which she stores in Saratoga trunks for the opportunities that never came. It is really a wonderful picture of a strange household, in which there is much that is good after all. There is another essay in which the life of the Boers is pictured in strong colours and in a very unfavourable light. Here, again, does the Subaltern display remarkable descriptive power.

But his descriptions are not confined to the country and its people. There is, for example, an excellent account of "How Rimington took Brandfort." But here, also, it is interesting to see how the writer pauses to reflect:

"I have invariably noticed that men going into action turn their mental energy into thought instead of speech. Light-hearted fellows as they mostly are, whistling, singing, joking, swearing, laughing, story-telling, on the march, round the bivouac fires, halted for a noontide rest, even in the cold darkness of the early start, there is not one of them, when first he hears the order for a fight, who does not for a few moments hang his head and think. Do you wonder? Careless as he is of danger and of death, he is muttering into his beard a prayer that, if he falls, his wife and children may keep their places in the race of life."

The Subaltern is naturally very proud of his corps, and of Major Rimington. It would have been satisfactory to us if we could have quoted what he says in a kind of character sketch of "Ours." They were a wonderful selection from all sorts and conditions of men. One day, in conversation, the Subaltern remarked that Wales had never found her historian, and his sergeant replied, "No, there are only three men alive capable of writing it." "I think I know two of them," the Subaltern answered; "one is my old tutor, O. M. Edwards, of Lincoln College, Oxford, and another is Professor Rhys." "You are perfectly right," replied the sergeant, "and the third is myself." The success of Rimington's was due to the supremacy of the voluntary spirit; they adored their leader; they entered for no definite term; they could nearly always get their discharge if they wished to leave; and, on the other hand, Rimington could get rid of any officer without showing cause. A fine, but painful, chapter is the realistic sketch of "Dumb Colleagues," and the Subaltern has much that is entertaining to say about the regimental mess.

We were not surprised to find such a discerning and masterful writer a strong thinker also, and an outspoken one not less. The Subaltern, in a word, does not shrink from pouring censure and contempt upon some generals and superior officers, and many, we thought, would read with keen interest what he says concerning Sanna's Post, the failure to investigate miscarriage and disaster, the Poplar Grove fight, where the Boers, and President Kruger among them, were allowed to escape unchecked, and some other matters. So poor is the Subaltern's opinion of British Army officers, that he hazards the view, in his search for efficiency, that commissions should only be given to men of proved capacity from the ranks. It is, of course, an impossible suggestion, but it indicates how strong are the opinions expressed. With the remark that in this small volume more is contained than in many books put together that have been written about the war, we closed it, recognising it to be from the pen of a writer of first-rate merit of whom more should be heard. He was a strong man where strong men were needed.

This brought us to "Britannia's Bulwarks." Now, said one of us, the poet has rashly said that "Britannia needs no bulwarks," though there was greater truth in his remark that she has little requirement for "towers along the steep." He is confuted, for here we have "Britannia's Bulwarks," which no son of Britannia should be without. It is a new publication, full of the achievements of our seamen and the honours of our ships—a serial of which each part contains four admirable pictures by that well-known marine artist, Mr. Charles Dixon, R.I., beautifully reproduced by a new and elaborate process, and accompanied by many monochrome pictures by Mr. C. J. Staniland, R.I., while the letterpress is manifestly from the pen of a most capable writer. Here, then, in the complete volume of some fourteen sixpenny parts, will be brought together a perfectly unique book of remarkable character on the British Navy, with a richness of pictorial embellishment never before attempted. The excellent idea is to group some modern ships much in the public mind with their famous historic namesakes.

JOHN LEYLAND.

Some books worth buying:

"A Subaltern's Letters to his Wife." (Longmans.)

"Britannia's Bulwarks." Part I., published April 16. (Newnes.)

"Queen Victoria, 1819—1901." Richard R. Holmes. (Longmans.) An excellent octavo reprint of the well-known and richly-illustrated work by the Librarian at Windsor Castle. It has not, of course, the large illustrations of the original, but is just the book for the time.

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SPORT AT GIBRALTAR.

THE most popular form of sport at "the Rock" is undoubtedly that obtained with the Calpe Hunt, and it is seldom that Mr. Pablo Larios fails to show a capital day's sport with his excellent pack.

As there are three meets a week, of which two are always within reasonable distance of "the Rock," it is evident that anyone really keen on hunting has plenty of opportunity of doing so, and the size of the fields is the best evidence of the popularity of the Hunt.

The country affords plenty of variety—cork woods intersected by ravines, and almost every kind of hill from undulating downs to the steepest of rocky slopes. There is a moderate amount of cultivation, which appears to be on the increase.

Although jumps are rare, there is usually quite enough incident to be got out of a good run, and foxes are plentiful and strong. The season closes with the usual point-to-point race over about four miles of average local hunting country, and for which fields of from sixty to ninety face the starter.

To obtain good though rough shooting, it is not necessary to travel far. Between San Roque and Castellar, where the ground chiefly consists of large tracts of cork woods extending over broken ground interspersed with bogs, fair bags of cock, snipe, and duck can be made, permission having been first obtained to shoot here. But it is to Casas Viejas—about eight hours over an indifferent mule track—that the majority of shooting parties repair; for in its vicinity snipe, duck of all kinds, geese, a few hares, the great and lesser bustard, and woodcock on the neighbouring hills, are all to be obtained. The sport is variable; if there has been much rain the lagunas are full of water and the birds cannot be approached. Some time since a couple of guns got seventy-nine snipe, and, being without a dog, lost a good many more, while on another occasion this year twenty geese fell to three guns, each of the above bags representing a single day's sport. For all-round shooting the first week in November is perhaps the best.

As regards racing, there are three clubs—the Jockey, the Civilian, and the Calpe Clubs—and each of them has a spring and an autumn meeting. In addition to the regular fixtures there are occasionally skye meetings and hunt steeple-chases. These, with a few regimental races and perhaps a polo club meeting, give a full year's sport. Formerly the handicapper's task was by no means an easy one, owing to the variety of breeds to be reckoned with, and the top and bottom weights were frequently separated by 8-st. or more. But now horses are divided into three classes, according to merit, races are confined to horses of the same class, and 3-st. suffice to bring the top and bottom weights together.

Polo is played regularly during the season on the club ground at Campomento, and the regiments in garrison compete annually for a regimental cup. The interests of yachting and rowing are looked after by the Gibraltar Yacht Club and the Calpe and Mediterranean Rowing Clubs, while last, but certainly not least, as regards the number of their adherents, come cricket and football, both located at the north front, and vigorously prosecuted during their respective seasons. Here, as in other foreign stations, the nature of the ground imposes the matting on asphalte pitch. As regards football, both Rugby and Association games are followed, the latter being by far the more popular. The illustrations represent the Calpe Foxhounds, with the race-course stand in middle distance, the Cameron Highlanders' Football Team, and the new starting-gate on the race-course.

THE CALPE FOXHOUNDS.
With the Race-course Stand in Middle Distance.

FOOTBALL TEAM, CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.
Winners of the Governor's Football Cup, 1901.

Photos. Copyright. "NOW THEN, GET READY." *Montegriffo.*
The New Starting-gate being Used for the First Time.

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A MILITIA BATTALION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Read from left to right the names are:

FIRST ROW.

Lieutenant W. B. Anderson.
Second-Lieutenant G. N. Mackie.
Lieutenant J. S. Gaskell.
Major R. G. Chambres.

SECOND ROW.

Captain W. G. F. Miller.
Captain Farmer, A.D.C.
Captain C. E. Earle.
Lieutenant Spence, A.D.C.

BOTTOM ROW.

Colonel Spence, D.A.G.
Colonel Leith Bonhote.
H.E. Sir Francis Grenfell, Commander-in-Chief at Malta.

Read from right to left the names are:

FIRST ROW.

Lieutenant Tanner, A.D.C.
Lieutenant A. de M. Bellairs.
Captain H. A. P. Soppitt.
Lieutenant J. C. Wilson.

SECOND ROW.

Captain A. E. Da Costa.
Colonel Jackson, C.P., A.P.D.
Captain and Adjutant R. L. Stable.
Captain Dawell, Brigade Major.
Lieutenant E. P. Ormrod.

BOTTOM ROW.

General Lord Congleton, C.B., Commanding the Infantry Brigade.
Major J. H. W. Pedder.

THE OFFICERS OF THE 3RD LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT AT MALTA.

Photos. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL ADDRESSES THE BATTALION BEFORE ITS DEPARTURE.

The 3rd Battalion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment is the Militia Battalion of the regiment, and, after being sent to Malta, is now on active service in South Africa. It was embodied on December 13, 1899. Our first picture shows a group of its officers, while our second represents Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor of Malta, taking farewell of the battalion, and conveys, in the rocky nature of the ground portrayed, a good idea of the peculiar conditions of military training in this island.

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RUSSIAN CADETS.

A FEW weeks ago the Russian Naval Academy celebrated the 200th anniversary of its foundation by Peter the Great. When that monarch was in England studying ship-building at Deptford, and amusing himself by coarse horseplay in Evelyn's house and garden there, to the exceeding anger of the diarist, he learned a great deal in relation to the material of his fleet to be created; but his inspiration was not only derived from this country. The system of entering and training Naval officers was, for example, based largely upon the French practice. There, the essential condition for joining the Naval Service was that the candidate should have blue blood in his veins, and the same qualification still exists in Russia, though the principle, no doubt, receives a very liberal interpretation. In relation to the recent celebration at the great Naval institution on the Vassili Ostroff at St. Petersburg, we are glad to present to our readers certain pictures which are admirably illustrative of the youths who ultimately find their place on the quarter-deck of His Imperial Majesty's ships of war.

A PINNACE OF THE CADET TRAINING SQUADRON.

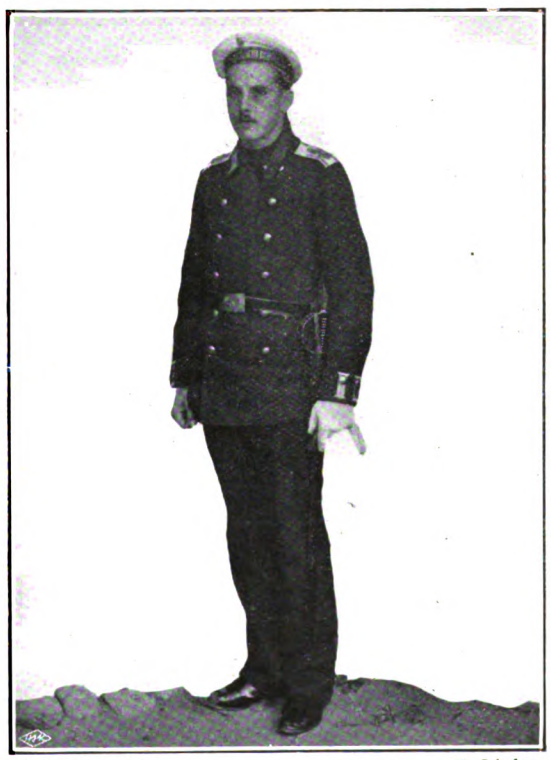
In the Lesser Roads at Cronstadt.

The system of entry and training differs very considerably from that which exists in the British Service. Instead of passing a restricted period in the Naval college, as our cadets do in the "Britannia," and then being drafted to a sea-going ship, the Russian cadet remains six years under training in his school or corps.

The age of entry is from twelve to fourteen years, and the first year's study is devoted altogether to preparatory work on shore. During the subsequent years, however, the youth passes some portion of the spring and summer in learning the practical part of his profession in the cadet training squadron. After serving for four years as a cadet he joins the Garde-Marine Corps as a midshipman, in which he serves the remaining two years before passing out as a "mitchman," or sub-lieutenant. The cadets and midshipmen in the Naval school belong to six companies, each company representing one year's entry, and being about 100 strong. During the first three years the work is largely academic, but the professional training of the remaining period is mainly practical, except that the winter months are given up to theory.

When not actually at sea, the vessels composing the cadet training squadron generally choose the sheltered fjords of Finland for their anchorages, and often visit Helsingfors and other Finnish ports. One of our illustrations shows a party of the cadets engaged in taking observations with sextants and other nautical instruments at Kotka in Finland. The training course also includes hydrographic work, which sometimes takes place in the Bay of Rochensalm, where soundings are conducted and charts made by the students. Owing to the suppression of the special Navigation Corps of the Russian Navy, which, like the corps of Marine Artillery, has died out since the reorganisation of 1885, the study of navigation necessarily enters more largely into the training of the executive officers. The extinction of the navigating branch was regarded with much misgiving in the Russian Service when it was proposed, and sundry disasters and misadventures in the handling of ships which have since occurred seem to indicate that the misgivings were justified. The training of the youths afloat is in masted ships, and covers the whole ground of practical navigation, and there is a final cruise of four months, generally to the West Indies, after which the midshipman is examined for his sub-lieutenancy, and it appears that about 10 per cent. of the candidates fail and are sent back or rejected altogether.

Our pictures illustrate the general work of training. In one of them we have a pinnace in the roads at Cronstadt, where much boat sailing takes place in the summer. It is excellent work, in which our own Naval cadets are proficient. Another illustration shows us a group of cadets being trained in astronomical observation in the courtyard of the Naval school at St. Petersburg. One picture is of the Garde-Marine company afloat in a training-ship, and it will be observed that the working rig of the youths bears a general resemblance to that of the Bluejackets. No special regulation exists in the Russian Navy in regard to the moustache, beard, or whiskers, so that each cadet is free to adopt such a style as pleases himself.



Photos. Copyright. *S. Linden.*

A SENIOR CADET OF THE NAVAL SCHOOL.

In the Uniform of the Garde-Marine.

There is a character of great stability in the system at the Naval school, and except for the introduction of the engineering branch into ships in the Navy, few things were changed in the Russian Fleet from the days of Peter the Great up to the reorganisation of 1885. The members of the Constructive and Engineer Corps are recruited from among the pupils of those sections of the Naval Technical School, and are trained and promoted under special regulations, while their brothers of the executive branch undergo special courses in gunnery or torpedo work, and there is the unusual feature of a musketry school at Oranienbaum.

Owing to the fact that navigation is impossible at Cronstadt during the winter, great efforts are exerted to make the most of the summer months, when many training-ships are kept in commission with large numbers of young officers under instruction. All that is done to stimulate his zeal does not, however, appear to give the Russian officer an absorbing passion for the sea. He feels in no wise discontented if he gets a snug shore-going billet, and has a particular

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detestation of service in the Pacific, although now, owing to the despatch of so many new ships to the Far East, service in that region promises to become much more popular than it has hitherto been. Very various opinions are held in this country as to the quality of Russian officers. They certainly have not the smartness of our own. Considerable powers of punishment are left to them, each rank having authority to award punishment to those of lower grade, and it is strange to think of a young sub-lieutenant, fresh from the Naval school, exercising such powers even in very restricted degree. The principle is simple, but its application no doubt opens the way to many abuses, and strange stories have been circulated as to very harsh treatment of men on board Russian ships. The officers, however, are usually genial and hospitable, and have many characteristics which we look upon as "English."

The establishment at the great Naval College at St. Petersburg consists of a rear-admiral in command, a director of studies, a director of military training, five chief officers and twelve others, with about 130 civilian officials and professors. English and French are taught, in addition to professional and scientific subjects, and there can be no doubt that, during its long existence, the school has produced many officers of high attainments, possessed of all those qualities that go to making the strong Naval commander. With the change in the conditions of life afloat, various progressive modifications have been introduced into the training, and new opportunities have been offered. The Russians are firm believers in the virtues to be gained from training under the discipline of masts and sails, but they do not undervalue practical considerations, as is evidenced by the ample facilities afforded both to officers and men to gain proficiency in various specialities. The Naval School of Musketry, to which allusion has been made, is an illustration. There officers, as well as petty officers, are exercised and instructed in the use of small arms, and in gymnastics, fencing, and drill. The gunnery and torpedo courses at Cronstadt have been alluded to. The period of the latter is eighteen months, and there are training establishments also at Odessa and Sebastopol, and in order to stimulate scientific education, the Russian Ministry of Marine offers rewards of considerable sums for essays upon Naval subjects.

It is worthy of remark that the training of the Russian officer is supposed to fit him for accountant duties, since there is no accountant branch in the Navy, a marked difference thus existing between the Russian organisation and our own. Owing to this fact, and to the circumstance that the first lieutenant and the lieutenant in charge of the principal battery do not keep watch, a Russian ship has usually on board a larger number of lieutenants than a British ship. The mitchman, or sub-lieutenant, and the lieutenant have to make up four years' sea time for promotion, commanders six years' time, and captains eight years' time, and a lieutenant without influence does not easily reach the epaulettes of the commander. As will be supposed, there is not, except in very exceptional circumstances, any promotion from the lower-deck to the quarter-deck in the Russian Navy.

CADETS AT SCIENTIFIC WORK IN THE SUMMER

Making Observations at Kotka, Finland.

ASTRONOMICAL WORK AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL

An Instructor with Some of his Company.

Photos. Copyright. *S. Linden*

CADETS OF THE GARDE-MARINE COMPANY.

In their Working Rig in the Training-ship.

So great is the interest attached to the development of the Russian Fleet, that this brief sketch of the method by which officers are supplied to it should interest our readers, and it must be gratifying to the legitimate pride of the British Service to know that the Russians, though with some difference in their organisation, have adopted our own as a pattern.

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AN INCIDENT OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

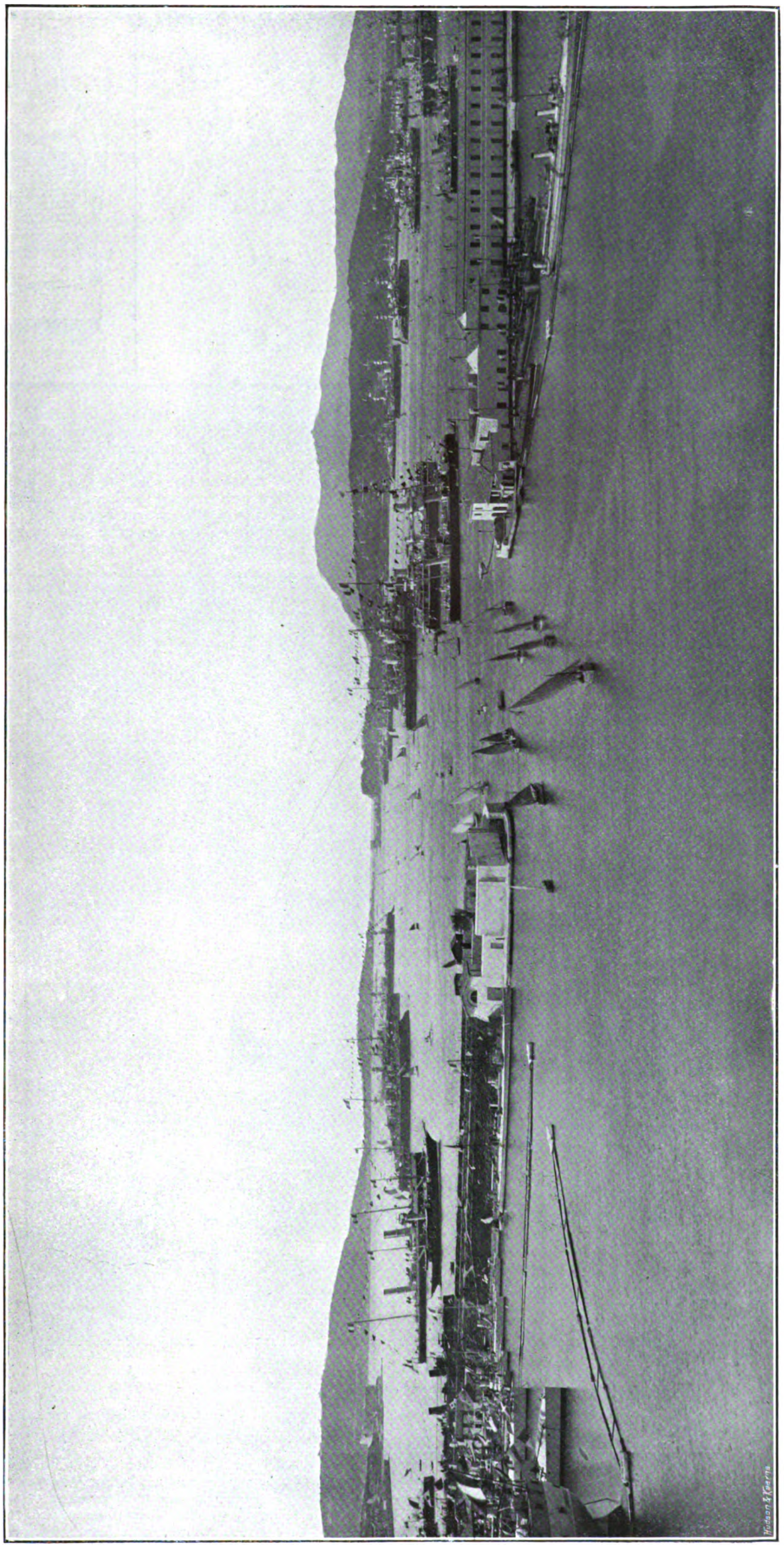

Photo. Copyright. "*Navy & Army.*

THE VISIT OF THE ITALIAN FLEET TO TOULON.

It would be very easy to misunderstand the recent visit of the Italian Fleet to Toulon. It is really a return for the visit of a French Squadron to Italian waters, and it is all part of that courtesy which was once defined as the cheap defence of nations. The occasion was celebrated with all due festivities. The Duke of Genoa and his officers were made welcome to the port, and entertained at banquets by the President of the Republic and by the civic authorities. President Loubet lunched on board the "Lepanto"; and decorations were bestowed on both sides. Such meetings make for peace, and therein lies the advantage of them.

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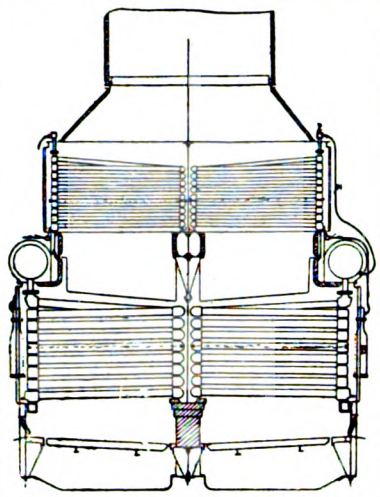


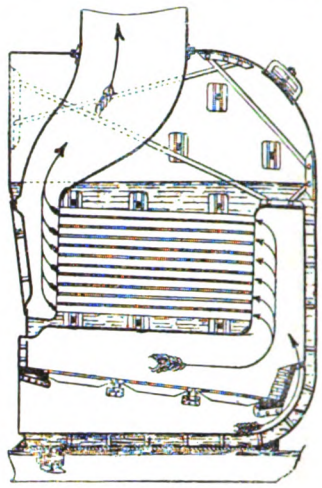
WATER-TUBE

THE BATTLE OF THE BOILERS.

WATER-TUBE *versus* FIRE-TUBE.

BY

AN ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE ROYAL NAVY.



FIRE-TUBE.

THE improvements in the methods of manufacturing materials used in engine and boiler construction, and the progress of the science of applied mechanics, have enabled the design of any particular portion of machinery to be accurately determined, so that the strength of each part of an engine or boiler, and the work which it has to perform, can be absolutely apportioned. This exactness in engineering methods has demonstrated the practicability of using pressures of much higher power in steam-engines than it has been possible to generate in the old-fashioned "tank" or cylindrical boilers; and as the use of higher pressures of steam, coupled with the principle of expansion by which the utmost value in the shape of work can be obtained from the steam, means not only economy in the consumption of fuel required to generate the steam, but also a saving in the weight of the machinery and boilers necessary to develop a given horse-power, it becomes obvious that to secure the full benefit of these advantages a different type of boiler is required. The highest steam pressures in cylindrical boilers in vessels of the Royal Navy have been limited to 155-lb. per square inch, although in some ships in the Mercantile Marine steam of 200-lb. pressure has been used; but for these pressures and for pressures even up to 300-lb. to the square inch and higher, by the use of which much greater economy of fuel becomes possible, the necessary thicknesses of the shells and furnaces of the cylindrical boilers, and the sizes of their stays and rivets, to ensure the necessary strength, become so great that the extra weight of boilers involved proves a practical objection to their use. In the cylindrical boiler, owing to the method by which it generates steam, all parts, including the outer shell, have to be sufficiently strong to bear the pressure. The hot gases and flame from the furnaces pass through the interiors of tubes on their way to the funnels, and so heat the large body of water which the boiler contains. In the water-tube boiler the whole system is reversed; the tubes contain the water and the furnace gases are on the outside of the tubes in which the steam is generated. The shells of the boilers in the latter case have no pressure to bear; they simply confine the furnace heat, and can be therefore made of very light material. The generating tubes are small in diameter, are light, and are capable of withstanding much greater pressure than the shells of cylindrical boilers, which are very much larger in diameter. The amount of water contained in a water-tube boiler is about one-twentieth of the weight of that required for a cylindrical boiler, and therefore the double advantage of rapid generation of steam combined with less weight of boiler and water is secured; so that it is small wonder the change from the cylindrical to the water-tube type of boiler has taken place in war vessels, where lightness of machinery and boilers, rapidity and ease of steam generation, and power of increasing speed quickly when under way, are matters of the greatest value and importance. We shall never return to the cylindrical type of boiler in our Navy, and as old vessels gradually become replaced by new, and as the older types of boilers wear out, the water-tube boiler of some kind or other is sure to be adopted in their place.

Photo. Copyright. *West.*

THE "SEAGULL" GUN-BOAT.

Fitted with Niclausse Boilers.

There are, of course, some disadvantages to be set against

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the water-tube boiler. These as a general rule are not altogether the fault of the boiler, but arise from difficulties which have occurred from the use of high-pressure steam, by losses of steam and water through leaks in the valves or pipes of the steam system, whereby the coal consumption has become increased, or by other small defects of design or management of the main and auxiliary machinery, all of which causes have become accentuated by the higher steam pressures now in use. It might be mentioned, that at the time it was decided to change to the water-tube class of boiler, the highest steam pressures in cylindrical boilers of Naval vessels were, as we have already stated, 155-lb. per square inch, and with the adoption of the water-tube boiler we went at once to 260-lb. and 300-lb. per square inch. This sudden increase in the steam pressures is considered by many able engineers to be the cause of a great part of the trouble which has arisen in some, but not all, of our larger vessels that are fitted with boilers using these high pressures; but it is a trouble that is remediable, and has, in many cases, been already surmounted.

Although the change in our boiler policy is a recent matter, the actual question of fitting water-tube boilers to steam vessels is not new. It is only of late years, however, that it has attained such prominence. As early as the year 1857 attempts were made to place these boilers in some vessels of the Mercantile Marine, but they were not successful, and their failures were principally due to the rapid corrosion and wasting away of the tubes, and to the incrustations that took place on their interior surfaces owing to the leakage of salt water from defective condensers into the feed water for the boilers, or to the occasional enforced use of salt water to make up the losses which occurred in the regular supply of feed water for the boilers. In all cases the tubes of the boilers were either completely destroyed, or choked to such an extent that the boilers became dangerous.

From 1870-74 experiments were made with the Perkins type of water-tube boiler, and these boilers were to have been placed in the sloop of war "Pelican," but for some reason or other the project fell through. In the year 1877 a committee which had been appointed by the Government to consider the subject of boilers for war-ships reported with regard to water-tube boilers, that "such a system of construction, combined with the use of fresh water and tight condensers, will lead to good results as regards endurance, safety from explosion, and probable economy." Nothing happened at the time from this report, but the statement is as true to-day as it was in 1877. In France, however, as long ago as the year 1880, Belleville boilers were placed in a small despatch vessel, and did some good service; two years later the cruiser "Milan" was fitted with similar boilers. In 1889 the French cruiser "Alger," of 8,000 indicated horse-power, was supplied with an installation of twenty-four of these boilers, and one or two small gun-vessels were also provided with boilers of the Belleville type; the Messageries Maritimes Company also had them placed in their steamers, which have since made long and continuous

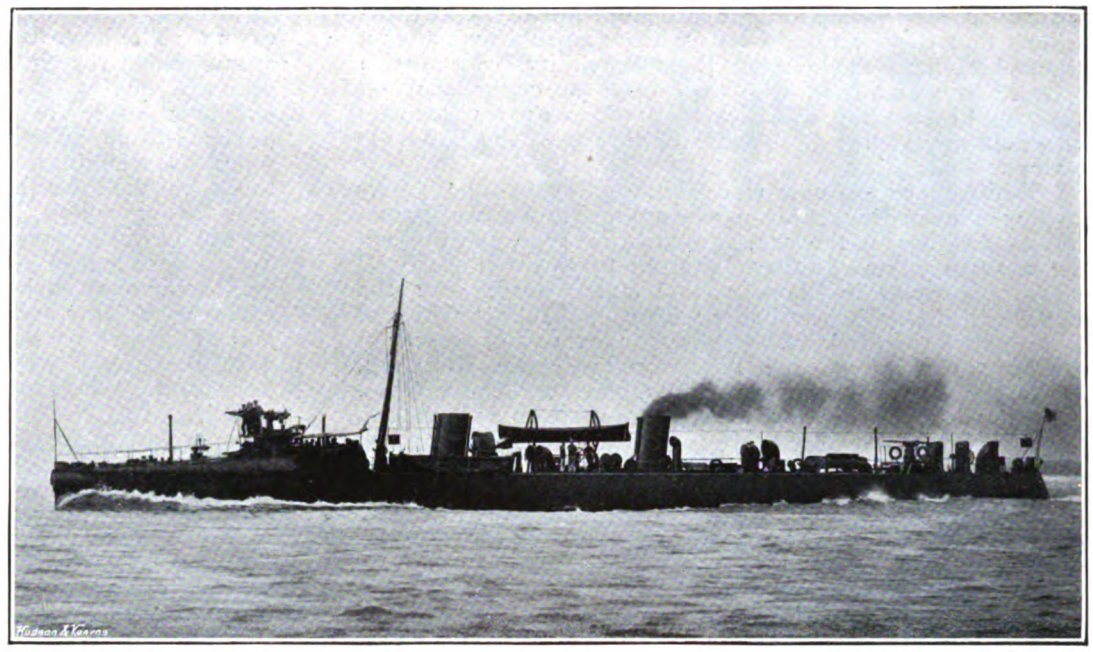
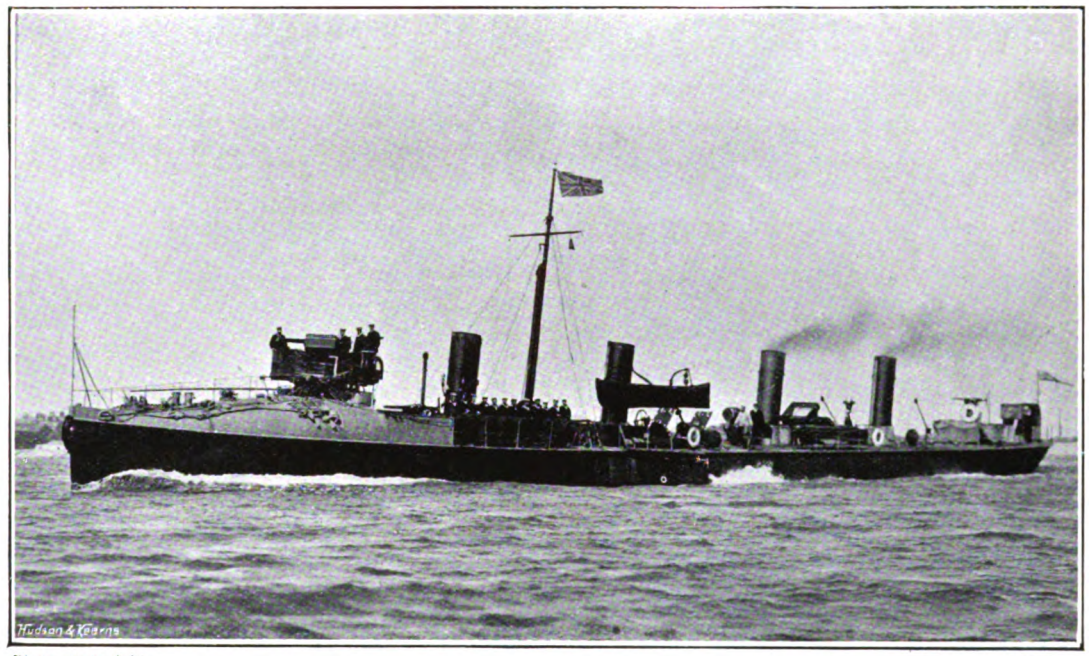


Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "DARING."

Fitted with Thornycroft Boilers.



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THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "FERRET."

Fitted with Normand Boilers.

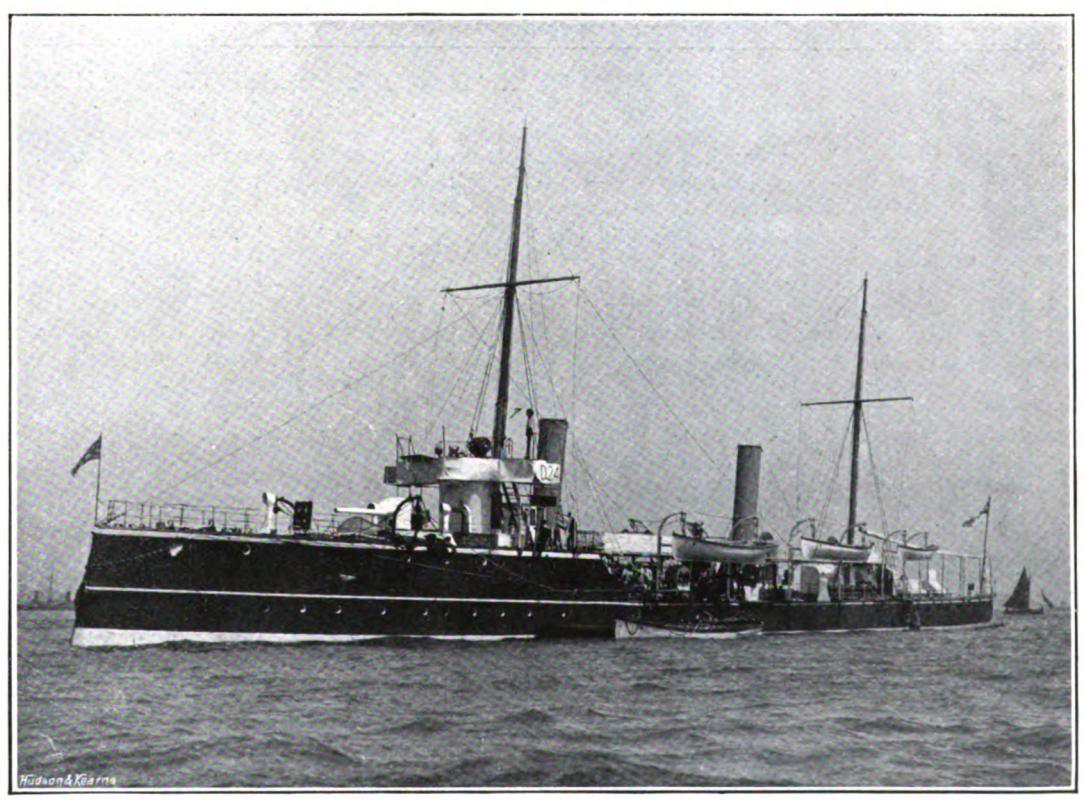

Photo. Copyright. *West*

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SHELDRAKE."

Fitted with Babcock and Willcox Boilers.

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voyages between Marseilles and Australia with satisfactory results. It was owing to their successful operation in these vessels that they were adopted in the British Navy, after a report had been made upon their suitability by a British Naval Engineer officer, who had been specially sent on a voyage to Australia and back in the Messageries steamers to obtain experience of the actual working of the Belleville boilers.

While there are now many kinds of water-tube boilers employed in our Navy, they may be grouped under two distinct classes, *i.e.*, those of the large, straight-tube type, and those of the small-tube type. Of these latter the tubes are in nearly all cases very small in diameter and are curved, with the exception of the Yarrow boiler. The small-tube varieties of these boilers that find most general employment at present in the British Navy are the Thornycroft, Yarrow, Normand, Reed, Mumford, Blechynden, White, and Du Temple types. These are principally fitted in small craft, such as launches, torpedo-boats, torpedo-boat destroyers, and in a few torpedo gun-vessels and one or two sloops and third-class cruisers. In every case, as we have before stated, there is a considerable saving of weight by their adoption, and in the case of the fast torpedo-boat destroyers and gun-vessels their very high rates of speed would be absolutely unattainable without them. In the classes of vessels referred to above, the boilers which had been previously used were of the marine locomotive type. This kind of boiler, which is eminently successful on land, utterly failed at sea under the conditions of forced-draught pressures, which had to be used in order that they should generate steam with sufficient rapidity and pressure to drive the vessels in which they were fitted at their maximum speed.

The Thornycroft boiler was the first of the water-tube type to be successfully used in our Navy. It was placed in a second-class torpedo-boat in 1885, and since then this vessel has done constant service with satisfactory results. In 1892 a water-tube boiler, designed by Messrs. Yarrow, was fitted in another torpedo-boat, and she also has given satisfaction. In 1891 the torpedo gun-vessel "Speedy," of 4,500 indicated horse-power, was fitted with Thornycroft boilers, which have been most successful; and since that date, the types of water-tube boilers have increased considerably, and are still increasing. As a general thing, these small-tube boilers are all designed upon the same principle, and differ only in details. It is difficult to describe them accurately without a drawing, but they may be likened roughly to an equilateral triangular figure, at each angle of which a cylindrical vessel is situated, the cylinders at each end of the base being smaller than the cylinder at the apex, and being joined to it by a series of tubes. The base of the triangular figure forms the grate, and the lower cylinders and the tubes, up to a certain portion of their height in some cases, and in other cases the whole of the tubes and a portion of the upper cylinder, contain water. The whole of the structure is enveloped, as far as the upper cylinder, with a light casing which serves to contain the heat from the grate or furnace, funnels being provided at the upper part of the casing. The heat, flames, and smoke from the furnace pass around and between the rows of tubes which form the walls or sides of the triangle, and the steam which becomes generated inside the tubes is collected in the upper cylinder, or steam-drum, whence it is conveyed by suitable valves and pipes to the engines. The Yarrow boiler has walls of straight tubes, but the tubes of the other small-tube types of water-tube boiler which have been previously mentioned are curved in various ways, the object of this being to afford a greater length of tube, and to secure thereby a greater amount of heating surface. It will be possible to construct Yarrow boilers with large tubes; and the Babcock and Willcox type of boiler, which is of a different design altogether, and which has already been fitted in the "Sheldrake," is rapidly gaining favour for use in larger vessels. The Niclausse is also a large-tube type of water-tube boiler, which has been fitted for some time in the "Seagull," and is to be installed likewise in the new cruiser "Suffolk." In the small-tube type of water-tube boiler, the tubes are difficult to examine and clean, but, as a rule, the small vessels in which they are fitted can easily be replaced, and are not of such importance as large vessels, such as cruisers or battle-ships, which are often required to keep the sea for considerable periods upon their own resources. In these ships it is necessary that the tubes may be easily examined, cleaned, and replaced, and for this reason boilers with large straight tubes are preferable.

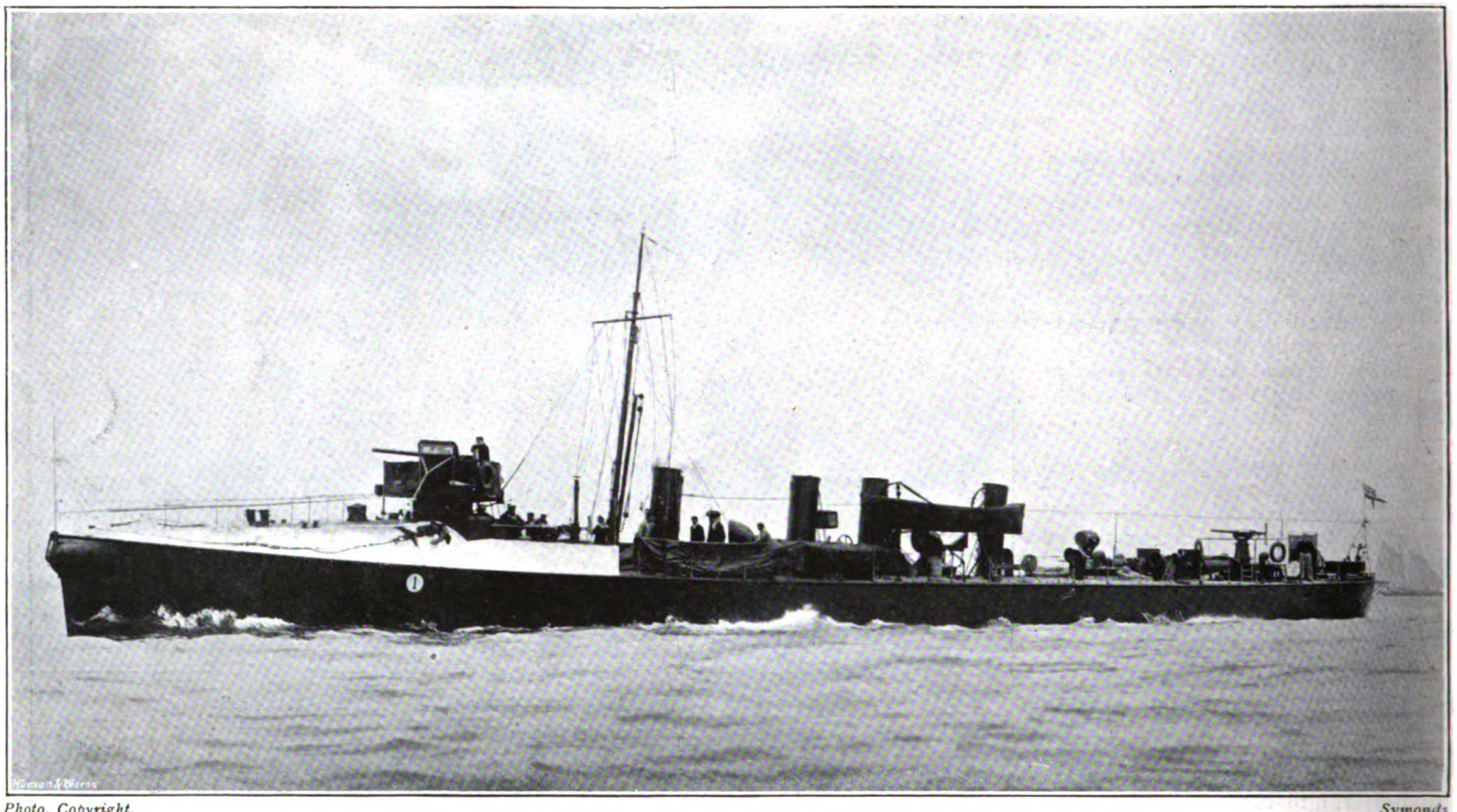

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "HORNET."

Fitted with Yarrow Boilers.

The present discredited Belleville boilers are the only large-tube type that has been extensively adopted in our Navy, and it is only fair to say that although about sixty large cruisers and battle-ships have been fitted with them, the vessels in which they have failed have been very few. Twenty Belleville-boiler vessels have been in commission already, and many of them are doing good service. With the exception of the experimental gun-vessel "Sharpshooter," the "Powerful" and "Terrible" were the first vessels in our Navy to be so fitted, and this on the most extensive scale. The "Terrible" is still on service in China, the "Powerful" has already completed a commission in China and South Africa, and on her return to England her boilers were reported to be in very good condition. Most of the other vessels having these boilers are giving better results as their engine-room staffs become accustomed to them, and doubtless they will continue to improve. In the meantime there does not seem to be reason for panic. We had similar difficulties years ago when we changed from low to high pressures and cylindrical boilers carrying 60-lb. of steam per square inch came into use. The boilers of many vessels at the period of such change were found to have corroded so much that new boilers were required at the end of one commission. The remedy for this was found, and doubtless the present difficulties, which are already half overcome, will submit to the engineering skill and treatment which increased experience with this class of boiler will surely indicate.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII —No. 222.] SATURDAY, MAY 4th, 1901.

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BRIGADIER-GENERALS SIR EDWARD YEWD BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G., AND SIR J. G. DARTNELL, K.C.B., C.M.G.

Both these officers appear in the recent South African "Honours Gazette" as having been granted the K.C.B. Sir E. Y. Brabant joined the Cape Mounted Rifles in 1856, and subsequently held many military posts in the Colony. When the war broke out he was put in command of the Colonial Force, and his latest service was the organisation of the defence of Cape Colony at the time of the recent Boer invasion. Sir J. G. Dartnell, who commanded the Natal colonists, is described by Lord Roberts as having "maintained the best traditions of His Majesty's forces to which he formerly belonged." He is Canadian born, served with the Imperial forces in India in the fifties, and has seen service in every African campaign which has occurred since 1879.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. If here stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

"NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED" RIFLE TRIALS.—*An announcement will be made next week as to the date upon which these trials will be renewed.*

"Until Calmer Times."

THE distrust and dislike of the Government's Army proposals have certainly not diminished since Mr. Brodrick made his disappointing statement. Among the vast majority of those in the House of Commons who have had experience of the Army and who have studied our military problem, the scheme is regarded as a mere makeshift, hastily put together, in the first place, as a possible basis for discussion, and then offered to the nation, in default of anything better, as a considered plan. Even a civilian like Mr. Gerald Balfour can get up and give away the whole of the case for the presentation of which he, with Mr. Brodrick and the rest of the Cabinet, is jointly responsible. The bed-rock factor in Mr. Brodrick's scheme is the assumed necessity of providing a large force to defend our own shores. What does Mr. Gerald Balfour say: "If the command of the seas were lost to us, no military force we could raise by conscription or otherwise could take its place. . . . The fact of a hostile Power gaining command of the sea would enable it to starve us out, no matter by what military force the country might be defended from invasion." It puts the situation into a couple of sentences. Nothing could be clearer or more sound. It is true Mr. Gerald Balfour went on to talk about the possibility of a case in which we might temporarily lose command of the sea in home waters, and in which an enemy might throw a military force over the Channel. But this was a temporary aberration—or perhaps a concession to his colleagues. The Raid Bogey is out of date. Even if the Channel Squadron were for the moment not "in being," we have the Home Defence Squadron, which could do something. And, further, supposing the Home Defence Squadron put out of action, what nation would be foolish enough to risk an invading army in a country of fighters; an army which might be cut off at any moment by the return of the Channel Squadron; an army which, if it made its way inland, would have a very poor chance of ever making its way back to the coast? It makes us ashamed to repeat this sort of thing over and over again. Yet it is no work of supererogation. If the Government itself takes such a hopelessly wrong view of the problem of national defence, how can the governed be expected to see more clearly? The only thing to do is to go on dinning sound views into everybody's ears until at last perseverance produces some effect.

Mr. Winston Churchill's amendment to the official motion really goes to the root of the matter:

"That this House, while fully recognising the necessity of providing adequately for Imperial defence, nevertheless cannot view without grave apprehension the continual growth of purely military expenditure which diverts the energies of the country from their natural commercial and Naval development; and, having regard to the extraordinary pressure under which all connected with the War Office are now working, desires to postpone final decision on future military policy until calmer times."

There is statesmanship in that amendment. Mr. Winston Churchill is a true son of his father. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is devoted to the interests of the Services, but no interest can be served by blinking facts, and the fact is that the headlong way in which, without rhyme or reason, we are rushing into huge military expenditure, is causing the gravest anxiety to all serious persons. We are rather fond of pluming ourselves upon the casual manner in which we British are accustomed to attack enterprises of great pith and moment. We talk of the Empire having been made "in a fit of absence of mind." Well, perhaps it was; but that is all the more reason why we should take thought for the morrow, and see that we are in no danger of losing it "in a fit of absence of mind." Now the dangers which beset an Empire are twofold—there are dangers that attack it from without, and there are dangers that may burst it asunder from within. The risk for us at present is that, in providing heedlessly and unnecessarily for the repulsion of imagined dangers from without, we may place such burdens upon the nation, and so disgust it with the task of holding our own, that it will rush into an opposite extreme. Here, for example, is the Conservative Party—the old party of retrenchment and economy—making its little finger, in the matter of taxation, thicker than the Liberal Party's loins.

Is it not likely that the overburdened taxpayer will think to himself that it is time to give the other side a trial? He remembers that Sir William Harcourt relieved the middle-class by imposing the Death Duties. He knows only too well that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has added grievously to middle-class difficulties by doling out aid to the agriculturist and the clergy at the income-tax payer's expense. We may, at any moment almost, find the Little Englander view being adopted by that changeable person, the man in the street. And where would National and Imperial defence be then?

It is not only the war expenditure, observe, that has swelled this year's Budget to such enormous proportions. It is as well the ordinary expenditure, the kind of drain upon the national purse that has become chronic; and one of the largest items of this ordinary expenditure is the War Office vote. Now, if there were even a reasonable chance that, by voting this money, the House of Commons could be certain of seeing the Army and the War Office reorganised upon sensible, practical, business-like lines, there would certainly be no voice raised in these columns against such a course being taken at once. But what chance is there of this most devoutly desirable consummation? None at all. The War Office has not yet made up its mind what we want an Army for. It has not got any clear idea of the number of trained men we want, or of the way in which they are to be raised. Its sole idea is still, as it has been for many years past, to create an immense Army on paper, and then to fold its hands and to say, "What more can anybody want?"

But paper armies are of all delusions the most disastrous. So many Army corps, so many battalions, so many thousands of men in the Reserve—it all looks very comforting and satisfactory on blue foolscap with wide margins and neat red-tape binding. But when war breaks out, and the rough, rude test of efficiency is applied to the system, what happens then? Army corps have to be pulled to pieces, and fresh arrangements botched up in hot haste; battalions are found to be far below their paper strength, and to be largely composed of weakly boys with no stamina and no training; the Reserves have to be called out in the very beginning, instead of being used, as a Reserve ought to be used, as a reinforcing supply when gaps begin to appear in the regiments at the front. The War Office system went utterly to pieces a year and a-half ago, and, unless we take the problem seriously and thoughtfully in hand, it will go utterly to pieces again. When we have a small, but thoroughly well-trained force, "few, but fit," ready to mobilise in an orderly manner at short notice, and to go anywhere; when we decide that it is cheaper to pay well for a little good material than to stint our money and to get a great deal of bad; when we escape from the absurd fetish of huge figures, and really understand what our military resources amount to without discount or drawback of any sort—then we shall be able to pursue in security our "natural commercial and naval development." Until then, we shall be on the wrong path, and wrong paths have a way of leading to precipices.

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CANADIANS TO HELP "B.-P."

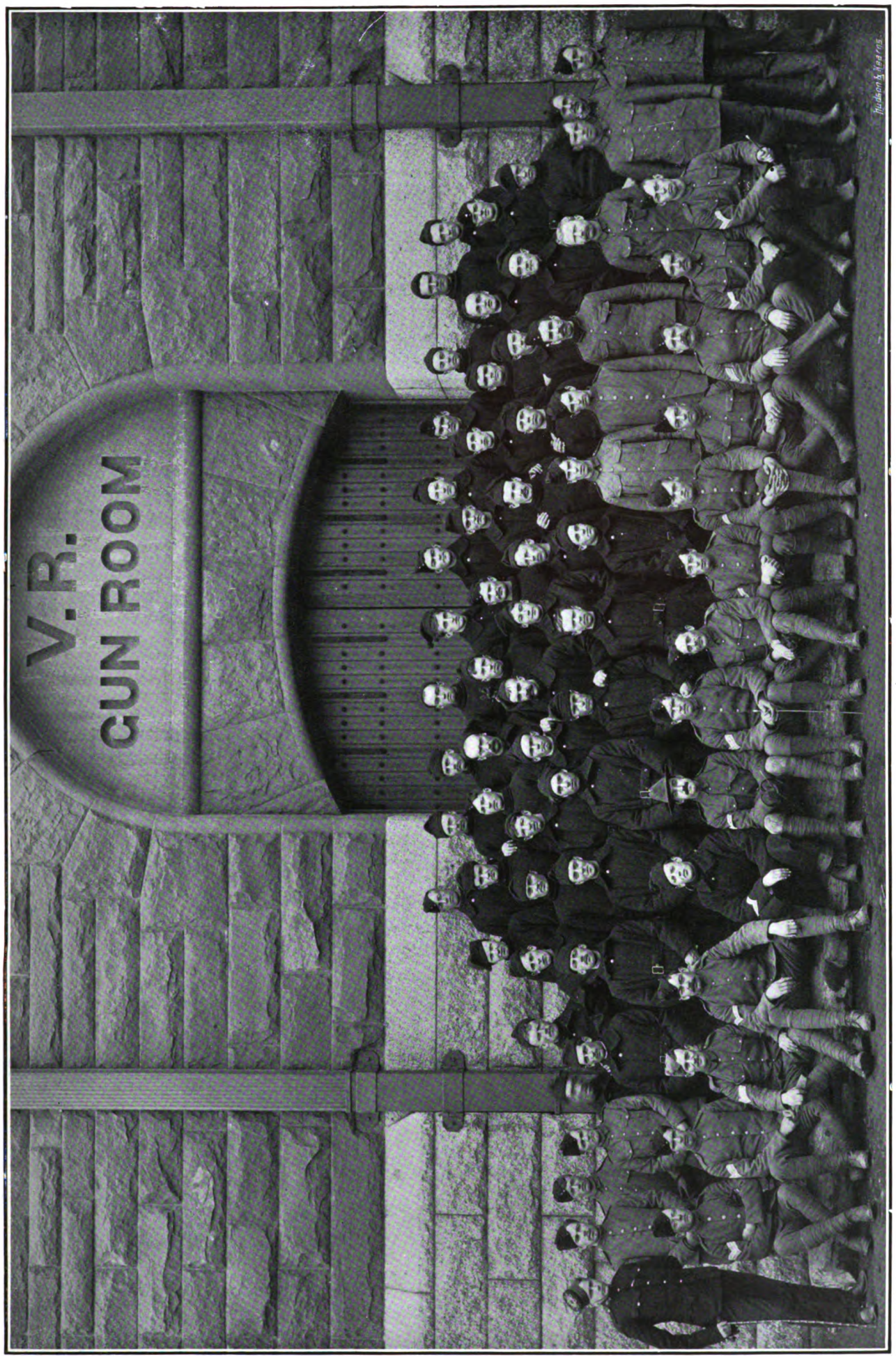

Photo. Copyright. *Gauvin & Gentzel.*

RECRUITS FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY.

Our picture shows a detachment of the men recruited in New Brunswick for the South African Constabulary by Lieutenant C. W. Weldon McLean, R.F.A. It will give some idea of the superior class that have been enlisted for this force in Canada. Most of these men have trades, are good shots, accustomed to horses, and are picked men. They have all the qualifications necessary for such a force as the South African Constabulary. Lieutenant McLean's picture appears on the left of the men. One hundred splendid specimens of the best bone, sinew, and pluck of New Brunswick, some wearing uniforms of different Militia regiments, and a few the faded khaki of Canada's first contingents, were in the farewell parade, and the Mayor of St. John at the close of an able speech said that the whole province of New Brunswick wished them all God-speed and the best of good luck during their absence.

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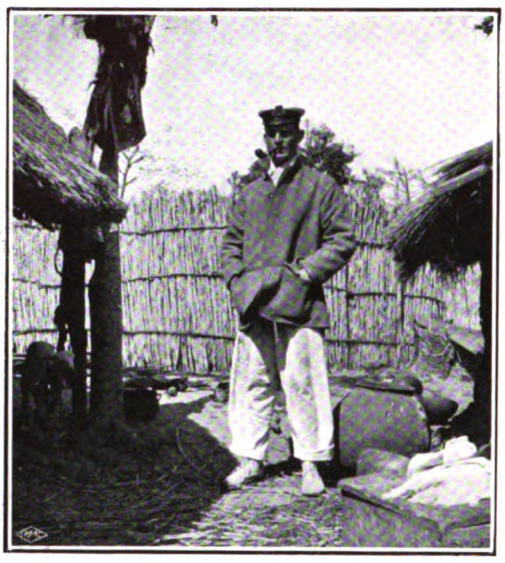
"DOWN, DOWN BENEATH THE WAVE."
The Divers of the "Forte" at Work.

THE NAVY IN WEST AFRICA.

A PEACEFUL SCENE IN A HOSTILE DISTRICT.
A Ship's Launch Towing Boats on the Gambia River.

From Photos. by a Naval Officer.

AT its best, the West Coast of Africa is hardly a paradise. Britons will go there to serve in the Military forces, to act as lawyers, or to abide at some of the trading stations, for the simple reason that few men hold life more cheaply than those of our own race, and that none will peril it more lightly when weighed in the scale against opportunities of work and adventure. But this does not make the West Coast a desirable place for white men, and it is not. A spell of service on it, however, falls to the lot of most Naval men who have to get through a commission on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, and the result is generally the necessity for transfer to a more healthy spot in order to recuperate. Nevertheless, the West Coast has, and has always possessed, attractions of its own. Naturally, from the Naval standpoint, service there is very different from what it was, say, sixty or seventy years ago. It would have been a bold assertion in those days to say that even piracy was absolutely extinct. The slave trade certainly was not. Cargoes of "black ivory" were commonly shipped to the American continent, and their interception and seizure meant sometimes a nice little bounty in the shape of prize-money to the crews of the British ships cruising off the coast. Then, too, it was necessary that the slaves destined for shipment should be collected at some convenient spot ashore, and the hunting up and destruction of such places afforded plenty of opportunity for adventurous boat service and for occasional hard fighting. All this has passed away, but the West Coast is still one of the homes of adventure. The only difference is that whereas it formerly brought prize-money it now brings professional advancement. We seem to be hardly ever free from a little war" in this part of the world, and in all these minor struggles the Navy has to bear its part. Sometimes this part may be limited to the supervision of the landing of men and stores and the despatch of both to the front, but more often the Navy is called upon to supply a contingent. In one memorable instance, the Benin Expedition, which was so successfully carried out in February, 1897, under the command of Sir Harry Rawson, the Navy had to supply the whole of the armed forces landed. Three columns in all were employed, and all of these saw some fighting, though the brunt of the struggle fell upon the main column, which captured Benin only after eight hours' continuous fighting. In the other little wars which have since taken place in various parts of West Africa, the Navy has left its mark; and in the recent Gambia Expedition its share was a very prominent one. The second-class cruiser "Forte" and the gun-boats "Dwarf" and "Thrush" were the vessels which took part in it. Our readers will remember that we were able to publish a picture of a fighting-top which the crew of the "Thrush," with the usual ingenuity of the British sailor, improvised on the foremast for river service. The punishment of the petty chiefs will have good results for that part of the country which they have ruled, or rather misruled. It is, of course, to be regretted that the unhealthy climate of certain parts of West Africa causes the deaths of so many of the brave officers and men sent on these punitive expeditions, but it is the price of Empire. Our present pictures relate to the "Forte," and give a very good idea of the work of the Naval contingent on shore, and of the manner in which steam launches are turned to account in towing other boats up rivers, thus enabling the men in them to be landed in a fresh condition instead of being fatigued with rowing.



HE WAS WOUNDED AT ELANDSLAAGTE.
Lieutenant J. M. Steel, of the "Forte."

"SQUIRTING DEATH THROUGH A TUBE."
The "Forte" Maxim Ready to Open Fire.

ASHORE WITH THE SEAMEN OF THE "FORTE."
The Naval Brigade Getting into Action.

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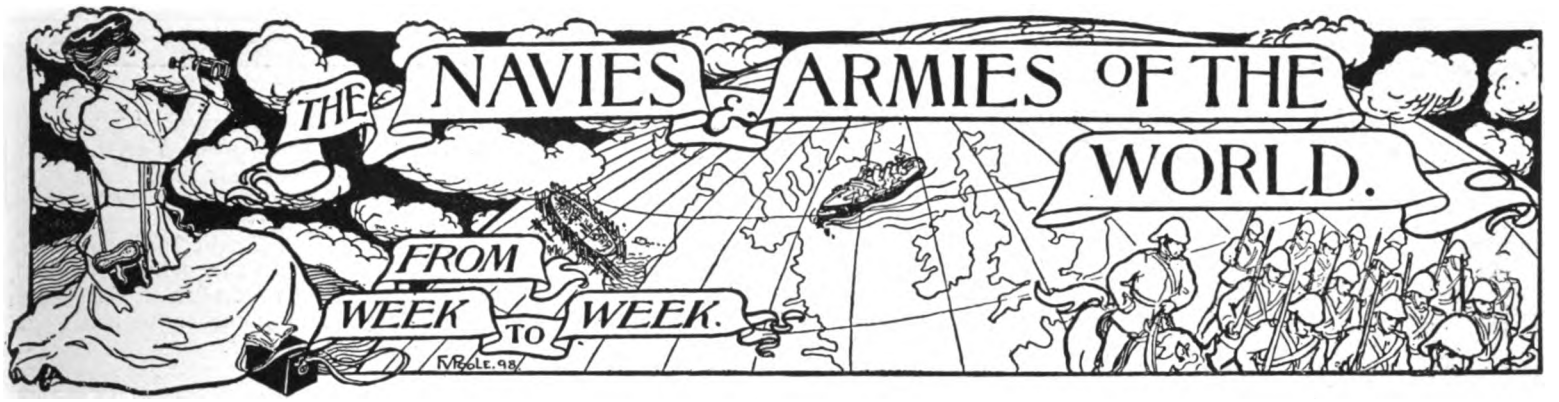

LORD KINGSBURGH made a proposal on behalf of the Army, in the *Times* of the 19th ult., which has been made before, has never been acted upon, and let us hope never will. It may not be superfluous to point out, for the benefit of the mere Englishman, that the letter is signed "J. H. A. Macdonald." The Hon. J. H. A. Macdonald is Lord Justice Clerk, which is one of the great judicial posts in Scotland. He is, therefore, a law, or, as it is less respectfully put, a "paper" lord, and the rules as to the use or omission of this title are complicated and mysterious. Lord Kingsburgh holds that South Africa would supply us with a "proper training ground on which to prepare armies for war," and refers to Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Redvers Buller as giving us to understand that this advantage is wanting at home. He holds that the presence of a British army in those parts, besides keeping a wholesome terror of our resources before the eyes of the inhabitants, "will bring a great deal of money into the pockets of a people whose sole road to prosperity is that of supplying food for man and beast." Then the British army, being in South Africa, would be in a fine central position for use either in these islands or in India, and this "would be of incalculable value to the Empire's safety." On these grounds he hopes that we will never reduce our establishment there to mere garrisons.

* * * *

A countryman of Lord Kingsburgh's, the famous Secretary Maitland of Lethington in Queen Mary's time, told the Reformer John Knox that certain schemes of his were "a pious imagination." It is to be feared that the same description has to be given of this plan. The plea for the pockets of South Africans will no doubt be sympathetically heard in those parts. But what would those whose business is to supply food for man and beast at home say at seeing their profits transferred to the South Africans, to say nothing of the large sums of money which would have to go abroad to pay for the said provisions, since it is to be presumed that the support of the Army would not be thrown on the colonists? The British taxpayer would put in a word. But this is politics, and may pass. From the military point of view the scheme is fantastic, though it has tempted people before Lord Kingsburgh. Why, to begin with, should South Africa afford a good training ground for the British Army? It is a very peculiar country, and would give little or no practice likely to be useful to soldiers who had to serve in densely inhabited regions cut up with hedges, and full of roads. Algeria, which was used by the French for this purpose, was found to have done them a great deal of harm in the war of 1870. It would be a colossal folly on our part to go out of our way to seek the same evils for ourselves. The enemy, too, we have had to fight bears no sort of likeness to a great European army, though it is the prevalent, but one hopes temporary, folly of the day to talk as if he were equivalent. Neither the nature of the land nor the kind of operations we have had to go through, or can expect to have to manage there again, are calculated to supply good general practice; so that, even looking only at the question whether South Africa would be a good place for our permanent camps and manœuvres, the answer must be in the negative.

* * * *

When we take the general interests of the Army the case is worse. We have adopted a system of short service and Reserves. Now supposing that the main fighting bulk of our military strength is to be kept out there, what course are we to take with the Reserves? If the army in South Africa, being the major portion of the whole, is to be kept at a war footing, the Reserve system breaks down utterly. We cannot have the same man in the ranks and out of them at the same time. If we are to keep up the Reserve, the men composing it must either be in South Africa, or somewhere else. If in South Africa, what are they to live on? The mines want no costly white labour, and as for agriculture, young Englishmen are flying from that at home. Supposing the Reserves are to come back, and be sent out again to join their regiments, or wait for them when they are brought home to meet a European complication, there is a prospect of a fine muddle.

But the most purely fantastic part of Lord Kingsburgh's letter is the passage which speaks of the advantage of the central position of South Africa in the Empire. Of course there is an advantage in operating from the centre to the circumference. The military books are agreed on this doctrine. But, then, it is not supposed that the transport has to go from the circumference to the centre before your army can move, which would happen here. We cannot keep the transports lying idle in Table Bay for years, till they are wanted. They would have to go out there, and if the occasion were a European war, this would make two superfluous voyages and cause a, perhaps, fatal loss of time. If the regiments were to go on to India nothing would be gained in time, since the ships must first come out to pick the soldiers up, and would take as long to go empty as they would to go full. This, too, is on the calculation that we could not use the Canal. If we could, the loss of time and increase of expense is glaringly manifest.

* * * *

The Ashanti Field Force dinner was a very British celebration. It is our ancient and respectable practice to eat together and pat ourselves on the back. Which is an innocent amusement, and leads to much good-fellowship. And the speeches contained not a little which was both true and pleasant. We have honestly cause to be proud of the success of our officers in getting a firm hold on the trust and affection of barbarians of all races and colours. Good-natured critics on the Continent, and some who prefer to look at the dark side of things, are fond of insisting on our unpopularity. *La morgue britannique*, that is, British arrogance, is a favourite theme with the French. It is their confirmed belief that we are hated by our black subjects everywhere. They will prove to you convincingly, as thus—the English are brutal, therefore they ought to be hated; therefore they are hated. We French, on the other hand, are amiable, therefore we ought to be loved; therefore we are loved. Of course, there is nothing more to be said. It is as sure as that two sides of a triangle must be greater than the third, a proposition which no reasoning man would dispute, though, obvious as it seems, it requires proving. The odd thing is that, in spite of all the overwhelming reasons why we should be hated, we really continue somehow or another to get an extraordinary amount of faithful service from black men who might decline to enlist if they liked. Why should the Africans who fought under Sir James Willcocks have followed him and the other white officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, loyally, except of their own free choice? If they had been forced into the ranks they might have remained there for a time from fear. As things went, however, it would have been easy for them to desert, and equally easy for them to murder the Europeans and go over to the other side, or set up for themselves.

* * * *

Of course it is as well not to run away with the idea that we are the only people who can achieve this sort of success. The French officers, for instance, get good service out of their Tirailleurs, Sénégalais, Annamites, and so forth. Officers of that nation were well followed by their Sepoys in the eighteenth century in India. Perhaps the explanation in both cases is just this, that the coloured people have an innate sense of the superiority of the white man, particularly in the arts of war, and obey him instinctively and with confidence. But, on the whole, we have done more in this way than others, and with, in the main, more uniform success. The Ashanti Expedition is a very striking example, for our coloured troops were largely new levies, and Sir James Willcocks had no visible support of white troops. Our *morgue*, which is real enough, is probably not seen by the barbarians. It is offensive to other white men who think, not altogether without cause, that our success in the world is largely due to favourable circumstances, and that we confound our luck with our merit. The black man has not that feeling, and he does see our best side, which is that in matters of business we are pretty fair, partly on moral grounds, partly out of good sense in giving a man his rights according to contract, and paying him for his work.

DAVID HANNAY.

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PER MARE

ROUND THE WORLD

PER TERRAM

THE reception this week by the King of the Roman Catholic deputation is an event of greatly gratifying character. Cardinal Vaughan, the chief ecclesiastic, and the Duke of Norfolk, the leading layman, with many more, have presented their loyal congratulations to His Majesty. Manifestly there is no embitterment of feeling arising out of the Coronation Oath—liked as little, it is legitimate to believe, by the King as by Cardinal Vaughan himself—and His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects can therefore rejoice as whole-heartedly at his accession and the splendid promise of his reign as any other class of his subjects. The Coronation Oath is, of course, the legacy of an intolerant time, and the insulting violence of its language may well make us marvel at the spirit of our ancestors. These are, happily, days of greater good feeling and of larger amenities, and Cardinal Vaughan, himself of soldier stock, has felicitously expressed the loyalty of many millions to the throne. Have not great numbers of them, indeed, given evidence of it with their life-blood on South African battlefields? Let us, then, all say with the Cardinal, "*Domine salvum fac regem nostrum Edwardum!*"

UPON May Day, which in every country is looked upon as the promise of summer, and therefore a day of rejoicing, we have celebrated the birthday of the Duke of Connaught, and it is very appropriate to congratulate His Royal Highness in these pages. The Duke has identified himself most thoroughly with the Army, and is a keen and experienced soldier, who has done a great deal of most excellent work. As commander of a brigade in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, and afterwards general commanding the troops at Aldershot and in Ireland, many opportunities have been open to him, and he has gained the respect and affection of the forces. It is well known that the Duke asked urgently for a command in the South African War, but questions of rank and of near relation to the throne caused him, to his intense disappointment, to be selected for the Irish command instead. The Duke is now fifty-one, in the prime of health and strength, and with many years of useful service before him. He is one of the most popular members of the Royal house, and is a favourite wherever he goes.

IT is always something of a shock to hear that some ancient domain of high estate and famous memories is to be knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer. This is the fate that now overshadows Valençay, the famous and superb seat and beloved abode of crafty old Talleyrand. Never did political astronomer more astutely penetrate the international firmament, to discover the mysterious movements of those mighty orbs that hold people within the range of their attraction, than did M. de Talleyrand-Périgord, unfrocked Bishop of Autun. Renegade ecclesiastic fawning on the Revolution, *émigré* flying from its excesses, shrewd worker for the Directory, the Empire, and the Revolution, little now remains of all his labours save Valençay, which Mlle. de Montpensier described as the most beautiful and magnificent house in the world. There he planted his trees and wrote his memoirs, and the place is still crowded with relics of the man and of the events amid which he moved. David's "Napoleon," Canova's "Paris," acres of pictures and engravings, a priceless library, and a world of art may even yet be found at Valençay. But now the place falls among the joint heirs of the late Duc de Talleyrand, Valençay, and Sagan, and can scarcely escape the hammer.

THE Imperial Representative Corps, returning last week in the "Britannic" from Australia, had received a splendid welcome in every place which it visited, and the various detachments carry back with them most pleasant memories to their corps. Everywhere the progress was triumphal, and the men met with unbounded hospitality, and evoked extraordinary enthusiasm. Admirable arrangements were made to enable the representatives to see the

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

A PIPE AND ITS STORY.

Told by the Bluejackets of the Port Guard-ship at Sheerness.

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colonies to advantage, and never were British soldiers so fêted before. In New Zealand the Maories displayed unbounded delight, and the chiefs expressed again their deep sorrow for the death of Queen Victoria and their loyal service to King Edward. The Indian contingent has had like experiences, and has aroused extraordinary interest. In New Zealand the splendid Indian warriors were greeted with the warmest feelings, and the Maories welcomed them as brothers, while the Indians were delighted with all they saw. The meeting of these two fighting races awoke in many the idea that the New Zealand natives are of the very best military class. They are born warriors, keen-sighted and active, capable of great exertion, and, if they became marksmen, would be as efficient as any troops in the world. There is now no call for their services, but it may be useful to remember that here we have practically an undeveloped reserve of 15,000 fighting men. The visit of the Indians has enlarged their conception of what the British Empire is, and the like knowledge has been gained by the Indians themselves, who will carry the tale to their native hills.

INCONSTANCY in the weather has always been instanced as a good figure of the inconstancy of human nature, but at length we are gaining a better knowledge of the fact that laws do actually govern that seeming inconstancy. The American Weather Bureau has done splendid work by issuing storm warnings, and has doubtless saved the lives of hundreds of seamen, and its "Monthly Weather Review," published for the benefit of those engaged in navigation, agriculture, and outdoor pursuits generally, is well known. Meteorology is not yet an exact science, but workers in all countries are endeavouring to make it so.

THE illustrations on this page are of a successful expedition, commanded by Major W. C. G. Heneker, in the Ubiom country to the north of Opobo, in Southern Nigeria. A truculent tribe had closed the mail route and threatened to kill any white man and soldiers who appeared. Major Heneker was ordered to take two companies, one 7-pounder, one Maxim, and one rocket-tube, and to proceed to the place, and there bring the tribe to its proper state of submission. This was achieved, with twenty casualties only, after twelve towns had been attacked and destroyed.

A COOL MARCH IN A HOT CLIMATE.

The Expedition Following the Bed of a Shallow Stream.

A MUSTER BEFORE A DAY'S WORK.

The Troops Gathered in a Clearing Ready for a Start.

Photos. Copyright. *By a Military Officer.*

A ROUGH-AND-READY COMMISSARIAT.

Major W. C. G. Heneker and the Officers of the 3rd West African Field Force.

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IRISHMEN FOR THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE 6TH (BELFAST) SECTION OF ULSTER IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Who Recently Left the Curragh for South Africa.

A GROUP OF HARD WORKERS AND HARD HITTERS.

The Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Buglers of No. 4 Section.

Photos. Copyright. *Charleton.*

THE 4TH (DERRY) SECTION OF ULSTER IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

Who are now Joining Lord Kitchener's Forces.

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HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "NAIAD." A NEW SECOND-CLASS CRUISER.

LAUNCHED at Barrow, October 29, 1900. Length, 300-ft.; beam, 43-ft.; draught, 16-ft. Displacement, 3,400 tons. I.H.P., forced draught, 9,000. Speed, 20 knots. Coal capacity, 400 tons. Nine thousand miles at 10 knots. Armament, two 6-in. quick-firers, six 4·7-in., eight 6-prs., one 3-pr., one field, four machine, four torpedo tubes. Carries twelve 14-in. torpedoes.

ACCORDING to the April Navy List the "Naiad" has been commissioned in order to relieve her sister ship the "Thetis" in the Mediterranean, and to be attached temporarily to the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station. Launched in 1890, she bears a name which won for itself an honoured place in the records of the old wars. It was borne in those days by a 38-gun frigate, of which it is recorded that she took part in the action off Pondicherry in 1783. Fifteen years later she had a share in the capture of the French gun-boat "Arrogante," and on August 22 of that year she captured the French frigate "Décade," after a chase of twenty-four hours and an hour's fighting. In the following year she aided in the capture of the Spanish frigate "Santa Brigida," which, with her consort the "Thetis," was returning from Mexico laden with treasure. Both vessels had to strike their flags, and the prize-money of the lucky captors ranged from £40,730 18s. to each of the captains to £182 4s. 9½d. to every seaman and marine. In 1803 the "Naiad" took the French corvette "Impatiente"; in 1805 she was present at Trafalgar, and finally, in 1811, she was attacked while watching Boulogne by a squadron of French prahms and gun-boats, which she beat off with considerable loss to the aggressors.

It is evident, then, that the present "Naiad" has a reputation to maintain, and she is certain to act up to it if the opportunity should arise. Were war to break out, the duties of such craft as the "Naiad" would be arduous in the extreme; hence the necessity for the wonderful routine, the constant work, on board a war-ship, work that runs so smoothly that it is difficult for a landsman, witnessing it for the first time, to properly grasp its complexity and magnitude.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

A SMART AND USEFUL TYPE OF VESSEL.

The Second-class Cruiser "Naiad" on the Cape Station.

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

BOUND FOR A LONG COMPANIONSHIP.

The Officers of the Newly-commissioned Cruiser "Naiad."

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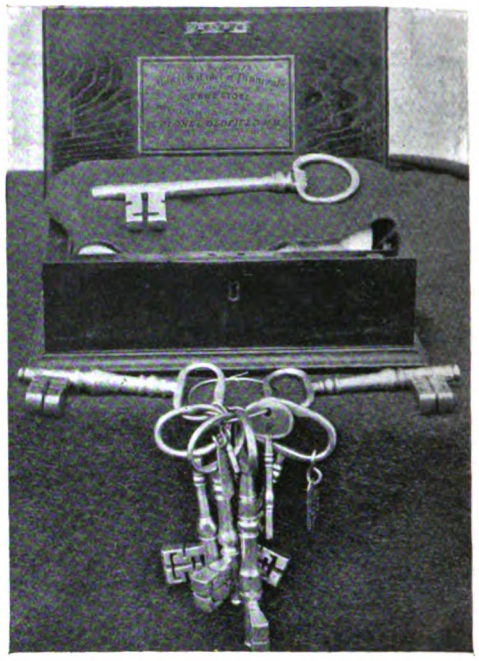
PLYMOUTH CITADEL.

AN HISTORIC AND PICTURESQUE GATE.

The Main Entrance to Plymouth Citadel.



OLD, AND PERHAPS SOMEWHAT CLUMSY.

The Keys of the Main Gate.

IF the average Londoner were asked to name our home Naval ports, he would probably mention Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, and he would very likely place them in that order. It would probably not occur to him, however, that each of these places is a strong fortress protected by innumerable defensive works on both the sea and the land fronts. The policy involved in the construction of fortifications that were evidently designed with the idea of standing a prolonged siege is not a matter which can be discussed here. It is enough that such works exist, just as it is sufficient to speak of the Western port as Plymouth, even though the Dockyard itself and all things relating to it are situated in what is technically Devonport. It is true that the more modern Devonport is overshadowing its elder sister in importance.

We still talk, however, of Plymouth Sound, and probably the same will be the case centuries hence, if only for the sake of the sentiment of historical association. It is, however, with the defences of Plymouth, and more particularly with a fortress that at one time was an important factor in the scheme of fortification of the port, that we have now to deal. From Staddon Heights on the eastward, extending in the shape of a horseshoe through the district to the north of Plymouth and round to Picklecombe and Tregantle on the Cornish side, stretches a chain of defences, while on the sea front there are batteries, some of which are obvious enough to any ship entering the port, while others are so situated that it would be difficult to define their position with any exactitude. Of the former class, the forts at Bovisand and Picklecombe, on Drake's

THE MEN ON WHOM THE RESPONSIBILITY FALLS.

The Staff at Plymouth Citadel.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

GOOD COMRADES AND HARD WORKERS ALL.

A Group of Non-commissioned Officers and Men.

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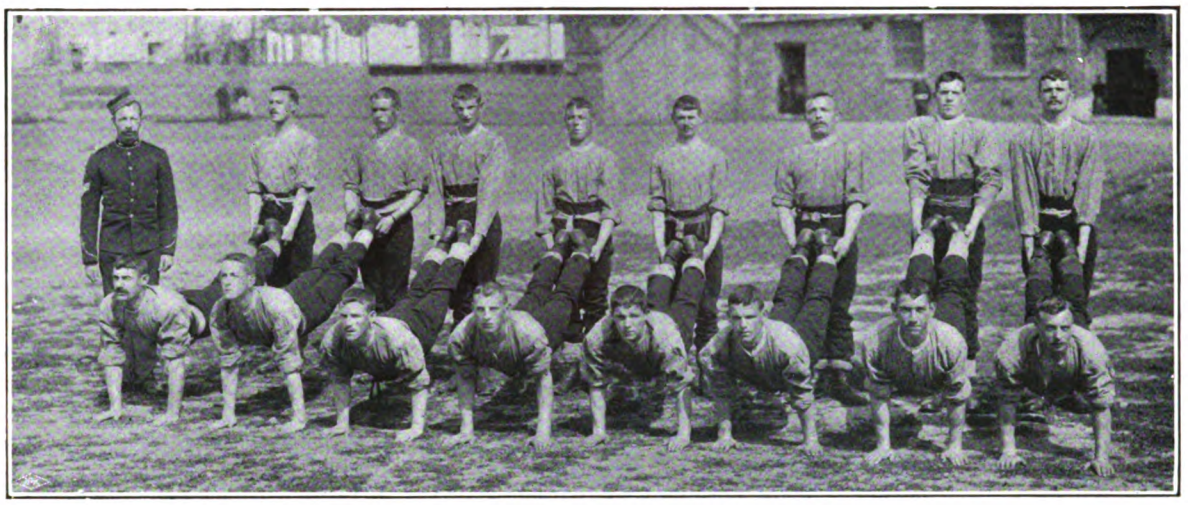
Island and on the centre of the Breakwater, are examples. The Citadel, at the eastern end of the famous Hoe, where the English captains received the news of the approach of the Armada, would at one time have been another case in point. It was once among the more formidable of the defences of Plymouth, but the increased range of modern guns has destroyed its utility as a fortress, and it is now of use only as barracks. Apparently the first citadel was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but in the time of the Civil War Plymouth became a Parliamentary stronghold, and its stubbornness afforded such material aid to the cause of the Roundheads in the West that Charles II., when he came to the throne, constructed a new and far more powerful citadel, nominally as a defence, but in reality in order to overawe the malcontents. That it was not locally regarded as affording complete protection was evidenced by the fact that in 1779, when the combined French and Spanish Fleets were off the Sound, the Commissioner of the Dockyard—who in those days was generally a captain in the Navy—wrote to the Admiralty, "Shall I burn His Majesty's dockyard, or wait until the French admiral comes in and does it?" He was advised to exercise the virtue of patience, and the dockyard was not burnt. The Citadel itself consists of five regular and two intermediate bastions, with curtain, ravelin, and horn works. Portions of it are at least two centuries old, and its ivy-covered ramparts are a picturesque feature at the eastern end of the Hoe. Its value as a defensive work is past, but in adapting it to modern requirements as quarters for soldiers every effort has been made to retain its distinctive character. The main gate, of which we give an illustration, is an elaborate and picturesque structure, inscribed with the date 1670, and with sculptured trophies and the arms of the Earl of Bath, who was the first Governor of the Citadel when it was constructed. The work carried on in the Citadel as it now exists is that which takes place in any ordinary large barracks. Our pictures deal with some of the incidents of this life. We have the staff and a group of non-commissioned officers and men; we see the issue of clothes and an amusing form of the exercises in the gymnastic school; while, finally, we have a representation of that dull dismal room in which are carried out the duties connected with the paying of the men in barracks. The strength and the few and slender apertures appropriate to a fortress have been often found to be incompatible with a due supply of light according to our modern notions, and Plymouth Citadel has an evil reputation in this respect. Perhaps, however, one of the great charms of the Citadel is to be found in the views which it affords of the Three Towns and the Sound, of Drake's Island and Mount Edgcumbe and the Hamoaze.

A VERY NECESSARY FUNCTION.
The Issue of Clothing to the Men.



GROTESQUE BUT USEFUL.
An Amusing Exercise in the Gymnastic School.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

MORE CHEERING IN FACT THAN IN APPEARANCE.
The Pay Office in the Citadel.

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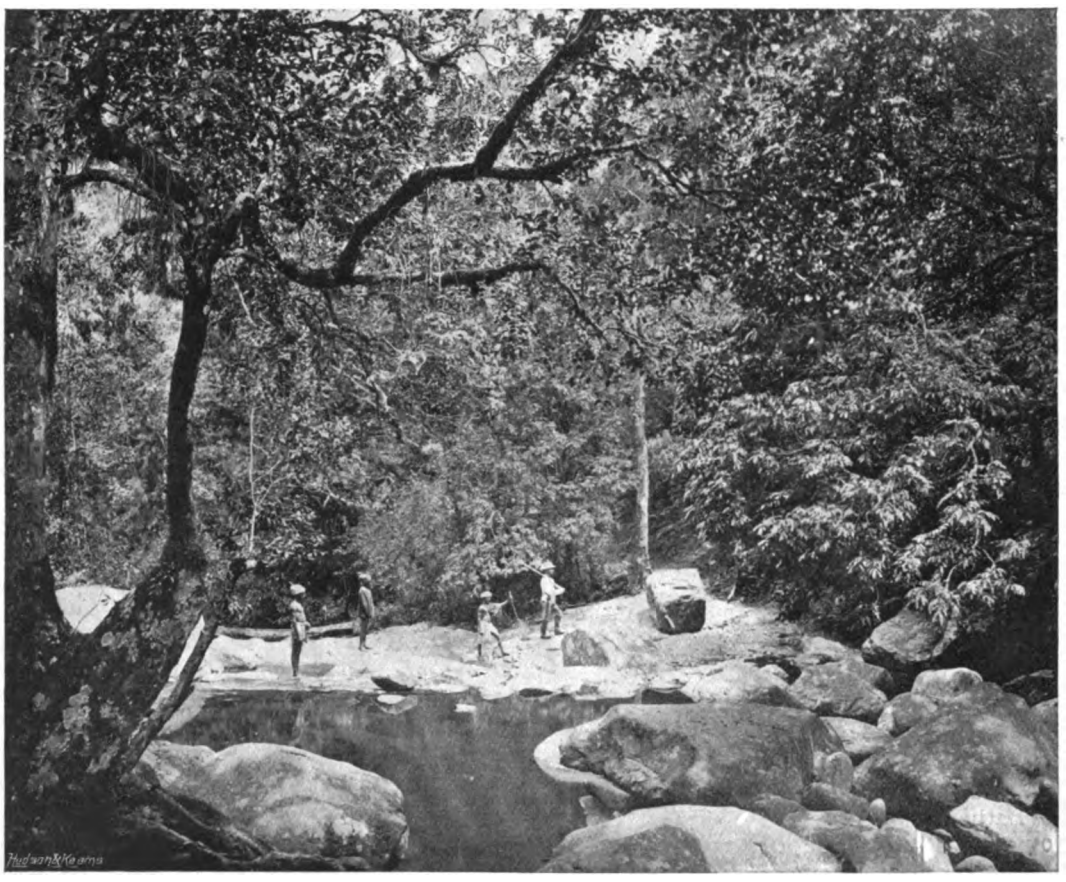
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

INDIA CONCLUDED.

HAVING thus dealt—if not exhaustively, for who can deal exhaustively in a few short articles with a subject on which many volumes have been, and many more will be, written?—with the question of big-game shooting in India, it now remains for me to mention briefly one or two other forms of sport in that country. Hunting is pretty well confined to the pursuit of the jackal with foxhounds, and good gallops may be had after a couple of greyhounds slipped at the little Indian fox, but those interested in such things had better read the chapter on "Hunting in India" in my book "Gun, Rifle, and Hound," as I think a lengthened description thereof would be out of place here. Pig-sticking, again, is a thing quite apart, and, moreover, by no means everywhere obtainable.

Sport with the gun, however, is a matter of more general interest, and this is to be had at most Indian stations, though of course it varies immensely both in quality and quantity. It must, however, be quite an exceptional place from which wildfowl and snipe shooting—and, generally speaking, excellent sport therewith—cannot be obtained in the winter months. No other small game can be said to range over the whole of India, unless, perhaps, it be the grey partridge and the hare, and the staple of sport varies from the magnificent pheasants of the lower Himalayas to the sand grouse of the desert region; but still, as a rule, there is some small-game shooting worth the trouble of going out for everywhere. That it is often necessary to go rather afield from one's station to get it is the fault of Mr. Atkins. It may seem rather ungracious in an officer to raise any objections to the men amusing themselves in a way that he himself is partial to, but I am afraid that the grant to soldiers of shooting passes is not an altogether unmixed benefit. Herein I do not refer to the constant rows with the natives which they cause, but rather to the damage they do to the game. I am aware that new regulations have recently been issued on the subject, but these are wholly levelled at the former trouble. Has any officer been told not to issue shooting passes in the close season, or to issue them conditionally on only adult male deer being shot? Not that this last regulation could probably be enforced; and this brings me to the evil of these passes. As a rule, everything that comes in range of a soldier's gun (and very often they own private rifles) is game in season, whether it is a stag in velvet, a suckling doe, or a tiny fawn. To such an excess is this carried that I have known places, which once swarmed with spotted deer, so absolutely cleaned out that the very tigers left the place for lack of food. On investigation it proved that the men of (I regret to say, as it is my own branch of the Service) a cavalry regiment had formed a standing camp there, where a fresh party relieved those returning to duty, and kept up a constant harrying of the deer for months at a time, living entirely on venison, and selling the hides and horns. Such a system as this is indefensible.



In the Forest.

Another Indian sport is fishing, and, though not a disciple of Walton myself, I know there is good mahseer fishing in many places, notably in the rivers which rise in the Himalayas above the Terai and run through that insalubrious district. I believe there is a book—perhaps several—on Indian fishing, and to that I would rather refer those interested than give them unreliable information here.

From India the transition to

CEYLON

is obvious; and that island is, or rather was, a paradise for the sportsman, though perhaps not to the fisherman. In this respect it has probably improved, as trout were introduced about the time I was there. Enthusiasts used to go out sea fishing in those days in the native outrigged canoes, so generally miscalled catamarans, and speak highly of the sport; but even that I never tried.

I have, however, the highest opinion of Ceylon, as a sporting country, whose only fault was that it offered few, if any, good trophies to the sportsman, its elephants being generally tuskless, and its buffalo, sambur, and axis heads all considerably inferior to those of their Indian brethren.

I am rather in a difficulty in writing about Ceylon, for two reasons—firstly, because it is very nearly a score of years since I last pulled a trigger there. If, therefore, my remarks about Ceylon sport are not borne out by the subsequent experience of any reader, I would ask him to remember that enormous changes have taken place since

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I hunted among the jungles of the spicy isle. The game list, to begin with, must remain unaltered, except that, indeed, I saw in print the other day that an attempt was being made to acclimatise Indian animals. It runs—elephant, buffalo, sambur, muntjac, panther, bear, boar, hares, jungle-fowl, spur-fowl, quail of sorts, snipe of sorts, and water-fowl. Alligators are also a great object of pursuit in places, and there are a few jackals, but very few; I never saw or heard one in the island.

In my day the best shooting ground was on the East Coast, and that is probably still the best country. Elephant shooting was then *the* sport of the island, though I must confess the pursuit of the harmless herd elephant soon palled upon one. Rogue elephant shooting, on the other hand, was almost too lively. Ceylon buffalo shooting was also exciting; in fact, the island animal, if rather smaller, was quite as dangerous an antagonist as the one of the mainland. Sambur were, in those dense jungles, more often hunted with hounds than shot. Axis afforded the best stalking, after the buffalo. Bears were common, and, moreover, generally "took it fighting." Panther, as everywhere else, were a chance, and so were pig.

As regards small game, the jungle-fowl and spur-fowl were both terrible runners, and very rarely gave a chance. Big bags of the former were made when the nilloo plant flowered—about every seven years. The small-game shooting *par excellence*, however, was that of snipe, and I have no doubt those who know where to go and can walk all day in the heat are still able to bag their fifty or sixty couple easily enough. The Ceylon hare (L. nigricollis) was the usual object of the young planter's pursuit on off days, and his scratch pack occasionally drove a muntjac (here absurdly miscalled red deer) or even a sambur within reach of his gun.

SNAFFLE.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16, 30.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

WALLACE ROSS.—The V.C. ribbon for the Army is red. It is worn first on the breast, the furthest from the left shoulder, as it takes precedence of all the ribbons of other decorations except those of Orders. It is unfortunate that its colour is hardly distinguishable from the ribbon of the Order of the Bath and that of the Long Service Medal. The ribbon of the Order of the Bath is, of course, worn before those of war medals, and that accentuates the confusion. The ribbon of the Long Service Medal, though of practically the same colour, is worn after war medals, so there is less risk of mistaking it for the V.C. But even so it is possible to wear the V.C. and to have no war medals, as was the case with Lance-Corporal Farmer of the Army Hospital Corps, who won it in the first Boer War, for which no medal was granted. Another curious case of the V.C. being won without a war medal is that of Private Timothy O'Hea, who gained it when not in the presence of the enemy. At Danville Station near Quebec, in 1866, a railway car containing ammunition caught fire, and O'Hea at the risk of his life poured water on the ammunition and thus averted a catastrophe.

* * * *

"NAVAL SECRETARIES."—In the days of sailing ships, when a British admiral was not at the end of a telegraph wire, and therefore obliged to act on his own responsibility in important matters, the advantage of an able secretary at his elbow was a necessity. After a Naval Paymaster had once shown his aptitude for secretarial duties, he was generally in request by other flag officers, and usually wound up his official career without having to undertake accounting for stores and cash. A well-tried public servant recently passed away who was the embodiment of discretion as a secretary, and whose opinions were invariably accepted by the admiral under whom he was serving. During the sixties, while he was secretary to the Commander-in-Chief at a home port, one of the captains of the fleet, who had gained the much-coveted V.C., and was known by the sobriquet "Billy," was discussing with this worthy confidant certain official matters in which the man of fighting fame differed from the wielder of the quill. The latter thought he would place a clincher on the captain's argument by stating that he (the secretary), as mouthpiece of the admiral, assured him Sir X. Y. Z. would not sanction his (the Captain's) request. "Billy" never stuck at trifles, and was more prone to deeds than words. "Damn all mouthpieces," he ejaculated, and went, unannounced, to the admiral. The latter supported his adviser, and "Billy," with his proverbial geniality and courtesy, regretted his impetuosity. It was, however, the only occasion in which this factotum of many important flag officers had been bearded by a young post-captain. Of course a mortal of lesser calibre would not have attempted it.

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"THE KING'S UNIFORMS."—The King is entitled to wear more British uniforms than any officer in His Majesty's Service. Besides being an Admiral of the Fleet and a Field-Marshal, he is Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the Gordon Highlanders; Colonel of the 10th Hussars; Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company; Honorary Colonel of the Imperial Yeomanry, Norfolk Artillery Militia, 4th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment, 3rd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 3rd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, Oxford Yeomanry, 4th V.B. Suffolk Regiment, 3rd Glamorgan V.R.C., 1st V.B. Oxford Light Infantry, 12th Middlesex V.R.C., and 1st Sutherland V.R.C.; and Honorary Colonel of the following regiments of the Indian Army: 6th Bengal Cavalry, 11th Bengal Lancers, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, the Corps of Guides, Madras Sappers and Miners, 2nd Bengal Infantry, 2nd Gurkhas, and 2nd Bombay Infantry. His Majesty is also an Elder Brother of the Trinity House and Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He is moreover Honorary Colonel of one or more regiments in nearly every Army in Europe.

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"QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER."—A retired officer of Militia can join the Reserve of officers; but a Volunteer officer must join it while he is serving, and is then allowed to remain in it when retired from the Volunteers on fulfilling certain conditions. One condition common to the Volunteer officer and the retired Militia officer is that of undergoing training with a regular regiment at his own expense one month every year. Officers of Reserve are removed from the list of field officers on attaining the age of fifty-five, and captains and subalterns are removed on reaching the age of fifty. The worst of the arrangement is that only a scant proportion of Reserve officers is provided in the junior ranks. For instance, the number of subalterns who retire from the Volunteers every year is about 300. In many cases the retirement is caused by a change of residence, and as in a great majority of cases these officers do not belong to the Reserve, their services are lost.

"SHAMROCK."—The note under this heading which appeared in our issue of the December 22 has elicited from a learned correspondent an interesting letter, which I regret that space does not allow me to print in full. So far as it concerns my former note, the contention of this correspondent is that the word "shamrock," or "shamrogue," as it is pronounced by the Irish Celt, is derived from the Persian word "shams," which signifies "the sun," and which is the root also of "Shamus," "Hamish," and our "James." The sun, the celestial energy of life and Nature, is said to have had many other emblems in trifold form besides the trefoil, notably the Fleur de Lys, the Three Legs of the Isle of Man, the Trident, and the Prince of Wales's feathers. St. Patrick, according to my correspondent, adopted the trefoil as a national emblem for the same reason as that which impelled the Spanish monks to adopt the Aztec cross in the time of Pizarro, namely, because it was used as an emblem of the only deity known to the people.

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"ENQUIRER."—The note in our issue of February 23 was practically correct in stating that the 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry never drink the monarch's health, for the only occasions on which the toast is drunk are on the monarch's birthday, or when some member of the Royal Family has been dining with the regiment. On these occasions it has been customary for the commanding officer to propose the health, not as is done in other corps, "Mr. Vice, Gentlemen, etc." Why the Sovereign's health was not drunk every night no one knows. It is one of those inexplicable customs whose origin is lost and will probably never be discovered. An officer of the regiment tells me that he has known officers who joined in the thirties, but they knew no more of the origin of the custom than he did. Of course, reasons have been put forward, but they are practically only the result of conjecture. The general idea is that the origin of drinking the Sovereign's health at mess was the doubtful loyalty of some regiments during the Regency, and that the "Regent's Allowance" was made so that all officers should drink the King's health. The 43rd considered that their loyalty was undoubted, and that there was no occasion to drink the King's health. An old officer of the regiment says that there were at one time so many abstainers in the regiment who made it a practice to drink the Sovereign's health in toast and water that the commanding officer considered it an insult to Royalty and stopped drinking the health altogether. Another old officer gives it as his opinion that the health was drunk until the late Queen came to the throne, when, as it was a rigid law that no lady's name should be mentioned at mess, the custom ceased. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment, the old 53rd, drink the Sovereign's health. They also say grace, which is not done, I believe, in any other regiment.

* * * *

"W. T. B."—The junior grade of subaltern was formerly styled cornet in the cavalry and ensign in the infantry. In those days each troop had its own standard, and the officer whose duty it was to carry the standard was a cornet. The word is derived from the French *cornette*, a broad pennant, and the officer took his title from his duty. In the Life Guards there was a sub-grade of cornet entitled a guidon. The ensign in the infantry corresponded to the cornet in the cavalry, He also took his title from the colours he bore--ensign being derived from the Latin *insignia*. The title ensign is still preserved in the Yeomen of the Guard. In 1871 the ranks of cornet and ensign were abolished, and the officers holding those ranks were made sub-lieutenants or lieutenants, according to their seniority. In 1877 the rank of sub-lieutenant was altered to second lieutenant. Second lieutenants were abolished in 1881, and again created in 1887.

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JAMES TOLME.—You should keep your Mafeking Besieged stamps until a fair price is offered for them. There are nineteen varieties of these stamps, one of the commonest being a sixpenny local stamp with a photograph of Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell (head and shoulders). Six thousand and seventy-two of these were printed. But there are two issues which are still commoner. The Cape of Good Hope ½d. stamp over-printed and surcharged "Mafeking 1d. Besieged" was issued to the number of 7,680, and the issue of the local postage 1d. stamp with a photograph of Sergeant-Major Goodyear on a bicycle reached 9,476. Two other issues reached 6,000, namely, the ½d. Great Britain over-printed "Bechuanaland Protectorate," surcharged and over-printed "Mafeking 1d. Besieged," and the 1d. Cape of Good Hope over-printed and surcharged "Mafeking 3d. Besieged." The rarest Mafeking Besieged stamp is the 6d. Great Britain surcharged and over-printed "Bechuanaland Protectorate" and "Mafeking 1s. Besieged," of which only 240 were issued.

THE EDITOR.

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Catching a Shark.

By SAILOR.

THE cry of "Sharks! sharks!" alongside, and the admiral's leave to catch one will clear the gun-room far more quickly than the bugle for divisions or the Naval instructor's summons to school.

The admiral's permission is necessary, as usually the "commander" objects to the catching, with its necessary accompaniment of dirtiness and minor breakages. Up the ladder clatter the midshipmen; on deck very soon are found all sorts and conditions of men, from the admiral to "Jack in the Dust," the ship's steward's boy. "Where are they?" asks a Naval cadet. "There they are! can't you see?" answers a midshipman, pointing out several triangular objects the size of a man's hand that are moving to and fro in the water some 40-yds. off. They are the back fins of the sharks. Suddenly a monster nearly 14-ft. long appears quite close to. All who can then crowd aft to look at the creature.

A well-informed person explains that there are Greenland shark, basking shark, blue shark, ground shark, hammer-headed shark, and tiger shark; these last have a curious mark on the back, shaped like a saddle-cloth. The marking is really more like a leopard's than a tiger's.

Not much is needed in the way of apparatus—a good piece of 3-in. rope, and a sharp steel hook secured to the rope by a piece of chain. If rope were used next to the hook, the shark would bite it through. The bait is a four-pound piece of salt pork. The "swim" is baited with a dead duck, chicken, and some lumps of bread. The baited hook follows. At first the sharks are very cautious; they nose the dead birds, then one turns slowly over and seizes the duck; half the brute's hideous head comes out of the water, showing nasty cruel little eyes and wicked semi-circular jaws; down goes the shark and down goes the duck. The big fellow next approaches the pork, examines it, and swallows it. Then the ruction begins; the rope tautens, the huge terrified creature dashes to the right and left, upwards until half the monstrous white body comes out of the water, showing jaws 2-ft. wide with a dozen rows of teeth, then disappears in a swirl of seething foaming water. At length the struggles lessen. "Shoot him!" cries someone. "No, no," is the answer; "trice him up first." Accordingly a hundred willing hands seize the rope; officers and men, cheek by jowl, all together away they run, their feet resounding on the deck. No one thinks of rank or dignity; all clap on—able seamen, midshipmen, stokers, lieutenants, cooks' mates, paymasters, engineers, Marine officers, gunners, privates, warrant officers; all wish to take it out of their common enemy. Up comes the shark; his head reaches the stern boat's davit, the tail just clears the water. Crack! crack! the reports of two rifle shots ring out. The shark quivers all over, until the movements nearly cease: they become involuntary muscular convulsions. The next thing is to get a running bowline round the fish's body and to slip the loop down to the tail. Another party "man the tail rope"; a swish and a flop, and the body rests on the deck. The backbone is quickly cut through, as then the shark cannot lash out. The head is cut off. Probably the jaws will decorate a summer-house; the backbone makes into clubs and walking-sticks.

Anyone that likes to, cuts off portions to cook. The meat resembles veal or thorn-back; it makes a change to salt beef, pork, or preserved meat.

While all this has been going on, the torpedo lieutenant and his crew have arranged another little entertainment. A shark-hook baited with salt beef has a tin the size of a four-pound coffee tin attached to the beef. This tin is a torpedo, loaded with gun-cotton. The rope used is of considerable length, as an explosion must not take place very close to the ship. Along the rope runs a wire, joined at one end to an electric firing battery on deck; the other end connects with the torpedo. The bait is thrown into the sea; a shark, undeterred by his brother's fate, lazily rolls over and "bites." The lieutenant cries "Fire!" an explosion takes place, there is a convulsion in the water, a white body floats to the surface, a crimson stream appears. Sharks arrive in numbers; then a cannibal orgie begins; for if dog won't eat dog, shark will eat shark.

In conclusion, it may be added that on one occasion the "crew of an ironclad" lying in the Sandwich Islands, knowing that it was useless to ask permission to catch a shark, took French leave. For scarcely had the sound of the boatswain's mates' whistles, piping to breakfast one morning, died away than a shark hook was overboard. In less than twenty minutes a shark was caught, killed, and the greater part of it cooking in the galley. Also during this period of twenty minutes the deck was washed and restored to its usual condition of cleanliness. Owing to the awnings being spread, the officer of the watch could not see what was going on forward, and as the commander was "tubbing" in his cabin, he naturally was just as ignorant as the officer of the watch.

The Perversity of Words of Command.

By LIEUTENANT D. DALLAS.

IF we are to accept Talleyrand's famous *mot*, that speech was given us for the concealment of our thoughts, we naturally arrive at the logical conclusion that when we wish our thoughts to be known to others we should clothe them in verbiage, so far as is possible, diametrically opposed to the ideas we wish to convey. This might be crystallised into an epigram by a man with a genius that way. As a conception it is, to the best of my belief, entirely original, and I am rather proud of it. It will bear analysing, too, which is a good deal more than most epigrams will. One only needs stand within hearing distance of a drill-sergeant instructing a squad of recruits to prove its absolute truth. We will suppose the uninstructed warriors *in posse* are "standing at ease"—a phrase meaning the most constrained attitude, with one or two unimportant exceptions, which it is possible for a human being to maintain for any length of time and live—and he wishes to bring them to attention. Now it would appear to be a simple matter to say to them, "I wish you to come to attention," which would be polite, or "come to attention," which would be civil, or even simply "attention." Does he use any of these expressions? Not he. On the contrary, he racks his brain for some interjectional travesty of human speech, and having found one sufficiently obscure, he throws it at them like a stone from a catapult. "Shun," "shane," and "shone" are the stock expressions in use amongst those whose intellectual powers are not of a sufficiently high standard to aid them in ascending to greater heights of invention. One man I knew once incurred the envy of his comrades. *His* form was "ajane." He is dead now. Pride killed him. Now, what I wish to emphasise is this. No matter what verbal twist is given to the word, the men recognise that they are required to spring to attention, and do so. That they would not do so if the plain English expression were used is proved by the fact that in country districts where Volunteer corps exist, the non-commissioned officers of which have not had the benefit of association with their line comrades, the word of command is given as if read out of a book, and the result is, from the point of view of the inspecting officer, unsatisfactory. But, the objection may be raised, that this is due to the fact that the Volunteers, especially in the country, are not so well drilled as the line. I anticipated that objection, and am prepared to prove my case in another way.

The Royal Glendurroghshire and Blairmuchty Highlanders are drawn up on parade in all the panoply of kilt and sporran and ostrich plumes, pride mantling on their brows, every man steady and firm as the Bass Rock, for it is the day of the general's inspection, and they have their prestige to look after. As the general, followed by his staff, canters on to the parade ground, the colonel, with the ease begotten of long practice, emits from his throat certain sounds which might be Chinese or Choctaw, or the yelping of a dog run over by an omnibus, but are certainly and incontestibly not English. Yet there is not the slightest hesitation or confusion; after each unearthly howl, and before the sounds have ceased to vex the ears of the onlookers, something has been done, some movement performed, with a unanimity of purpose truly miraculous. So far, so good. But it is a custom with some generals to require the junior officers to display some of the military knowledge which fond but misguided fathers imagine is absorbed into the system of their sons during their sojourn at Sandhurst. Second Lieutenant Fitzsnooks is called out to put the line through the "manual exercise." There is nothing difficult in that. There is probably not a lance-corporal in the Army, from the Royal Scots to the Central African Rifles, that could not do it and then drink a pint of beer without spilling a drop. Nevertheless, Mr. Fitzsnooks is nervous. He has had some practice in throwing his voice against a stone wall under the condescending instruction of the sergeant-major, but he is painfully aware that between the gun-metal utterances of that gentleman and his own liquid syllables there is a difference. Besides, though a line of soldiers may be like a stone wall, a stone wall is not a line of soldiers. He hesitates, tries to run over the sequence of commands in his mind, and draws on his head the ire of the colonel, and causes another entry to the credit of the adjutant in the books of the recording angel by pushing through the centre of the company instead of moving by the flank.

As he stands in front of the centre of the line he feels a

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curious cold sensation in his stomach, and his mouth seems full of ashes.

"Come along, Mr. Fitzsnooks," says the colonel, with a sweetness of tone somewhat out of harmony with the expression of his eye.

Thus encouraged, Fitzsnooks grasps his sword tighter in his clammy hand, gives his stomach a jerk up into his chest, coughs slightly, and looks up and down the line to see that everybody is paying attention and not having a surreptitious game of marbles or shuffle-the-button.

"Shoulder arms!"

Could that be his voice? It seemed to sound something like it, though the tones were not precisely those he had used in front of the wall; they were a little too conversational. But the men were moving—they *were* shouldering arms. He was all right, only somehow there seemed a want of *verve*. They brought their rifles to their shoulders as if five minutes either way was of no consequence. The general regarded him with a smile; the colonel also regarded him, but *he* was not smiling. And yet can any unbiassed person say that Fitzsnooks was to blame? He had simply used the Queen's English in addressing the Queen's soldiers. But it all goes to prove my theory. Had young Fitzsnooks made use of some such barbarism as "*Shish*—OWDA—H'P!" every rifle would have sprung into position as if actuated by an electric connection.

Again, let us suppose that a number of men, who, having been marching in line, are halted. Of course, they present more or less the appearance of the letter S, and it is essential that they should be straightened out. What command is given them? Why, "Dress!" a word not only having absolutely no connection with the case in point, but which conveys a clear idea of something altogether different. There are people who say the word is correct enough, because it comes from the French *dresser*, to straighten, but I contend that that is nonsense. We are British, not French; besides, can anything be straight in—— But I must not go any further on that tack.

"Shoulder Arms!"

It is wonderful how a certain word of command which one has daily used for years and years, and which has become as familiar with one as a comrade's tobacco pouch, will all of a sudden develop the most revolutionary tendencies, and with fiendish malignancy select the proudest moment of one's life to turn and rend one. Even sergeant-majors and newly-promoted lance-corporals and drill-book-inoculated adjutants are not immune from this terrible risk.

I knew a young adjutant once who was very much in love with a girl—a strange thing, I admit, young adjutants, as a rule, expending most of their affection on themselves—and the girl was very much in love with him. So much so indeed that she found a pleasure in watching him drill the battalion in the afternoon. One lovely sunshiny day the young woman inveigled a number of her friends to join in her admiration, and Smith—that wasn't his name, but it doesn't matter—was on his mettle. He performed one or two intricate movements to his own immense satisfaction and the wondering delight of the ladies, when—the catastrophe occurred. He was marching his men in quarter-column and desired to form them into line. Now, what he should have said was, "Line to the left on the rear company!" and everything would have been right. He knew what to say perfectly well; he had done it scores of times, but this occasion of all others was that on which the diabolical perversity of words of command chose to assert itself. The column was advancing steady as a rock. Smith squared his shoulders, filled his chest, and in a voice which might have been heard a couple of miles off, roared: "Line to the left on the *leading* company!" Who was the company commander that he should question the adjutant's order? He wheeled his company, No. 2 took six more paces and smashed into its centre, No. 3 was on top of No. 2, and No. 4 on No. 3, and in the space of 30-sec. the barrack square presented the appearance of an Irish country town on an election day. Smith swore, the ladies laughed, and our friend being sensitive to ridicule, there was another case of love's young dream abruptly broken.

You cannot trifle with words of command; it would be safer to play billiards with balls made of dynamite. There was a sergeant-major once, a very smart sergeant-major, and his colonel and his adjutant gave him a free hand, with the result that his battalion was as near absolute perfection in parade movements as it is possible for a battalion to be. In those days soldiers were drilled and the wheel into line had not been abolished. It was his favourite movement, and he was justifiably proud of it. It was entrancing to see him jerk his cane into the hollow of his arm, take half-a-dozen paces backward, give a sweeping eagle-like glance from front to rear of the column, and then launch out the command:

"L—LE—*whao—in—a—lie!*"

But the time came for his colonel to retire, and another came to replace him who knew not Joseph. For a day or two all went well; then one morning the colonel sent for the sergeant-major.

"I observe you speak very indistinctly on parade, sergeant-major," remarked the chief. "Some of your words of command are absolutely unintelligible."

The sergeant-major gasped. "Unintelligible, sir?"

"Yes, unintelligible. For instance, when you gave the order to wheel into line, it was utterly impossible to tell what you said. Now, understand this; the word of command is 'Left wheel into line,' and that is how I shall have it."

Now, mark the result. Within six months that movement was erased from the drill-book of the British Army.

Some officers, although by no means good "drills," have a wonderful gift of covering what would otherwise be a most glaring mistake. On one occasion a general, after having inspected a battalion, ordered the captains to march off their companies for drill under subaltern officers. One of the companies, as it happened, was commanded by a captain who, although an inferior "drill" himself, took care that his subalterns should be able to handle the company with effect. He commanded one of the officers under him to form the company into sections and display his skill in moving the sections in column, etc.; but the presence of the general (luckily then some 500-yds. away) was too much for the young officer. In a few minutes the captain was shouting with a suspicion of satisfaction in his tone, "What will you do now? You've clubbed the company." "Bugler," said the subaltern, "sound the company call and the disperse," and before the captain had realised what was taking place the men had broken off. The cunning subaltern had purposely turned his back to the captain, and appeared not even to hear his protests. Raising his voice once more, the young officer called for the "right marker," and, having placed him in position, ordered the bugler to sound "the assembly," whereupon the men returned to their places at "the double." The movement was taken from the "red book," and the captain could not well complain, especially as the general (having seen the dispersing and reassembling of the company, but not the preliminary confusion) warmly complimented the subaltern on the smartness with which he handled his company.

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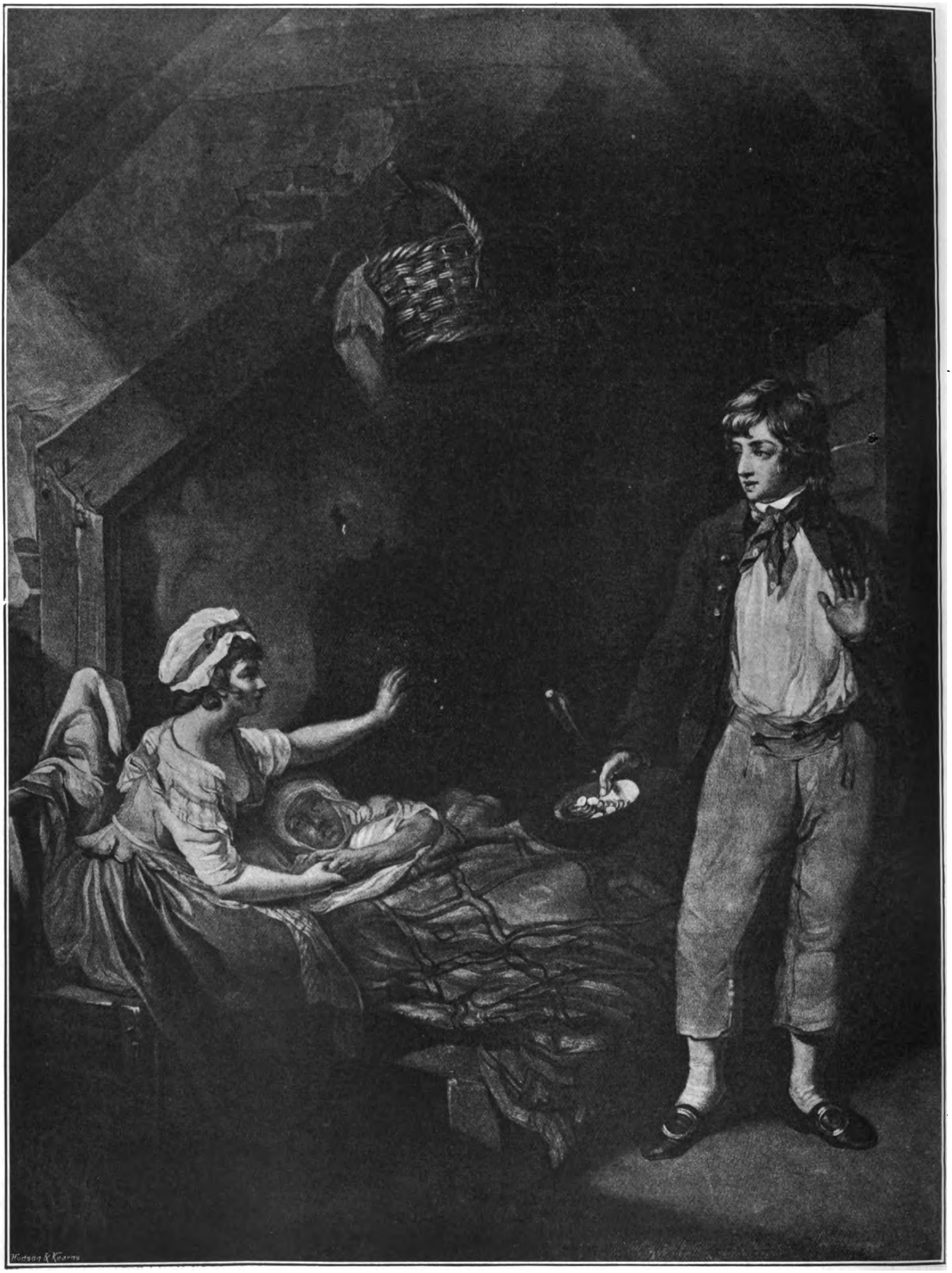
BACK FROM A LONG CRUISE.



JACK'S RETURN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

The winning of any considerable amount of prize-money is the exception in the case of the modern seaman. During the Great War, however, a long cruise would often result in a sailor coming ashore with what to him meant riches. Most frequently he squandered it; sometimes he was wiser. Our picture, after the painting by Wheatley, illustrates such a case. The return is evidently unexpected. The mother is feeble with years. Beside her is either Jack's wife or his sister, and Jack himself is holding out to them the hardly-won prize-money which is to rescue them from want. It is a pathetic story, simply told.

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MORE MOUNTED INFANTRY FOR KITCHENER.

THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FAMOUS RIFLE BRIGADE

Who Recently Left for South Africa.

NO. 2 COMPOSITE COMPANY OF MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Made up of Detachments from Various Regiments.

Photos. Copyright. *Charleton.*

BEARING THE RESPONSIBILITY OF WELL-WON REGIMENTAL HONOURS.

The Men of the Old 60th—now the King's Royal Rifles.

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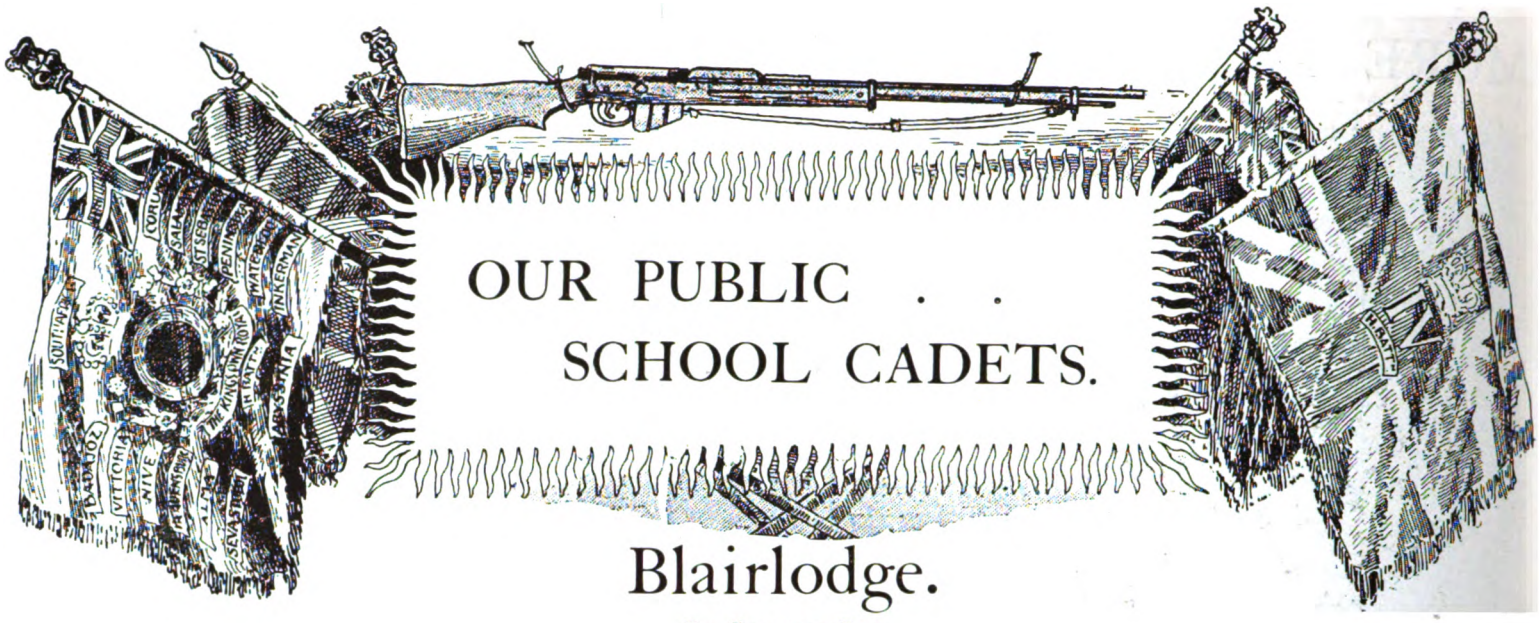

Blairlodge.

By Callum Beg.

ONE of the most celebrated cadet corps north of the Tweed is that connected with Blairlodge School. In point of age it stands by no means first among similar corps, having been formed in 1891; but in efficiency it is well able to hold its own against corps many years senior to it.

At the inception of the corps it was felt that no school of such importance as Blairlodge should neglect the opportunities afforded it of giving to the boys at least some semblance of a military training. That it has done more may be gathered from a perusal of this article.

The principal supporter of the movement, when the corps was first formed was Mr. A. M. Darling, an old Wykehamist, then a member of the teaching staff at Blairlodge, whose organising ability went far to overcome all difficulties. The inauguration was in fact a fairly simple matter, for the prime mover had gained experience in his oldschool corps, for which on more than one occasion he had shot in the Ashburton Shield Competition.

He was therefore eminently fitted for the command, which he held until 1898, when he was succeeded by Mr. H. Lower, who now commands the corps, and to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this article. Other members of the teaching staff have in their time interested themselves in the corps, which on first mustering numbered in its ranks about half the members of the school, practically all who were qualified to become cadets.

The Blairlodge Corps is now, as it has always been, attached to the famous Glasgow Volunteers known familiarly as the Glasgow Highlanders, and officially as the 5th V. B. Highland Light Infantry.

When first associated with Blairlodge, the battalion was commanded by Colonel Stewart, who did everything in his power to encourage the cadets, and his example has been followed by his successors, and indeed by all officers of the Glasgow Highlanders, who have ever shown a lively interest in the doings of the junior corps.

All who have had experience in such matters know to what a great extent a corps is dependent for its discipline and efficiency upon its sergeant-major and sergeant instructors. In this respect the corps was most fortunate in securing on its formation the services of Sergeant-Major Quirk, formerly of the 74th Foot, now the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry. He brought with him a high reputation, not only as an instructor, but as a soldier, and had twice been offered a commission in the Army.

The programme of work carried out at Blairlodge is similar to that in vogue at most public schools, and includes the usual drills, varied by occasional field days and by numerous shooting contests.

Blairlodge usually fur-

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry, Brighton.

THE OFFICERS OF THE BLAIRLODGE CADET CORPS.

Lieutenant H. Lower. *Second-Lieutenant G. L. Siddle.*

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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Lance-Corporal Highet. Lance-Corporal Renny. Lance-Corporal Walker. Corporal Boardman. Sergeant-Instructor Raisbeck. Corporal Hawthorn Corporal Bernauer. Lance-Corporal Hughes.
(Late 79th, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.)
Corporal Lindsay. Sergeant Thorburn. Colour-Sergeant Fitzjohn. Sergeant Kirkwood. Sergeant Fraser.

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE BLAIRLODGE CADET BAND.

Bugler de Denne. Corporal-Piper Macfie. Drummer Wilson. Piper Homan. Drummer Robison. Lance-Corporal-Drummer Burns. Bugler MacDowell. Piper Baird.

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nishes a team to compete at Bisley for the Ashburton Shield, and although the team has never yet had the satisfaction of winning this coveted trophy, it has twice been fourth on the list, and in 1898 Sergeant-Piper Steuart captured the Spencer Cup with the highest score possible, usually designated "H. P. S."

The corps visited Windsor on the occasion of her late Majesty's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and all who participated look back with pride and pleasure to their journey south. The cadets travelled from Scotland to Windsor in a special train, in which they lived during their visit, and were reviewed, together with the other public school corps, by Her Majesty.

The difficulties inseparable from the transportation of troops such a long distance served to show that the attendance of the Blairlodge Cadets at the regular Aldershot field days would be well nigh impossible.

As regards musketry practice the school is fortunately situated, and knows nothing of the difficulties connected with what is known as the "range question." Within reasonable distance from Blairlodge is a range, passed by Government, for practice with the ·303 rifle. The range is not sheltered by any natural features, and although, as Mr. Lower points out, this tells against high scoring, it makes other more sheltered ranges seem "easy" to the Blairlodge marksmen.

Unfortunately, owing to the isolated position of the school, the competitions in which the school eight have been able to join have been for the most part those known as "simultaneous." These are competitions in which each team, instead of seeing its opponent fire, "shoots off" at its own headquarters, and the results are afterwards compared. Competitions on these lines have taken place annually with the leading public schools in England, and with the only other school in Scotland which takes part in competitions—Glenalmond. Occasionally, too, matches have been shot on the Linlithgow and other ranges with Glenalmond or with neighbouring Volunteer teams.

In addition to competitions held with other corps, contests are arranged within the school. Chief among these events is the Arnott Cup presented by an old boy. It represents the championship of the corps, and has always been shot for in two stages. The first stage, the winner of which gains the bronze medal, is decided by seven shots at 200-yds. and seven at 500-yds. The final stage is entered by the ten highest scorers, and the conditions of it are seven shots at 600-yds. The competitor who secures the highest aggregate score at the three ranges is declared the champion of the corps, and wins the cup and a silver medal.

The Miller Cup, also presented by an old boy, is given for volley firing among the four sections of the company. Each section finds a team of eight, and five volleys are fired at various distances. Medals for special competitions have also been presented from time to time by friends of the corps.

At the end of the drill season there is also an annual competition between the four sections for medals given for smartnesss and efficiency in drill. The winning team is declared by an officer of the Glasgow Highlanders, and the competition is looked forward to with great interest by the cadets.

It should be explained that at Blairlodge the "section system" exists in its entirety. The section is recognised as the "unit," and section commanders are held responsible in all matters of drill and equipment. They are not only called upon to command their sections on parade, but are expected to care for the internal economy of the unit they command.

The uniform of the corps is a very effective one. It is that of the Black Watch, or Royal Highlanders, viz.: Scarlet doublet, with blue facings; kilt and plaid of Black Watch tartan; red and black hose, and white spats. The officers and sergeants are distinguished by larger plaids, silver brooches, and white cross-belts. The belted plaid is worn by the pipers, who also wear brooches, and, like the bandsmen, carry black cock tails in their Glengarry bonnets.

As to the band, it has always been efficient from a musical point of view. It is worthy of note that the pipers had the unique advantage of being instructed by Pipe-Major Honeyman, who played the Black Watch into Lucknow at the relief of that city. The corps owes much of its prosperity to the head-master, who has always recognised its importance and done everything in his power to promote its welfare.

General Chapman, C.B., Commanding the Forces in Scotland, has also for the last five years personally assisted the corps in many ways.

It should be said in conclusion, that the experience of the masters goes to prove that "soldiering," at least at Blairlodge, is calculated to stimulate rather than to hinder the boys in their studies.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, and Berkhamsted on April 20.*]

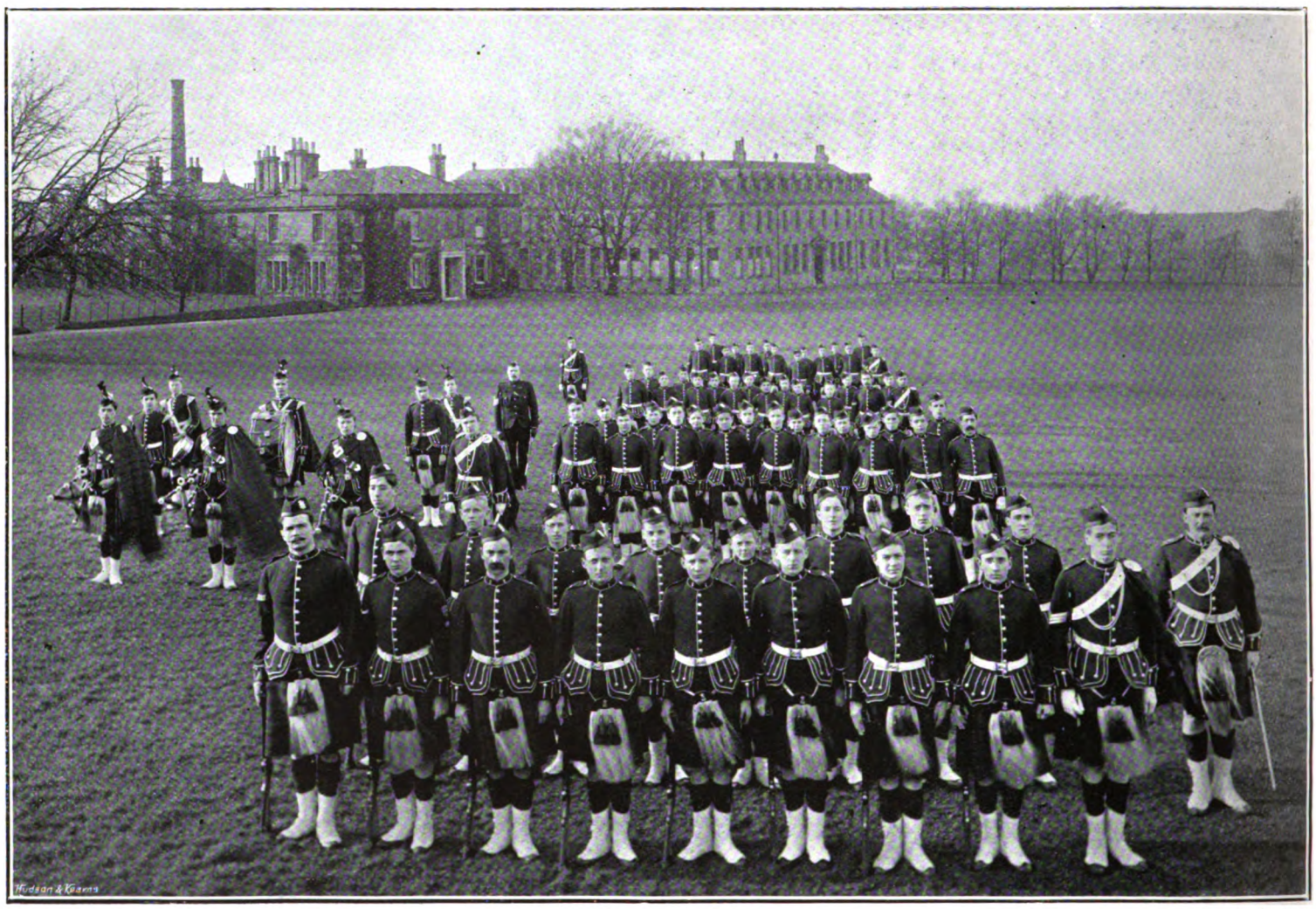

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

A GATHERING OF LOYAL SCOTS.

The Blairlodge Cadet Corps Muster for Parade.

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ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.

BY AN OFFICER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

LONG ere this reaches England, the news that De Wet has been captured or that he has escaped will have been flashed home. All ranks intend that the joyous and not disappointing message shall be sent home *this time*. They are prepared to revert to the Lenten custom of fasting on half rations if only by so doing they may put themselves on terms with the great guerilla chieftain. His baggage, much of his ammunition, and some of his men have been captured. He has no food, his horses are exhausted, his men are without boots, and yet he flees on, flees ever. Every day Plumer is said to be fighting his rear guard. Every day his men fall away. The only possessions left to him are his high courage and his boundless pertinacity. Truly a wonderful man!

It is impossible to describe the various movements of the pawns directed by our silent chief, who sits now at De Aar, now at Pretoria. Suffice it to say that our great foe appears to be hemmed in on every side—a river in flood in front of him, countless thousands on left, right, and rear of him. And yet the odds are two to one on De Wet! We have joined in the chase ourselves, but for the moment are resting after 200 miles of trekking in the wilderness.

Let me describe our whereabouts. Hopetown is a Dutch town west of Orange River Station on the Kimberley-Cape Town line. Such a pretty little Dutch town it is, with its whitewashed one-storied houses opening out on to irregular pavements raised a foot or so above the road. Tamarind, pepper, and syringa trees serve to shade the fat Dutchmen who sit on benches under them apparently the long day through. Work seems as far from, and exercise as repugnant to, them as to the Mexicans of Californian Monterey so well described by Stevenson.

Pretty little maids in huge sun-bonnets play about the street, their playmates tiny Hottentot girls innocent of head-gear. Their babblings diffuse an air of peace and innocence to which the war-worn troops have long been strangers. The street is their playground, not the shady gardens which intersect the houses and picturesquely cut their long white lines.

It is good to see these gardens, with vines and maize luxuriating everywhere amongst the peaches, the figs, and the pomegranates. The whole place is a sun trap with plenty of shade. To the sunburnt troops it is an oasis, a haven where they would be, and a haven in which they would fain rest a while.

This is only the setting, though, to all the panoply of war. Everywhere the chink of the armoured heel and the hoarse word of command are heard. Cape boys are galloping recklessly hither and thither. The telegraph opposite is vibrating—not with arrangements for dinner or news of the latest odds, but with the brain-produce of the Great Chess-player at De Aar, known generally as K. of K.

Orderlies are holding the horses of officers who are having one more good breakfast before committing themselves to the tender mercies and the less tender mutton of the veldt.

A great convoy has just started to take sorely-needed supplies to Plumer. We can see also some 15-pounders sent here to pick up fresh teams if possible. Every hour dismounted troopers of smart cavalry corps drag themselves wearily into the town. The rigour of the pursuit has been too much for their horses, and they have been left behind, with orders to footslog to Hopetown on the chance of picking up fresh mounts there.

It behoves all who have chargers to beware of these horseless troopers. No ordinary rules of morality will be observed when the capture of the Boer leader is the goal to be striven for. Everything is fair in love and war, and the horse lines require careful watching.

Even as we look, another unit receives orders to mount, and files away westward. All this stir, all these preparations, do indirect honour to De Wet. His name is everywhere, in everything. The birds carol it, the air breathes it, the breezes whisper it. No doubt the streams (if there were any) would murmur it. Only the troop are somewhat tired of it. For them it has meant many all-night marches, many soakings without kit or change, much wear and tear of horse and mule flesh, and consequent worry to body and mind.

Still they exist on the idea that De Wet is cornered at last. Heedless of the similarity between this pursuit and many former ones, they hope on, hope ever. With ordinary foes the odds would be three to one on the pursuer; but it is tribute indeed to the pursued that the odds are in this case two to one on *him*.

THE COLUMN WHICH NEARLY CAUGHT DE WET.

Headquarters Staff of Cape Cavalry Brigade—Brig.-Gen. E. Bethune in centre, Col. J. Dunlop, R.S., Chief of Staff, on his right, Maj. Butcher, Brig.-Maj., on his left; Mr. Lionel James, "Times" correspondent, seated.

THE HEADQUARTERS KITCHEN.

Outside the House where De Wet Slept the Previous Night

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A BEARER OF BAD NEWS.

A Letter from General Plumer to General Bethune to Report that De Wet has Again Escaped.

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A HARMONY FIST.

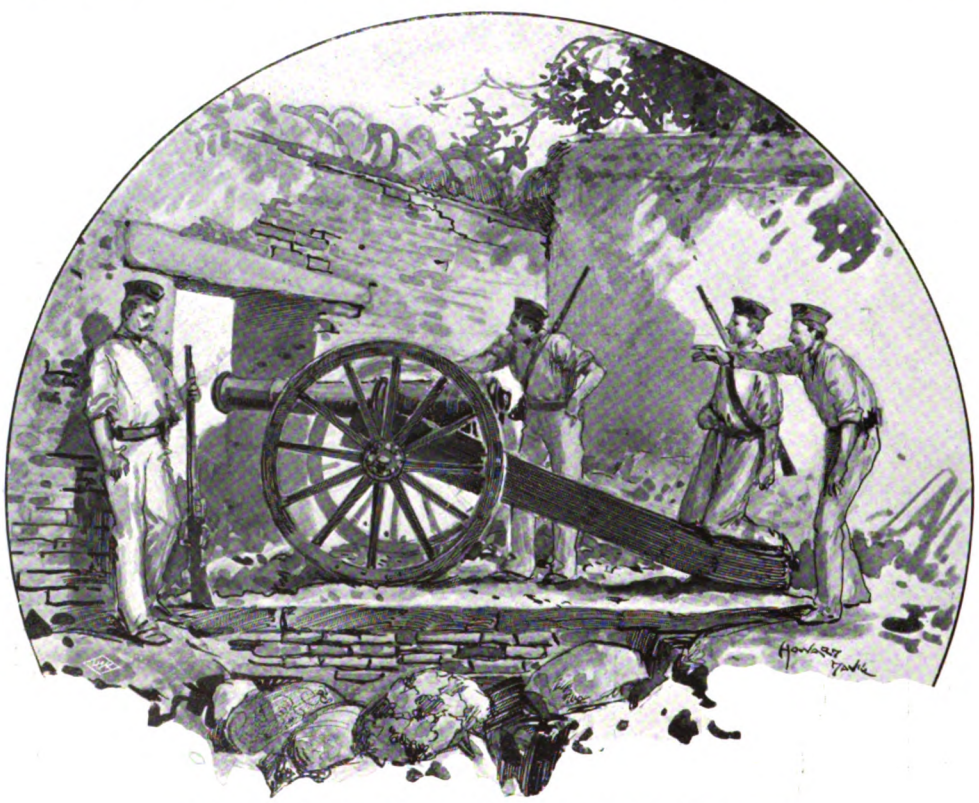
THE MILITARY EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

A GREAT SPECTACLE.

THE ALLIED TROOPS.

THE British may not be a military nation in the continental sense of the term, but they are certainly a martial nation, and recent events have emphasised the fact that the country has a decided taste for military spectacles. This might have been judged, indeed, from the great success which attended the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea. Thousands flocked to it, and though some people found the exhibits on a first inspection a little tame and uninteresting, they soon adopted a different tone when anyone possessed of the necessary knowledge was willing to explain the real bearing of the various things which were shown. The moral probably is that, in any future exhibition relating to naval and military matters, which, in the nature of things, must be to a certain extent purely technical, it would be an advantage to have guides who should periodically take round parties of visitors and explain to them the use and meaning of the different unfamiliar objects which appear before them, in many cases for the first time.

We gladly make a present of this suggestion to the promoters of the Earl's Court Military Exhibition, which, with Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge as president, and the Commander-in-Chief as vice-president, will be inaugurated on May 4, and will remain open until October. The time is ripe in many ways for such an exhibition. It is some years since the Naval Exhibition was held at Chelsea, and during the last eighteen months the enthusiasm of the country in everything relating to the combatant Services has been greatly aroused. If, indeed, there is one subject of regret in regard to the Earl's Court Exhibition, it is that a display of this character, so well organised and bidding fair to be so successful in every way, should be confined to the land forces alone, and that it should not have been possible to find room for any exposition of the work of the Navy. Still, the space at Earl's Court is limited, and it must be admitted that a considerable area is needed in order to convey to the general public any idea of the work which the Navy has to accomplish nowadays. This is, doubtless, the explanation of the fact that the forthcoming exhibition is to deal exclusively with His Majesty's land forces. Within its appointed limits, however, the display is to be as complete as it is possible to make it. Everything pertaining to military matters, both British and foreign, is embraced within the scope of the exhibition, and the executive and committee are to be heartily congratulated on having succeeded in organising what promises to be a very effective and interesting as well as comprehensive display. The scheme—we do not mean the plan of the stalls or the grounds, but the general intention as embodied in the impression which the visitor will carry away—has been well thought out in the first instance. Among other things, the promoters have sought to present in as complete and effective a form as practicable a picture of the military forces of the British Empire as seen in successive stages of development. Another object has been to afford a basis of comparison between our military system and those of foreign nations. By furnishing in concrete form a definite idea of Army organisation, and by diffusing a more intimate knowledge of military matters generally among the millions who annually visit Earl's Court, the projectors hope, as they say, "to quicken the sense of citizenship and its responsibilities, and to impart a wholesome stimulus to the patriotism of the people." Keeping this object in view, the exhibition has been divided into four main sections. These are devoted to historical and relic loans, to munitions of war, to general and commercial exhibits, and to military hospital and ambulance displays. There is also an inventions section, where private individuals have the opportunity of bringing to public notice, and therefore to the notice of the authorities, any invention of a military character. It is a noticeable fact that, with the express approval of the German Emperor, the German War Office is sending an interesting exhibit. A lecture-hall will be available throughout the season for the purpose of free lectures on military subjects, while instructive displays of bridge-building and ambulance work will be given in the grounds. Among the other features likely to attract special attention will be a recruiting office under the control of the military authorities, and an important exhibit by the veterinary department of the War Office.



WATCHING FOR THE FOE'S ATTACK.

The Defence of the Legations at Pekin.

Let us say a word or two, however, in regard to two of the main sections. The historical and relic loan section will probably prove to be the most generally interesting. In it will be found contributions from naval and military institutions of the country, while it also includes many treasures from private collections. These, of course, are not ordinarily

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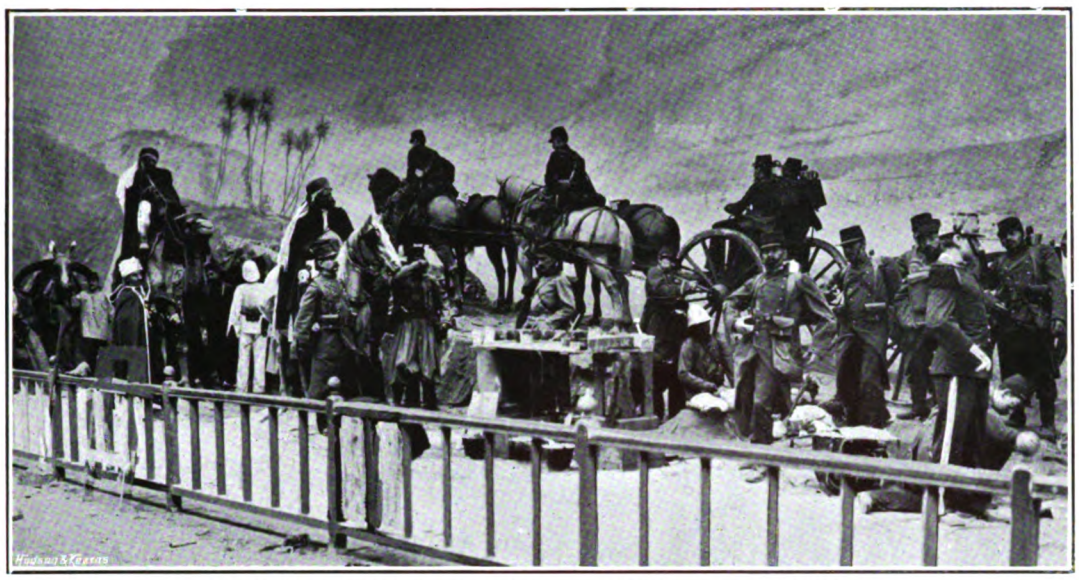
available, and the committee is to be congratulated on having been able to obtain them. The exhibits comprise mementoes of great battles and of military heroes, and the collection extends over a long period, and has been carefully brought down to our own day. Very interesting, it need hardly be said, are many of the things shown. Among them is General Gordon's famous letter to the Mahdi picked up on the road to Khartoum, while the Duke of Cambridge lends a hoof of his charger Wide Awake, which carried him at both Alma and Inkerman, and Wellington College sends an exceedingly interesting relic in the shape of the cloak worn by Wellington at Waterloo. A novel feature, surely, is to be found in the mementoes of warfare contributed by war correspondents who have taken part in the campaigns in South Africa and elsewhere. Finally, one of the features of the section most interesting, both to the artist and to the student of warfare, is the gallery of war pictures which has been got together with considerable labour and discrimination.



SOME TYPES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

A Portion of the Great French Tableau at Earl's Court.

We come now to the section devoted to munitions of war. This is shown in the Prince's Hall and the Ducal Hall, and it comprises everything that can be regarded as included within its title. Apart from what may be described as the official exhibits, a number of firms connected with the manufacture of firearms, ammunition, and so forth, have wisely taken advantage of so favourable an opportunity to bring their special wares before the public, and this department of the exhibition is calculated to furnish thorough enjoyment to anyone who takes an interest in weapons, projectiles, and propellants. So many people come under this category nowadays that the section is sure to be popular. Another feature of the exhibition which is sure to attract attention consists of two magnificent tableaux. They typify the British and French Armies, and comprise hundreds of life-size figures. The British display has the sanction of the Secretary of State for War and of Earl Roberts, while the French representation has the authority of the French War Minister. The value of such tableaux is obvious. They afford an exceptional opportunity of comparing uniforms, equipment, and so on, and will serve to familiarise visitors with the details of British and French uniforms. In the portion known as the Queen's Palace will be found a collection of arms and armour which will well repay the study of those who are interested in such matters. Perhaps the best collection of armour in the world is to be found in Madrid. The Tower, Dover Castle, and the Wallace Exhibition are also well-known collections, so that the Earl's Court selection may not strike the casual visitor as exceptional. It possesses, however, more than one unique feature.

Not the least among the attractions of the exhibition will be the realistic military spectacle which Mr. Imre Kiralfy has arranged, and which will be presented twice daily. It is based on the thrilling incidents connected with Admiral Seymour's advance, with the subsequent capture of Tientsin, and with the final relief of the Peking Legations. It is realistic to the last degree. The attention of the nation has been concentrated to such an extent upon the war in South Africa that comparatively little notice has been taken of the Chinese Campaign. It abounds, however, with deeds of heroism, and has meant hard fighting, and Mr. Kiralfy has performed a national service in bringing its incidents more fully home to the public mind.

AT REST AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK.

A Bivouac at the Peking Wall.

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AN HISTORICAL SCENE IN AN IRISH DOCKYARD.

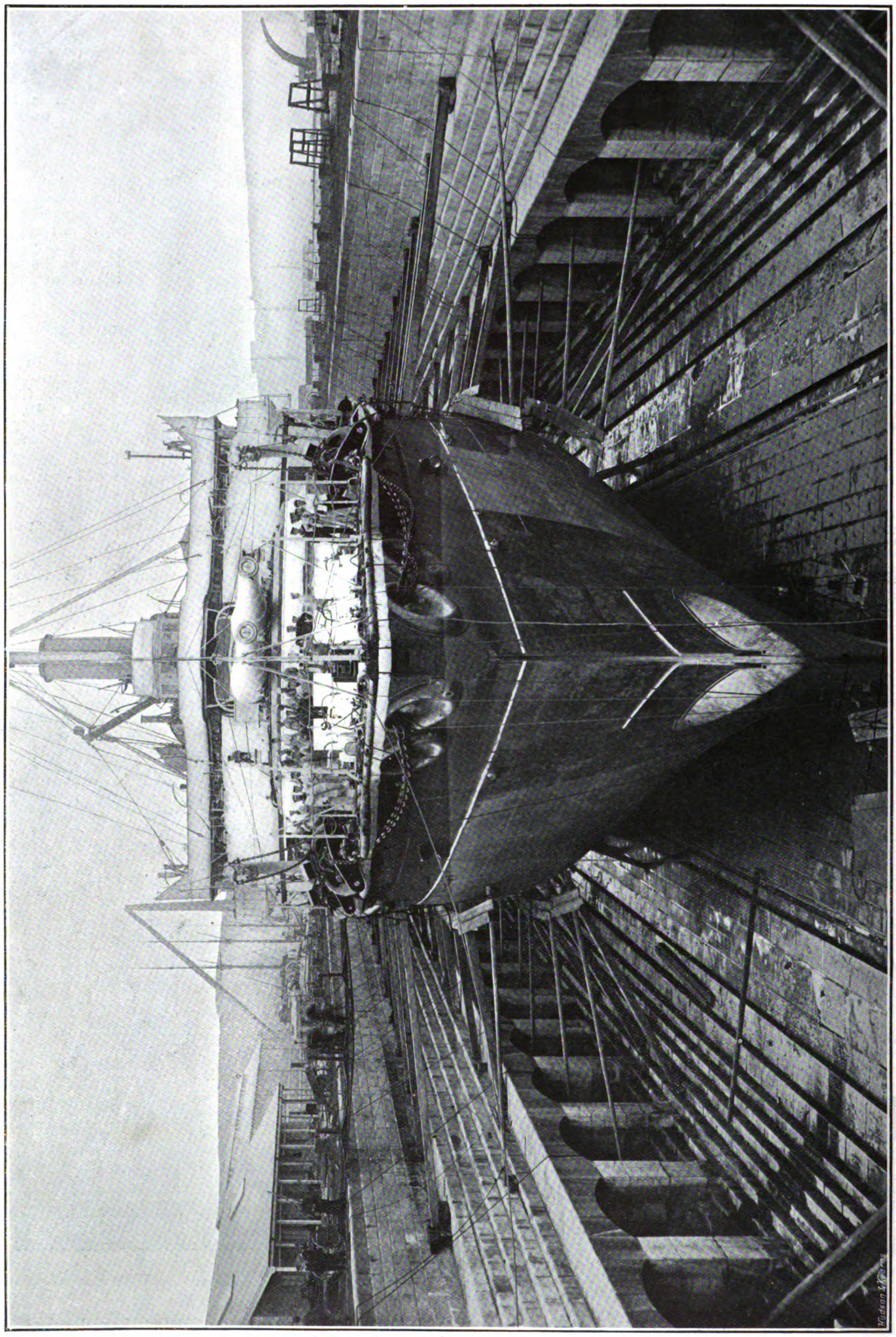

Photo. Copyright. *Horne.*

THE PORT GUARD-SHIP AT QUEENSTOWN IN DOCK AT HAULBOWLINE.

Haulbowline has made enormous progress as a dockyard during the last year or two, and it would be rash at the present moment to fix a limit to its further development. Even five years ago it was insignificant as a Naval port: now its staff has been largely increased, and a number of vessels have been assigned to it for repairing purposes. Its solitary dry dock dates from 1885, and, as will be seen from our picture, it is an imposing-looking structure. It was long thought that the narrowness of its entrance prevented it from being used for large modern ships, but at last the officials took their courage in their hands and docked the battle-ship "Howe" there. Since that time the dock has been used for several vessels.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII —No. 223.] SATURDAY, MAY 11th, 1901

Photo. Copyright. *Elliott & Fry.*

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., resembles his predecessors at Chelsea in that he has had a distinguished career. He joined the Army in 1844, and began his experiences in the campaign which included the passage of the Chenab and the battle of Chillianwallah. After various services, he worked all through the Mutiny, and has been twenty-five times thanked in general orders and despatches for services in the field.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *Rifle Trials will be recommenced at Cricklewood on Wednesday, May 15. The Trials will be held on this and the three following Wednesdays; the last day will be devoted to shooting at 50-yds.*

SCHOOLBOY SOLDIERING.

SOME of the noble Lords who discussed the Military Instruction (Schools and Cadets) Bill in the Upper House last week had evidently been studying the articles in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED on Public School Volunteer Corps. They showed a familiarity with the subject and an appreciation of the advantages of soldiering for schoolboys which really did them great credit, considering the wooden-headed manner in which this matter has too long been, and is still too often, regarded. Our interesting series has appeared at an opportune moment, and, if we may be permitted to say so, it is serving a very useful purpose. The articles are showing how much is already done by the great and the lesser public schools in this matter of volunteering. They also show how much more might be done with increased effort and a little sensible encouragement from the authorities. It is such encouragement that Lord Frankfort de Montmorency's Bill seeks to obtain for school Volunteers and cadet corps. Lord Raglan, the Under-Secretary for War, was at once put up in the debate upon it to explain that the War Office could really do nothing in this line under about £2,000,000 a year, and that the country would never agree to such expenditure. What a typical War Office reply! How symbolical of the entire Pall Mall attitude to imagine that nothing can be done without a vast expenditure upon red tape and carefully-printed blue forms and a large staff of clerks, all engaged with might and main in hindering anything really useful from being done! Shall we ever get the War Office to understand that a little intelligence is worth all the blue forms that have ever driven respectable officers to the use of bad language; that tact is not an expensive commodity; that it is only stupid people who think money can do everything, and that, without it, nothing can be done?

What Lord Frankfort and his supporters want the War Office to do is to assist and encourage the military training of boys by pursuing a policy of inexpensive benevolence. Of course it would not be worth while from the military point of view to spend two millions a year, or anything like that sum, upon teaching schoolboys to march and handle rifles. No one supposes that it is. Where in the world would the two millions go? No, what is wanted is that school authorities shall be able to recognise that their efforts to train and drill boys meet with the country's approval, and that approval can best be shown by the War Office. At present we doubt whether the War Office shows it sufficiently, although the country undoubtedly does understand the usefulness of the schoolboy Volunteer movement. Such muddling as went on over the Winchester rifle range, for instance, disgusts everyone who has a business-like mind, and severely discourages all sensible people.

Lord Frankfort's Bill excludes the Board School from its view. It only considers better-class schools, such as already support Volunteer and cadet corps. This seems a pity, though perhaps the reason for it is to be found, not so much in unwillingness to extend the system, as in anxiety to proceed little by little and not to endanger the passing of the Bill by overloading it with proposals. As Lord Raglan said, the Board School boy certainly requires military training as much as the secondary school boy. He requires it more, for he has not the elaborate organisation of games which is provided for his fellows in a higher rank of life. If we could catch the Board School boy young and drill him, and make him hold up his head and square his shoulders, and give him an interest in rifle competitions, and teach him the joys of cleanliness and hard muscles and sound sleep after tiring days in the open air, we should really be on the way to make him a good citizen. Why is he so often not a good citizen under present conditions? Is it not, to quote Mr. Kipling,

> "All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
> All along o' doing things rather more or less"?

Is it not mainly because he has never had the chance to learn what makes life worth living decently, and what self-respect means, and wherein lies the advantage of doing your duty with all your might in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call you?

If military training is good for public school boys, as it certainly is, at the present moment it is almost a necessity for the little chaps who lack all the public school boy's advantages. The parrot cry of "militarism" will no doubt be raised even yet, though it is pretty well obsolete by this time. It is a meaningless, unintelligent screech. Which is more likely to cast itself under the heel of a military despotism—a nation trained to arms, knowing well what military discipline means and recognising its limitations, and the dangers which attend a military government; or a flabby nation, ignorant of these things, and ready to trust to anyone who has a loud voice and a commanding eye? No people are less likely to fall into the errors of "militarism" than a people which knows what "militarism" means. On the contrary, among such a people the term "citizen soldier" will have a real meaning, and not be merely a claptrap expression. All the citizens of such a State would be potential soldiers; all its soldiers would feel that they remained citizens, that they were not cut off and separated from their fellows as a race or caste apart, that in all their hardships and labours they had the sympathy of the whole community—a sympathy based upon personal experience of the kind of conditions under which the private soldier does his work.

Never has the country had a juster or a higher opinion of the Volunteers than the opinion it has formed during the past eighteen months. It has seen how ready they were to justify the decoration of their barrack-rooms with the motto *Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori*. It has had opportunity to appreciate their excellent discipline, their intelligence, their enthusiasm. The old, stale jokes about "bug-shooters" are dead and buried We understand now what the Volunteers can do when the country calls for their aid. But, at the same time, we must not let our appreciation carry us too far. The Volunteers, to be useful, must remain Volunteers—that is, voluntary, amateur soldiers. They must not ask us to spend enormous sums upon an auxiliary force while the professional service is so sorely in need of reorganisation. The soldiers we must consider first of all and principally are the soldiers who are thoroughly seasoned and trained, and who can be sent anywhere to defend Imperial interests. Let us do all we can to help the Volunteers to be efficient, but let us also recollect that the Empire cannot live by Volunteers alone, and that we are chiefly concerned at present to obtain, in the words of Mr. Winston Churchill's letter to the egregious persons who form the Army League, "a small, though elastic, Army, and to have that small Army very good."

THE Black Watch changed its uniform many times between 1817 and 1840. In the first-named year the officers wore sky-blue trousers with gold stripes, and in 1823 the sky-blue gave place to blue-grey without the gold stripes. In 1829 trews of the regimental tartan were worn. Epaulettes, after having been replaced by "wings," were again the fashion in 1830. The non-commissioned officers and men, however, wore "wings" until 1855, when epaulettes were abolished in the British Army. The white undress shell-jacket was introduced in 1821, and has been worn by the Guards and Highlanders ever since. White spats came into use in 1826. The sergeants of the old 42nd wore silver lace up to 1830, when it was ordered to be discontinued.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT BRISTOL.

Photo. Copyright. *L. R. Protheroe.*

EARL ROBERTS LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.

In fulfilment of a promise given some time ago to the Duchess of Beaufort, Earl Roberts visited Bristol last week for the purpose of opening a bazaar, held in Colston Hall, on behalf of the funds of the Bristol Royal Hospital for Sick Children and Women. The Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by Countess Roberts, was given an enthusiastic reception by thousands of citizens and visitors from the surrounding counties.

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MAJOR-GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON AT HYTHE.

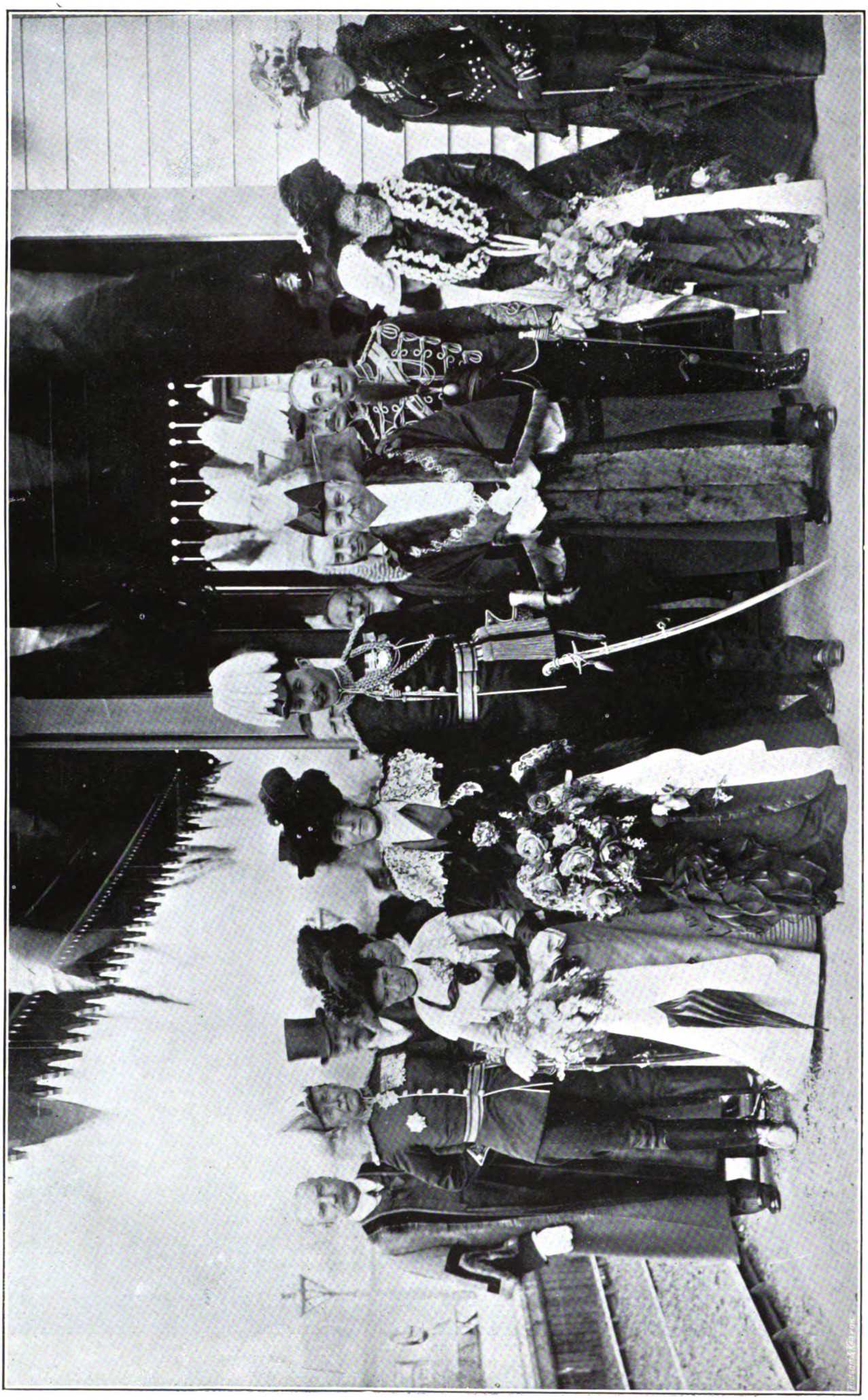

Photo. Copyright. *Lambert Weston & Son.*

SIR IAN AND HIS FRIENDS AFTER THE PRESENTATION.

Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton was last week presented with the freedom of Hythe. Accompanied by Lady Hamilton, Lady Edwina Roberts, and Sir Edward Sassoon, M.P., he was met at Hythe Station by the Mayor and Corporation, and Major-General Hallam Parr and the staff of the South-Eastern District. A procession was then formed, and proceeded through the streets, gay with bunting and decorations, to the Town Hall, where the ceremony took place. From right to left our picture shows Sir E. A. Sassoon, M.P., the Mayor of Hythe, Sir Ian Hamilton, Lady Hamilton, Lady Edwina Roberts, General Hallam Parr, and H. Cobay, Esq.

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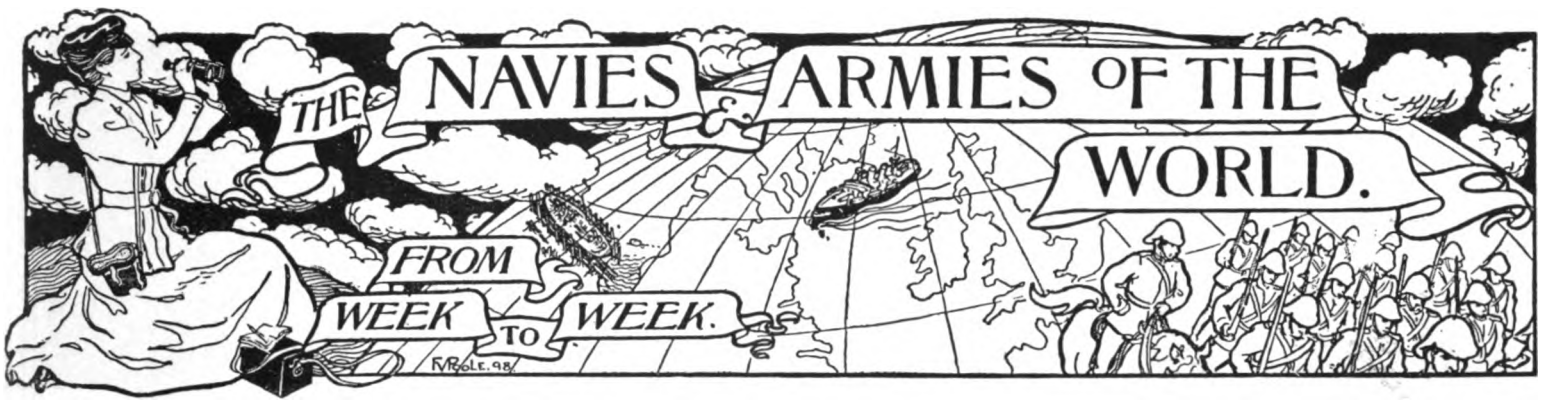

THE amendments to Mr. Brodrick's Army organisation resolution, moved by Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Goulding, contain a good deal of general politics. This is particularly the case with the second, and its reference to old-age pensions, and other matters calling for our attention. We may leave all that aside in these columns. Then, again, it is politics to argue that we had better leave Army organisation alone till more quiet times. Perhaps if one condition could be fulfilled there would be wisdom in delay. "Slow fires make sweet malt," says the old proverb, and we know from a long experience that reorganisations carried out in a hurry, and while everybody is acutely conscious that something must be done, are generally bad. An intense conviction that something must be done at once not uncommonly leads to the doing of the first plausible-looking thing which presents itself, which again, in the majority of cases, is a mere makeshift. We have had any amount of crude "organisation" so-called, and it has rarely done more than tide over the day, leaving our Army as far as ever from a thoroughly stable condition. It would be far better to wait soberly for a peaceful year, think the task out to the end, and make clean work on sound principles. But then governing persons, like humbler folk, must very often do not what they would, but what they can. Is it certain that in quiet times, when no immediate need stirred its zeal, Parliament would settle heartily down to an exhaustive consideration of Army organisation? "When the peril is passed, the Saint is derided," says the Italian proverb. The vows made in danger of shipwreck are forgotten when the ship is safe in port, and in ordinary times honourable members have more to think of than the British Army. You must attend to that when people's eyes are turned in its direction.

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Meanwhile, these two amendments state one matter of principle which certainly ought to be settled before we go further. Mr. Winston Churchill asks "this House" to vote that it "cannot view without apprehension the continual growth of purely military expenditure, which diverts the energies of the country from their natural commercial and Naval development." Mr. Goulding "invites the House to declare that, since this country is distinctly a Naval Power, the Navy must be maintained in at least its present relative strength to the Navy of any other Power, and that this necessity will entail large and continuous expenditure." Therefore we ought not to exceed in outlay on our Army, and ought at any rate to reform what we have before making more. If I understand Colonel Henderson's introduction to Count Sternberg's book aright, the need for reform is a popular delusion. Our Army is the best in the world in training and so forth. This being so, it is very well as it is, in so far as its quality is concerned. War having become an entirely new business in consequence of a new rifle, we alone are quite ready to meet this remarkable revolution, and, so far from being in need of reform, may applaud our felicity. How fortunate should we be if we only knew our own happiness. We may want more soldiers, but not soldiers differing in training or other respects from those we have.

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This being thus, Mr. Goulding is far astray when he speaks of removing defects, and Mr. Winston Churchill quite beside the question when he amended his amendment by putting in that sentence about "the plain need for extensive reforms in the organisation and system of the Army." But these confusing considerations having been removed, we can devote our exclusive attention to the matter of size. Since we are a Naval Power, and since our energies ought to be directed to commercial and Naval objects, the Army, of course, ought to be subordinate. There is the principle from which follows the deduction that the growth of purely military expenditure is to be avoided. It is quite simple, but how is it to be applied? Nothing is easier than to say this sort of thing, and nothing is more idle, when we are doing acts and incurring responsibilities which make it simply impossible for you to apply your own excellent rule. Constant growth of territorial obligations, daily increase of land frontiers, mean a steady rise in the number of soldiers a State must have at its disposal. It is as certain as gravitation that this is so; and he who holds at once that it is possible to extend empire on land, and yet keep down the number of his troops, is wholly given up to strong delusions and to believe in lies—a most unfortunate condition.

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There is, in fact, a previous question to be answered before we decide how much Army we will have, and it is what we propose to do with the said Army. Large countries to be held, and long frontiers to be watched, need soldiers. It is not more certain that Mr. Winston Churchill will break his neck if he jumps off the top of the Victoria Tower, than that if we follow a policy requiring a large Army, a large Army must be supplied. Making protests, and declaring you do not want this, and do not mean to do that, is no better than gabble, saving the reverence of the House of Commons, when you are taking measures which will force you to act in the very way you are just repudiating. Well, the long and the short of it is that this country has committed itself to one heavy territorial responsibility after another. It has just added one great obligation to those weighing on its shoulders already, and there are nineteen chances out of twenty that it will assume yet another in Asia within the next few years. In spite of Sir James Willcocks's achievement in the relief of Kumassi, we cannot rely on native levies for all this work. White troops must be supplied, and this country must cast about to see how they are to be got. It has no choice in the matter. To talk of stopping is absurd. Each step in advance entails another, and the consequences of the measures of the past will be seen in the future, however convenient it may be for gentlemen in Parliament to prophesy falsely in order to keep things sweet for the next general election. Asserting that "t'other bottle" won't cause any harm is a way of promoting conviviality, but it never prevented a next morning headache in this world.

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Of course you can draw back—on paper. I mean you can advocate the policy of reducing your responsibilities. And it is a simple business to quote examples of the wisdom of withdrawal, and the folly of persisting in holding what does you more harm than good. If Spain had washed her hands of the Low Countries at the end of the reign of Philip II., if she had told the Catholic provinces to tie up their stockings with their own garters, and had made a rule never to send a ducat or a pikeman to Flanders again, it would have been the better for her. But then she could not. A great Power will very rarely resign what it holds. Its honour, and what it believes are its interests, will not let it withdraw. It may give up a mere outlying post, such as the Ionian Islands, but even such a trifling surrender as this has not been made twenty times in the history of the world. To withdraw from a great territory and great position is what no State does till it is forced out by a stronger Power. We can do as little as others, and therefore it is no better than waste of time to say we are a Naval Power, and ought to turn our energies to Naval and commercial objects. Our Naval power has given us an enormous territorial Empire, which still grows, and brings its military consequences with it. That is the bed-rock fact, as the phrase goes. If the growth of other Powers at sea menaces our Naval position, while the military expenditure imposed by our obligations on land diminishes our capacity to add to our Navy, so much the worse for us. When, if ever, the Navy breaks under a strain our whole position goes; but it is late in the day to talk of that. We have done, we are doing, we will do, what requires military expenditure and dips into the resources we need for the Navy, and the consequences of our action will follow inevitably.

DAVID HANNAY.

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ROUND THE WORLD

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE opening of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia by the Duke of York at Melbourne is the event that has filled all minds during the present week. We have watched the splendid reception of the Duke and Duchess in many parts of the Empire, but nowhere had there been so glorious and spontaneous an outburst of enthusiasm as when the Royal party entered Melbourne. The event long looked for is over, and a memorable purpose has been achieved. The federation of Australia was a great ideal which had within it the potentialities of reality, and the spirit which has made the British Empire what it is brought about a result that many doubted. Half a century has passed since the movement for federation began, and during all that period there have been discerning statesmen who have foreseen the end, but the actual work has been accomplished within the five years which have elapsed since the Federal Council assembled at Hobart in 1896. Eager and anxious were the debates that followed, and it was the proud honour of Victoria that when the *plébiscite* was taken a vast majority of her citizens voted for the Federal cause. There were in round figures 93,000 voices for the Commonwealth as compared with 20,000 against, and Tasmania, with smaller numbers, shares the honour, while in New South Wales the majority at the first voting, for particular reasons, was comparatively small. The brilliant scenes that have been witnessed in Melbourne are therefore peculiarly gratifying to the Victorians, who have now loyally set the seal on the Commonwealth for which they have worked so well. The arrangements for the reception have been admirable, and before the "Ophir" leaves for Brisbane next Thursday the Duke and Duchess will have met all classes of Victorians, who, on their part, will have had a new opportunity of expressing their devotion to the Crown.

ON Monday was celebrated in Germany the nineteenth birthday of the Crown Prince, who has temporarily laid down the sword in order to don the academic robe. In passing from the garrison to the *aula* of the University of Bonn, the young Prince passes into a new world entirely. Nowhere in the world do the officers of an army constitute so exclusive and arrogant a class as in Germany, and civilian dwellers in garrison towns know well the impenetrable barriers of the military caste. It is all different at the Universities, where in the lecture-rooms there is no gulf between the shopkeeper and the noble, and where the artisan is the equal, if not the intimate, of the great landowner. What, if any, measures will be taken to hedge the dignity of the Crown Prince do not fully appear. Outside the lecture-room he will be safe enough, for the University has little care for the life of the students, which centres in those jovial students' corps, that do not make life always a delight to the good citizens of Bonn. Here it is that the exclusiveness of caste is safeguarded, and as a member of the aristocratic "Borussen," the Crown Prince may not make full acquaintance with such loud beer-drinking saturnalia and face-slashing practices as are found in some other corps. These appear to be part of the education of the young German, and in truth they do not seem to do him any harm.

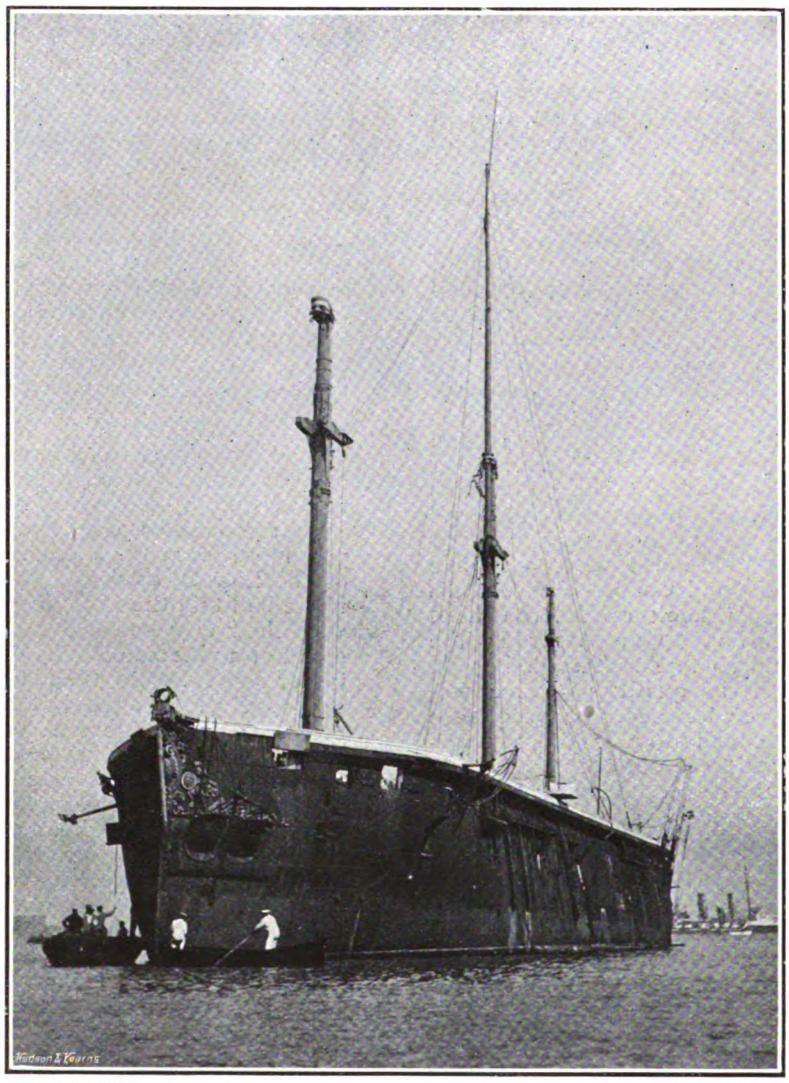

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb*

NAVAL WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The "Hector" is one of the First of Our Ironclads, and she has long been in "Rotten Row," Portsmouth. She has now become the Local Home of the Latest Invention in Telegraphy, and Recently Exchanged a Message with the "Majestic," Flag-ship of the Channel Squadron, at a Distance of 103 Miles, and probably this would have been Exceeded if a Ship at Plymouth had not Interrupted Communication, thus Showing one of the Many Difficulties of Confining the Knowledge of a Message to the Ship for which it is Intended.

ANOTHER bullet-proof fabric has been invented, in which the inventor, Brother Casimir Zeglen, of the Catholic Order of the Resurrectionists, has such confidence that he allowed himself to be shot at recently in Chicago at a distance of ten paces by Lieutenant Sarnecki of the Austrian Army. The invention, which is a silk-cloth fabric, has also been tried at Fort Sheridan, according to the reports, with perfect success. There are three kinds of the stuff. The first, which is flexible and wholly textile, is to resist revolver bullets, shot, and other projectiles having comparatively little penetrating power. Its thickness is ¼-in., and its weight ½-lb. to the square foot. Another kind is 1-in. thick with a weight of 2-lb., and is capable of resisting steel

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bullets at 800-yds. A still stronger protection is like the last-named, but with a steel facing one-sixteenth of an inch thick, the total weight being 4-lb. to the square foot. This stuff is bullet-proof at 250-yds., and by increasing the thickness up to one-eighth of an inch, protection can be secured at 50-yds.

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THE despatch of further strong reinforcements to South Africa is the best answer to the campaign of Mr. Merriman and his friend Mr. Sauer. The names of these gentlemen seemed to suggest the lightness with which they entered upon their labours, and the acrid discontent that attended the prosecution of them. The last batch of the Imperial Yeomanry will reach Cape Town within a few days, and three companies of Mounted Infantry, drawn from the Gordon Highlanders and other regiments, are following, with a number of drafts and a field hospital. It is now evident that the reduction of the Boers will be brought about by the slow process of disintegration. They can only be pulverised by sustained endeavour, and the continued despatch of drafts to maintain the effective of the Forces is the single means to that end. We cannot but pity those among the Boers who have been the victims of systematic misrepresentations on the part of interested wire-pullers and blind fanatics, but these will yet find that there is salvation under the British flag.

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BUT there is unfortunate evidence of some lack of interest at home, and it is to be feared that the failure of the public to respond in adequate degree to Lord Kitchener's appeal for winter comforts for the Forces cannot be attributed wholly, or even mainly, to doubt as to safe delivery of these to intended recipients. A glance at the lists of entertainments in aid of the troops will show that there is a want of the enthusiasm which marked the endeavours put forward last year. Can it be that people are now oblivious of the hardships of which they then heard so much? Do they forget that the bright, vigorous winter weather of the elevated plains of the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal brings with it keen frosts against which protection is essential for health? By all means let it be made clear that safe and speedy arrangements have been instituted for the despatch and delivery of parcels, but let English people awake to the knowledge that these parcels of winter comforts must be sent. The winter may be said to last from May to September. It is thus late, but not too late, to show generous sympathy with the services and the sufferings of our gallant troops, and the benevolent will find no difficulty in disposing of money to advantage in procuring comforts for soldiers. The demand has, in fact, created a supply which is accessible to all who seek a channel for their benevolence.

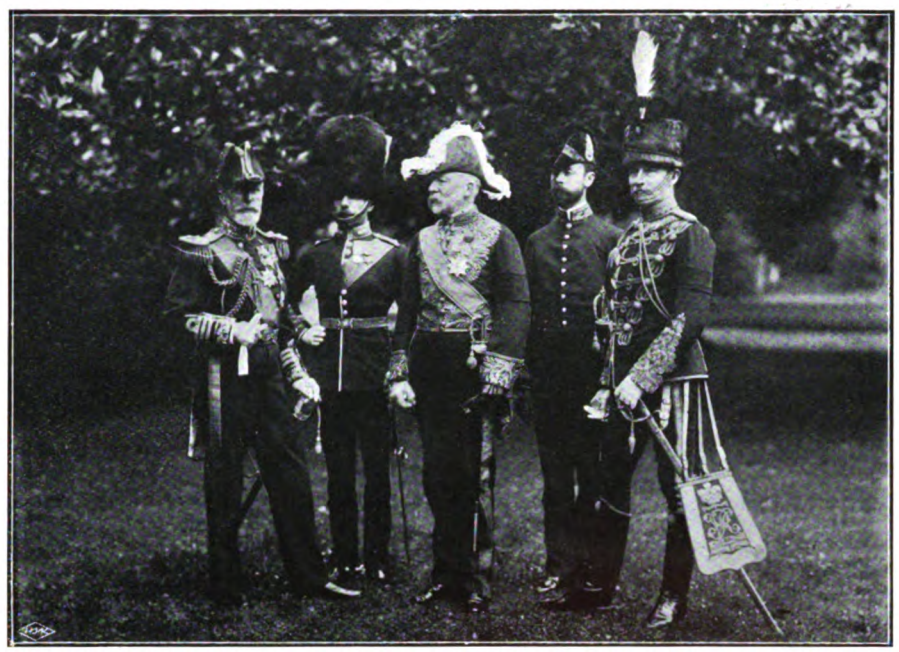

Photo. Copyright. *Abeniacar.*

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN ITALY OF THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Our Picture shows the Members of the Special Mission Charged to Formally Announce at the Italian Court the Decease of the late Queen. The Principal Members are the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, in the Centre, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour on the Left, and Viscount Downe. The Mission was Received with the Highest Honours and the Greatest Cordiality at the Italian Court, and its Reception Testifies to the Good Feeling Existing between Great Britain and Italy. Our Picture was Taken in the Garden of the British Embassy.

Photo. Copyright. *Navy & Army.*

THE BOER TREATMENT OF KAFFIRS.

The Boers have Always Treated the Kaffirs with the Utmost Cruelty, and their Tendencies in this Direction have Developed during the War. To them a Native is Simply a Being to be Bullied and Trodden Under Foot, and the Cruel Sjambok—a Strip of Seasoned Rhinoceros Hide Tapered to a Point—is the Weapon Used upon Every Occasion.

[This Photo was Found by a Military Officer in a Captured Boer Camp.]

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THE preparations which are being made at Glasgow for the visit of the Czar, who has not been in this country since his visit to Queen Victoria in 1896, are an indication that His Imperial Majesty wishes to emphasise his personal desire to cultivate friendly relations with this country. The Russian exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition will be more extensive than at Paris, and quite overshadows the Canadian and Japanese collections which are adjacent. Russian workmen have been busy erecting buildings in characteristic and picturesque styles of architecture to house a fine display of the resources and products of the extensive dominions which are under the sway of the Czar. The Russians are evidently resolved to show us their best, particularly in the direction of forestry and mining, and the Czar will have a hearty welcome. As a near relative of our Royal House, His Majesty could have no less than this from Englishmen. To cultivate trade and commercial relations is excellent, but the secular policy of Russia goes on just the same.

Photo. Copyright. *Navy & Army.*

THE RESERVE REGIMENT OF DRAGOON GUARDS.

This Regiment has been Recently Disbanded. The Officers Standing are: Captain Phillips, Captain Marshall, and Captain Peel. In the next Row: Veterinary-Major Short, Captain Graham, and Captain the Marquis Ivrea. Sitting: Major Walter, Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, Lieutenant-Colonel Aubertin, and Major Willoughby.

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IF the South African War has taught no other lesson, it should have enforced in the minds of everyone the old lesson that means should be adapted to ends. Enthusiasm is not enough; judgment must accompany it. The Turks have not yet learned that lesson. In their new-fledged enthusiasm for Naval expansion they propose to purchase a cruiser in England, to build another in America, to buy a prodigious number of guns at Essen, to repair a ship at Kiel, to reconstruct many more at Genoa, and to display their zeal in other parts of the world. But, unfortunately for these grand projects, the purse of the Sultan is lean. There is something of the humour of Dickens in the situation — the purpose of entering upon grand schemes of ambition, and the inability to raise even a bare sufficiency to put the work in hand. The protests of disappointed ambassadors and the retirement of unpaid officials illustrate as plainly as anything could the great impecuniosity of the Porte. Yet the German Emperor thinks it worth while to maintain highly cordial relations with this Oriental friend, and there can be no doubt that German influence is much greater than our own at the present time by the waters of the Golden Horn. It may be that the poverty of the Porte will yet be the political opportunity of the Fatherland.

TRIUMPHANT IN A GREAT CONTEST.

The 5th (Militia) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers Beat the 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers in the Final Heat of the Malta Polo Tournament. It was a Great Fight, and was Won by only Three Goals to Two. From Left to Right the Members of the Team are: Major and Adjutant G. F. T. Leather, Mr. N. I. Lloyd, Captain J. A. Joicey, and Captain J. R. Hutton Squire. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York Witnessed the Game, and it is well to Remember that the Duke is a Player of no Mean Order.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A HARD FIGHT, WELL FOUGHT OUT.

The Two Scientific Branches of the Army at Malta had the Finish of the Governor's Cup to themselves. The Royal Artillery Boat Led the Greater Part of the Way, but the Sappers then Went to the Front and Won by Two Lengths. The Names are (Standing): Lieutenant Watkins (3); Lieutenant Kelly (5); and Captain Fanshawe (4). Sitting: Lieutenant Jones (Stroke); Captain Heathcote, Superintendent of Gymnasia (Coach); Lieutenant Behrens (2); Captain Walker (Bow); and Lieutenant Cunningham (Cox).

ANOTHER lesson of the war, very applicable to ourselves, is that no fighting Power has ever before tolerated the existence as an enemy of the man who, in the words of the Bluejacket, "sells ducks by day and snipes by night." This man is a phenomenon not to be tolerated on any consideration whatever, and history is full of lessons for our guidance in this matter. Armed peasants, without any mark of belligerency upon them, pursuing this *guerre à outrance* without any hope of ultimate success, and without any authority from an existing government, are an abomination, and must be exterminated. No doubt, to make peaceful war would be more gratifying to our individual susceptibilities, but that is not for our national good, nor, we may say, for the good of the Boers. What their advocates will not recognise is that we are seeking to give them a voice in the ruling of their country, and that this disposition of obstinacy stands in the way. There are some wise men among them, and our business is to convert the rest.

Photo. Copyright. VOLUNTEER OFFICERS AT CHATHAM. *Sharman.*

Our Picture shows the Easter Class of 1901. The Names are, First Row: Lieut. Murray Phelps, Capt. W. O. Williams, Lieut. S. W. Tonks, Capt. Welshman, and Lieut. Griffith. Second Row: Lieut. Pitman, Capt. Franks, Lieut. Creak, Capt. Twentyman, Capt. King, Capt. Taylor, Capt. C. F. Green, Capt. F. S. Pearson, and Capt. [illegible] Walker. Third Row: Lieut. Innes, Maj. Brewer, Capt. Marchant, Lieut.-Col. W. R. Ludlow, and Maj. T. E. Kimberley. Fourth Row: Lieut. Cope, Lieut. Mortimer Smith, Lieut. Stewart Smith, Lieut. G. Evers, Lieut. Thomas, and Capt. Verrinder Sydenham.

ONE of the most interesting points in the deeply interesting "character sketch" of Queen Victoria which appears in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, bears upon her Jacobite leanings. It was a royal liking she had for the old occupants of her throne, and she could look with a kindly eye upon the "Order of the White Rose." Her Stuart ancestors interested her very much, and it was said that she was "at heart a Jacobite." Certainly her late Majesty regarded the faults of the Stuarts with a gentle tolerance and in a spirit of forgiveness, and was accustomed to say, "I am far more proud of my Stuart than of my Hanoverian ancestors." Of these she did not often speak, and no one in Queen Victoria's presence alluded to Prince Charles Edward as the "Pretender." She had a generous outlook upon the world, and when she had formed her opinions of causes or of men, she did not readily change her view. And thus it was that she came to like the Stuarts and continued to respect the Stuart cause.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY is now conducting State business upon wheels, in a fashion which Mr. Kruger, ex-President, may claim to have set. But Oom Paul was a fugitive retreating slowly along the line, while Mr. McKinley is making a triumphal progress for which American papers claim that it "licks creation." If not vested in Imperial purple, the American President is engaged upon something like Imperial business, and his journey is in a train which, for luxuriance and elegance, is fit for an emperor. From California he visits the Middle and Eastern States, and expectant crowds at every stopping place have listened eagerly to his glowing utterances, and have hung upon the declarations of Mr. Hay, War-Secretary Root, and others. The waverers upon policy in Cuba, the Philippines, and at other points of contact with outer influences are being brought round to the Presidential standard. It is a general exposition and defence of policy that has been undertaken, and the journey has been surrounded by every circumstance that could give it importance. There has been mingled dignity and freedom, and the papers are full of the events that mark this singular journey, while eager cities take up the tale. America is the classic land of peripatetic politicians, and the stump orator has won world-wide fame, but here the practice is glorified.

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"HURRAH FOR THE LIFE OF A SAILOR!"

THE BOYS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "EXMOUTH."

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORK OF A BOYS' TRAINING-SHIP.
Captain W. S. Bourchier, R.A., Captain-Superintendent of the "Exmouth."

IT is not very long since a well-known Naval officer was heard to remark, "If I had a dozen boys, they should all go into the Navy. There's no training like it in the world." It may be doubted whether the gallant officer in question, if he really were the father of so numerous a family of boys, would give effect to his expressed intention; but there is no doubt as to the soundness of his opinion that in the formation of character, in the acquisition of habits of discipline, of obedience (and therefore of command), and of self-reliance and self-control, there is no school like the sea. There is an undeniable temptation to enlarge upon this point, but it is one that must be resisted, for the simple reason that it would cover too wide an expanse of ground. The truth of the statement is, indeed, self-evident, particularly when we consider that, stated in such general terms, it applies not only to the classes from which the officers are derived—classes which have their training-ships in the "Britannia" for the Royal Navy, and the "Worcester" and the "Conway" for the Mercantile Marine—but to the sections of the nation which stand on a totally different social plane. In any and every case, the effects of sea training are distinctly beneficial, and the "Johnny Haultaut" of the Royal Navy—to employ the name often applied to the smart seamen of the Fleet by the men of the merchant service—and the man who has deservedly won for himself consideration and respect in some high-class ship of the Mercantile Marine, are far better citizens, far more worthy of employment in any position of trust and responsibility, than the majority of the shoregoing representatives of the section of the community from which they originally sprang.

The story of the making of the seaman for His Majesty's Fleet was told in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for March 23, 1901, and it was shown how the lads are caught young, how they must be able to produce evidence of good conduct, and how they are carefully instructed in the various training-ships in the elementary details of the work of the noble profession which they are destined to follow. There are training-ships, too, for the Mercantile Marine, and there is one vessel which has long done and is still doing good work in preparing lads for service in the Royal Navy, the Army, and the Mercantile Marine, while a few drift into shoregoing avocations. This is the "Exmouth," which lies in the Thames off Grays, in Essex, and is a conspicuous figure to those passing up or down the lower reaches of London's river. She is an old two-decker, still painted in Naval fashion with the white lines marking what were her tiers of guns, and the black ports designed to be closed when necessary over the sternly frowning muzzles. In her aspect she is reminiscent of the closing days of our wooden walls, of the period that was immediately antecedent to, or even that which synchronised with, the introduction of our earliest ironclads. Steam had been applied to the propulsion of line of battle-ships, but wood was still the material of their construction, and thus we find the "Exmouth" described in the Navy List as a "late screw second-rate, 4,382 tons." According to the modern system of calculation this would give about 5,700 tons displacement, or, in other words, this old line of battle-ship is about the size of one of our second-class cruisers, such as the "Doris," which was until recently the flag-ship at the Cape of Good Hope. Of course, the "Exmouth" is named after Lord Exmouth, who before he bombarded Algiers on August 27, 1816—an action, by the way, that deserves more credit than is

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The Officers of the "Exmouth."

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always accorded to it—had won a conspicuous place in our Naval story as Sir Edward Fleetwood Pellew.

There is one peculiar feature about the "Exmouth." In the cases of some training-ships, lads are sent to them in order that the youngsters may have inculcated within them habits of discipline, of social order, and of good citizenship, and may have an opportunity of retrieving a false step. This is not the case with any of the boys of the "Exmouth." Not one among them has been guilty of a misdemeanour which has brought him in any way under the unfavourable notice of a magistrate. The worst that can be charged against them is that they are poor—poor, too, by no fault or negligence of their own, for they are necessarily not yet of an age to maintain themselves, but poor by virtue of the fact that their parents were so before them. The "Exmouth" is under the control of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and the boys on board her are recruited mainly from the parishes and unions of the metropolis, though the advantages accruing from the training afforded on board her, and the satisfactory character of the work carried on there, are so well recognised and appreciated in the provinces, as well as in the metropolis, that a number of Boards of Guardians outside the metropolitan area have made arrangements with the managers for the training of boys on board the ship. It is only a just tribute to good work well done, to say, that under the able supervision of the captain-superintendent, Captain W. S. Bourchier, R.N., zealously supported by a chief officer, a medical officer, a chaplain, and a competent teaching staff, the boys are not only made happy and contented, but are so well cared for and trained in the way that they should go that it is a matter of the rarest occurrence for one of them to go wrong in any way, or, indeed, to fail to achieve a competent position, won by ability, energy, and hard work.

Our picture of Captain Bourchier—and it is a great advantage to have a man with the training of the Royal Navy at the head of such an institution — shows how thoroughly the genial, kindly disposition of that officer is imprinted on his face. But, while much of the credit for the smooth working of the duties of the ship is due to him, it would be as unjust as ungenerous to withhold a tribute of praise from the officers by whom he is so well supported, and who, each in his own capacity, contribute to the oiling of the machinery.

The instruction given on board the "Exmouth" comprises the ordinary elementary schooling, together with all that it is possible to teach of the ordinary details of a seafaring life. It has been already said that a certain number of the boys—of whom there are approximately 550—enter the Army. They do so principally as musicians, a fact which speaks volumes for the musical instruction received on board the ship. A few of the boys, again, find employment ashore. But the immense majority go direct from the "Exmouth" into either the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine.

SOME OF THE MORE ADVANCED BOYS AT WORK.

The Field Guns and Ambulance Sections.

Photos. Copyright. *Brown, Barnes, & Bell, Liverpool.*

THE SICK ARE CAREFULLY TENDED.

The Infirmary, and Some of the Patients.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

THE BOYS OF THE "LION" AT ANCHOR DRILL.

A Comparison Between a Public and a Private Training-ship.

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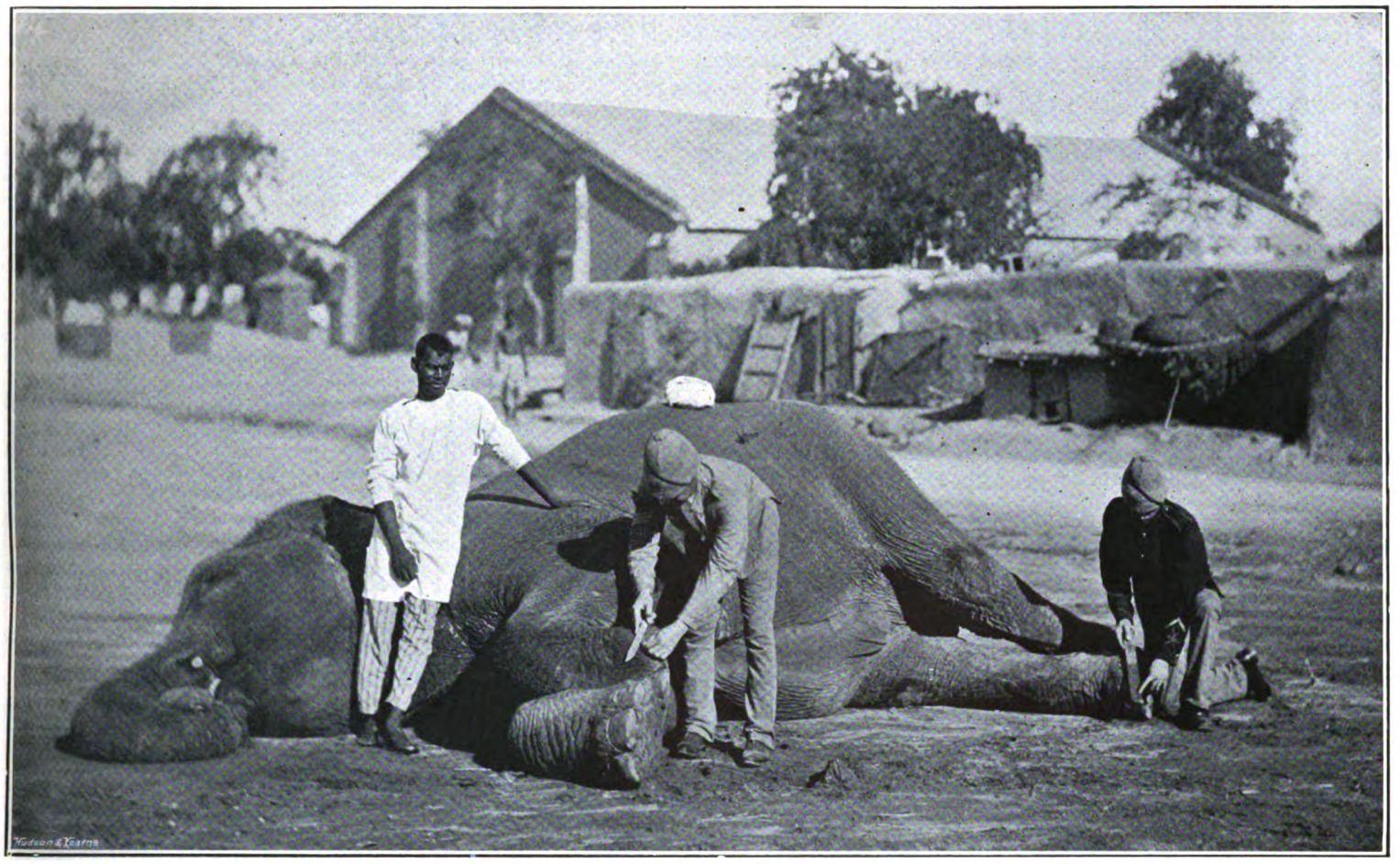
COMMON SCENES OF INDIAN LIFE.



A SHARP KNIFE AND A STEADY HAND.

Attendants Acting as an Elephant's Chiropodists.

Photos. Copyright. *Chuter.*

A GRATEFUL SIGHT TO THIRSTY MEN.

A Bheestie, or Native Water-carrier, on his Way to Barracks.

We have often heard of the docility of animals when subjected to surgical treatment, and the story of the thorn in the lion's paw is historical. In India the feet of the elephants employed for purposes of draught or carriage become hard and overgrown with corns, which are a source of great inconvenience. They are, therefore, subjected to periodical trimming—a process to which the elephants submit with the greatest good temper. Our other picture represents a very familiar scene in India. The barracks of the troops are often remote from the wells, and the result is that all the water required for every purpose has to be drawn from the wells by natives and conveyed by bullock carriage.

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WITH THE NIGER CONSTABULARY.

OF all British possessions, it is probable that the least known are those on the West Coast of Africa. Of late years, owing to such incidents as the capture of Benin, and, at the present time, the taking over of Nigeria by Government, a few meagre details have found their way into the daily Press. As a rule, however, the sources of information are the accounts of a punitive expedition moved to and from its destination with the utmost speed compatible with the accomplishment of its object, the necessarily limited narratives of individual explorers, the truthful reports of honest missionaries, and the less veracious effusions of the trading variety of the species, "de god-man, who lib for dere on gin palaver."

But, as a matter of fact, a terrible percentage of men who "lib for dere," merely "lib for die." Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave"; the Bight of Benin, "where one comes out where a thousand go in"; Lagos, "the hell of earth," to quote the forcible expression of a survivor, "where the Government House is a corrugated iron coffin or plank-lined morgue, containing a dead consul twice a year"—these are no exaggerated sayings.

It is not surprising then that but little is known of the daily life and continuous trials of those hardy Englishmen who have won and keep a difficult foothold in these regions. Like Lazarus, on his return from the tomb, it is not unnatural that those who come back from those wildernesses of ever-present death should be somewhat taciturn as to their experiences there.

We esteem ourselves singularly fortunate then in having obtained an account of what may be called almost an every-day affair on one part of the coast or the other, from an officer who took part in it, and at the same time to give a short description, illustrated by pictures, of the typical scenery on the Niger, and also of some of the Niger Company's chief stations.

Some years ago this officer, having accepted an appointment in the Niger Constabulary, found himself at Akassa, the landing-stage of the Company, a place which subsequently became notorious owing to its siege by the Brass men.

After a rest of two days he proceeded up the dirty brown current of the river, between low-lying banks covered with swamps and grass and jungle, the home of fever, noisome reptiles, and huge crocodiles. "The only redeeming point," he says, feelingly, "about the river are the mud-fish. They are excellent." With regard to the natives who inhabit the Niger Delta, he considers them to be of the lowest scale of humanity; their habits are most primitive, to say the least of it, and their food consists merely of bananas and of fish which they catch and smoke. They are, however, qualified for the highest civilisation in one respect—they do get drunk. The toddy is made from the juice of a palm which is allowed to ferment.

After voyaging through this dreary country he came to Asaba, the seat of the judicial government. There is not, as may easily be supposed, a superabundance of officials; the captain of the constabulary and the governor of the gaol are, or were at that time, one and the same individual.

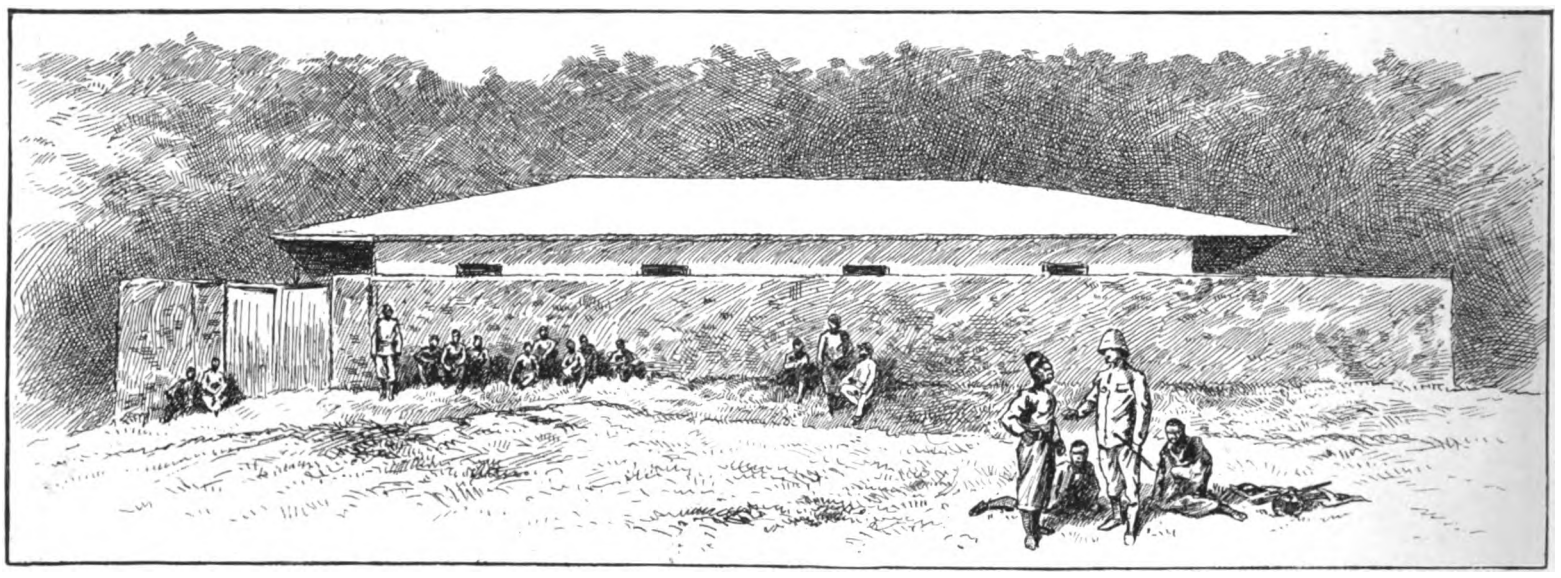
From Asaba the land rises, and the vegetation becomes less luxuriant, palm trees and open country taking the place of jungle and swamp. A little further up, at Iddah, there is a most remarkable and magnificent rock formation, exactly resembling two gates, between which the steamer passes. Above this villages begin to appear along the banks, the inhabitants of which are of a slightly, but only a slightly, higher grade than those of the Delta.

Beaufort Island is the next place of interest on the river. Here one of the Company's officers lost his life in an ambuscade. It was a hot affair, and the Gardner gun was only saved by the courage and presence of mind of the officer commanding. He now lies buried at Lagos, a victim to the deadly climate.

At length our informant arrived at Lokoja, his final destination. It is, for the country, a remarkably fine town, and is most picturesquely situated near the junction of the Niger and Binué. The view from the mess across to Gando is really magnificent. Gando, which is the chief trading and fishing town of the country to the east of the two rivers, is exactly at the junction. The scenery all round is very beautiful, consisting of open wood and rocky hills. For sport, roan antelope and bush cow abound, and elephants have been known to swim the river immediately below.

The town itself is divided into two portions. That to the left of the parade is reserved for the Yorubas—the natives—and on the other side of the Yoruba division, from which it is separated by a stream, is the Hausa quarter. The Yorubas are merely fetish worshippers, but are thoroughly loyal for all that. The Hausas, who are Mahomedans by conquest, are very superior men, and have always proved themselves excellent soldiers.

Passing through the Hausa quarter, which includes the old Nupi quarter, you come to Magazine Hill, on which is situated the chief magazine of the Company, containing cartridges, shot, shell, and all kinds of music—ammunition, that is. The accompanying illustration shows that it is an excellent fort, surrounded by a deep ditch and a heavy stone wall. The chief disadvantage that can be urged against it is that it is somewhat overlooked by Mount Patti, the grand hill that can be seen rising in the background.



Magazine Hill.

The chief buildings at Lokoja are the officers' quarters, a very handsome, two-storied building, situated on the rising ground some 300-yds. from the river, and comprising quarters, ante-room, and mess; a stone guard-house, the lower story of which includes the cells, while the upper is merely a single large room; and the gun-shed. The walls of this room and the cells, as well as those of the gun-shed, are all loop-holed. The manufactories of the Company are down on the banks of the river.

After some months of comparative inactivity news came to Lokoja that trouble had arisen between a tribe down the river, near Asaba, and the District Agent. Orders being received from the Agent-General, an expedition, consisting of four officers and 150 men, accompanied by two guns, one machine and one 7-pounder, was despatched to attack Akoja, the headquarters of the offending tribe.

In due course the party arrived at Onitchi, where they picked up the principal medical officer of the Niger Company, the most experienced doctor on the coast. Onitchi is the head-quarters of the Church Missionary Society, and, as might be expected, shows signs of considerable civilisation, the missionary buildings being particularly fine.

After staying the night to collect carriers and transport, the expedition started at three o'clock in the morning. As it was as dark as pitch, the column got separated in the dense jungle and forest, and the second half did not discover that it was in an unknown country till daylight. In this dilemma the

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officers decided to cut across country, but this movement was, perhaps fortunately, prevented by the arrival of a messenger with orders from the commandant to return to near Onitchi, where they picked up the other half of the column.

After camping awhile to rest themselves, they started again at three o'clock in the morning for N'tagi, the nearest friendly town to Akoja. The heat on this march was terrific, and the mosquitoes were several kinds of a nuisance, but fortunately there was no rain. The country now became very hilly and rocky, and the transport extremely difficult; everything, even the guns, had to be carried on the men's heads. Imagine the sort of skull that is required to carry a 7-pounder!

In spite of these difficulties, they at length arrived at N'tagi at about three in the afternoon. Here the friendlies came out to welcome them, and also to show them the way in, which was indispensable.

A description of the defences of this town will give some idea of the obstacles our men have to overcome in these affairs. The town itself is situated on the top of a hill, surrounded by a belt of thick trees. The first line of defence consists of a mud parapet, 9-ft. high, and a deep ditch, 12-ft. broad. About 50-yds. behind is a similar wall and ditch. The space between the two is simply honeycombed with pits, arranged about 18-in. apart in the quincunx fashion, *i.e.*, like the five on a dice. The pits are only about 3-ft. across, but are 8-ft. deep, funnel-shaped, and garnished at the bottom with bamboo spikes, so that anyone falling in is practically bound to be impaled. Moreover, they are quite invisible, being overgrown with grass. The difficulty of carrying such a position by a rush is manifest.

However, the friendlies took them round to a place where they had formed a causeway and a gate by throwing a portion of the mud walls into the ditches. In front of the gate, it is true, there was a very deep pitfall, but the concealing boughs had been most considerately removed, so that the Company's soldiers should not endanger either their dignity or their necks by an involuntary disappearance.

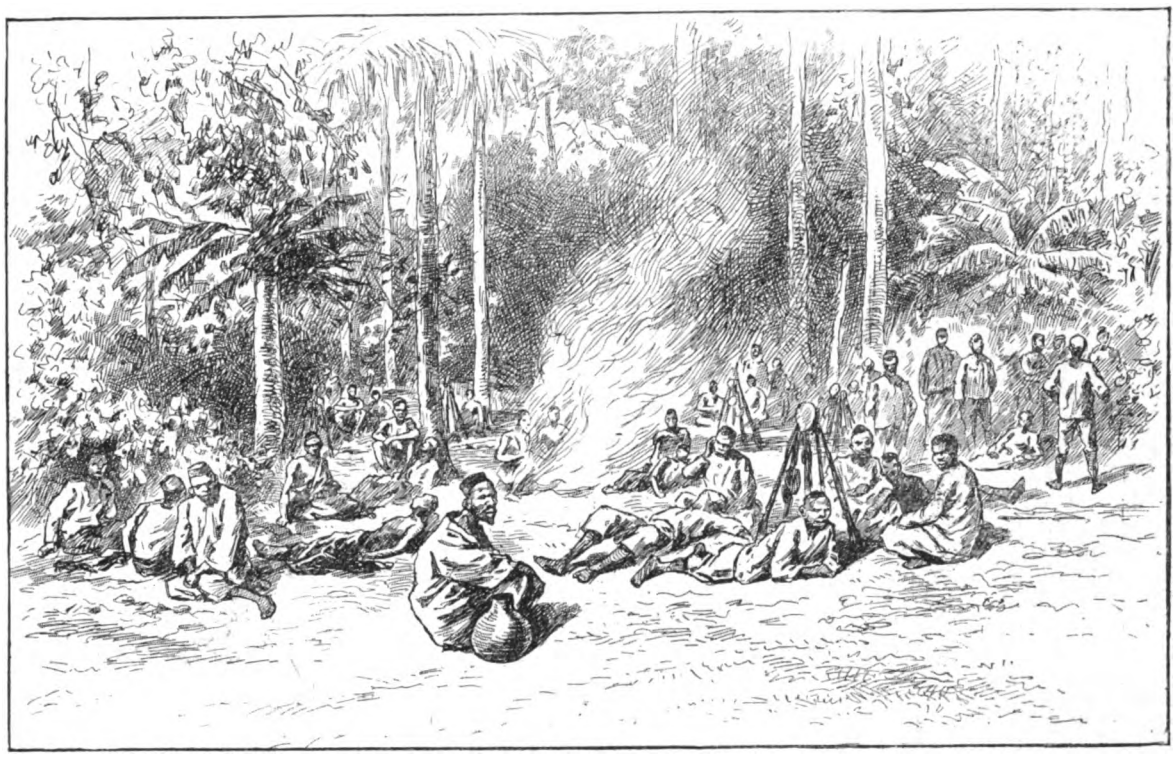
At length they arrived at the market-place, where the men slept on their arms, while the officers were shown into a separate compound, surrounded by a high wall with only one entrance. The next morning the expedition moved out to the attack, accompanied by about 1,700 friendlies, in great form, armed with rifles, guns, matchlocks, and spears.

The West African nigger seems to resemble the English agriculturist in one respect. Akoja was reported to be about two and a-half miles distant, and the troops were therefore unpleasantly surprised to come upon it after a march of about half a mile. The first intimation they had of its proximity was a heavy fire from rifles and flintlocks. No doubt this was intended to make them retreat, but the effect was exactly the reverse, for the advance guard, under the commandant, advanced in skirmishing order, and in a few moments found themselves confronted by a high wall and a ditch. They very soon breached a hole in that wall, while the Hausas kept the enemy in check, and the gun threw shrapnel into the bush and cleared it for the time being. Once the breach was practicable, a rush was made; but the friendlies, dashing to the front, threw up their hands to stop our men, just in time. The ground was, of course, full of pits, down which, in spite of the warning of the natives, tumbled an officer, the 7-pounder, and the Hausa in charge of it. However, the pits were fortunately not staked, and no harm resulted to the officer and man beyond the nervous shock they received. As for the gun, that was not injured at all; it promptly reappeared.

After cutting a path through the dense jungle for about 50-yds. under a heavy fire, the troops suddenly wheeled to the right and charged the king's compound, which was beautifully enclosed with mud walls. It was immediately captured, and the houses inside it burned. Here the expedition suffered considerable loss, as the enemy, swarming up into the trees outside, fired down on the men from all sides. The extraordinary determination of the enemy may, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that they were assisted by the Addah head-hunters, a warlike tribe of the interior. These gentlemen have the same partiality for the skulls of their enemies as have the Dyaks of Borneo, and that was why they were there.

Having driven off these and cleared the neighbouring bush, it was decided to return to N'tagi for the night. The original intention had been to sleep at Akoja, but it was found that the town was perhaps a mile and a-half long by half a mile broad, consisting of numerous enclosures surrounded by mud walls and dense wood, and, as ammunition was running short, it was justly considered that the continuance of the attack that day might entail unnecessary loss of life.

More ammunition was sent for, and when it arrived the attack was renewed. The festive friendlies, however, were by no means so bold as at first. They had had enough loot, as heaps of curiously carved doors and other plunder testified, and more than enough of the swords of the Addah head-hunters, so the Hausas went in without them. Strange to say, the dreaded Addahs also were not anxious for another dose, and were conspicuous by their absence; in fact, there was less trouble in capturing the remainder of the town than there had been in taking the king's compound, an illustration of which is given after its capture. On the victorious return of the expedition the commandant determined to impress the friendlies by shelling Akoja from the gates of N'tagi. It did impress them, but it also had an effect that was not anticipated. A few months afterwards there was an outbreak of small-pox at Akoja. The natives complained bitterly that the Hausas had not fought fairly. Not content with burning the town, they had gone down to N'tagi, and had disseminated disease amongst them by means of a gun which fired from the latter place, and again when it got to Akoja. They thought that mean.



The King's Compound.

After this the expedition, wearied but triumphant, returned to Lokoja *viâ* N'subi. The transport was abominable, but the rain, which fell in torrents, was worse. In fact, the most satisfactory part of the expedition seems to have been the change into dry clothes at Lokoja.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is, like many Americans, colonel by courtesy, though not belonging to the regular army. During the American-Spanish War he organised the regiment of Rough-Riders, having gained the confidence and admiration of the cowboys during the time he was ranching in the Western States. He has been at the head of the New York Police, a Civil Service Commissioner, and he resigned the office of Assistant-Secretary for the Navy to go with his Rough-Riders to Cuba. He is of Dutch origin, and, like Mr. Rhodes, whom in strength of will and impatience of obstacles he much resembles, he was a weak, sickly child, giving no promise of becoming the stalwart man delighting in physical exercises. Only in America could a man prove his worth in such a variety of positions as have fallen to the lot of Theodore Roosevelt, leaving him at the end of it all a young man in temperament as well as in fact. He has written a fair and temperate account of the Naval struggle between this country and the United States under the title "The War of 1812."

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WITH the battle of Tewkesbury and the death of Henry VI., the discomfiture of the Lancastrian party seemed so complete, that quiet, order-loving citizens of the kingdom, who had no strong prejudice for either the White Rose or the Red, settled down in contentment, hoping that now, indeed, an era of peace and quiet had settled upon the land.

These hopes, however, were soon dashed to the ground, for no sooner had Edward IV.'s short reign come to an end, and Edward V. ascended the throne, with his uncle of Gloucester as Protector, than the whole restlessness of the people was once more stirred. Plots and counter-plots again became rife throughout the land, dividing families and friends, and undermining every sense of safety and security in which England had for a few short years rested.

The popular dislike of the Woodvilles, of which family Edward's mother was a daughter, strengthened the hands of Richard against the King, and at last he attained the height of his ambition. Edward and his brother were safely sleeping in the Tower, and, with the consent of the people, "the wretched bloody and usurping boar" was crowned on July 6, 1483, with the title of Richard III.

He, in his turn, however, was not long to be left in peace. He had reigned but three months when all over the country men were making ready to answer a call to arms in support of Henry of Richmond, son of Edmund Tudor and Margaret Beaufort. The Duke of Buckingham was chief instigator of the plot to bring Henry from Brittany and marry him to Elisabeth of York, so securely uniting once and for all the White Rose and the Red. Unfortunately for the plot, the King heard of it a week before the scheme was ripe, and, with his customary energy, he wasted not a moment, but at once marched southwards, sent out royal commissions to levy troops in his name, and was so sudden and swift in all his plans that Buckingham had to flee from Wales into Shropshire, where he took shelter with one of his retainers, Ralph Bannister by name. He, however, was sufficiently faithless to surrender him to Thomas Mitton, the sheriff of the county, and on the second day of November he was beheaded in the market square at Shrewsbury—an event that as summarily ended the rebellion as it ended the life of "the deep revolving, witty Buckingham."

Soon after this Richard's son died, and it is said that the King, setting about to make his crown more secure, bethought him of the happy method of murdering his wife Anne, and marrying Princess Elisabeth, so cementing the union of the families of Lancaster and York in the very same manner as arranged for Henry himself.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND

Accepting the Crown of Richard III. on Bosworth Field.

However this may have been, the idea never came to maturity. For in 1485 Henry, listening to those of his friends who urged him to marry Elisabeth, and to win the throne of England for himself, set sail from Harfleur with a crew of soldiers whom Shakespeare, whose idea is founded on Commines's relation, describes as

> "A sort of vagabonds, rascals and runaways,
> A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,"

and with these he landed at Milford Haven, hoping for the support of his uncle Jaspar Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, a man of undoubted influence in Wales. Nor was he disappointed. On the 6th he landed, to be joined very shortly by Jaspar, Ap Thomas, John Morgan, and many others, with whom he marched by Dell, Haverfordwest, Cardigan, Newtown, and Welshpool, to Shrewsbury, and from Shrewsbury to a little hill close to Newport, where Sir Gilbert Talbot met him with 2,000 men.

In the meantime Richard stayed quietly at Nottingham, entirely sanguine as to the failure of the invasion, and regarding his enemies as too feeble to be dangerous, and "the Welshman" as a foe to be crushed at the first encounter. Little did he think that the very men he had posted about the country as his spies were joining Henry as he marched East. If he feared any men at all they were Stanley and Stanley's brother, Sir William. However, the King had Lord Stanley's son George as hostage in his hand, and relying all too much on this security, he gave no more thought to these suspicions, but waited for further news of the invader.

On the 15th, Richard, hearing that Henry was at Lichfield, and that many of his nobles had joined him, did bestir himself a little with preparations to meet him. Just waiting until the Feast of the Assumption was over, he marched on the 16th, with his army extended in such a manner as to give the appearance of being a much greater force than it really was. His infantry were marshalled five in a rank, the principal officers wearing armour, every man carrying a sword and some a spear, and in many cases a bow as well, whilst others had a bill, and some a battleaxe. After the infantry came the baggage, and then the King, arrayed in full armour, with the crown like a crest on his helmet, and mounted on his charger, White Surrey, which was gorgeously caparisoned. Around Richard were his body guard, whilst the horse on either side formed the wings, the infantry, again marching five abreast, bringing up the rear.

In such a manner the army moved on to Leicester, where the night was spent in the Blue Boar, a fine half-timbered house still in existence, whilst his officers slept in the church at Emsthorpe. On the 18th the army marched on to Stableton, and encamped on some rising ground just two miles from

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Amyon Hill, from which Richard commanded a good view of the surrounding country.

Henry, moving from Lichfield to Tamworth, was joined by Hungerford and Bourchier, also by Sir John Savage and Sir James Digby, all of whom brought with them men that swelled his army to a considerable degree, and on August 20 he met the Stanleys, "secretly in a little close" near Atherstone, where all plans for future action were agreed upon. The Stanleys were to remain more or less neutral, but on the day of battle they were to take their position in the field across the right and left of the opposing armies, in such a manner as to form with them a hollow square, and to refrain from actual fighting unless it was necessary for the complete overthrow of Richard.

That night Richard slept on Amyon Hill, with Lord Stanley lying a short distance to his rear, and Sir William at the foot of the hill on the opposite side, and Henry in the Royal Meadow at Atherstone.

Next morning both forces moved towards Redmoor Plain. Henry, crossing the little rivulet called the Tweed, encamped one mile from the top of Amyon Hill and half a mile behind Sir William's camp; whilst, to quote Brooke, "the King's right wing extended along the summit of Amyon Hill towards the declivity which slopes down in the direction of Market Bosworth, and of the road leading from Shenton to Sutton Cheney, his centre occupied by the ground where Amyon Hill Farm is, and his left a little beyond Sir Richard's Well, which seems to have been in the front of the position of the left wing. Consequently, Richard's army must have faced to the south-west, with Market Bosworth and Sutton Cheney at a little distance in the rear, and that of Henry must have faced north-east." That night, if tradition tells truth, Richard had little rest, his sleep being disturbed by woeful dreams and dreadful appearances.

KING RICHARD III. AND QUEEN ANNE.

"Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and everyone did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Besides such prophecies and dreams of evil, he had reason to believe that treachery was rife within his camp. Norfolk, the only noble on whom he could depend, had found on his tent door the inscription:

"Jacky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold";

and, above all, the King had little faith in the loyalty of the Stanleys. He was not alone in doubting these brothers, for Henry, too, had little confidence in their honesty, which was not lessened when he called for the elder brother to come to his assistance, for the cool reply of independence came back, that "he would come at a convenient season." The same reply sent to Richard nearly cost young George Stanley his life, and it was only by the timely interference of Lord Ferrers of Chartley that his head was saved from the block.

Very early on the morning of the 22nd news came to Henry that Richard was preparing for an attack. Immediately the trumpets called to arms, and the next few hours saw both camps in a state of orderly confusion, every man making ready for battle; which done, each leader addressed his troops, "villifying each other in the language of two porters disputing for a truss."

Henry, with Jaspar of Pembroke, led the main body of his army, Oxford commanded the van, Sir Gilbert Talbot led the right wing, and Sir John Savage the left. Whilst of the opposing forces, Richard led the main army, Northumberland the rear guard, and the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, led the first line, which was mainly composed of archers.

The addresses to the men being over, both sides opened the attack by a shower of arrows, each army continuing steadily to advance until at last they were close enough to join in a severe hand-to-hand engagement.

So the battle went on for an hour, little advantage being gained by either side, and the two commanders keeping more or less aloof from the actual fighting. Then hearing that Henry was in an exposed and dangerous position, Richard seized the opportunity to attack him. Crying "Let all true knights attend me," he dashed up the hill; killing Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard-bearer, he hurled his standard to the ground, where it lay, the red dragon of Cadwallader on the green and white silk, to be trodden ignominiously under foot. Then, throwing "the giant Cheney from his horse," he rushed onwards, his very fury inspiring his men, until the lines of Henry were pushed back, when Sir William Stanley, seeing the danger, threw his men into the breach. These 3,000 tall men, tired of inaction and eager for the fray, speedily closed round the King's ranks and prevented them from advancing, until at last Richard was left standing alone upon the field, armed and fearless, but for all that powerless to do aught but to die bravely.

"The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights."

So says Shakespeare, whilst some authorities say his horse, the gallant White Surrey, stuck in a bog, when at last, overcome with wounds, he fell.

Richard's helmet, with the crown which had fallen off, was picked up out of a hawthorn tree, and placed by Stanley on Henry's head, amidst the vociferous shouts of the soldiers and the song of Te Deum.

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KNEBWORTH HALL.

Which Belonged to Sir Robert de Lytton of Lytton in the Peak, who Fought at Bosworth.

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THE NAVAL COMMAND AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

ADMIRAL SIR C. F. HOTHAM AND STAFF.

The Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth is the social as well as Naval chief of the great port, and Admiral Hotham is fortunate to have such officers as he has around him to help him carry out his onerous duties. Admiral Hotham is seated in the centre of the group, and on his right is his Flag-Captain, E. P. Jones, C.B. Standing between the two is Flag-Lieutenant W. C. Chaytor, and to the left of Admiral Hotham his secretary, Fleet-Paymaster J. H. G. Chapple.

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IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP.

THE INEVITABLE DAILY ROUND.

The Military Governor and the Doctor Inspect the Camp.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

IN THE BLOEMFONTEIN REFUGEE CAMP.

Men, Women, and Children Drawing their Rations.

The necessity of gathering the Boer families in various districts into camps, in order that none of their members may be able to give information to relatives or friends in the field, and in order, moreover, that their cattle and other effects may not be of use to the enemy, is one of the stern needs of war. This measure has been carried out as gently as is consistent with giving effect to it at all.

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ARMY SWORDSMANSHIP.

By F. B. FOERSTER.

CHAMPION SWORDSMAN OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Photo. *Gregory.*
THE SERGEANT-MAJOR IN FENCING COSTUME.

IT is most interesting to note, and trace, the source of the improvement in fencing in the Army during late years. This is primarily due to the efforts of Colonel G. M. Fox, His Majesty's Inspector of Gymnasia, who, seeing there was room for considerable improvement in this branch of military training, brought over on his return from a tour in Italy, where he had been visiting the various schools of arms, the finest master he could procure, one Cavall Ferdinando Masiello, and to him entrusted the training of our Army Instructors at the Headquarters Gymnasium, Aldershot.

It is to Signor Masiello's system of *teaching*, as much as to his system of fencing, that the improvement is directly traced.

Previous to this, it was not considered necessary to give pupils individual lessons. It was thought sufficient if they were formed up in two ranks, facing each other, and then went through the various parries, cuts, or points together, by word of command from the instructor.

At the end of the course of instruction, they were required to give a lesson to a fellow-pupil and to receive a lesson from him in return, under the eyes of the examining officer, generally the Inspector of Gymnasia himself, and, lastly, to be able to repeat, word for word, any lesson laid down in the book that was issued to each man on the commencement of the course. Swords also were not used for practice, but single-sticks, which have not the same play in them. They have no cutting edge, consequently many of the cuts were given with what would have been the flat of the sword. The point was not much used either, mainly on account of the injury caused by a blow with an unyielding substance.

Signor Masiello's system of using a light practice sword which would bend freely on impact with the point, and using a "claw grip" with the thumb pointing towards the point, gave the maximum of power, with direction, and as a consequence the blows were not so punishing in an assault, and cuts given with the "flat" not so frequent.

His first class was composed of picked members of the Army Gymnastic Staff, including the writer, who were expected to disseminate and carry on the good work on his return to Italy. His method of tuition was to show his class certain movements, such as a cut or parry, explaining the reason for each at the same time, then to make the class go through these movements, and, finally, to give each pupil an individual lesson. In this he was assisted by Signor Magrini, an ex-pupil of his, who had won the Italian Amateur Championship and afterwards turned professional.

By means of this individual lesson he gauged each pupil's capabilities, and his weak, or strong, points, an impossible thing when pupils are taught entirely in class or by rote. Speed and great concentration of energy, we were informed, were the two essential qualities of a first-class swordsman, and certainly our masters had these to a very high degree.

Major Greatrex, at that time Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia, was most intensely interested in these lessons, and was invariably present when they took place, occasionally taking a lesson himself.

The principles and methods laid down by Signor Masiello are the basis of all tuition with the sword or foil in the Army up to the present time.

Twice a year a class is formed at the Aldershot Gymnasium for instruction in this particular branch, each course lasting six months. The class is composed of officers

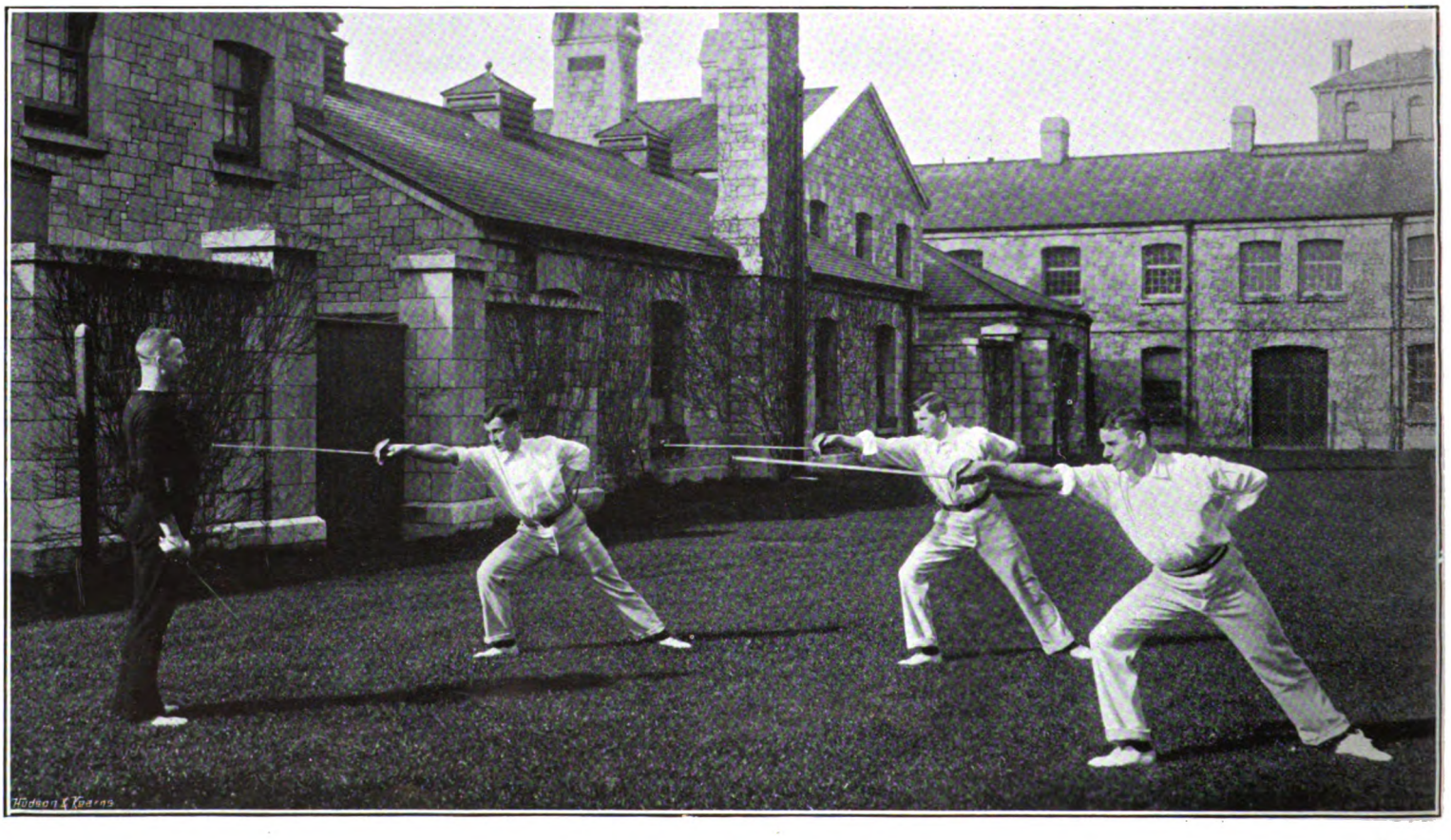

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett*

THE EARLY STAGE.

Officers of the Royal Marine Light Infantry at Drill.

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and non-commissioned officers, who are specially selected from their regiments for this purpose, and at the expiration of the course they are examined as to their knowledge of the subject, and, if satisfactory, receive a certificate to that effect. The officers are appointed to be superintendents of gymnasia in the various districts throughout the United Kingdom as vacancies occur, the non-commissioned officers acting as instructors under their supervision.

Bayonet fighting has also improved of late years, but this is not due to any special form of tuition, but rather to certain individuals making a study of it, and imparting their knowledge to their comrades.

Few people have any idea of the amount of science that can be shown with the bayonet, the general opinion being that it is a series of meaningless thrusts and wide-sweeping guards. In the case of a man who thoroughly understands the weapon and its scientific use, his thrusts are made with judgment, his parries are fine, and the return hit delivered with lightning-like rapidity, yet without any approach to brutality or rough play. I have long been of the opinion that the bayonet *exercise*, as a means of teaching a soldier the use of his bayonet in warfare, is utterly useless. When once the attacks and their corresponding parries have been learnt, nothing is gained by constant repetition unless opposed to an opponent, as it is not in the want of knowledge of them, but in the training of eye and hand to use them at the right moment, that they fail, unless thoroughly grounded by having frequent fights with spring bayonets, well padded.

Most regiments have a bayonet-fighting equipment for the men, but more are wanted yet, and a little more time should be devoted to it.

The annual Bayonet-fighting Competitions for teams of men from different regiments have done a good deal to improve and remedy this defect. The opposing teams are formed up on opposite sides of the arena, facing each other. At the sound of the bugle the first pair advance to the attack, and the one who first gets two hits on to his opponent wins, and remains standing, whilst the beaten man sits down in sorrow and disgust.

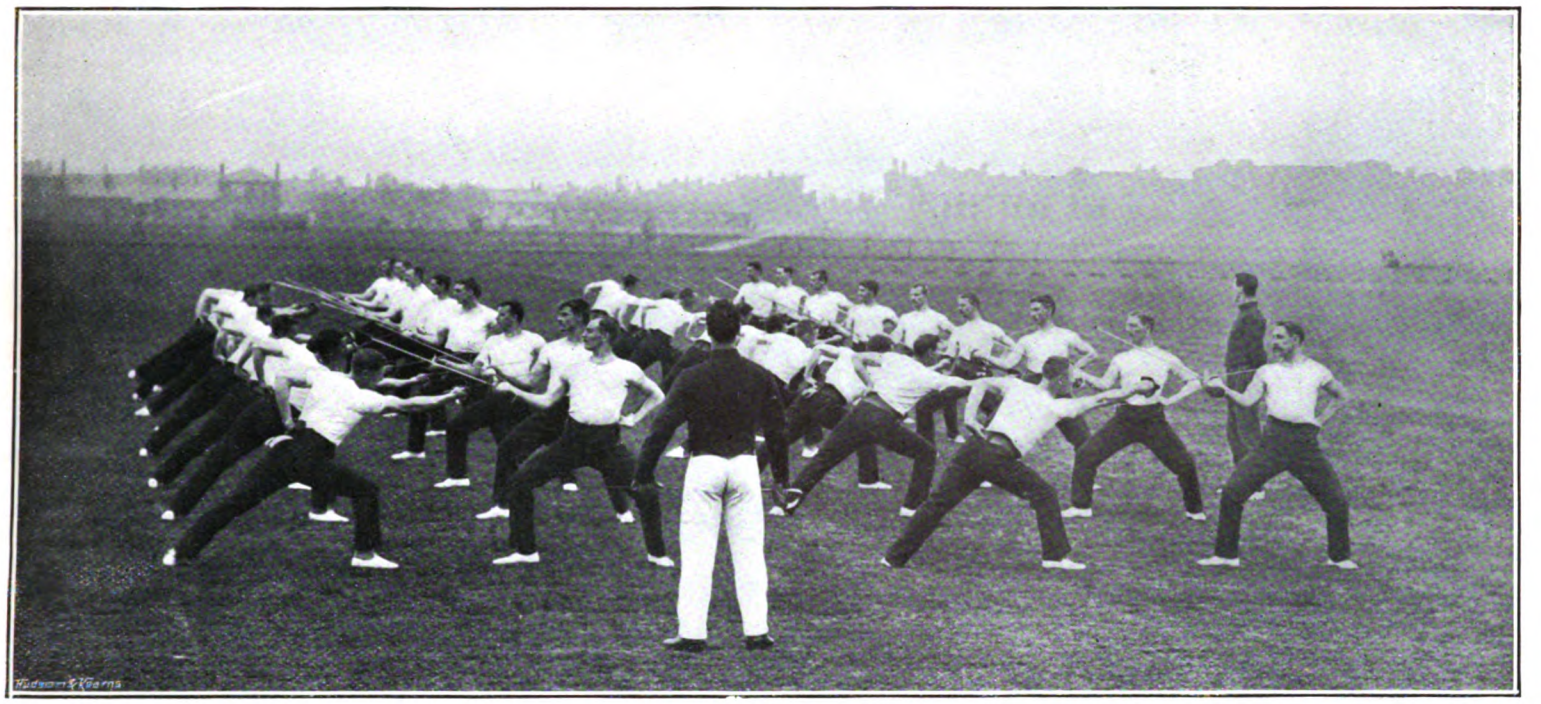
As soon as they have all fought, the team with most men standing up wins; but should they tie, the non-commissioned officers in charge of their respective teams fight, and this decides the day.

With regard to the suitability of arming an infantry officer with a rifle in place of the sword, there is much to be said for and against. An officer, as a rule, in the attacking line has about as much as he can do to look after his men, seeing that they are under cover and not firing recklessly. Should the opportunity occur for him to make use of a rifle, he can generally obtain a disabled man's rifle without the necessity of carrying one about with him.

Again, if he is to carry a rifle, he must also be armed with a bayonet for the close-quarter work which is bound to come sooner or later in every campaign, and be thoroughly trained to use it. There is no doubt that the bayonet is a most deadly weapon at close quarters, and it has a very demoralising effect upon an enemy.

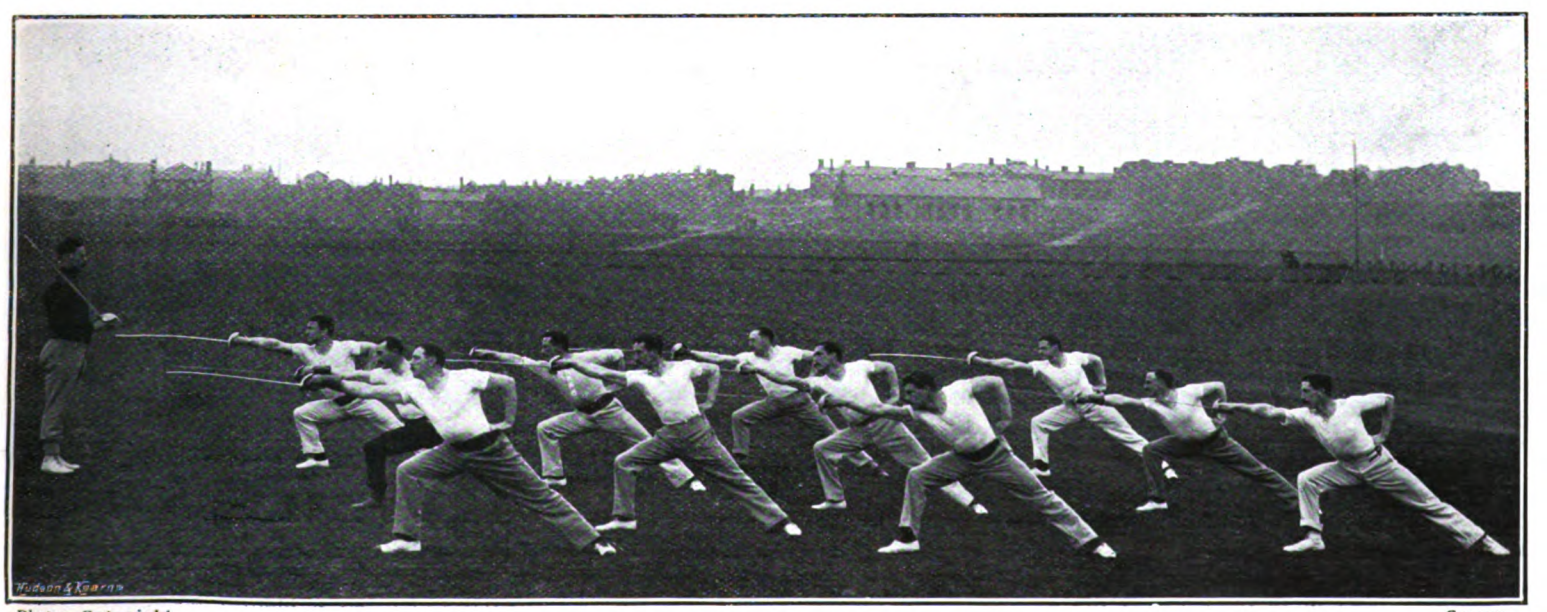
On the other hand, if the officer is armed with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other, I rather imagine he has more chance of coming out of a *mêlée* scatheless. He can have a pot at his man before getting to grips, and then fall back on his sword, always reserving a cartridge or two for a critical moment.

The accompanying illustrations represent different phases in the daily tuition of those undergoing instruction with the sword.



ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

Non-commissioned Officers Under Training at Aldershot.



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CONCENTRATED ENERGY.

Practice Under an Able Instructor.

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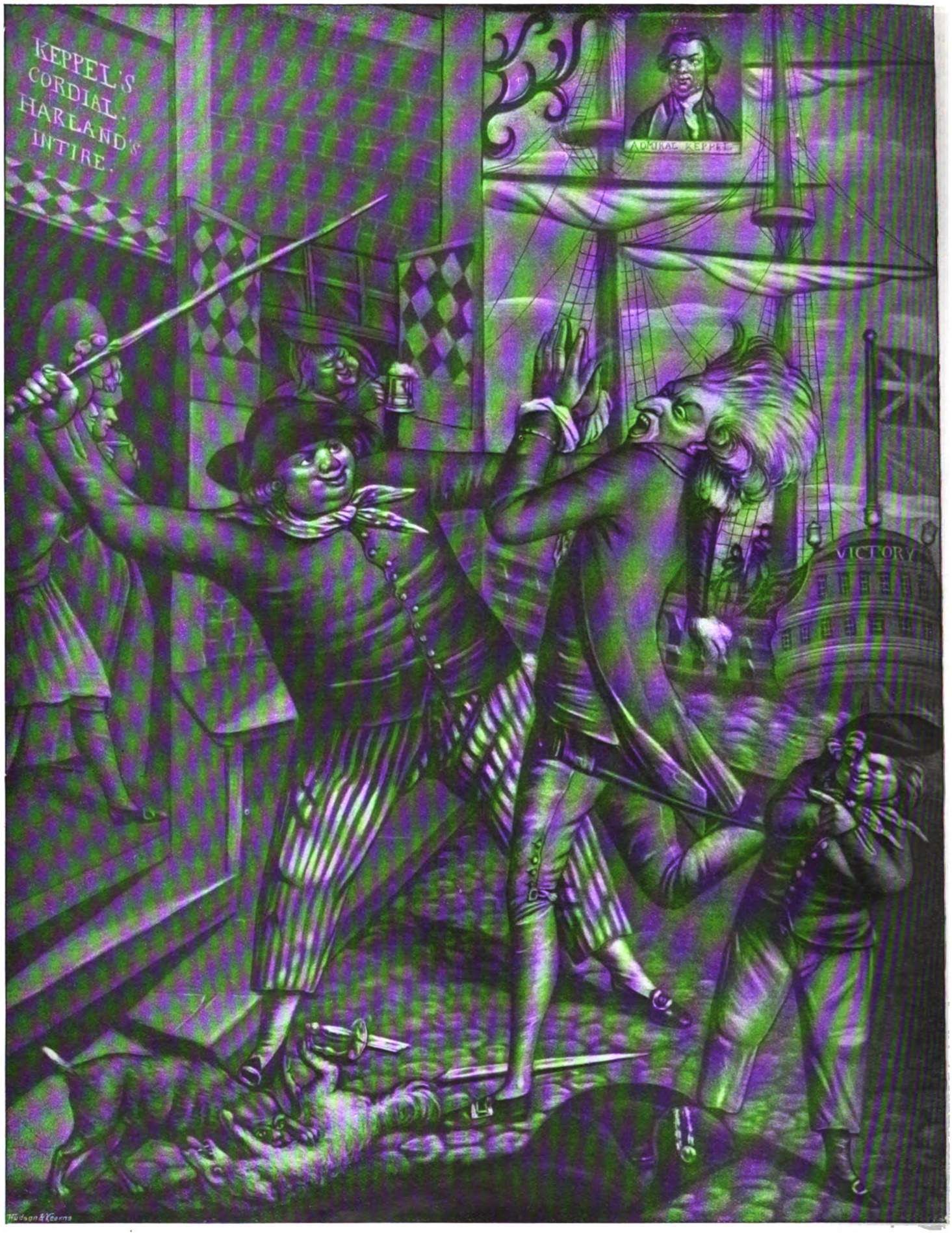
AT THE KEPPEL'S HEAD.



A MEMORIAL OF AN OLD VICTORY.

The picture which we here give is a reproduction of a very scarce mezzotint which must have been published about the time of the great victory of Admiral Augustus Keppel over the French on July 27, 1778. It will be remembered that Sir Robert Harland, whose name also appears in the picture, was his second in command. The print is very characteristic of the period. It shows the costume of the Bluejacket of the time, and we note the Chequers, then the distinguishing mark of the public-house. In the background is Keppel's ship, the "Victory," but the artist evidently possessed no nautical knowledge, since the lower yards are on one side of the mast and the topsail yards on the other.

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THE LONDON SCOTTISH, WINNERS OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

The Names are (Standing): Lance-Corporal Tovey, Private Goddard, Private Aikman, Lance-Corporal Laing, Private Munro, Private Paterson, Lance-Sergeant Anderson, Private Lindsay, Private Dixon, and Lance-Corporal Dow.
Seated: Private Amos, Sergeant Wilson, Captain Braik, Private Wilson, Lieutenant Keys (Reserve Officer), Sergeant Morton (Reserve Sergeant), Lance-Corporal Purvis, and Lance-Corporal Smeaton.

THE HOME DISTRICT RIFLE MEETING.

MARCHING AND FIELD FIRING AT BISLEY.

GENERALS BULLER AND TROTTER.

At the Firing Point.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE WINNERS OF THE DEWAR TROPHY.

The Team of the 6th Royal Fusiliers (Royal London Militia).

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AN INFANTRY OFFICER, 1811-14.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.

Illustrated by Contemporary Prints.

A MAJOR-GENERAL OF CAVALRY.

MAY 16 is a memorable date in the annals of the British Army. On that day, ninety years ago, was fought the battle of Albuera, one of the bloodiest conflicts recorded in our history. The name of this glorious, but disastrously futile, battle is borne on the colours and drums of two of our cavalry regiments and eleven infantry regiments. These are the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 4th Hussars, the 3rd (Buffs), the 7th (Royal Fusiliers), the 23rd (Royal Welsh Fusiliers), the 28th, the 29th, the 31st, the 39th, the 48th, the 57th, the 66th, and 60th Rifles. Wellington, who was not himself present at the battle, always defended Marshal Beresford, who commanded the British force, but the great Duke wrote in private, "Such another battle would ruin us." Like the charge at Balaclava, the battle of Albuera has brought much criticism on the commanding officer, but, like the famous charge, it was magnificent, and no one heeds critics when he reads of such a glorious action.

On the night of May 12, 1811, the approach of Soult with a formidable army induced Marshal Beresford to raise the siege of Badajos, which he had completely invested some three or four days before. By the 15th all the guns and stores were removed, but it was not until the rear guard was ready to draw off that the French were aware that the siege had been raised. Beresford resolved on receiving battle at Albuera, a town standing on the banks of a tributary of the Guadiana, and situated on the road from Seville to Badajos. On the morning of the 15th the British occupied the left of the position, which was a ridge about four miles long, with the Albuera River in front of them. The right of the position, which was the strongest, was occupied by the Spaniards under Blake. The whole force at Beresford's disposal amounted to 30,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and thirty-eight pieces of artillery; but of this army only some 6,000 were British, and 10,000 were Spaniards, whose discipline was so imperfect that little dependence could be placed on them, the rest being Portuguese. Soult took up his position on a wooded hill behind the Albuera, within cannon-shot of our right. He had 19,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and fifty guns, and though his army was smaller than that of the Allies, it must be remembered that it was composed of seasoned soldiers, and that it was under his absolute control.

MARSHAL SOULT, DUC DE DALMATIE.

Fought Against Beresford at Albuera.

Soult reconnoitred the position of the Allies on the night of the 15th, and learning that the 4th Division was left at Badajos, and could not arrive until the 17th, he resolved to attack next morning. But during the night General Cole arrived with the 4th Division. Soult, however, did not alter his plan, and on the morning of the 16th the battle which was to end with disastrous results to both sides began. The French made a demonstration against our centre, but Beresford, who saw that this was a feint, directed Blake to change his front so as to face the French on his right, but Blake obstinately persisted that the real attack was against the centre. However, he slowly obeyed the order, but scarcely had he done so when the French bore down on his right. The delay had been fatal, and before the Spaniards could be brought into line the French were attacking them so fiercely that they were thrown into confusion, and compelled to give way. Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns and placed all his batteries in position. At this perilous moment, when the day seemed already well-nigh lost, General Stewart pushed the leading brigade of his division up the hill under Colonel Colborne. Steadily the brigade gained the top in a blinding mist, but there they were met by the whole of the French light cavalry. Half the brigade was cut to pieces and six guns were lost, the Polish Lancers doing terrible execution. The 31st, however, still kept its ground, having escaped the

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MARSHAL BERESFORD DISARMING A POLISH LANCER AT ALBUERA.

In the Same Battle, Seeing the Spanish Troops Hang Back, he Seized a Spanish Officer and Carried him Bodily to the Front.

Lancers, who were spearing right and left among our men, who in the mist and smoke had been taken by surprise.

Meanwhile Beresford had been using every effort to induce the Spaniards to advance, but in vain. In his energy he seized an ensign by the breast and bore him by main force to the front; but not a man followed. Despairing of the Spaniards, he passed forward through them the rest of Stewart's division. The 31st under Colborne were still holding their ground, and help was now coming. Our Artillery was by this time in line, and the rest of Stewart's division were advancing, together with some Spanish regiments who had at last begun to move. The fight grew hotter. Stewart was twice wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth fell at the head of the 48th, and the gallant General Houghton, who had received many wounds, died in the act of cheering on the men of his brigade, which consisted of the 29th, 48th, and 57th. At this point we had lost a whole brigade of Artillery, and a large number of our men were prisoners. A deep gully prevented our men from using their bayonets, and it looked as if the day must be lost. As if to increase the horrible slaughter, a Spanish and an English regiment were firing in mutual mistake upon each other. At this fearful moment the splendid gallantry of British officers was seen. Colonel Arbuthnot rushed between the mistaken regiments and stopped the firing, and General the Hon. Lowry Cole pushed up the hill with the Fusilier Brigade, scattered the Lancers, and recovered the guns and a standard that had been captured.

SIR WILLIAM BERESFORD.

After an Engraving by Brown.

"Such a gallant line," says Napier, describing this splendid advance, "arising from amid the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing forward as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while the fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe fell wounded, and the Fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what majesty the British soldier fights! In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open on such a fair field; in vain did the mass bear itself up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop our astonishing infantry. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight. Their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on that fatal hill."

It was here that the 57th earned their sobriquet of "Die Hards." That regiment went into action 570 strong, and at the close it had lost its colonel (Inglis), twenty-two officers, and 400 rank and file. When Colonel Inglis fell and his men swept by him he waved his cap and cried after them, "Well done, my lads, you'll die hard at any rate!" Ever since then the regiment has borne the significant nickname, "Die Hards."

The losses on both sides were severe; 7,000 of the Allies and more than 8,000 of the enemy fell. The French took 500 prisoners, a howitzer, and several colours. We had no trophy to boast of but the heaps of dead which lay within our lines. The battle which cost this terrible carnage had lasted four hours, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the armies had resumed the same positions they had occupied in the morning. Neither side had gained anything, though both had fought splendidly. "Never did troops more valiantly or more gloriously maintain the honour of their respective countries."

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THE MAD MULLAH EXPEDITION.

THE casual reader should take heed of the fact that at the present moment there are two Somaliland expeditions, one that conducted by Colonel Swayne against the Mad Mullah, to which the accompanying pictures refer, the other under command of Colonel Ternan, which is seeking to punish the Ogaden Somalis, who inhabit Jubaland, for the murder of Mr. Jenkins. The Mad Mullah Expedition is being carried out by us in conjunction with the Abyssinians, who are as much concerned as we are in ridding North-East Africa of this troublesome fanatic.

The Mad Mullah is a sort of Mahdi, and a very bad sort, too, for he has been guilty of the most frightful atrocities among the tribes who have refused to swear allegiance to him. His name is Mahomed Abdullah, and his followers style themselves Dervishes, after the Mahdist fashion. There are said to be thousands of these fanatics — 40,000 was the number mentioned a few weeks back—of whom about 3,000 have rifles of various patterns. The personal bodyguard of the Mad Mullah are bowmen armed with poisoned arrows.

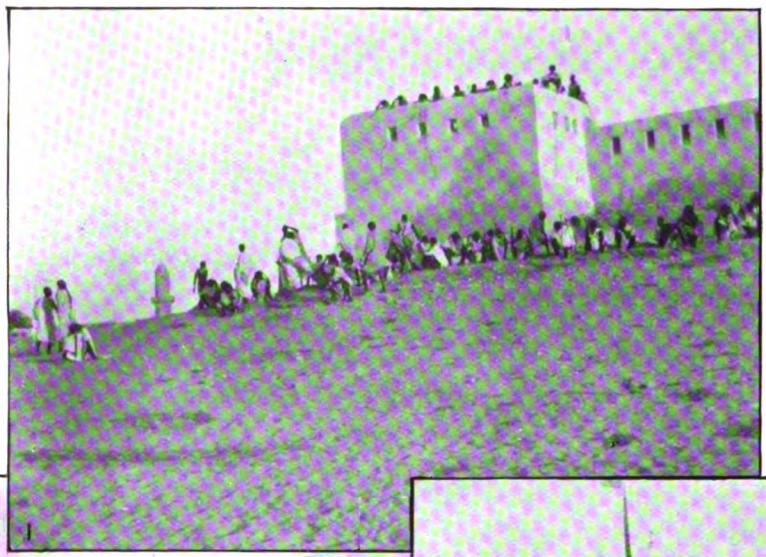
The British Government are making rather a serious experiment in regard to bringing the Mad Mullah to his senses. They have decided to employ a force consisting entirely of Somali levies led by specially-selected British officers. The command has been given to Colonel Swayne, of the 16th Bengal Infantry, who has an unrivalled knowledge of the country and its people, and with him are about a score of other officers drawn from various branches of the Service. The force consists of two infantry corps, one commanded by Captain Phillips, R.E., the other by Captain McNeill, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; mounted troops under Captain Merewether, I.S.C., including a camel corps under Captain Bruce, R.F.A.; and three Maxims.

The British base of operations is Berbera, the most important port on the Somali Coast, of which we give two pictures. It has a garrison of Indian troops, and there is a pretty brisk trade with the interior by means of caravans, which have followed the same route to Harrar from time immemorial. It is scarcely a desirable watering-place, and, though the process of drilling local levies can hardly have been an inspiriting one, it was probably a relief from the everyday deadly monotony which is inseparable from residence in such surroundings.

The utmost credit is due to Colonel Swayne and his officers for the splendid work they have done in licking these raw Somalis into shape in the short space of three months. The practical difficulties which had to be overcome were most formidable, not the least being the fact that no native instructors were available, except a few of the old Somali Coast Police. In these circumstances the work of drilling 1,500 natives with no idea whatever of discipline, teaching them to shoot, and, finally, clothing and equipping them, must indeed have been an heroic undertaking.

The Somalis who presented themselves for enlistment were unmistakably fine material, having been, in the first instance, specially selected by their own chiefs from carefully-picked tribes. But their behaviour at the outset was, to say the least, casual, numbers of them deserting for a week at a time for a little holiday, on the conclusion of which they would calmly return as if nothing had happened. It is said that the result of the drilling these raw levies have received at the hands of Colonel Swayne's officers is an excellent force, not only composed of men of fine physique, who are able to cover enormous distances very rapidly and on short supplies, but also smart and efficient as a fighting body, and thoroughly well equipped. The Camel Corps, in particular, is most highly spoken of, exhibiting great hardiness in manœuvring, and capable of covering seventy miles a day for several days in succession. The camels ridden by the corps have been specially procured from Arabia, and have cost the local equivalent of about £15 apiece. The baggage camels, of which we see some specimens in one of the accompanying pictures, do not cost half as much. Camel transport has its drawbacks, but is indispensable in a country like Somaliland, where desert tracts 200 miles in breadth and devoid of wells have to be traversed.

It seems probable that the Somaliland Field Force, as it is officially termed, has a vexatious if not most arduous task before it, and it is quite possible that the Mad Mullah will give a deal of trouble before he is finally brought to book.



1.—A Defensive Post at Berbera, on the Somali Coast. 2.—Camels for the Expedition Waiting to be Loaded. 3.—Drilling Somalis Enlisted for the Expedition. 4.—The Base of Operations: Berbera, a Somali Port in British Occupation.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 224.] SATURDAY, MAY 18th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. W. & D. Downey.

THEIR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

These portraits of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, taken in the royal robes they wore at the opening of Parliament, are the most recent representations of Their Majesties. They prefigure admirably the dignity and power of the State conjoined with the domestic union of the Royal household which are together the strength of the Crown. Never has English King ascended the throne with brighter auspices than King Edward, and never did Queen Consort command such love and honour from the King's subjects as Queen Alexandra.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

The Englishman Abroad.

"A COUNTRY SQUIRE" had a lamentation and a tale of grievous wrong to tell in the *Times* the other day. It was all about those wicked French, who, as everybody knows, exist, with their beautiful land, merely for the convenience of Country Squires desiring to travel abroad. His first complaint was against the landlord of a hotel at Mentone. This miscreant, it appeared, had utterly refused to cash the Country Squire's cheque at sight; had even insisted on communicating with bankers in London before he would show the colour of his money; had further remarked that landlords had to be wary with travellers who frequented Monte Carlo. He had, in short, piled the Pelion of insult upon the Ossa of injury. His conduct clearly showed the Country Squire, not only that the French were an abandoned and immoral race, but that it was positively unsafe for Country Squires from Albion to sojourn in their midst. If anything was needed to confirm this unfavourable impression, it was supplied by the action of a vine-dresser who left tending his vines to remark, with brandishment of pruning-knife, that they (*i.e.*, the abandoned and immoral French) did not like us (*i.e.*, the highly moral and brave English), and would not greatly care if we did not visit amongst them. Whereupon the Country Squire says to the Country Squiricle, his son, "This is no place for us, my boy," and indites his weighty letter to the *Times*. The English-speaking race read it and trembled—trembled for several consecutive days. Then there appeared a letter from the hotel-keeper, and the English-speaking race smiled.

This was what the hotel-keeper deposed. *Imprimis*, that there arrived at his hotel on bicycles and with exiguity of baggage an Englishman and his son. *Item*, that the Englishman immediately requested him to cash a cheque, which had already been refused in the town. *Item*, that he undertook to do so, as a matter of courtesy, as soon as he heard from the Englishman's bankers. *Item*, that the Englishman took umbrage at this course, remarking that "in England he was as well known as the Prince of Wales"; that he grumbled much at the delay; and that he behaved generally as if the hotel-keeper were insulting him instead of taking an ordinary business-like precaution. In due course the money was handed to the Englishman with his bill, and probably with an intimation (not differing greatly from the remark of the excited vine-dresser) that the hotel-keeper would not greatly care if he never saw that Englishman again. All we need now is a letter from the vine-dresser to explain what the Country Squire did, or said, to arouse his resentment. There is, no doubt, another side to that incident, too.

What an exact picture the hotel-keeper draws, with unconscious art, of a certain type of Briton! You can see the fussy "lord of acres few and lean" bustling in and expecting everyone to fall down and do him homage; you can fancy his indignation at the refusal of anyone to honour his high and mighty cheque at once and without any previous investigation; you can hear the furious crowing which this ridiculous Chanticleer sets up, just because he is not regarded by all the world with the same servile awe and reverence that he exacts upon his own little midden at home. What a delicious touch is the remark about the Prince of Wales! It sums up the man. It is exquisitely in character. It illuminates by a revealing flash the ridiculous and vulgar pretensions of a man dressed in a little brief authority in his own country, who is not intelligent enough to understand that out of his own country he has no claim to recognition, and must be even as other men who do not enjoy the petty dignity of Country Squires.

Yet it is this kind of empty barrel who persuades a number of worthy folk that the French take delight in insulting us. Anyone who has travelled much in France knows perfectly well that this is utterly untrue. Civility and willingness to fall in with French ways are certain to be met with charming politeness and anxiety to please. Even the class of people who go abroad unable to speak or to understand French, and with a blank ignorance of French habits—even they are treated with every consideration so long as they behave pleasantly and are ready to laugh at their own deficiencies. Just the same may be said of Italy, which country a correspondent of the *Standard* has been maligning in a fashion ridiculous to those who know the Italians, and who fortunately has been at once answered and crushed by numbers of correspondents who are both sensible and well-informed. It is safe to lay it down as an axiom that the only British travellers who have reason to complain that foreigners are not well disposed towards them are those who, like our egregious Country Squire, make themselves offensively ridiculous by bad manners and disregard of the feelings of others.

There is a delightful story which illustrates only too well the mental attitude of an unfortunately large number of Englishmen abroad. It is of a British visitor to a foreign town who had watched for some time the bustle round the little office at a tramway terminus. At first he was merely amused, but at last his scorn for foreign customs broke out. "Did you ever see anything so idiotic?" he enquired of his companion. "They're actually taking tickets for the tramcar at a booking office as if it were a train!" It is just this spirit which makes Britons bluster when they think they have a grievance, as Mr. Dorrit blustered and stormed at the hapless hotel-keeper of Martigny who had let some of his rooms to Mrs. Merdle. But bluster is always evidence either of a weak case or of a weak mind. We British are much more addicted to this bad habit when we are from home than the nations of the Continent when they visit us. The French or German traveller in England is long-suffering and meek. He is not well treated, as a rule. We are nothing like so civilised as our neighbours in the matter of helping foreigners unable to express themselves clearly. Minor officials, railway guards, and porters, for example, even the obliging policeman sometimes, have a sharp, short method of answering questions asked in broken English, which is not only rude, but, in the circumstances, brutal. Very seldom, indeed, does one receive such answers abroad.

So we have much to amend in our manners, both at home and from home, if we would keep on really good terms with the peoples of the Continent, which it is desirable to do on all accounts. Everyone who travels ought to feel that he is in a sense an ambassador. By him his countrymen will in large measure be judged abroad. Naval and military men who have seen much of the world appreciate this fact in a special sense, and almost invariably shape their conduct accordingly. They can do more than this, however; they can impress the fact upon their countrymen. They can preach what they practice. If foreigners find the majority of English people dogmatic, unreasonable, insolent when their tempers are ruffled, surly and hard to please, they will naturally detest us. A great French writer has said, "*Pour gagner l'humanité, il faut lui plaire; pour lui plaire, il faut être aimable.*" To win men, you must please them, and, in order to please them, you must make them love you. We commend the maxim to the attentive notice of "A Country Squire" and his class.

"SCOTUS."—Sir Joseph Straton was present at the battle of Waterloo. He commanded the Inniskilling Dragoons at that great encounter until the fall of Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, when the command of the brigade, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, and 6th Dragoons, devolved upon him. This brigade was specially mentioned in Wellington's despatches, and Straton was wounded. The reason why you cannot find his name in the Waterloo Roll Call is that a short time after the battle he changed it. His name at the time of the battle was Muter. On succeeding in 1816 to the property of his aunt, Miss Straton, at Kirkside, Montrose, he was allowed to assume her surname.

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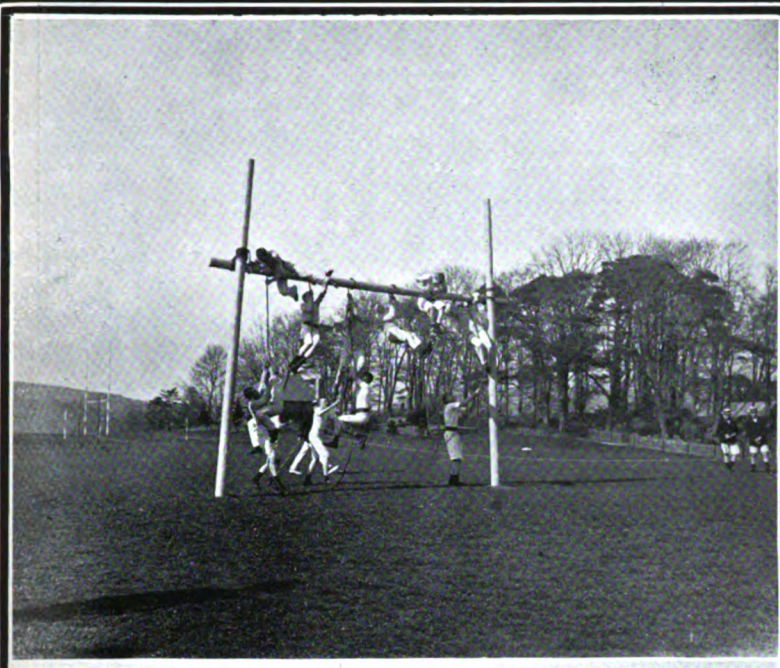
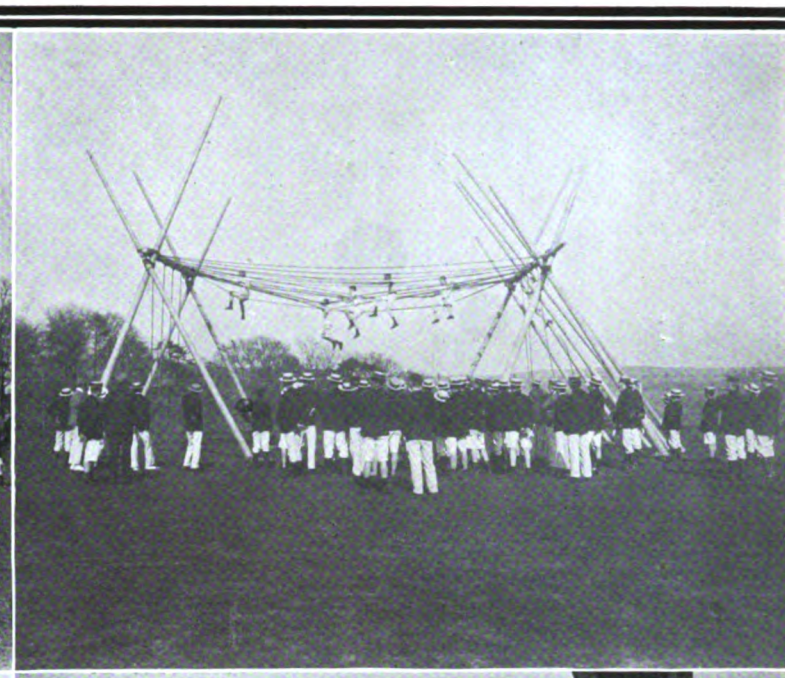
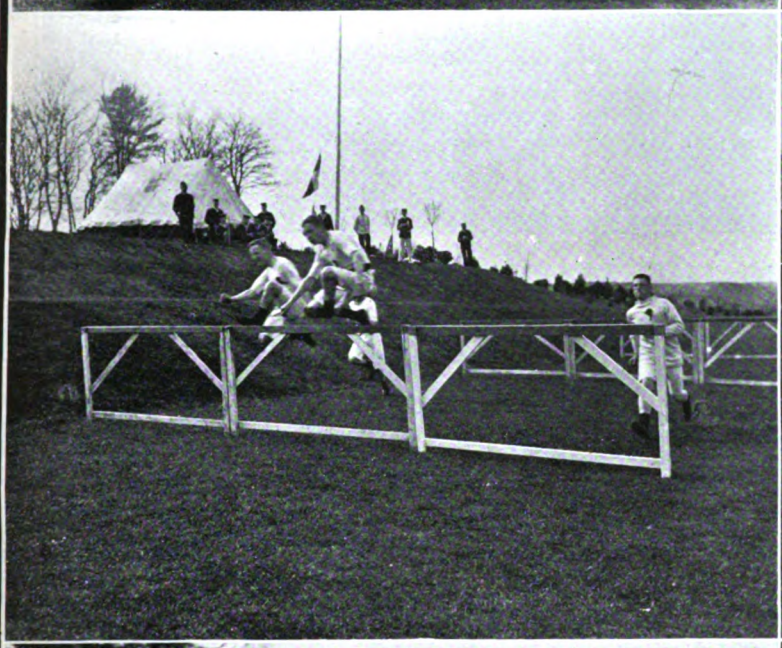
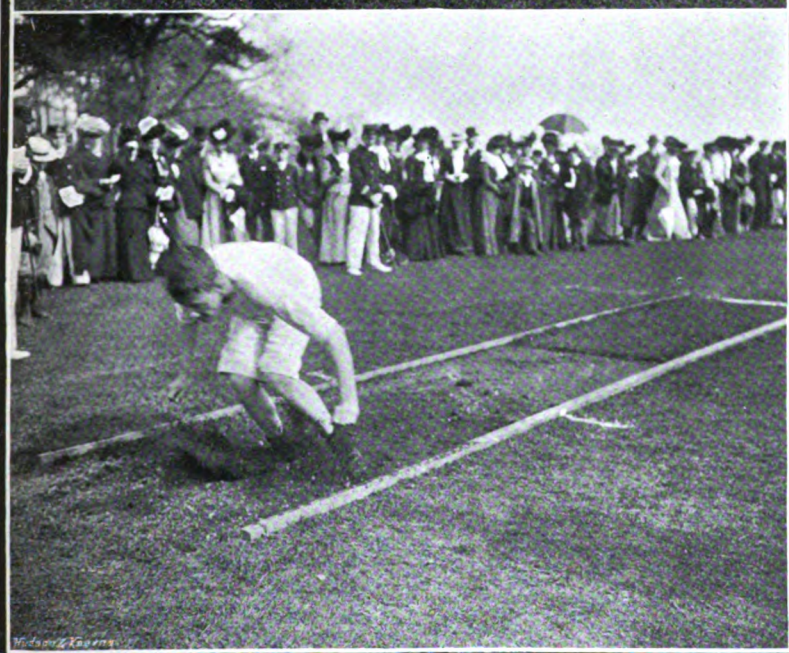
THE "BRITANNIA" ATHLETIC SPORTS.









From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

1.—THE OBSTACLE RACE.
2.—A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE TO OVERCOME.
3.—CLEARING THE LAST HURDLE.
4.—FINISH OF THE 100-YDS. OPEN.
5.—BOISSIER WINNING THE LONG JUMP.
6.—THE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

The "Britannia" athletic sports were held recently on the playing fields at Dartmouth. There was a long and interesting programme, and most of the events were closely contested. Some of the finishes were very exciting, notably in the open 100-yds. and in the quarter-mile for cadets under 5-ft. 3½-in. The prize-giving took place on May 8, and on the following day the cadets left for a fortnight's vacation. Cricket practice will commence almost at once. Neither of last year's professionals, Underwood and Russell, are returning, but two new men have been engaged—Lord, of Warwickshire County Ground, and Blatherwick, of Nottingham. Lieutenant Cameron, who has done much for athletics since joining the "Britannia," will leave this term, on being appointed first-lieutenant of the "Beagle," on the Cape station.

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THE MILITARY BAZAAR AT SALISBURY.

EARL AND COUNTESS ROBERTS LEAVING THE BISHOP'S PALACE, SALISBURY.

Photos. Copyright. *H. C. Messer.*

LISTENING TO THE OPENING SPEECH BY EARL ROBERTS.

Last week the Commander-in-Chief opened a three-days' bazaar at Market House, Salisbury, in aid of the funds of the Bulford Soldiers' Institute. On the second day General Sir Redvers Buller opened the bazaar. The proposed Institute will be an unmixed blessing to troops quartered on Salisbury Plain, and it is hoped that the bazaar, which was attended by the Bishop of Salisbury, the Duke of Somerset, the Mayor, Lord Ludlow, etc., will bring in the necessary funds.

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD

FROM WEEK TO WEEK.

OUR recruiting question is always with us, and has been this many a day. Neither is it likely to fall out of sight. Just at present it is in a peculiarly lively state, for reasons we all know. The sum and substance of the position is that we need a larger Army, and nobody in the least knows how it is to be obtained. Even amid all the prevailing warlike and patriotic enthusiasm (it is, perhaps, not all it was, but it is not extinct), there is a difficulty in finding recruits. The competition of corps which offer five shillings a day has not been wholesome for the Army. Moreover, there are various bodies of police in existence at home and abroad which seem to attract stout young men who would make good soldiers. They prefer to be policemen at home or in the colonies, on foot, and on horseback. For one reason, or for another, the natural supply of Tommies shows manifest signs of having been worked to its utmost limits. And now, if we want more, how are they to be got? This is the question, and it is a very serious one. Many well-wishers to their country bring their suggestions, and are criticised by rivals who have alternative schemes. Meanwhile, the country at large, in so far as it thinks of the question at all, which is probably not much, is puzzled. One would probably be right enough in stating its views as being something like this—that there really ought to be some way of getting more men, and that conscription is not to be thought of.

* * * *

When we turn from vague general opinion to the particular views of commentators, there is harmony up to a certain point. All agree that we need a considerable Army, and that it ought to consist of well-grown men of good character. The differences arise when we come to the awkward enquiry how they are to be tempted to enlist. What may be called, for short, the cubicle proposal does not seem to be serious. It is surely a dream to imagine that men who are prepared to become common soldiers are so particular about having a separate bedroom. The vast majority of those who fill the ranks of every Army in Europe, our own as much as others, belong to a class in which whole families sleep in one room, or at the most two rooms—and will let the middle of the floor to a lodger when they can. Besides, who ever heard of a Bluejacket, who is usually distinctly the superior of the common soldier, asking for a cabin? But we need not go so far. What would be the feelings of the admirals at the Admiralty if the young gentlemen of the gun-room mess were to protest against having to swing their hammocks in indecent promiscuity? Suggestions of this kind come from worthy people who have themselves lived in easy circumstances, and would shrink from the common life of a barrack. They credit others with their own sentiments. We may be sure that nobody worth having was ever frightened from the Army by the horrors of the dormitory, and nobody worth having will be attracted by the luxury of a cubicle.

* * * *

Then there is the matter of the pay, which we must allow is more serious. On the face of it there seems to be a great deal of force in Captain Lee's argument from the example of the United States. If America can enlist large numbers of well-grown men by offering higher pay than ours—though, after all, it is not a fortune—why should not we? Well, the weak parts of his argument have been forcibly pointed out by Colonel Maude. The States, to begin with, have not so far called for the same proportion as ourselves, which makes a difference. Then their large Army is a novelty and an excitement. Besides, in America a man is far more sure of good employment when he leaves the Army. Though their large towns are filling up, and there is a good deal of squalor in them, they have not lost all their advantages for the merely strong man who will labour, however roughly. Even in their case, too, time must show whether voluntary enlistment will continue to supply the number and quality of recruits, supposing that the Army is kept permanently at a high figure, which is by no means sure. Besides, there is another consideration. The American soldier may be a stout fellow, and a sturdy fighter, but he is allowed a certain freedom and easiness in matters of uniform and behaviour to his superiors which our Army officers might not be disposed to tolerate. On the whole, a good many deductions have to be made from the encouragement provided by the example of the United States.

* * * *

Looking at the conditions which prevail here, it is by no means certain, or even probable, that by increasing the soldier's pay to 1s. 8d. we should get the number and quality of recruits needed. The point is that we want fully-grown men of good character. It may be, it of course is, very true that a great deal of money is wasted on special enlistments and mere boys who are not fit to go into the field. If we got mature recruits we should receive immediate value for our money, which would be a real economy. It would indeed; but should we get them? A strong steady workman of twenty, which is what is meant by a mature man of good character, is settled by that time in a way of life. He is probably thinking of getting married, if not married already, and is earning his 18s. or 20s. a week. Nobody, I presume, supposes that we can recruit the Army with skilled workmen who earn twice or thrice this amount; we must look to the less skilled. But why should they be tempted by 1s. 8d., even on the supposition that they could have it all for pocket-money? It is 11s. 8d. a week, and if they were married, as a great many of them would want to be, some of it would have to go to their families. We cannot allow every soldier who gets married to put his wife "on the strength," But what sort of temptation is this to a man who could earn 18s. or 20s. a week, and be his own master when the day's work was over? If he is the sort of man who likes soldiering, he goes into the Army as it is, as soon as he can find a recruiting sergeant to give him the shilling. If he is not, this pay will not tempt him, particularly when he knows that at the end of a few years he must come back to the labour market.

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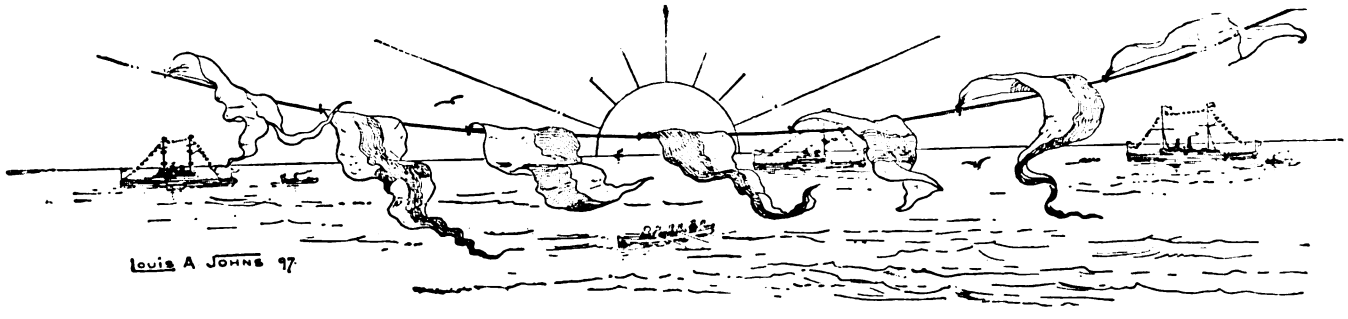
We may very probably have to discover that a large Army of the quality desired, is not to be obtained by voluntary enlistment at all. By taking mere boys who have settled down, we can get good numbers. By feeding and drilling them we can develop them into well-grown men, and then by keeping them for a number of years we can get good service out of them. But in such an Army a large discount must always be made for immature lads, who ought no more to be counted in the effective strength, than the boys of the "St. Vincent" can be credited to the Navy. They will be Bluejackets some day; they are not now. This, however, is only another way of saying that an Army raised by voluntary enlistment must needs be small, as ours has been hitherto. It may be admirably solid, and most effective in the field, as ours, in spite of various defects, has always been. Numerous it cannot be. That, I take it, is the essential fact we have to keep in mind. If the needs of the Empire demand a much larger Army, and one which shall be constantly available for foreign service in all its parts, then there is very serious reason indeed to doubt whether it can be formed by voluntary enlistment. Conscription, which some would-be authorities talk about so lightly, presents enormous difficulties to anyone who is not content to feed himself with generalities, but will sit down and try to work out a scheme with intelligent consideration of the facts. It is not conscription at large which has to be thought out; it is conscription for us and for our work. The French find it necessary to allow what is really voluntary enlistment for their Colonial Army. They dare not enforce service in the tropics on conscripts. But we must have a large army for service over sea. If the needs of the Empire require a much larger one than we have had hitherto, and we will not, or cannot, keep within our limits as a Sea Power, what remains but to find the requisite force somehow—namely, by compulsory service, if nothing else will answer? Supposing, however, that this practically means we must give up something we have already, and abstain from taking more, what then?

DAVID HANNAY.



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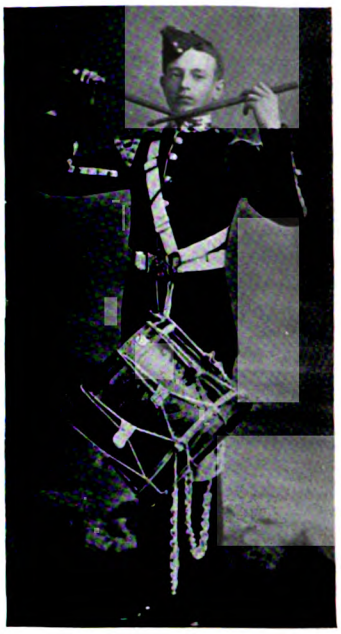
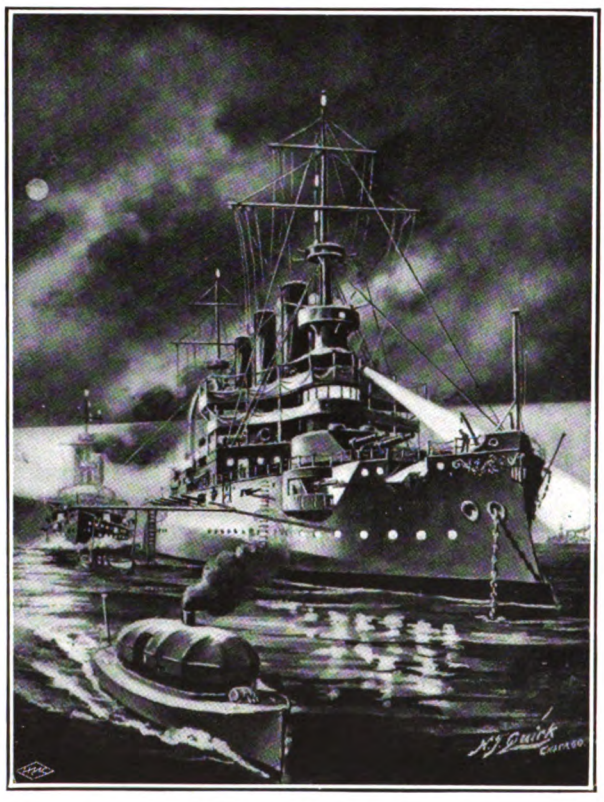


ROUND THE WORLD

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

FOR sixty years and more, the month of May was associated in the minds of English people with Queen Victoria, and at this season of the year we were accustomed to look for the announcement of the Birthday Honours. It seemed peculiarly appropriate that the late Queen's birthday should fall in the month that gives us the promise of summer, and a custom of reverence for her at this time, which had become as a part of ourselves, will not readily be put off. Last week we made an allusion to the very remarkable article upon Queen Victoria in the *Quarterly Review*, wherein the reviewer instances among her strong characteristics her liking for her ancestors, the Stuarts. Another mark of Queen Victoria's individuality, and a very English one, brought out by the same writer, was her fearlessness. She disliked any appearance of suspicion, and had the same confidence in her people that they had in her. On the occasion of her last visit to Ireland she altogether declined to have an escort close to her carriage, saying, "If I were to show the least distrust of the Irish they would think that I deserved to be afraid of them." There was never any shrinking in Queen Victoria. She knew her responsibilities and bore them royally. At the time of the Fenian troubles a rumour was spread that the agitators had a plan for kidnapping Her Majesty from Windsor. She laughed at the idea, and refused to have any special measures taken. "If they were so silly as to run away with me, they would find me a very inconvenient charge." Thus lightly did she deal with the alarmists, who probably saw danger where none existed.

WHILE we have prominently before us the relations between the Mother Country and the colonies, not only in relation to the visit of the Duke of York to Australia, but to the Conference of Colonial and Imperial statesmen which has been convened by Mr. Chamberlain, it is rather instructive to hear the echo of a Canadian complaint. One reason for the enthusiasm of the Canadians in the Imperial cause has been that they realise how greatly the hope of the British Empire lies in the development of her colonies. The Canadians protest that we do not recognise the immensity of the natural riches of the Dominion and the vast fields that are open for the employment of labour and capital. An absurd notion exists among English people that the Western colony is a territory of ice and snow, whereas, in truth, it is a pleasant and fertile country, illimitable in its resources, and vast in its capabilities. Canada is craving for British settlers, and offers ample scope for the profitable investment of English gold. It is, therefore, humiliating to find that pushful Yankees have "discovered" the country, and that American capitalists are busy while English gold lies idle at home. This, surely, is a matter that needs to be looked to.



U.S.S. "OHIO."

A Battle-ship Just Launched in Presence of President McKinley.

FEW people realised, until the idea of an export tax was broached, how very largely foreigners are dependent upon English coal. Italy, for example, produces only a comparatively small quantity of inferior lignite, and her imports of British coal have risen from 1,000,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons in the course of the last thirty years. France, Germany, Austria, and Belgium, though they produce coal of their own, are great purchasers of British supplies, and our export has gone on increasing by leaps and bounds. The curious thing is that this increase has been progressive, notwithstanding great fluctuations in the price of coal, so that it is reasonable to assume that coal users abroad are so dependent upon us that the tax would not appreciably affect our export. However, it would not be an unmixed disadvantage if this export were affected, for we have need for coal supplies at home.

IT is satisfactory to find that a writer has arisen to vindicate our national industries. The German guns supplied in hot haste to our Artillery have not proved all that their purchasers hoped. This is not in any way surprising, for the guns and carriages were not constructed under the conditions which affect the work at home. "Galeatus," in the *Monthly Review*, shows very clearly that if, at Woolwich and at Messrs. Armstrong's and Messrs. Vickers's, the work could have gone on unimpeded, without the necessity of conforming to special Government inspections and patterns—which last appear, moreover, not always to have been of a definite character—it would have been quite possible to produce all the guns wanted without having recourse to a foreign maker, who did not observe any exacting regulations. In regard to workmanship, the German carriages, if not the guns, cannot be compared to our own, and the wheels are smaller and made of metal, so that they do not so well resist the effects of shocks. It is to be hoped in future, if the authorities wish to bind our makers down to rules, that they will give them adequate time in which to observe them.

NOW that we are hearing so much of conscription and of the relations of the people to the Army, it is very instructive to find in that admirable book, "Russian

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Life in Town and Country," by Mr. F. H. E. Palmer, an account of how military conditions affect the life of the Russians, particularly those of the peasant and artisan classes. Military training has produced very striking results, and has developed the very faculties in which the peasantry are most deficient. The simple rustic, who seems incapable of anything outside the narrow circle of his local occupations, is suddenly transported into a new world which calls fresh qualities into play. He is already obedient by nature, but now he becomes exact, punctual, and, in a measure, alert. So much is this the case that a Russian peasant or workman, upon completing his military service, can nearly always command from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. higher wages than his stay-at-home companions. Moreover, the Army confers other advantages upon the country, for it is a great employer of labour. Only a very small part of the multifarious requirements of the Russian Army and Navy could be supplied by private industry, and meanwhile the Government has converted itself into a colossal manufacturer and universal provider. From the weaving of cloth to the construction of scientific instruments, almost every trade is carried on by the authorities, so that the recruits are few who return to their farms or their workshops without having gained some technical knowledge which stands them in good stead. Thus, in Russia at least, the so-called universal service is not a disadvantage. It is true that the conditions are different in other countries, but the Russian experience is nevertheless interesting.

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ONE of the most graphic stories ever told of the Indian Mutiny is published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the account of the sanguinary outrage of Cawnpore is singularly vivid and impressive. The foul attack upon the garrison, including many women and children collected in that ill-chosen place in the tropical days of June, and the treacherous offer of safe conduct, followed by that terrible passage down the Ganges, and the final episodes, pass before the reader with strange vividness. The graphic picture of the boat, with its freight of dead and dying, drifting onward to destruction, is a dark and saddening picture; then the terrible days for the women and children are described, and certainly nowhere on the face of the earth could there have been such anguish. Then there is a picture of Havelock, the avenger—the little prim, erect, alert, quick-footed, stern-featured man, of whom it was said that he was "as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar, except when he was being shot at, and then he was as blithe as a schoolboy out for a holiday." But Havelock was the man who fulfilled the admonitions of duty, and who held ease and life itself as a grain of dust when weighed against honour, and was able to inspire his men with a touch of the spirit of Cromwell's Ironsides.

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IT is pleasant to record the fact that the Glasgow Exhibition, lately opened by the Duke and Duchess of Fife, is a success, and is probably the largest and most complete exhibition ever held in this country, besides being in some respects the most interesting. There are light features and amusements, but the side shows are comparatively few, and there is an air of strenuous effort and real vigour about the place. The site is particularly good, and it lends a certain picturesqueness which is often wanting in exhibitions; and there is quaintness in the fantastic roofs and pinnacles of the very extensive Russian section and in the gilded dome and snow-white figure of the central hall. In fact, in form and colour the exhibition would be hard to beat; and yet it presents most of the elements of the strong and actual from the manufacturing world. There is an excellent collection of ship models, completely illustrating the ship-building industry on the Clyde, and including examples from the wooden paddle steamer of 1812 to the latest passenger-ship intended to travel at 30 knots with the Parsons turbine and multiple screws. The Clyde is the most wonderful ship-building river in the world, and the Glaswegians have done themselves credit in making a display of such vigorous and interesting character.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

FAREWELL TO SOUTH AFRICA.

THE FINAL DEPARTURE OF THE "DORIS" FROM SIMON'S BAY.

Vice-Admiral Sir R. H. Harris in the "Doris" was Relieved in the Command of the Station by Rear-Admiral Moore in the "Gibraltar." The Two Ships appear in the Centre of the Picture. The Vessel to the Left Contains Prisoners of War, and on the Right are the "Monarch" and "Penelope"

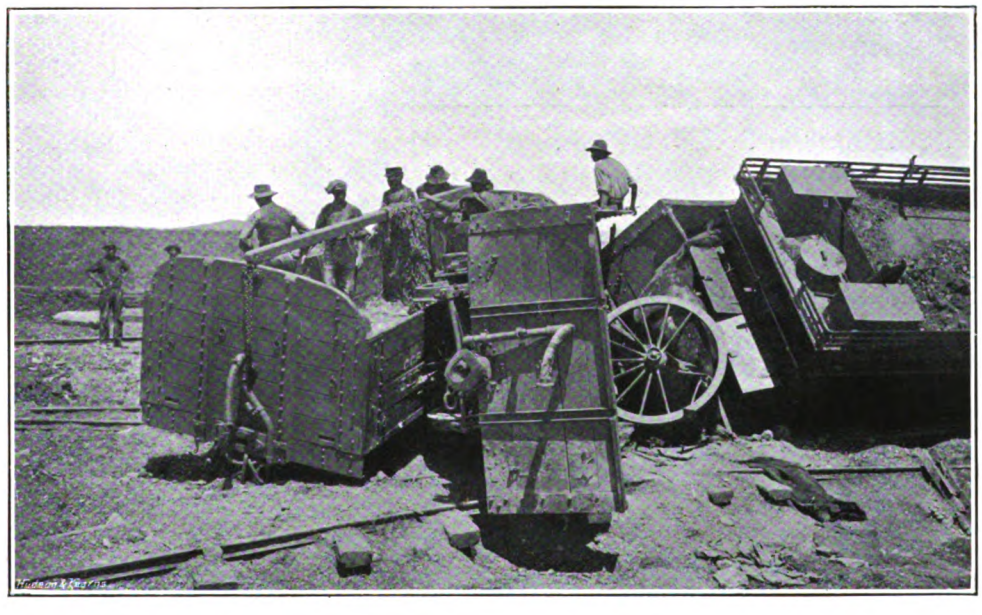

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

BOER MISCHIEVOUSNESS ON THE RAILWAY.

This Picture shows the Result of a Boer Attack on a Train Near De Aar Junction. These Outrages have been too Frequent, but in this Case Three of the Boers Met a Merited Doom. The Absolute Inutility of these Attacks is Manifest, and the Time is Near when they will be Punished as they Deserve.

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MANY readers of this paper will be glad to know that Major S. T. Banning, Instructor in Military Law at the Royal Military College, who unites with his "P.S.C." the classical honours of LL.B. of London, and B.A. and LL.D. of the Royal University of Ireland, and who has made Law a special study, and has more legal qualifications than any other officer in the Army, has prepared a treatise entitled "Military Law made Easy," which Messrs. Gale and Polden have published. It should be very welcome to students preparing for examination, since it has been written expressly for them, and is a digest of the subject, treating the various parts in their sequence. Major Banning has had over ten years' experience in teaching law, and many will find his volume helpful. A good guide in dealing with such a subject is very essential, for many are the doubts that assail those unfamiliar with its numerous intricacies and difficulties, and many are the pitfalls that await them.

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VISITORS to the Royal Academy, even if they had not shared the confidences of the studios, knew very well that several portraits of Queen Victoria would adorn the classic rooms. Much has been said about M. Benjamin Constant's portrait. Some have been disposed to decry it as being by a Frenchman, others have pronounced it to be unreal; but, when all has been said, it remains noble and impressive. It was not realism that was sought, but a presentation of personality that should idealise the sovereignty of the ruler of a great Empire. The throne of State, the aspect of dignity, and the flood of light thrown upon the venerable figure, all conduce to the great effect. The picture has been exhibited by order of the King, and the nation has cause to thank His Majesty and the Royal Academy for enabling English people to see so noble and dignified a presentment of their late Queen. There is grandeur in the conception and skill in the production that mark M. Constant as an artist of much distinction. Mr. Onslow Ford's great seated figure of her late Majesty, which is intended for Manchester, is a most imposing work, and Mr. Brock's bust is an example of the high skill of the distinguished hand which is to execute the memorial statue. Then Mr. Wyllie has depicted, with his accustomed skill, the passage of the funeral procession across the Solent, and Mr. Charlton presents with strength and character the impressive scene witnessed when the funeral *cortège* passed into St. James's Street. Art, indeed, has honoured itself in honouring our late beloved Queen, and has added in so doing very much to the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year.

AFTER A BLIZZARD IN THE FAR EAST.

China Weather is not always what Stay-at-home Englishmen Imagine, and our Illustration Proves it. The above Picture of the Forecastle of the Sloop "Rosario" after a Two Days' Blizzard on the Way from Chifu to Shan-hai-Kwan Abundantly Tells of Intense Cold and Continued Heavy Weather.

READY FOR AUGHT AND ALL.

The Manner in which Men of the Yeomanry and Militia have Volunteered for Service in South Africa Redounds Greatly to the Credit of their Patriotism. Our Picture shows the Service Company of the Hants and Isle of Wight Artillery Militia Undergoing Inspection by Colonel Brady, R.A., before Departure for the Front.

THE German Emperor had set his heart upon the passage of the Canal Bill, and was disappointed but not surprised at its rejection. There are many who surmise that the measure may have been indefinitely postponed, but those who know German politics well know that sooner or later it will become law. The somewhat Draconian methods of the Emperor-King are not to the mind of all his subjects, but, after all, the construction of the canals is for the advantage of the country, and local interests will give way to the general good. There is a curious similarity between the temporary fate of the canal scheme and of that prepared for the expansion of the Navy. The latter, like the former, was received unfavourably by the Legislature. Time after time the credits were refused, and it was constantly remarked that the Germans did not realise the importance of sea-power. The statement was true, but the Emperor, with the pertinacity and discernment which are his strength, set before himself the task of teaching them. By a hundred different means the interest of the people was awakened, and the favour of the legislators was gained. The Emperor himself appeared almost unexpectedly at the Military Club and delivered a lecture on his text, "Our Future is on the Water," and the object-lessons which he gave by his comparative diagrams are well known. What has been the result? There is now no country in the world where there is a larger appreciation of the value of the Fleet, or where the Naval expansion has been so rapid. Is it not likely that a like propaganda will yet educate the people and the Reichstag to a right understanding of the Canal scheme? Certainly the Kaiser will lose no opportunity of achieving his views.

AMONG the Filipino prisoners at Guam are two or three remarkable individuals. General Pio del Pilar is one of them. He was captured and swore allegiance to the United States, gave secret information to the enemy, and swore fealty once more, and a second time repeated his offence, which he will have no opportunity of doing again. Another is named Mabini, and is a clever scoundrel, paralysed from the waist downward, but credited with having been the brain of Aguinaldo.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

SHEERNESS GUNNERY SCHOOL *v.* LONDON COUNTY.

The Opening of the Cricket Ground of the Sheerness Gunnery School was Signalised by a Match between the School and a London County Team. It was Won by the Latter by Fifty-one Runs. In the Centre of our Picture Appears Dr. W. G. Grace, Captain of the London County Team, while on his Left is Captain C. Campbell, who Captained the Naval Eleven.

THE new cricket ground of the Sheerness Gunnery School was opened on the 27th ult., the opportunity being taken to invite Dr. W. G. Grace to bring down his London County Team. The fact that the teams were able to play at all on the ground was due to the untiring zeal of Captain C. Campbell, C.B., A.D.C., D.S.O., R.N., in getting the ground in order. The result of the match was the "Wildfire," 113, London County, 164. W. G. Grace scored an excellent 111, but Captain Campbell was unfortunate in a catch being dropped off his bowling when he had only scored about 30. He was eventually bowled by Lieutenant Chatfield, who took four wickets for ten runs. The fielding of the Naval team was very good, particularly that of Lieutenant H. E. Grace, who prevented several of his father's hits from going to the boundary. Lieutenant Grace is one of the junior staff officers of the Gunnery School. He is considered a good all-round cricketer.

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TYPICAL GROUPS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF A AND B COMPANIES, RAILWAY PIONEERS.

Reading from Left to Right the Names are (Standing): Corporal B. Hartley, Lance-Corporal T. J. Merrick, Lance-Corporal William Whitehead, H. Crabbe, Corporal D. Watson, and Sergeant Hogg. Second Row: Corporal Miles (G. G. Attached), Sergeant P. Donalson, Corporal J. M. O'Connor, Corporal J. Holman, Lance-Corporal J. B. Fisher, Sergeant W. C. Barnes, and Corporal Charles Arthur. Sitting: Lieutenant W. S. Trickett, Lieutenant R. H. Urmison, Captain A. C. Logan (Officer Commanding), Lieutenant E. H. Read, Lieutenant H. Miller, Corporal C. Newsam, Sergeant F. Jenkins, Quartermaster-Sergeant Graham, Sergeant-Major C. R. Dawson, and Corporal Thompson.

ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION, EAST LONDON—THE EASTERN HEADQUARTERS.

Reading from Left to Right the Names are (Standing): Lieutenant Sidney, Ordnance Office; Captain Colnaghi, Staff Officer Royal Engineers; Lieutenant and Quartermaster Faraday, Railway Staff Officer; Mr. Behr, Intelligence Office; Captain Llewellyn, Local Transport Officer; Captain the Hon. G. Cadogan, South African Constabulary; Captain Talbot, Officer C.-in-C. Foreigners' Camp; Mr. Woodroffe, Asst. Vet. Sitting: Maj. Momber, Remount Officer; Col. Hope, C.B., D.A.A.G., B. L. of C. Eastern; Lieut.-Col. Smythe, Commandant; Com. Hadley, R.N.; Capt. Clegg; Mr. Jones; Lieut. Armstrong, Officer in Charge Base Reserve Depot; C. V. S. Dyson, Vet. Officer.

READY TO FIGHT FOR KING AND EMPIRE.

Photos. Copyright

THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE UITENHAGE TOWN GUARD.

Reading from Left to Right, Standing next to the Sergeant-Major, the names are: Lieutenant W. James, Lieutenant J. H. Wilson, Lieutenant Channer, Lieutenant Smith, Lieutenant Magennis, Lieutenant W. R. Adcook, and Lieutenant A. E. Carney. Second Row, Sitting on the bench: Captain W. P. Bidwell (Quartermaster), Captain A. H. Gee, Major and Adjutant J. M. Thornton, Captain E. Gibb, and Captain V. Roberts. Sitting on the Ground: Lieutenant J. Turner, Lieutenant B. Timothy, Captain J. Handkins, and Lieutenant G. M. Thornton (Paymaster).

Horwich Brothers, Port Elizabeth.

THE STAFF ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION PORT ELIZABETH.

These Four Pictures, by the Designations of the Groups Represented in them, give a Fair Idea of the Laborious Work which has to be Unostentatiously Performed, though, as it is not Showy, those who Accomplish it are Little Thought of by the Public. It is Imperative that Lines of Communication should be Kept Open, and that Railways should be Constructed and Repaired, while the Various Town Guards Number in their Ranks many Burghers who formerly Fought against Us, but who are now Loyal Subjects of the King.

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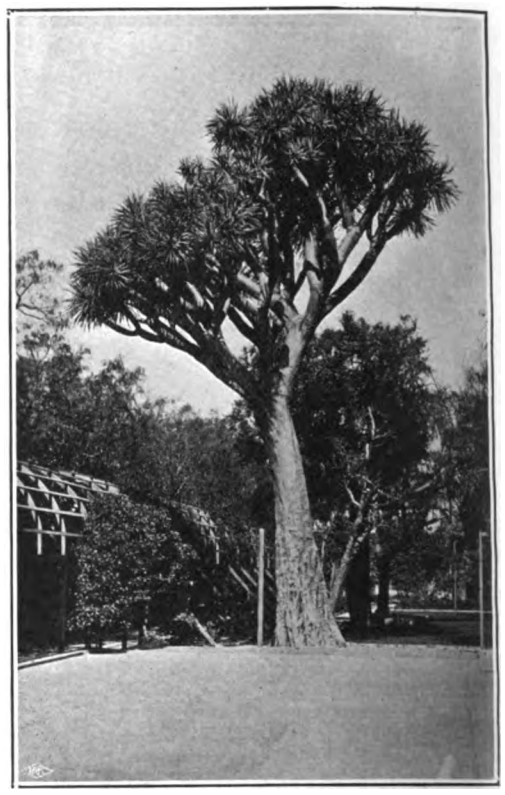
THE CONVENT DATE PALM.

AN IMPERIAL FORTRESS.

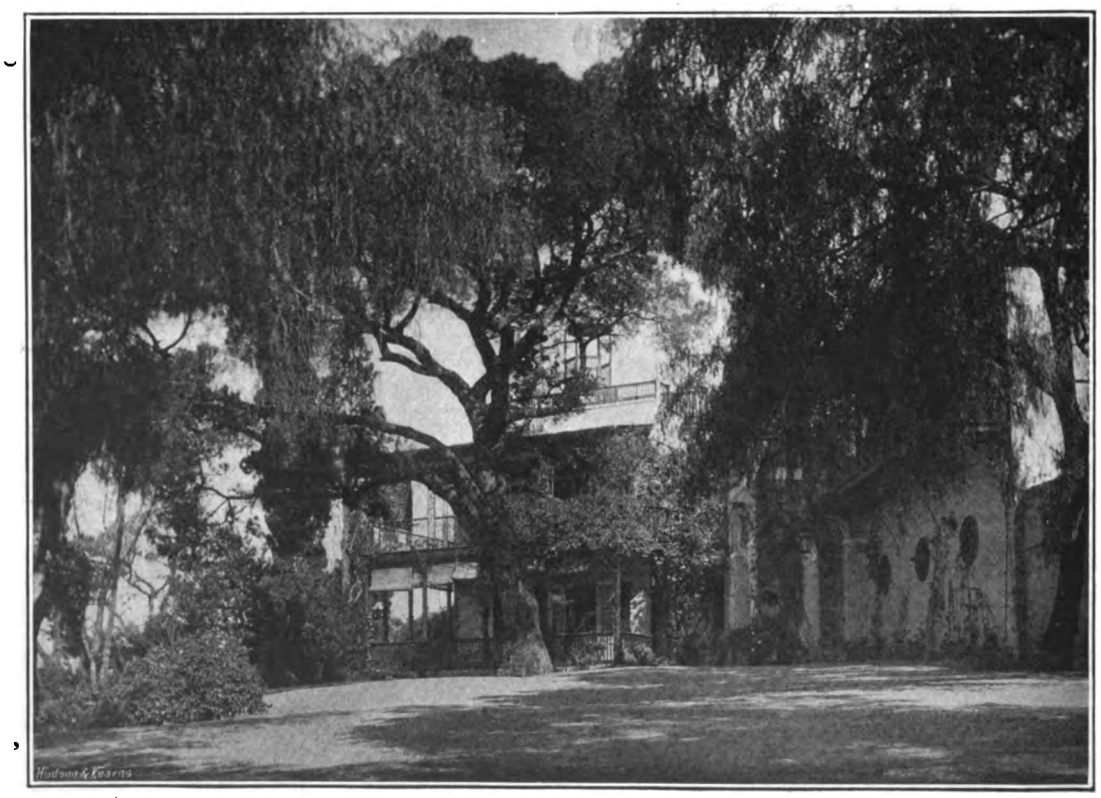
THE STORY OF "THE ROCK."



THE CONVENT DRAGON TREE.

FROM earliest times the stern grey promontory of Gibraltar, towering up in a sheer precipice from the low land on the northward, has commanded the respect due to its position, standing as it does a grim menace to the Straits. In mythological days the Mediterranean was fabled to have possessed no opening into the Atlantic until Hercules tore a passage eighteen miles in width to the western ocean, leaving on either side the famed "Pillars of Hercules," on the north Calpe or Gibraltar, and to the south the ancient Mount Abyla, hard by whose flank now stands the Spanish fortress of Ceuta. That Gibraltar was a coveted site is proved by the fact that there have been no less than fourteen sieges of "The Rock." In the eighth century the Moors crossed over from Africa and garrisoned it as a fortress, naming it Gebel Tarik, or Tarik's Hill, after their leader Tarik ibn Zeyad, and built the great castle still in existence in the town, affirmed to be twelve centuries old, and beneath which legend tells of buried treasure. For 800 years it was the prize of war between the Moors and Spaniards, sometimes one and sometimes the other holding it, the Moors being finally driven out in 1598. In 1528 the Spaniards restored the Monastery of St. Francis, and built and endowed a magnificent friary in connection with it. This building is now the residence of the Governor, and is known as The Convent. In 1704, Gibraltar was first taken by the English under Admiral Sir George Rooke. During English possession it successfully withstood four sieges, that called "the Great Siege" commencing on June 21, 1779, and lasting until February, 1783, a period of over three and a-half years. "The Rock" was on that occasion besieged by the combined fleets of Spain and France, the grand attack being made on September 13, 1782. The hostile fleet consisted of forty-six sail of the line, with a large number of gun and mortar boats, as well as numerous floating batteries, built at the cost of half a million sterling, so constructed as to be impenetrable to the red-hot shot fired by the garrison. The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., journeyed from Paris to witness the capitulation of the fortress, and arrived in time to see the total destruction of the invincible batteries and the sinking of the combined fleets. During the siege an attempt was made by the Spaniards to scale the inaccessible east side of the cliff, but the 500 who essayed the task were driven down, many of their number perishing in the sea. Sir George Elliot commanded at the great siege, and for his signal services was afterwards created Lord Heathfield.

Gibraltar is two and a-half miles in length, and its greatest breadth is six furlongs. It rises abruptly on the north to a height of 1,200-ft., the lofty ridge being divided by two fissures into three sections, named respectively Wolf's Crag, Signal Hill, and Sugar-loaf Hill, this conformation, as seen from the west, suggesting the austere profile of a dead body, and giving rise to its Spanish title of *Corpo di Muerte*. Gibraltar is even to-day emphatically a fortress, one which is the strongest in the world. In the perpendicular cliff facing the north front galleries have been hewn out of the solid rock at different heights, having portholes cut at intervals of 12-yds., which, until lately, contained guns; the majority of these have, however, now been removed, and far heavier ordnance mounted on the summit of the ridge. From these openings, many of them piercing the cliff face at high altitudes, a fine view of the country to the north is obtained, while below, hanging in mid-air on motionless pinions, sail the kestrels which in numbers haunt the precipitous crags. The galleries have in all a length of between two and three miles, and at the end of one has been fashioned a chamber 50-ft. by 35-ft., known by the name of St. George's Hall; they also contain extensive tanks, where the water, collected by numerous cemented slopes, is stored. Halfway up the ridge is



Photos. Copyright. Fitzherbert.

THE MOUNT.

The Residence of the Senior Naval Officer.

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St. Michael's Cave, whose tortuous course was traced for over half a mile, until further exploration was stopped by a sheer drop of 200-ft. into water. Of late years this cave has been closed by the authorities. Signal Hill is the highest point on "The Rock," and on this a look-out station is established, whence passing ships are signalled. Visitors who are making a stay of some days generally undertake the somewhat arduous ascent to this lofty point of vantage, in order to enjoy the splendid view that it commands. If they are lucky they may also see the monkeys, one of the sights of Gibraltar, of which there are about a score. These live on the rugged ridge, descending occasionally, when hard pressed for food, to ravage the gardens, and have the honour of being the only wild monkeys on the continent of Europe. This and the fact that they are identical with the Barbary ape have given rise to the tradition that they reached Gibraltar from Africa by means of a sub-oceanic passage. Tobacco smuggling is carried on rather extensively between Gibraltar and Spain, and soldiers guard the Spanish lines as preventives. The Spaniards, however, possess dogs to which they tie the tobacco before leaving British territory, and which, as soon as they receive the word of command, make the best of their way home, which they generally reach in safety, being trained to avoid anyone in Spanish uniform. Every night at sun-down the music of fifes and drums or bagpipes is heard, as the garrison sergeant-major proceeds to lock the fortress gates, and returns bearing back to The Convent the keys, Gibraltar's arms, which are popularly supposed to find a nightly resting-place under the Governor's pillow. The population is subjected to rigorous rules. Residents are not tempted to carry out extensive improvements in the houses they inhabit, as licences to reside in Gibraltar are only issued for short periods, while, for a day's stay in the town, the alien has to procure a pass from the town major. Photography is generally tabooed at Gibraltar, and it is only by obtaining a written permit from the Governor, a permit by no means granted to every petitioner, but under the ægis of which the photographs illustrating this article were taken, that the camera can be used. The greatest secrecy is preserved concerning the heavy guns mounted in the batteries on the summit of the ridge, it being impossible for any, except those employed on the spot and certain distinguished or exceptionally favoured individuals, to obtain an order to view them. It is, however, understood that the ordnance comprises many 9·2-in. wire guns, having a range of 14,000-yds., that throw a 380-lb. shell, and at a range of 10,000-yds. make remarkably accurate practice.

In view of the outcry that has lately been raised on the score of the unprotectedness of the Naval harbour and new graving docks now in course of construction, from guns mounted on the Spanish shore across the bay, or on the high ground to the north, known as "The Queen of Spain's Chair," from the tale that her long-defunct Majesty took up her position thereon, and vowed that she would remain there until the fortress of Gibraltar capitulated, it may be pointed out that our armament of great strength and precision, mounted as it is at a higher elevation than either of the spots mentioned, would soon make short work of guns and gunners stationed there. The eastern side of "The Rock," where those who decry the position of the present harbour advocate the construction of docks, is open to the full force of the "Levanters," and is for the most part formed of precipitous cliffs, varied in Catalan Bay by a gigantic sand-slide composed of millions of tons, which reaches halfway up the rocky heights, while, though safe from guns posted on the west of Gibraltar Bay, a great portion would be exposed to fire from the Queen of Spain's Chair. Formerly, the only route by which Catalan Bay could be reached by land from Gibraltar, was by passing round the north front beneath the galleries; now, however, a tunnel has been bored from one side of the promontory to the other in a direct line. The splendid Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, consisting of the finest battle-ships in the world, usually visit Gibraltar twice a year. The ships formerly lay in the open roadstead, but now that the New Mole is completed, and the Detached Mole, of which the Duke of York laid the foundation-stone but the other day, is practically finished, a large basin sheltered from all winds is available. The old Franciscan monastery, now used as Government House and styled The Convent, possesses a fine banqueting-hall, around which hang portraits of the Governors from the commencement of the English occupation. The spacious "patio," whose centre contains flowering plants and palms, is surrounded by a wide-pillared arcade, on the walls of which are two large outline frescoes depicting the memorable siege, executed with considerable spirit, though with no consummate mastery of the art of drawing, by some long-forgotten artist; and in one of the alcoves stands a colossal figure of a soldier of old days carved out of the bowsprit of one of the captured Spanish men-of-war. It is a mistake to suppose that Gibraltar is a bare and arid rock, for in the springtide it is a very paradise of flowers, the gardens of The Convent containing hosts of beautiful and fragrant blossoms, while gum trees, date palms, and an immense old dragon tree, said to be over 1,000 years of age, flourish in its grounds. In the matter of gardens, however, the residence of the Senior Naval Officer, known as The Mount, easily bears the palm, its pleasure-grounds being nine acres in extent.

Photo. Copyright. THE CONVENT. *Fitzherbert.*

The Residence of the Governor.

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GUNGA DIN.

"Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the living Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."—*Kipling.*

NO one living in a temperate climate can realise the awful thirst which oppresses men forced to take severe bodily exertion under a tropical sun. When to this is added the acrid fumes of burning cordite and the high mental strain of a prolonged engagement, the need of water becomes imperative. To whom should the soldier turn but to his regimental bheestee or water-carrier? And right nobly does this non-combatant fulfil his duty. In the soft Persian language the name implies a denizen of Paradise, and surely this humble camp-follower deserves his appellation. The records of the French Army teem with the glorious doings of the vivandières, but for patient endurance under suffering the bheestee stands alone. With his water loaded on a tiny bullock, he ventures into the hottest corners, and moves here and there as unconcernedly as though bullets were not flying in every direction. History takes no account of him, despatches mention him not, yet all unconscious of such things he does his hero's work on the battle-field. His water bag, or mussack, takes one back with a jump to the Biblical era, for it consists of a goatskin, cunningly sewn so as to be water-tight. With this quaint receptacle he hies him to the well, and, standing on its brink, he lowers the bucket and fills his bag. To avoid the loss of his turban, the bheestee winds a cloth over his head, and hence habitually wears the look of one suffering from faceache. His bag filled, he slings the burden round his loins, and staggers away to fulfil his domestic mission, for without him life at a station would be at a standstill. Unfortunately, although a servant faithful beyond most, he is not gifted with reasoning powers, and hence is often the unwitting cause of serious illness amongst his patrons. It has been established beyond fear of cavil that cholera and typhoid, the terrible enemies of young adults in India, are water-borne, and as a result pure water becomes a prime necessity. The young British soldier is a difficult man to deal with so far as his health is concerned, and in spite of warnings he *will* drink unboiled and unfiltered water. It is so fatally easy on a hot summer afternoon to cry "Bheestee!" and to drink the cool water from his goatskin without troubling about the risks, that it is continually done. The native may be conscientious or he may not, and on such a trifling matter does many a valuable life depend. Suppose the "sweet" well is far distant, and the bheestee already feeling the weight of his years; what more natural than that he should fill his water-skin from the nearest polluted tank or well? Then the Great Twin Brethren stalk abroad, taking their tithe of the youngest and the strongest, whilst the wondering native mutters "Kismet," and goes his way.

One instance of the brilliant devotion of our soldier sons may be given as throwing into the strongest relief the feeling of *camaraderie* that fighting engenders between two alien races. At the storming of Delhi during the Indian Mutiny 600 troopers of the 9th Lancers and of the Bengal Cavalry, under Sir Hope Grant, rode out to act as cover for an infantry column about to assault the Lahore Gate. Owing to the defection of the Kashmire friendly contingent the assault was repulsed, and our troops had to withdraw in confusion. The rebels swarmed out of the city in pursuit, and between our broken infantry and certain destruction were only a handful of sabres. It was absolutely necessary for our men that the cavalry should stand firm, and it was equally necessary on the part of the enemy that the weak screen should be destroyed before they could advance. To effect this object they poured on to the devoted squadrons a stream of lead. But as horse and rider fell, another horse and rider took their place, all ranks being grimly determined to die where they stood rather than give way. In and out of the squadrons the gallant bheestees drove their patient bullocks, and ministered to the thirsty troopers and to their wounded comrades. The round shot tore bloody lanes in the rapidly-diminishing brigade, but the water-carriers took no heed of that, and whilst one man had remained alive a bheestee would have been found near at hand. When at length the cavalry was withdrawn from the post of honour, more than half its number were *hors de combat*, and it was felt that some distinction must be awarded the regiments engaged. The 9th Lancers were asked to send in the names of the three men who had most distinguished themselves on the fatal field, in order that they might receive the Victoria Cross, and were sounded on the subject by their troop leaders. All honour to the 9th, for with one accord the troopers declared that there were no braver men or more suitable recipients for the regimental honours than their bheestees, who unarmed had stood by their white comrades in the very jaws of death.

Bapshaw's Ball.

By T. B. CLARKE.

THE gun-room of the "Ponderous" was at dinner. The air was thick with the steam from the dishes of wet potatoes and sodden cabbage. Knives and forks were clattering on plates. The solitary domestic rushed from one end of the mess to the other and back, forgetting why he came. For one man to wait on twenty hungry youngsters—that way madness lies. Senior members commanded him to bring them second whacks of beef; junior members implored him to bring them their first. Between the bites disjointed conversations were kept up. Cries of "Throw me a bit of bread" would rise above the din, and a fid of bread would fly across the mess with the force of a cricket ball.

Suddenly there was a vigorous rapping on the table. It was the sub., who showed that he was desirous of silence by hammering with the handle of his knife. In the hush that followed he gave forth that he had received a message from the commander to say two officers from the gun-room must attend the fancy dress ball that evening. "And very right, too," added the sub. "If the shore-going people get up a show for the ship, it's only fair that it should be well attended."

Babel broke loose after this announcement. "I can't go!" "It's my day on!" "I went to the last!" "It's my cutter!" "I won't go!" "I've got no clothes!"

"Well," declared the sub., "the junior members must cut for it, and look slick about it. It's half-past seven now, and the skiff is to land gun-room officers at eight."

"Snivelle is going," said a midshipman. "He's dining ashore, and going on with some people afterwards; so that leaves only one to cut for."

The dice were brought out, and a big swim instituted. One after the other dropped out, until Bapshaw, a clerk, and one midshipman were left in. Bapshaw was a fat, heavily-built chap, who may have been like the British Fleet in being, ready to go anywhere and do anything, but never did go anywhere and never did do anything.

"Look here," he said, "if I'm lurked I can't go, for I have no ball dress."

"Come on," said the midshipman; "give me the dice-box. I want a three. Hurrah! a three it is. You're let in, Baps."

"I can't possibly go without a coat, and I don't know a soul at the dance. Do go instead of me."

"Not much, you juggins. You're lurked, and you'd better shift pretty quick, or you'll have the commander on your track."

"How can I shift," groaned Bapshaw, "without a coat to shift into?"

"What about fancy dress? Go as a Bluejacket, if you can't raise anything else," said an A.P., who was amusedly watching the scene.

"The very thing," said the midshipman. "Baps would look awful fine as a Bluejacket. Here, messenger, ask the master-at-arms if he could borrow a seaman's rig for Mr. Bapshaw for to-night."

In a few minutes the master-at-arms came aft with an armful of clothes. "These ought to be about your size, sir," he said to Bapshaw. "They belong to the kit of that deserter Dickens, but there's no reason why you shouldn't have them for this evening."

"Thank you, master-at-arms; these should do nicely."

The unhappy Bapshaw gathered up the garments, and rushed off to shift, pursued with cries of "No hurry, Baps; you've got quite ten minutes!" "Won't he make a pretty sailor!" "Isn't he a gay dog, going to all these dances!"

It was a tremendous rush, tearing off his uniform and scrambling into the Bluejacket's kit. "Why on earth do they make their trousers like this?" cried Bapshaw, as he tried to pull a pair up his legs. The top was as painfully tight as the ends were uncomfortably loose. "I'm certain they'll bust if I try to dance in them. Hello! skiff called away? Where's that jumper thing got to? It was here a second ago."

A side-boy ran up to him. "Skiff alongside for you, sir."

Hastily snatching someone's ulster from the gun-room, and a plain clothes cap from the nearest chest, Bapshaw rushed to the gangway.

"Come on," said the officer of the watch, "the skiff has been waiting five minutes."

In tumbled Bapshaw, and the skiff shoved off. It was

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very cold, and snow was falling fast, but the warmth acquired in shifting into fancy dress in ten minutes is warranted to last for hours. Bapshaw had at last time to reflect, and he reflected. "Here I am," he thought, "rigged out like a blessed ass in trousers I can't bend in, with a half-mile walk through the snow to get to a fancy dress ball where I don't know a soul, and everyone will be in swagger costumes."

Getting out of the boat, he pulled tighter the collar of his ulster, and hitched up his trousers, which, from the lack of braces, constantly felt as if they were falling. It was a cheerless night for walking, and for a quarter of a mile Bapshaw saw not a soul. However, passing through the glare of light from the Coach and Horses, a wayside inn much frequented by Bluejackets, someone stepped on the footpath beside him, and greeted him with the remark that it was a wet night.

"Very," replied Bapshaw, recognising the local policeman, and wondering what he had been doing in the Coach and Horses.

"Going anywhere?" asked the policeman.

"Oh, no," replied Bapshaw, who was not in the best of tempers. "I'm just taking a stroll—tempted out by the weather, you know."

"You are, are you? Suppose you just take a little stroll with me," retorted the policeman, taking hold of Bapshaw's ulster.

"What the deuce do you mean? Let me go at once, or I shall report you to-morrow."

"Drop that, and come along with me. I can see your ship's trousers under that coat."

"By Jove! he takes me for a deserter," thought Bapshaw. "Look here, constable, I'm rigged up for a fancy dress ball, and I must run on, or I shall be late."

"Fancy dress ball!" exclaimed the policeman; "that's the best I've ever heard. Fancy dress ball! You young Ananias; fairy tales don't go down with me."

"You'd-run-would-you-Mr-Fancy Dress?"

Bapshaw was in a dreadful plight. Things did look suspicious against him from the policeman's point of view.

"Oh, yes. I've been looking for you for some days. Your name aint Dickens, I suppose? Oh, no! I've got the warrant here all right," said the policeman, tapping his breast pocket: "'I, John Wilson, being the officer in command of Her Majesty's ship "Ponderous," do hereby authorise you to arrest Thomas Dickens, ordinary seaman, for straggling. Description: Height, 5-ft. 10-in.; hair, black; eyes, grey; complexion, sallow.' I know you."

When one is cornered, justly or unjustly, it is difficult to think. The first impulse wins the day. With a sudden jerk Bapshaw flung off the corpulent Bobby, and ran like a rigger. His ulster, torn from the policeman's grasp, split from the tails up. "Moses! there goes Campbell's ulster," thought Bapshaw, as he slithered through the snow. The policeman floundered on in hot pursuit, puffing, and vowing vengeance. Bapshaw was hampered by the tightness of his trousers, and by the great-coat that flew behind him in two streaming sections; but he was spurred on by fear, and bounded over snowdrifts with most unusual agility. The policeman, although animated by the hope of getting his pound reward, and chagrin at letting his man escape, was already losing ground. With a thumping heart and a parched throat he yet held doggedly on. Tripping and slipping, Bapshaw ran, cursing fate, policemen, and fancy dress balls. He ventured to look backwards, and saw with joy that he was distancing his pursuer. Alas! that look caused his downfall. His foot slipped into a heap of snow, and over he went like a shot rabbit.

With redoubled energy the policeman dashed forward, and, just as Bapshaw was scrambling to his feet, threw himself bodily on his victim. "You'd—run—would—you—Mr.—Fancy Dress?" jamming poor Bapshaw's head into the snow at every word.

Bapshaw, his mouth full of snow, spluttered out promises of going quietly.

"No," said the inexorable bulldog of justice; "there's a patrol coming down the road, and here you stay till they fetch up."

"Heavens!" thought Bapshaw, "I hope it isn't from the 'Ponderous.'" The thought of the ridicule he would suffer made him struggle wildly, but fourteen stone of policeman takes a lot of lifting, and he soon desisted, half choked through having his face squashed deep into the melting snow.

"'Ere, what's the dashed peeler a-doin' of in the road?" said one of the patrol to the petty officer in charge. "'E looks like a rabbit burrowin'."

"'E's got a 'uman hostrich underneath, 'idin' his 'ead in the snow," replied the petty officer, as they came up to captor and captive.

"'Ullo, Bobby, what's up?"

"I've got a deserter from the 'Ponderous' here," answered the policeman, "and a nice chase I've had after him."

As Bapshaw was guardedly allowed to get up, he took the opportunity to explain to the petty officer that he was an officer belonging to the "Ponderous." The patrol was from the "Scorcher," and knew not Joseph. Accordingly they sniggered.

"Hark at him," said the Bobby; "he's as good as a pantomime. An officer he is. Thomas Dickens, ordinary officer, is his tally."

The collar was pulled up, and there, in damning evidence, was the name in the warrant—Thomas Dickens.

Kicking against the pricks is foolish, and Bapshaw bowed to circumstances. His heart was heavy, as he thought of his reception by the gun-room.

A "Scorcher's" boat was at the landing-stage, and the petty officers and a couple of men embarked with Bapshaw for the "Ponderous." It was a woe-begone figure that was escorted up the gangway. Capless, covered with snow, with draggled trousers and a torn great-coat, Bapshaw stood before the astonished officer of the watch. "This 'ere deserter, sir," breathlessly began the petty officer, "we picked up strugglin' with a civil policeman."

A message from the midshipman of the watch had by this time thronged the quarter-deck with gun-room officers, who were now suffocating from suppressed laugther.

"What is this, Bapshaw?" said the officer of the watch, who was by way of being a funny man. "Desertion and assaulting a policeman!"

"Bapshaw!" burst in the petty officer; "his name's Dickens—I saw it on his jumper."

This was too much. To the utter amazement of the patrol, everyone, from the officer of the watch to the side-boy, burst into a roar of laughter. Bapshaw skipped for the gun-room, followed by a howling mob of messmates. The story of his adventures was received with uproarious applause, which was renewed in all its vigour when Campbell ejaculated, "But, I say, what about my ulster?"

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

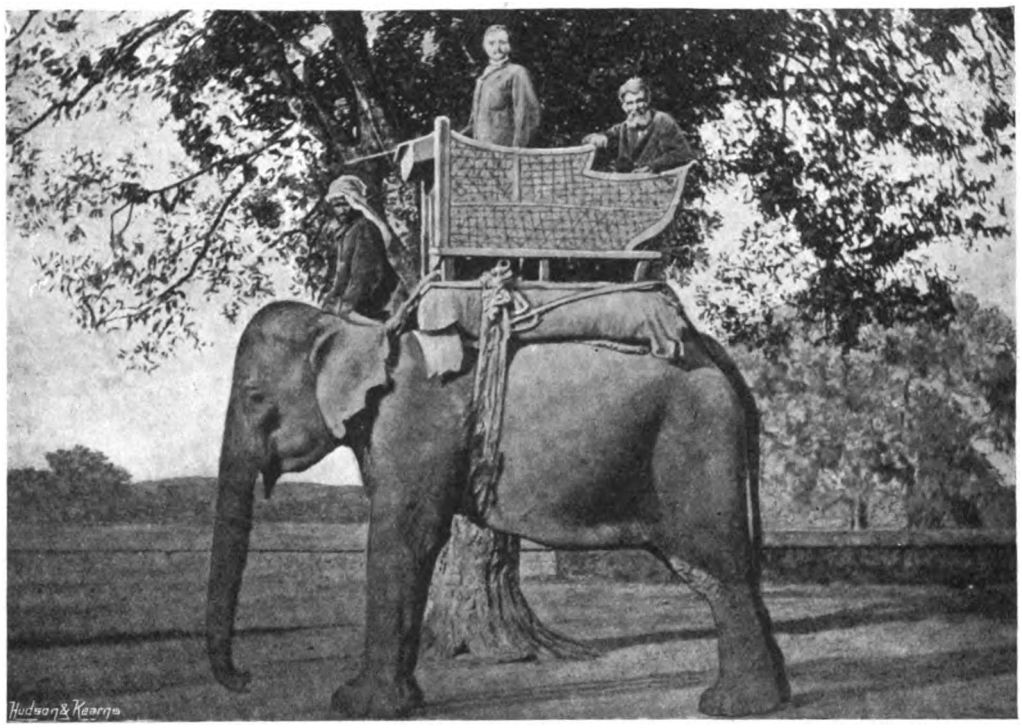
By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA.

IN the spring of the year 1894 I was invited by His Excellency Lord Harris, the Governor of Bombay, to join in a lion-hunting trip to Kathiawar, the only part of India where the King of Beasts is now to be found, but, owing to other engagements, I was reluctantly obliged to decline the tempting offer. However, in April of that year I again had an opportunity of enjoying the charm of big game shooting in India. On this occasion the rendezvous was at Sutna, in the dominion of the Rajah of Rewa, a minor. Colonel Vincent was my host as before, and the same boon companions were with him, so we had a most jovial time and capital sport, although no tigers were included in the bag.

On reaching the Colonel's bungalow, we rested for twenty-four hours whilst the servants and baggage were sent on ahead. The heat during the day was awful, 108-deg. in the shade, notwithstanding punkahs and wet tatties hung up in the windows. Fortunately the nights were cool, and we slept out of doors under a mosquito net.

A hot and dusty drive of thirty-five miles brought us to a charming bungalow, situated under a wide-spreading mango tree. After breakfast and a siesta, my flag-lieutenant and I started on elephants to look for black buck, and succeeded in bagging one after a good deal of stalking; we saw several others, but they were too wild for us to get near them.



READY FOR THE FRAY.

The next morning we proceeded on elephants to a forest some miles off, traversing a beautiful park-like country. After an hour's ride we met an army of beaters with tomtoms, tin kettles, paraffin cases, and all kinds of music. Here we dismounted, and walked to our posts ready for the beat to commence. We now entered the Rajah's pet preserve (His Highness had built a wall five miles long, encircling a large extent of jungle). At intervals in this wall openings were left, to allow the game to pass to and fro, and at each opening was a sort of martello tower, with loopholes on the side facing the jungle and steps at the back.

Being the honoured guest, I was allotted the centre tower, in which my coxswain and I were established, Hickley being on one side and Colonel Vincent on the other, some 100-yds. apart. My battery consisted of a double 500 Express rifle, a single 400, and a double smooth-bore, loaded with ball. We had hardly settled in our places when the beat commenced with a hideous uproar from the tomtoms, etc., calculated to drive every living creature out of the jungle. A herd of sambur soon made their appearance about 200-yds. in front of my post, but, not wishing to turn them, I held my fire. They moved slowly off towards where the Colonel was posted, when he opened on them, wounding a stag; they then broke back into the jungle, and disappeared from view for a while.

Some black buck now appeared, amongst which I made out two good bucks. After standing still for a few minutes as though undecided which way to go, they made a rush past my stand, when I rolled over the two bucks, right and left, with the double rifle, and a chincara, or ravine deer, with the single. At this moment my coxswain sang out, "Look out, sir; a lot of pig coming on the starboard bow!" I had but time to rush across and kill a couple of old boars, when the sambur reappeared, led by an old hind, but on scenting blood they turned back.

Suddenly a magnificent full-plumaged peacock came flying over the wall; I missed him in the air, but killed him with a ball from the little Express as he ran up the slope at the back. Another lot of pig now rushed past on the off side, leaving two more old boars rolling in the dust. I had barely time to load when the sambur again came in sight, and, as the beaters were near, they made a rush for it, when I singled out the wounded stag, rolled him over, also another stag, and a hind that had been wounded by Hickley. A single pig now appeared, but on receiving a ball through the body retreated into the jungle and was afterwards found dead.

The next to show himself was a solitary sambur stag, which I dropped in his tracks with the smooth-bore; a smaller stag passed on the other side, and also fell dead to a single shot. The beaters now came out, and we left our posts to count the slain; one of my black bucks had recovered and escaped. Round my post were lying four sambur stags and a hind, one black buck, one chincara, four pig, and a peacock. Hickley got two sambur stags, two hinds, and a cheetal stag, and Colonel Vincent one sambur stag. The whole of this game was given to the beaters; even the pigs were devoured, and nothing wasted. Some may call this slaughter, not sport. I am not prepared to defend it, but it was very good practice with a rifle at running game, and no worse than shooting tame pheasants; and if anyone told me they would not do the same if they had the chance, I would not believe them. Next day we had another drive in a different place, the guns being posted in machans in trees,

A FINE PAIR OF ANTLERS.

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but nothing worth shooting came along; a few hinds, some hog deer and pig were seen, but we let them go, as we were after tigers. In the evening we took a turn round after chincara, or anything we might see, and I knocked over a fine chincara buck with a smooth-bore at long range.

A very pleasant day was spent on the lake in front of the bungalow, shooting wildfowl. The Rajah had placed on this lake a small paddle-wheel craft, the motor power being supplied by coolies, who worked a sort of treadmill, propelling the boat about three miles an hour. Teal and widgeon were plentiful but wild, and the bag was small.

On May 1 we were in the forest stalking, when a messenger arrived bringing news that a tiger had killed a bullock close to the camp; so we returned at once, and a beat was arranged, but much valuable time being lost in preparations, it was 3 p.m. before we started. Arrived at the spot, we were posted in machans and the drive commenced, but the tiger was not forthcoming. We went to the place where the bullock had been killed, and saw where the tiger had sprung upon the poor beast and dragged the carcase to some rocks near by, where we found it, in a state of decomposition, partially devoured.

The next day we struck camp, and returned to Sutna, but observing some black buck *en route*, we stopped the carriage and tried a stalk. The antelopes were lying about on the skyline, and moved off. Hickley wounded a fine buck, and I killed another. We followed the herd into some jungle, but lost them. I started a big lot of pig and rolled one over at full gallop, but we had no time for more, though the jungle was full of game, as we had to catch a train at Sutna. The same evening we left for Bombay.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25, September 8, 22, October 6, 27, November 17, December 8, 22, January 5, February 16, and April 13.*]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

ROBERT S. RENTOUL (Essex Inst., Salem, Mass., U.S.A.).—I was interested on receiving your letter, and am glad to give you the information you require. The first corps numbered 64th was an Irish regiment, enlisted in 1840 and disbanded in 1848, which saw no war service. The "old 64th" to which you allude is an historic corps, which was raised as the 2nd Battalion of the 11th Foot, and incorporated into the line as the 64th Foot in 1758. It served in the West Indies from 1759 to 1763, and, after some years' service in Ireland, went to North America some years before the War of Independence. It was, as you say, stationed at Boston in 1775, and bore no small part in the campaigns under Howe and Clinton. In 1780 it helped to garrison Charleston after its surrender, and was with Lord Rawdon at the relief of Fort Ninety-six and the battle of Entaw Springs. When we and the American loyalists—forgive my use of the term—abandoned Carolina, the 64th went to Jamaica, where it remained from 1782 to 1784. This battalion, of which you ask particulars, is now the 1st Prince of Wales's (North Staffordshire Regiment), and is now stationed in India. You would probably obtain the information you require by writing to (1) the O.C. 1st North Staffordshire Regiment, Jhansi, India, or (2) O.C. Depôt North Staffordshire Regiment, Lichfield, Staffordshire, England. I should write to both if I were you.

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"OLD ETONIAN."—You should see the list published by the *Eton College Chronicle*. The issue for November 30 of last year gives particulars of all Old Etonians who had served in South Africa between October 11, 1899, and October 20, 1900. There are in all 1,110 names in the list. Among them are those of Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Methuen, Sir H. E. Colvile, the Hon. F. G. Lyttelton, Sir H. C. Chermside, Lieutenant-General R. Pole-Carew, Major-General B. B. D. Campbell, Major-General G. Barton, Lord Dundonald, Major-General C. E. Knox, Major-General Hutton, Colonel Burn-Murdoch, Colonel H. C. O. Plumer, and Lord Chesham. Every branch of the Service is included in the list—Guards, Cavalry, Line, Artillery, Engineers, Imperial Yeomanry, C.I.V., and colonial contingents from all parts of the world. The date when each officer left Eton is appended. These dates vary from 1847, when Lord Roberts left school, down to 1899, when some half-dozen left. Every rank from Commander-in-Chief to trooper in Colonial Horse is represented in the list.

* * * *

"INDIVIDUALIST."—The reference you want occurs in Herbert Spencer's "The Study of Sociology," Chapter VII., in which he uses the long indifference of the Admiralty to the merits of lime juice as a reason for distrusting Governments. "It was," he says, "in 1593 that sour juices were first recommended by Albertus; and in the same year Sir R. Hawkins cured his crew of scurvy by lemon juice. In 1600, Commodore Lancaster, who took out the first squadron of the East India Company's ships, kept the crew of his own ship in perfect health by lemon juice, while the crews of the three accompanying ships were so disabled that he had to send his men on board to set their sails. In 1636 this remedy was again recommended in medical works on scurvy. Admiral Wagner, commanding our fleet in the Baltic in 1726, once more showed it to be a specific. In 1757, Dr. Lind, the physician to the Naval Hospital at Haslar, collected and published in an elaborate work these and many other proofs of its efficacy. Nevertheless, scurvy continued to carry off thousands of our sailors. In 1780, 2,400 in the Channel Fleet were affected by it, and in 1795 the safety of the Channel Fleet was endangered by it. At length, in that year, the Admiralty ordered a regular supply of lemon juice to the Navy. Thus two centuries after the remedy was known, and forty years after a chief medical officer of the Government had given conclusive evidence of its worth, the Admiralty, forced thereto by an exacerbation of the evil, first moved in the matter. And what had been the effect of this amazing perversity of officialism? The mortality from scurvy during this long period had exceeded the mortality by battles, wrecks, and all casualties of sea-life put together."

* * * *

A. E. CLARK.—The 1st Battalion Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (the old 100th Foot) was raised in 1858 in Canada, and may claim therefore to be the first new regiment raised in the late Queen's reign. In the following year the East India Company's Army was transferred to the Queen, adding several regiments to the British Army. The latest additions to the Army during Queen Victoria's reign were the Royal Reserve Regiments, made by re-enlisting Reservists. Out of these Reserve Regiments of Guards and Line it is now proposed to raise a Royal Garrison Regiment. The last Volunteer regiments to be raised were, of course, the Imperial Yeomanry and the City Imperial Volunteers. It should be noted that the ordinary Volunteer regiments do not take precedence according to the date of their formation, but according to the territorial regiments of the line to which they are attached.

"R.M.L.I."—The discipline of the Spartans was severe, but it is a mistake to suppose that they were cruel to their enemie . They rejected both extremes of rage and joy. The following picture is taken from Muller's "Dorians," and quoted in "The Crown of Wild Olive" by Mr. Ruskin: "The conduct of the Spartans in battle denotes a high and noble disposition, which rejected all the extremes of brutal rage. The pursuit of the enemy ceased when the victory was completed; and after the signal for retreat had been given all hostilities ceased. The spoiling of arms, at least during the battle, was also interdicted; and the consecration of the spoils of slain enemies to the gods, as, in general, all rejoicings for victory, were considered as ill-omened." Such, Mr. Ruskin describes as the warfare of the greatest soldiers who worshipped pagan gods.

* * * *

"CONSERVATIVE."—That the Admiralty does not act in accordance with its patent, as you point out, is not a very unusual state of affairs in this country, where everything "broadens down from precedent to precedent." The Cabinet itself as now worked is unconstitutional, for by the Constitution each member is independent and co-equal. It is usage that has made the Prime Minister—the very term was once protested against by the House of Lords, as the idea of a head minister was foreign to the Constitution—supreme, and it is usage that has placed the First Lord of the Admiralty in the same position as regards the Board of Admiralty. The Board never votes. It is consulted either by meetings or by minutes circulated for opinions and comments, but the First Lord decides the matter. You will find the best account in Sir Vesey Hamilton's book on Admiralty administration, and a more personal narrative in the gossipy work written by Sir John Briggs and edited by his wife. The report of the Hartington Commission (1890) is a mine of information concerning Admiralty procedure and the opinions held by members of the Board as to their responsibility. There you will find the answer to your last query in Sir Evan Macgregor's statement: "The First Lord's permission is required before subjects can be brought before the Board, and he decides all questions brought before the Board, no voting being allowed."

* * * *

"LONDON IRISH."—It appears from the Proceedings of the House of Commons of November 26, 1689, that none of the English infantry in Ireland on active service at that time had cloaks, although the Horse had them. The foreign infantry serving with them also had cloaks, and accordingly suffered less than the English. There does not appear to be any evidence that great-coats or cloaks were issued to the troops before that year, when attention was drawn to the absolute need of such a garment. There were, however, "centry gowns,' or watch-coats supplied for the use of men on duty in inclement weather or at night. Overcoats were served out generally to foot soldiers until about 1689. They were styled "surtouts," and were almost invariably red, and had facings to them. The cavalry had cloaks with small capes to them. They were red, with a few exceptions, the most notable of which were the "Blues," who wore blue cloaks, and the Earl of Macclesfield's Horse, who had grey cloaks.

* * * *

"RULE, BRITANNIA!"—The authorship of this song, which has become a household word, has been variously attributed to James Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," and to David Mallet, a Scotch poet, who flourished 1700-65. The difficulty of deciding as to the author rests principally upon the fact that the song or ginally appeared in a masque entitled "Alfred," which was written by Thomson and Mallet in collaboration, the occasion being an entertainment given at Clifden House on August 1, 1740, Clifden being then the residence of the Prince of Wales. Dr. Brewer, in his "Reader's Handbook," plumps for Thomson and ignores Mallet altogether in this connection; but after much controversy the point is still considered open to doubt. Mallet re-wrote the masque some ten years subsequent to the first production, and stated that he had in the revised version retained only three or four speeches of Thomson's and part of one song, but the particular song is not specified. Three of the stanzas as reproduced in 1751 have been attributed, and doubtless justly, to Lord Bolingbroke, and, on the whole, the balance of evidence tends to show that the original song was the work of Thomson and Lord Bolingbroke. Mallett himself, without making any direct claim to the authorship, evidently desired that the fame should rest with him, but he can scarcely be considered a reliable authority, inasmuch as he was characterised by Lord Loughborough as one respecting whom he felt "an unaccountable propensity to believe the contrary of what he tells me." Both Macaulay and Dr. Johnson speak of him also in equally unflattering terms, nor does the remainder of his admitted work justify his claim to the authorship of the famous ode.

THE EDITOR.

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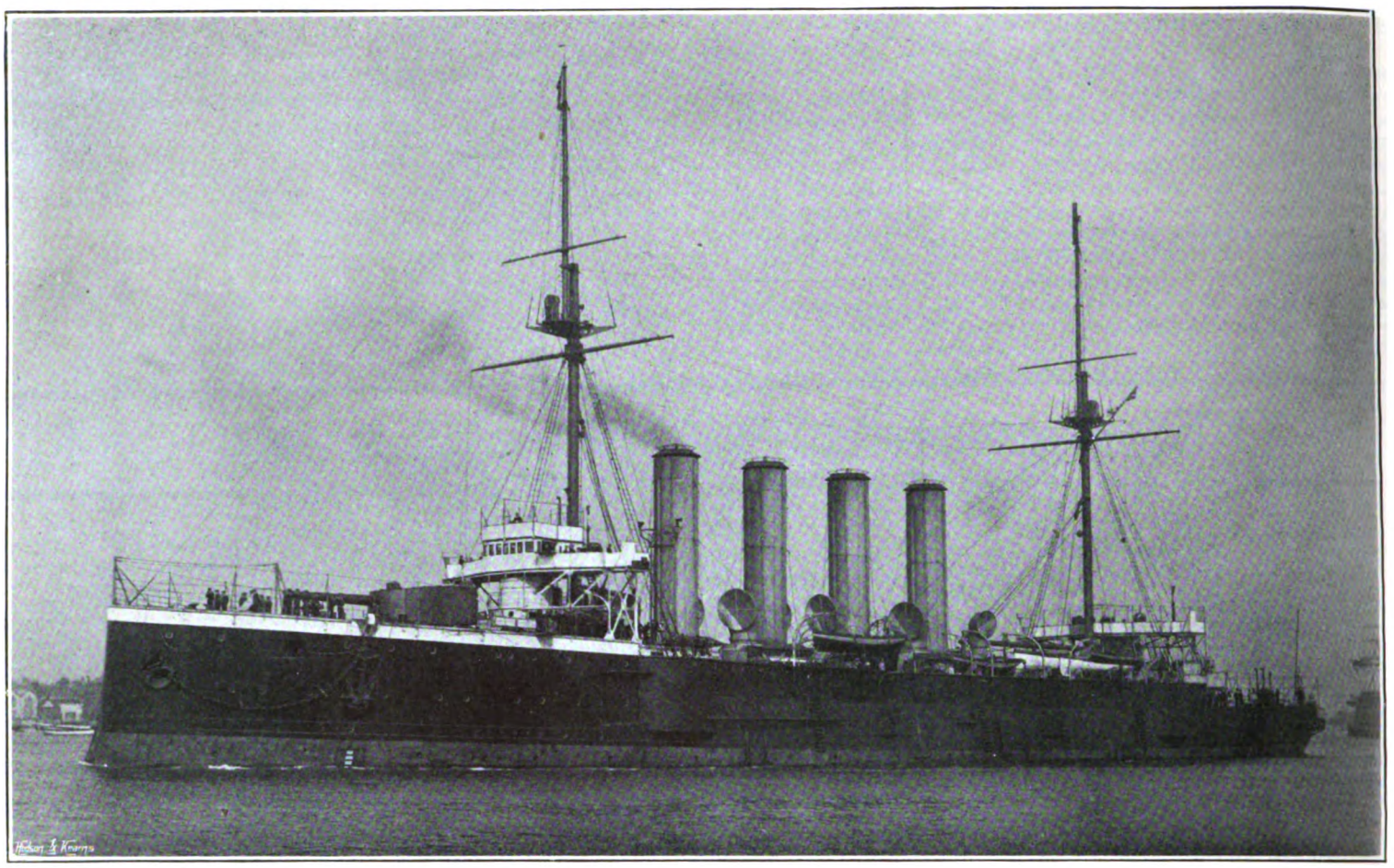
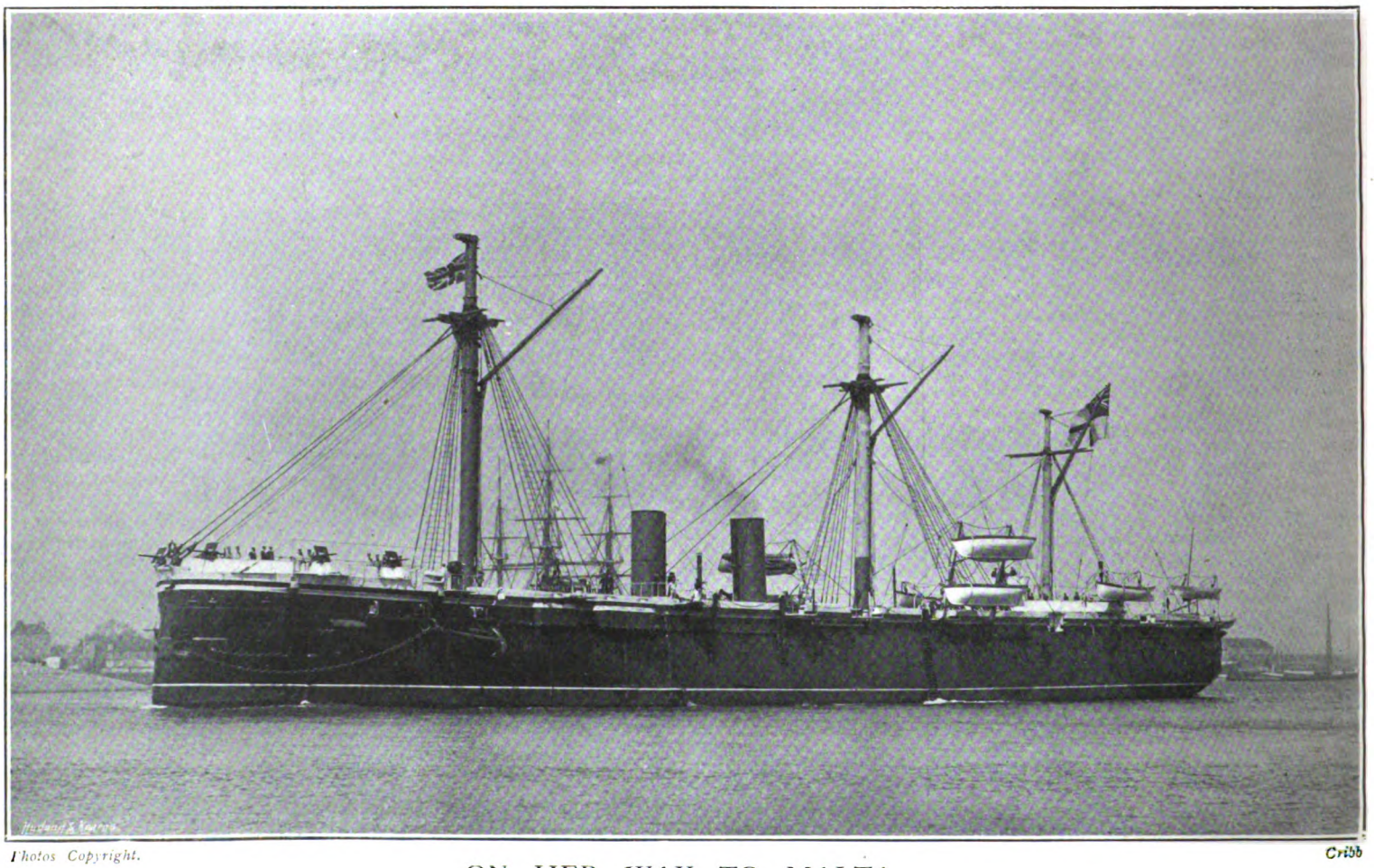
WAR-SHIPS, NEW AND OLD.



THE PROGRESS OF THIRTY YEARS.

The "Aboukir" Leaving Portsmouth for her Trials.

The "Aboukir" is one of our latest armoured cruisers, and belongs to a class which is named after its prototype the "Cressy." They are of 12,000 tons, and are well protected with the most modern armour, while their heavy armament and great speed place them among the most formidable of modern war-ships of their class.



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ON HER WAY TO MALTA.

The "Achilles" Leaving Portsmouth for the Last Time.

Our picture shows the "Achilles" leaving Portsmouth to relieve the "Hibernia" as receiving-ship and flag-ship at Malta. She is one of our early ironclads, and she replaces a vessel whose construction was begun in the closing years of the eighteenth century. If the "Achilles" lasts as long, she will lie at Malta until the present century is old.

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SWAZI WARRIORS.

A SWAZI . . FESTIVAL . AND . . . WAR DANCE

By a Military Officer.

SWAZI WOMEN.

THE following interesting account of a Swazi dance has been sent to us, together with the accompanying pictures, by an officer from the extreme east of the Transvaal. He says: "About forty men, women, and young girls came in from an outlying kraal, all Swazis, all wearing beautiful bead work, especially the young girls, round their necks, arms, wrists, ankles, and just below their knees.

"The women were clothed in various ways—a long cloth wound round their bodies, some with cloths round their waists only, supported by a band of bead work.

"The younger girls were clad very scantily; one was practically dressed in anklets of grass and a smile. Oh! I forgot—she wore an extremely scanty 'mutayi' and ropes of beads around and depending from her waist.

"There were about fifteen young girls, of ages varying from ten to eighteen, all clad in bead work, 'mutayis,' and grass anklets. They had cloths wound round them when they arrived, but took these off when they danced. Women with babies slung on their backs came also, and little children, clothed only in their innocence, were running about. Nearly all the men were adorned with cows' tails or hair and beads, or pieces of rope with bones on them. They looked picturesque. The men first formed up in three or four ranks, and started singing in a monotonous voice, accompanied by stamping their feet hard on the ground, and taking two steps forward, pointing first to the ground with their adorned sticks and knobkerries, and then in the air. Then one or two would come forward and dash madly about in front of the Tommies who were watching them, hissing and whistling, and leaping into the air. When one had concluded his show another would come forward and do the same, all the time singing a line of a song; while the others joined in chorus, stamping their feet on the ground. They would occasionally stop and change the time.

LES PREMIERES DANSEUSES.

"Then the girls came and stood in front of them, and stamped and yelled and jumped about, repeating the same performance until they were too heated, their black bodies shining in the sun. Then two girls, clad as I have described, came slowly forward, looking very coy and modest. They began a separate dance movement, said to indicate the chase, one representing the hunter and the other the animal hunted. The former moved in a circle, chanting, while the latter gazed at the ground, and stamped with one foot and made a step with the other, all the while keeping time to the chant. When they had done dancing, they came up to us on the verandah and stood there, then made a kind of curtsy, waited a few minutes, and retired modestly. At one time the verandah on which we were sitting was full of women, girls, and babies.

"An old hag would occasionally dash into the middle of the ground in front of us, try to look coy, and would shriek and whistle and croak. One Kaffir woman of huge dimensions arrived in a white blouse, a skirt, and a straw hat stuck on her woolly head, and when she went coyly forward the Tommies shrieked and yelled with delight. Then these black-skinned, weird people all ran off, dancing as they went." The dance described by our correspondent is the typical dance of the Swazis, who until recently were under Boer control, but have now become British subjects. The Swazi, as a rule, has not a very sensitive nervous system, but since the nation has come under British sway it has in many ways shown its appreciation of the change. The dress of men, women, and children is at all times very simple, children going nude, women wearing a narrow petticoat from the waist to the knees, and the men a narrow loin cloth, which they frequently discard.

SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

Swazi Women Awaiting their Turn to Dance.
From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

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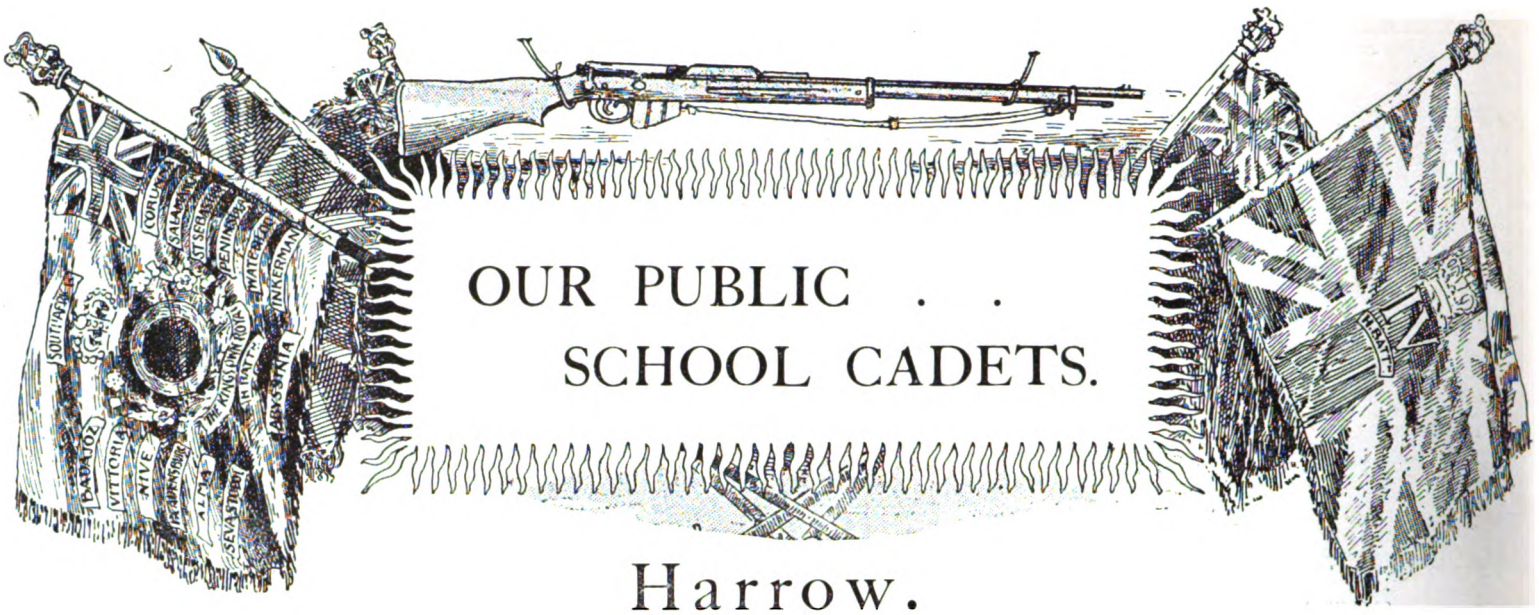

Harrow.

By Callum Beg.

THE Harrow School Cadet Corps was raised at a time when all England was ringing with the designs of the French, and when the Volunteer movement as we know it was taking definite shape. When adult corps were daily springing into birth throughout the length and breadth of the land, it is not to be wondered at that the rising generation caught some of their seniors' enthusiasm. Indeed the schoolboys throughout the country were no less anxious to take up arms than were their fathers and elder brothers. They were given practically no support by the Government of that day, yet their boyish patriotism was not easily to be discouraged; and accordingly, with various other cadet corps, that of Harrow mustered shoulder to shoulder with their older comrades.

It has been said that more than one of our great battles were won on the playing fields of English public schools, and it is true that our youth, if unequal to their elders in stature and physical strength, have, as a whole, ever vied with their fathers in patriotism. So there has grown up generation after generation of well-trained boys who, by their future deeds, have shown that the child is truly father to the man.

Since its inception the Harrow Corps has had varying success under a number of different officers. It is now commanded by Captain J. C. Searle, who took over command last year when Captain Johnson, then commandant and late of the Cameronians, was recalled to the Army as a Reserve officer. Every encouragement is given to the boys to join the corps, and the system of training is most thorough. A battalion drill is held, in uniform, once a week, at which all members of the corps are bound to be present. Wednesday is the day selected, and non-members of the corps have during the drill hour to perform a corresponding amount of

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE HARROW SCHOOL CADET CORPS.

Lieut. H. P. Chaplin. *Lieut. J. Hartnoll.* *Lieut. E. W. Evans.* *Capt. J. C. Searle.* *Capt. C. H. P. Mayo.* *Lieut. J. Talbot.* *Lieut. H. S. Green.* *Lieut. J. E. Bray.* *Lieut. Hon. D. Gordon.*

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MAKERS OF MUSIC.

The Band of the Harrow School Cadets.

Photos Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE SERGEANTS OF THE CORPS.

Sergt. A. C. Gibson-Craig. Sergt. T. R. Castle. Sergt.-Maj. J. Horton. Sergt. J. E. Gurney. Col.-Sergt. W. S. Darlington. Sergt. E. J. Wheen. Sergt. T. Evans. Sergt. D. R. Drummond. Sergt. E. W. Mann. Sergt. G. J. Brownlow. Sergt. J. P. Fitzgerald. Sergt. E. W. Swan. Sergt. E. M. Strong.

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work in school. This is a wise rule, which tends to make the boys join the corps, knowing as they do that if they are not on parade they must pursue their studies.

In addition to these battalion parades, the corps assembles each morning for instruction in squad and company drill lasting for half-an-hour. Of these drills, which are held in mufti, cadets must attend at least six during a term, but a fair proportion of the rank and file attend a far greater number. At these drills instruction is given systematically. The sections of the Drill Book relating to squad and company drill are divided into as many portions as there are weeks in the term, and a week is given over to each portion. Thus at the end of the term the whole corps has been thoroughly instructed in squad and company drill. These half-hour drills are held in the school yard, but for battalion drills the football field is used, and here it is possible to move the corps in extended order, which, in these days of deadly rifle fire, forms such an important part of every soldier's training.

The corps is divided into three companies. A Company is under Lieutenant Bray, the senior member of the corps, called the school officer; B Company under Captain Mayo; and C Company under Lieutenant Talbot. These officers are masters, and take a lively interest in the welfare of the corps. Each company has also two subalterns. Those of A Company are Lieutenants R. E. Lambert and Hon. D. G. Gordon; of B Company Lieutenants H. P. Chaplin and E. W. Evans; and of C Company Lieutenants J. Hartnoll and H. S. Green. The sergeant-instructor is Sergeant-Major J. Horton.

A cyclist section, thirty strong, is attached to the corps, and there is also a signalling section, consisting of eight men. Bandmaster Vine is justly proud of his most efficient band, and there is in addition a bugle band. These detachments, as well as being put through the ordinary drill, are constantly instructed in their several departments.

SOLDIER CYCLISTS.

Harrow School Cadet Corps.

In each house the senior boy is responsible for his house in matters connected with the corps. To him falls the task of obtaining recruits for the corps, and of keeping alive enthusiasm among the rank and file in all military matters. The first step in promotion, viz., from private to lance-corporal, is given to selected privates by the officer commanding the corps, who also controls promotion to higher non-commissioned ranks, but the subalterns and school officer are elected by the subalterns and heads of houses.

In order to create rivalry between the various houses, there has been for some years past during the Easter term a drill competition in which the various houses compete. The teams each consist of eight men under a sergeant, and have to go through squad drill. It is found that these competitions have a most beneficial effect upon the corps, and serve to teach the non-commissioned officers to command a section, and the men to work well in the ranks. The improvement during the last year in the work of the corps has been most marked, but it is not all to be credited to the drill competitions.

The corps suffers a disadvantage as compared with other corps, having no open country or common land near head-quarters; but it attends two field days in each term in conjunction with other public school corps, including the two large field days held at Aldershot in spring and in November. It is found impracticable, however, for the reason already stated, to organise small field days for the various companies of the corps.

For many years Harrow held a creditable position in musketry among the public school corps, but has not recently been so eminently successful. Since the Ashburton Shield was first offered for competition, the Harrow team has won it no fewer than nine times. The range, which is 800-yds. long, is situated about half a mile from the school, and difficulty is experienced in inducing the boys to give up the time they devote to games to learning to shoot scientifically. Hopes are, however, entertained that ere long a shot-screened range may be erected near the school, which cannot fail to give a great impetus to shooting. There is, of course, a short Morris-tube range behind the school yard, and here every boy must pass through a course with miniature ammunition before being allowed to shoot on the range.

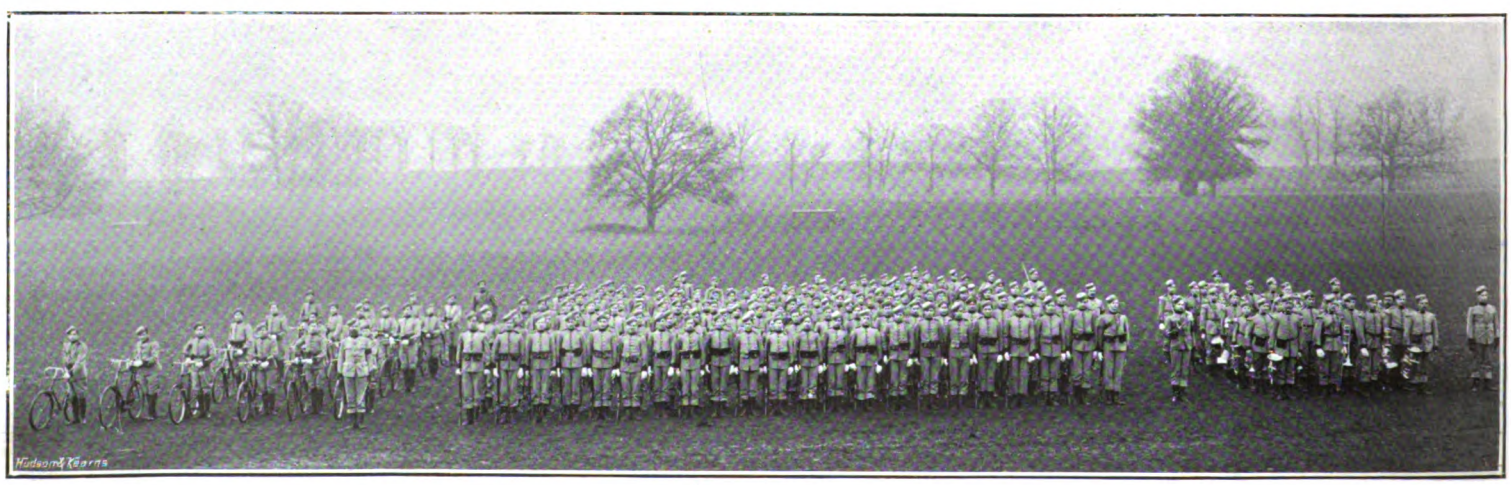
The Spencer Cup has been won seven times by the corps. In 1895 it was captured by Private R. L. C. Hobson, who five years later, as a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, fell at Schippen's Farm. In 1899 the cup was won by Colour-Sergeant J. E. Bray, now the school officer. In 1900 Private A. T. North and Private C. E. Wood brought the cadet trophy to Harrow.

Until last year the Harrow Corps had not gone into camp for ten years, but owing to the efforts made by Captain Searle a contingent was raised last year, and on July 28 left Southall for Aldershot some fifty strong.

Referring to the camp, the *Harrovian*, the school paper, says: "Camp, as far as Harrow was concerned, was an unqualified success; everybody enjoyed themselves, everybody learned a lot worth knowing, and nobody was any the worse, except for such minor mishaps as a cut hand or a sore heel."

Such was the general opinion expressed by Harrovians, although "Réveille" went at 5.30 and the last parade was held at 4.20 in the afternoon. The parades were devoted to battalion drills, brigade drills, or to practising attack and defence, and in the latter the lessons in tactics as expounded by Major Kinloch, K.R.R.C., the brigadier, and based on South African experience, were found exceedingly valuable.

The corps, which is attached to the 5th (West) Middlesex Volunteer Rifle Corps, is inspected yearly by the officer commanding the South London Volunteer Brigade, or some other officer detailed for the duty. Last year the inspection took place on July 3, when Major Erskine was the inspecting officer. At the close he spoke highly of the corps. Hitherto the uniform has been grey with blue facings, but now, in accordance with a recent Army Order, the corps will wear "Elcho" grey.



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A FULL MUSTER.

The Harrow School Cadet Corps on Parade.

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THE SPORTS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT GREENWICH.

CAPITAL PERFORMANCES UNDER ADVERSE WEATHER CONDITIONS.

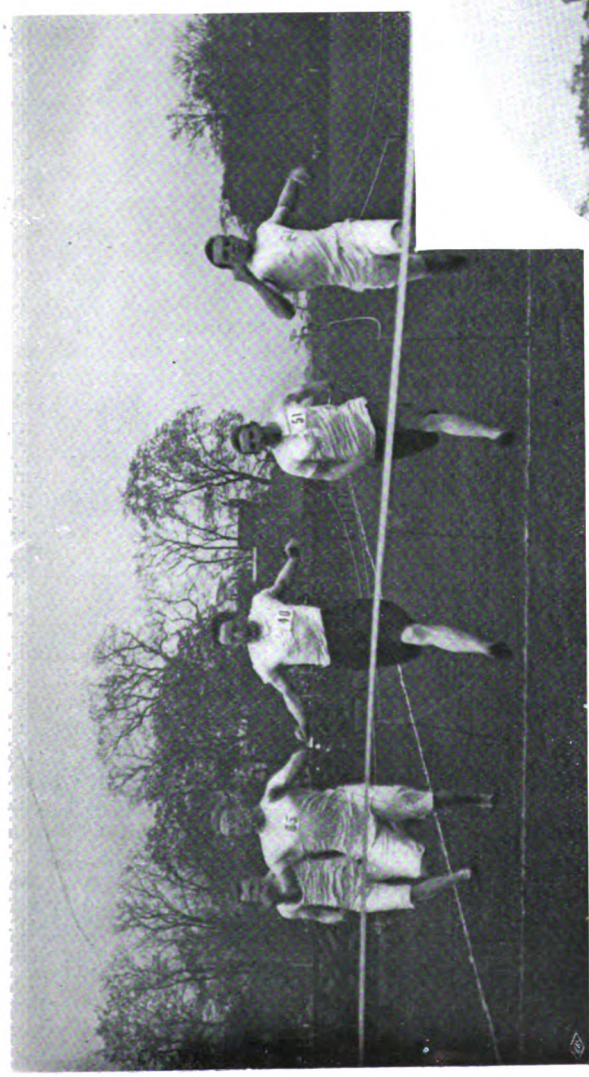
THE THREE-LEGGED RACE.

The Nimble Naval Officer Displays his Usual Dash.

THE BICYCLE V.C. RACE.

Sailor Cyclists Rescue the "Wounded" Dummies.

MARTIN WINS THE HIGH JUMP.



THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED.

Brookfield Wins a Fast Race in Fine Style.

THE START FOR THE SACK RACE.

The Competitors Rise at the Report of the Pistol.

Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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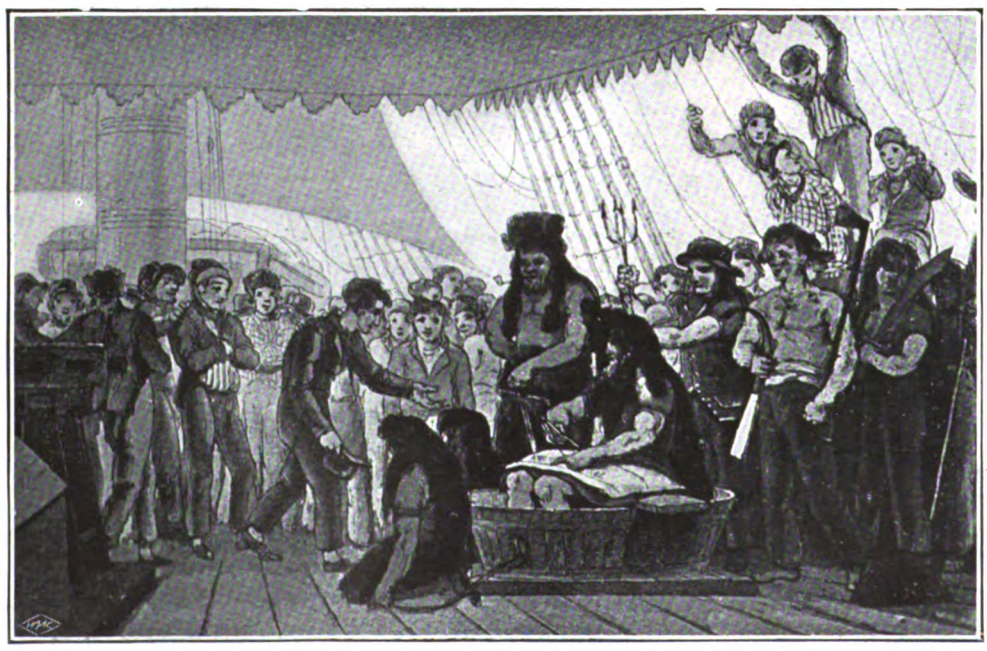
CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

"THE Duke of York understands that Neptune wishes to visit the ships of the Royal Squadron, and His Royal Highness hopes accordingly that His Majesty will be received on board with the usual ceremonies." Such was the purport of the signal made from the "Ophir" to her consorts as they approached the Equator on the recent passage from Singapore to Australia. The official visit of Neptune to His Majesty's ships on the first occasion of their crossing the line, for the purpose of initiating those on board who had not previously been introduced to His Majesty into the status of full-blown subjects of the sea-god, was one of those old sea-customs the origin of which it is now impossible to trace, but which from time immemorial had, up to a comparatively-speaking recent date, been universal in the Navy. Although time-honoured, the old initiation ceremonies were barbarous and filthy to a degree, and a most disagreeable ordeal for those who had to undergo them. Especially was this the case when the victims were men no longer in their first youth, or those who from any cause happened to be unpopular; and it is not to be wondered at that some forty years ago a strong movement directed towards their suppression began to make itself felt throughout the Naval Service.

NEPTUNE'S REVELS.

Reproduced from a Coloured Print dated 1792

The routine followed on these occasions was usually much the same. On the evening before the ship was to cross the Equator she was hailed by a stentorian voice, rising apparently from the deep somewhere under the bows, enquiring her name and destination, followed by a request that the ship might be hove to, as King Neptune wished to come on board and welcome the captain to his dominions. The progress of the ship having been arrested, Neptune, accompanied by his queen, Amphitrite, and attended by his court, all attired in the most grotesque costumes, appeared over the gangway, or sometimes was drawn on a triumphal car from forward, and, advancing to the quarter-deck, was welcomed by the captain. The customary exchange of courtesies followed, Neptune expressing a wish that an opportunity might be afforded him on the morrow of being introduced to any of his subjects whom he had not previously met, a request immediately acceded to by the captain. Liquid refreshments were then offered, and the reigning sovereign's health having been duly honoured, the sea-god and his party departed temporarily the way they had come, a lighted tar-barrel floating away astern usually indicating their supposed course. On the following morning, a huge bath having been made in the waist out of a sail, with some four feet of water in it, and Neptune, with his queen and court, attended by his physician, barber, and their assistants and bears having taken their places, the uninitiated, who had all been assembled below, were called up, one by one, and, having been blindfolded, were conducted to a low seat in front of the god on the edge of the bath, with their backs to the water. It should be mentioned that the physician was provided with different sorts of pills, all nasty—for the mildest were made up of tar and tallow—but some inexpressibly nauseous, while the barber had usually three razors with which to operate, one a formidable instrument of sharp jagged iron hoop, the second a modified edition of the first, while the third was a comparatively smooth and harmless strip of metal. The victim having taken his seat, Neptune proceeded to his interrogations. The officers, especially the younger ones, were generally let off fairly easily, being simply lathered—the composition of the shaving soap may be imagined—shaved, and then tilted backwards into the bath, where, having been duly ducked by the bears, they were allowed to crawl out, or, if so inclined, could remain in the water and assist in ducking others. The men, however, especially unpopular ones, among whom the purser's steward, as he was called in those days, was nearly always to be found, were subjected to much rougher treatment. If really unpopular, he was first physicked by the doctor—to make him open his mouth, the smelling-bottle, a cork studded with hard bristles and needles, was applied forcibly to his nose—and two or three of the most nauseous of the pills having been thrust down his throat, his face was smothered with the abominable lather, and then roughly scraped with the most formidable razor, after which painful process he was thrown violently into the water, there to be half-drowned before he could make his escape from his tormentors. Although to the old hands and even to many of the youngsters who went through the ordeal the whole thing was an opportunity for a huge lark, yet it is self-evident that any form of amusement which puts it in the power of subordinates to retaliate on their seniors, whether officers or petty officers, for real or fancied grievances is gravely subversive of discipline, the bad effects of which might well last through the commission; for the victims of such harsh treatment, especially among the petty officers, would be more than human if they did not repay the debt if an opportunity occurred. Officers, moreover, had the undoubted right of refusing to submit to the indignities involved, and the captain was bound to afford them protection against molestation; but such protection, when applied for on more than one occasion, was sometimes virtually refused, and grave complications followed, while when the younger seamen were in a majority, they sometimes rebelled and refused to submit. A serious case of this kind occurred in the early sixties.



ANXIOUS FOR AN INTRODUCTION.

Neptune's Visit to a Frigate in 1820.

The "Egmont," an old sailing line-of-battle-ship, was commissioned to act as depôt-ship at Rio de Janeiro, and she took out to the station for disposal a large number of midshipmen and young seamen. On approaching the line the usual permis-

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sion was obtained from the captain by the older seamen for Neptune's visit; the younger men, however, determined to have none of it, and on the news coming to the first lieutenant's ear he reported it to the captain, who, an officer of the old school—and supported by his wife, who was on board and anxious to see the fun—pooh-poohed the idea of any resistance, and refused to rescind his permission. The next morning, however, the midshipmen and young bluejackets barricaded themselves on the lower-deck, and, with some small hand-pumps as weapons of defence, they defied Neptune's myrmidons to fetch them out. For some two hours they resisted, but at last the captain, personally interfering, ordered them all on deck, where they had to submit themselves in turn to the operations of Neptune's officials. Naturally the feelings of resentment were great, and matters were not improved by the captain next day having the offenders up before him for their insubordination, as he called it, and punishing the ringleaders severely, taking away from some of the midshipmen from three to six months' time. The matter, however, did not end there. When the supernumeraries, on the ship's arrival at Rio, were discharged to the flag-ship, what had happened soon leaked out, and an enquiry was ordered, which ended in the captain of the "Egmont" being severely censured, while the punishments he had inflicted were all cancelled. Some untoward incidents have also occurred in other ships. The result was that the authorities wisely threw cold water upon the continuance of the custom, and it was allowed to die a natural death. The tendency of feeling in the Service was against it. And as, with the opening of the Suez Canal, both officers and men in numbers spent years in the Service without crossing the line, King Neptune's visit became a memory of the past. If the ceremony is now occasionally revived, it is shorn of its objectionable features, and made more of a legitimate frolic than it was in the good old days of yore.

THE MARINE MONARCH AND HIS COURT.

Neptune's Arrival on Board the "Gibraltar" on her way to the Cape.

Photos. Copyright. *Turnbull.*

"'TWIXT BARBER AND BEAR."

The Conclusion of the Novice's Introduction to Neptune on Board the Flag-ship of Admiral Moore.

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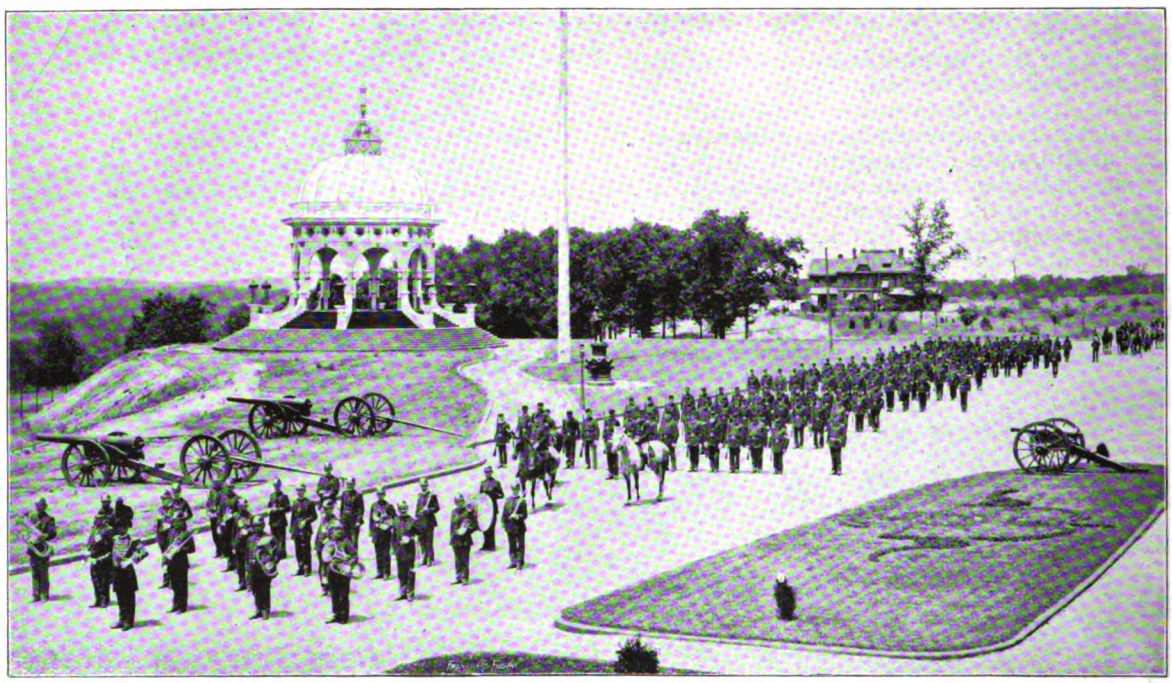
THE CURSE OF THE SOLDIER.

LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D., while serving as a surgeon in the United States Army, began that close study of the subject of inebriety—his practice affording plenty of material for observation—which led to the discovery of the well-known cure that bears his name. In America the Keeley Cure has for the last twenty years been recognised both officially and by the public generally as a positive remedy, not only for chronic alcoholism, but for all the various forms of drug addiction prevalent in a country where opiates are commonly resorted to for relief from the suffering caused by over-strained nerves—the outcome of living and working at high pressure. Foreign service, as every reader of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED knows, yields, furthermore, a long list of victims to diseases of recurring as well as chronic types, among these being unfortunately not a few of obstinate dipsomania and morphinism. But whether the trouble be undue addiction to alcohol, or to one or more of the many preparations of opium, it is speedily removed by the Keeley system of treatment.

The system is exceedingly simple and unaccompanied by any restrictions irksome to the patient. In short, it consists in the administration by hypodermic injection of the curative solutions with absolute punctuality four times a day, coupled with the taking of a tonic medicine every two waking hours. If the patient desires it, he can, at the beginning of the treatment, have his dose of whisky or opiate; but after two or three days the desire for drink or narcotic drug departs, and at the end of the prescribed course of four weeks the cure is established. During the twenty-one years that have elapsed since Dr. Keeley began the regular administration of his remedies, some half a million of cases of chronic alcoholism and narcotism have been treated successfully, with but a small percentage of relapses to the old habits.



FIRST BATT. KEELEY LEAGUE AND SECTION "A" FIRST VETERAN BATTERY.
NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, LEAVENWORTH COUNTY, KANSAS.
Colonel Andrew J. Smith Commanding.

Probably of especial interest to our readers is the record of the results achieved by the Keeley Cure in the National Homes for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Milwaukee, at Fort Leavenworth, and elsewhere, as well as in the ranks of the Regular Army.

Physical disability is a necessary condition of admission to the homes, nearly all the inmates being soldiers and sailors incapacitated by wounds, injuries, and chronic diseases contracted in the Service. Colonel Andrew J. Smith, Governor of the Home at Leavenworth, in his official report to General W. B. Franklin, President of the Board of Managers, referring to the treatment of victims of alcoholism, opium addictions, etc., during the first twenty months of the administration of the Keeley methods, says: "As shown by the records, since the Keeley remedies have been introduced, there have left the Home, able to maintain themselves, 364 graduates of the Institute, who are believed to have been permanently cured of the disease of alcoholism and opium addiction. They are now good citizens. One hundred and thirty-two married men have been restored to families that had been neglected or deserted for years." Continuing, he adds, "The *per capita* cost of maintenance for the fiscal year at this branch was 140-dol. 25-c. On that basis, the annual saving to the Government, by reason of these men having been permanently restored to society, is 51,051,004-dol."

Two years later, the Governor again reviews the situation: "Little more than two years ago, intemperance was fastened like a blight upon this Home; the surrounding highways and byways were literally choked with vile whisky dens; the public roads were lined with staggering grey-haired men. Now all this is changed." Twelve more months elapse, and Colonel Smith reports: "Drunkenness is now almost a thing of the past. A total membership of 3,867 was cared for during the year; of that large number 3,658 committed no offence whatever." "The treatment for inebriety and the morphine habit administered in the Keeley Institute is to be credited for much of this improvement. There have also been treated at the Home Institute 127 young soldiers of the Regular Army, and the results obtained thereby have made their commanding officers enthusiastic supporters and endorsers of the Keeley Cure."

Further evidence from other official sources is forthcoming, but that already adduced will suffice.

In all, there are some sixty Keeley Institutes existing in America, each in the charge of fully-qualified medical men, and treating thousands of cases every year with conspicuous success.

The introduction of the Keeley Cure in England dates back some nine years, when an institute was opened in London by Mr. Oscar de Wolf, M.D., M.A., Professor of State Medicine and Public Hygiene in the Medical Department of the North-Western University, Chicago, and Commissioner of Public Health for the City of Chicago from 1877 till 1890. Almost from the very first the operations of this Institute have been under the continuous observation of a committee of well-known gentlemen, the chairman being the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., Chaplain in Ordinary to her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Reports, full of interesting matter, are rendered annually by the committee, eight having already been published, and can be had on application to the Medical Director, at 6, Grenville Place, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.

It is a significant fact that a large proportion of the cases under treatment at the Institute have been sent on the recommendation of medical men, many of whom have closely investigated the Cure, coming to the conclusion that it succeeds where all else has failed in affording permanent freedom from the grip of chronic alcoholism, or of the no less miserable habit of taking narcotic drugs.

Indeed, the first authority of the day in matters pertaining to the relief and cure of the drink habit states that the Cure is practically unfailing, and that, short of the patient voluntarily abandoning the practice of drinking to excess, it is the only cure. The medical profession cannot, however, in this country officially recognise the Cure, because the exact composition of the injections and medicine has not been made known. A few years before his death Dr. Keeley said: "If I believed my remedy would be made in all its purity, handled only by the educated members of the medical profession, and administered in the proper way, I would most cheerfully throw it open to the world." But whether the Cure remains in the category of secret remedies or is published to the world, there is no question in the minds of the eminent men, both medical and lay, who have gone thoroughly into the Keeley system, and followed the history of the cases treated, that it is entirely successful. The published reports of Canon Fleming's Committee afford conclusive proof of this.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. XII.—No. 225.] SATURDAY, MAY 25th, 1901.

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SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER, K.C.B.

The claims of "Archie"—as he is familiarly, and affectionately, called by a large proportion of all ranks of the British Army—to continued advancement in the profession in which next month he will have served twenty-seven years, are many and various. Conspicuous for personal gallantry—he was known as the "Paladin of the Egyptian Army"—he is, moreover, a skilful leader and a sagacious administrator. With six campaigns now to his credit, he is a modest man who "does not advertise," and the fact that he is a Graham will further endear him to all and sundry in the great command to which he has recently been appointed.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Our Readers will doubtless be pleased to see the Supplement which appears in the present Issue with reference to "Britannia's Bulwarks."

For Value Received.

IF the Army proposals of the Government were discredited before last week's debate, what a state are they in now! Battered by the heavy artillery of Sir Charles Dilke and Captain Lee, riddled through and through by the light musketry volleys of Mr. Winston Churchill, they are but the wrecked remains of a scheme, the sorry fragments of the insubstantial fabric reared by Mr. Brodrick in that speech which was hailed as such a masterpiece of exposition and eloquence. It was indeed eloquent if it was that quality in it which blinded so many critics for a time to the trifling nature of what he had to say, to the unreality of the paper Army he offered to provide. All the able editors have long since dropped their approving attitude like a hot potato, but the very fact that they were even inclined to adopt it shows that the newspapers can be trusted to lead the nation in the right paths as little as the politicians. Fortunately, an instructed public opinion has gradually been forming in this matter of national and Imperial defence, and, as soon as this opinion declared against the illusory character of the War Office makeshift plan, the newspapers followed quickly enough. For our part, we are glad to remember (though we claim no particular credit for it) that, as soon as the scheme was made known, we pointed out its utter worthlessness. It is gratifying now to find in every mouth the self-same arguments that we then brought forward.

To what, looking at it in the light of the debate, in the light of the official defence as well as of the hostile criticism—to what does the scheme amount? According to Mr. Wyndham's amazing speech, its main object is to provide suitable employment for "the six or seven generals and the score of staff officers" who have "proved themselves in South Africa to be men of exceptional ability." If you do not accept these Army Corps proposals, urged Mr. Wyndham with pathetic insistence, what are you to do with these officers? And yet objection was made to Sir Charles Dilke's description of the Chief Secretary's arguments as half-hearted! Why, it was the merest trifling with the subject, trying to make the best of a bad job by elegant turns of speech and smoking-room paradox. Not one of the official spokesmen had anything convincing to say as to where the men for the six Army Corps are to come from, or what they would be wanted for if they were forthcoming. Not one of them seemed to have taken the trouble to sit down and ask himself what sort of an Army we need, and how we can provide for our needs most efficiently and most economically.

At present we pay an enormous amount for an Army, and we do not get at all the kind of Army we require. The one idea of the War Office is to spend more money. And the more money they have to spend, the less intelligently they seem to spend it. The fault the nation really finds with the War Office is that they do not make due return for value received. No nation was ever more ready to pay handsomely for its defensive forces. It is not open-handedness that makes us ready, it is our business-like instinct. No nation ever had so much depending upon the security of its frontiers, upon the unmolested traffic of its argosies, upon the punctual ebb and flow of the tides of commerce and exchange. But the same business-like instinct which tells us that to be niggardly would be penny wise and pound foolish also makes us anxious to get the best value for our money. So far as we can tell, we do get good value in the Navy, but we certainly do not get good value from the War Office. On paper the War Office had an Army that was supposed to be quite well able to cope with such a situation as we had to face, and still have to face, in South Africa, and yet we are paying amateur private soldiers 5s. a day—five times as much as we give the professional private soldier—to fill up the deficiencies in the ranks, and we know not where to turn for the reliefs which we ought to be sending out to Cape Colony every week. To be forced to rely to this extent on untrained men, and to pay them on this disproportionate scale, is not good soldiering and it is very bad business. And yet, when the nation demands, as it undoubtedly does demand, and has demanded ever since it realised that the War Office paper scheme of Army Corps and commands and transport and medical service had completely broken down—when it demands better value for its money, all the War Office can do is to say "Give us more, more," and produce a new scheme which has almost all the very identical faults that wrecked the old one.

It seems monstrous that in a situation of this kind the House of Commons should be powerless to do anything by way of remedy. Such is the state of parties, however, such the evil strength of party feeling, that all the House of Commons can do is to explain that it considers the proposals futile and ridiculous and even dangerous, and then, when it comes to voting, pass them by a very large majority in their favour. Of course it really made no difference whether they were passed or not. The money had already been voted, and some of the changes already announced in the published Army List. The debate was therefore an academic exercise, and the resolution merely a vote of confidence, introduced in order to give the House an opportunity to express pious opinions that could not affect the issue. As to turning the vote of confidence into a vote of censure, that was out of the question, though this would pretty certainly have been done if there were any alternative Government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a long speech last week, and said a number of very just things about the scheme, but does anyone believe that he would do any better if the job were handed over to him? An Opposition led by a respectable nonentity like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will never do. He approaches the question—and indeed all questions—just as much from the strict party point of view as do the members of the Government. The strict party point of view is always tedious and generally obstructive; in a matter of this importance it is a positive menace to the well-being of the nation. Is there no hope that such subjects as the administration of the Navy and the Army may some day be lifted out of the arena in which hungry politicians quarrel over the bones of office into that serene atmosphere of the statesmanship which looks only to the national weal, and does not care greatly who is Out and who is In, so long as the country's affairs are properly managed?

There is at present no strict party alternative to the Government in office. The official Opposition might get together just enough men, who could hold administrative positions without actually provoking the country to hurl them back into obscurity with scornful laughter. But no one who watches the game of politics supposes that they would do any better, take broader views, or act more vigorously, than the present holders of office. The only hope of improvement would lie in a fusion of the best elements in the more independent sections of Parliament—in a Cabinet of men of business and men of serviceable mind, not of hack politicians and aristocratic nobodies. Fresh views are what we need to-day, views that have been carefully and steadily thought out. Strong heads are what we need to-day—heads that will carry sensibly into effect the views that commend themselves to the general sense of the community. These needs are bitterly emphasied by the debate last week and by the pitiful *impasse* we have got into through treating Army reform as a party question.

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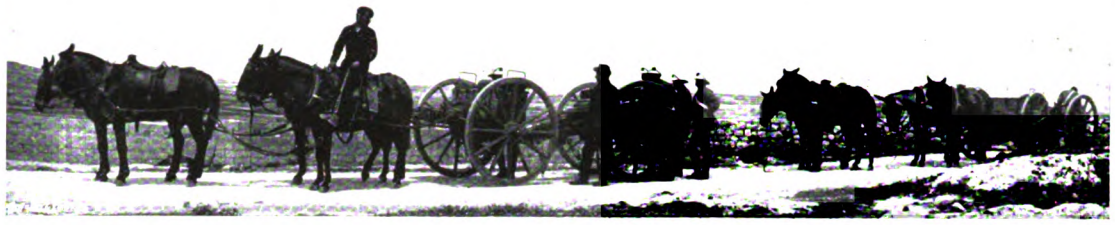

MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT MALTA.

MALTA is essentially a fortress. It is second only to Gibraltar in its importance to this country from a Mediterranean standpoint, and without the "little military hothouse," as Byron called it, this country might as well bid farewell to all idea of holding its own in the great inland sea—unless, that is, Britain possessed another and even stronger position; but that is beside the present question. Malta is both a Military stronghold and a Naval base—a fortress and a dockyard. The latter aspect, at any rate, is continually being forced into increasing prominence; but the garrison which is kept at Malta, though hardly as large as would be required if a serious attack upon the place were probable, is often drawn upon to meet the requirements of the Empire in other fields. Of course, until we have contested and definitely lost the command of the sea to the eastward of the Pillars of Hercules, there is no possibility of any serious attack upon the five islands that compose the Maltese group, and whenever that command passes from this country, the Maltese islands must become, as in the past, the prize of sea-power.

It needs only a glance at the map of the Mediterranean to enable one to realise that, by virtue of its strategical position, Malta must always have been a desirable possession in the frequent struggles for supremacy in that sea. Its history, therefore, is one of constant warfare, and when in the possession of the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John—more familiarly known, perhaps, as the Knights of Malta—it was twice besieged by the Turks and offered an heroic resistance. The story of the Knights, retiring by degrees before the wave of Mahomedanism—which gathered power as the crusading zeal and fervour of Europe declined—is written first at Acre, then at Limasol, in Cyprus, and later on at Rhodes. There they maintained their position for some two centuries, but once again they were driven backwards, and had to retire to Candia, and afterwards to Sicily. Then the Emperor Charles gave them Malta. There they made their home, and erected those mighty fortifications so large a portion of which has become useless under modern conditions, but which, nevertheless, astonish the present generation by the honesty of their workmanship and the solidity of their construction. For two hundred years they made the island the great stronghold of Christendom against the aggressive Moslems. As long as they were true to the noble traditions of their Order, they waged a relentless war against the piratical rulers of the Mediterranean. The siege of Malta by the Turks in 1565, when the besiegers lost 30,000 men, will live in history. Six years later, the galleys of the Knights did noble service for the Christian cause at Lepanto; but as time went on, and the struggle between Christendom and Islam burned itself out to its embers, abuses crept in, and the government of Malta became a corrupt oligarchy. It was a degenerate group of successors to the men of the sixteenth century—that epoch of so many glorious deeds in the cause of civilisation and freedom—which surrendered ignominiously to Napoleon in 1798. The islanders, however, would have none of this ignoble capitulation. They rebelled at the harsh and rigorous rule of their French masters. Within a few months they rose against the invaders, who were driven to take refuge in the garrison towns. The British fleet helped, so did a contingent of Neapolitan troops. Aboukir Bay had put an end to all hope of succour from France; and though the Maltese lost, it is said, 20,000 men in the struggle, the beleaguered Frenchmen eventually surrendered, and the Maltese placed themselves under the protection of Great Britain. This was in 1800, and though, by the short-lived Treaty of Amiens, this country agreed to evacuate the island, the French war preparations interfered with effect being given to the arrangement. By the Treaty of Paris in 1814 "the island of Malta and its dependencies" were declared to belong "in full right and sovereignty" to His Britannic Majesty, and Malta has remained ever since the focus of British power in the Mediterranean.

The group of islands consists simply of so many volcanic rocks. Malta itself is the only one which is seriously defended, and from its conformation it affords no opportunities for the work of cavalry. For a long time, therefore, the garrison consisted merely of infantry and artillery, but a certain portion of mounted infantry has now been added. Save, however, for military purposes, horses are comparatively rare, such draught work as it is possible to carry out being entrusted to mules, of which the island owns a large number of very fine specimens. The fact is emphasised in one of our pictures—that in which a Maxim gun appears—where it will be noticed that the animals composing the teams are mules and not horses. Naturally the tactical training of the troops forming the garrison has to be accommodated in some degree to the conditions of the country; but this is so rugged in parts, that the teaching is of peculiar value. The real objection is, of course, identical with that which is felt at Aldershot and at all other familiar centres of military

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WITHIN THE BINJEMMA LINES.

The "Minden Boys" (Lancashire Fusiliers) Awaiting the Attack.

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instruction. The ground is limited, and its features are well known, the result being that manœuvres become rather a series of races for well-known advantageous points than any real contest of military tactical skill such as would be called for by actual warfare in an unknown country. This, however, is a defect which is ineradicable where only a limited space is available. The manœuvres of the present year, which took place recently, were designed to afford more instruction than usual, and certainly they did not fail to reveal the usual number of faults—most of them of a character for which it appears hopeless to seek a remedy, except in the pitiless logic of the hostile shrapnel or bullet. The danger is that when that has been applied the lesson may have been learned too late. Upon this occasion, the available troops were divided into two forces, distinguished as Red and Blue. Various forces were placed out of action for different reasons, but there seems to have been a lack of initiative; an insufficient look-out, in one case at any rate; unnecessary exposure in close formation; and insufficient reconnaissance before delivering an attack. And these are faults which might have serious consequences in war; but, on the other hand, the very object of peace manœuvres is to make manifest such mistakes, and it is far better that they should be made and recognised in mock battle, where their consequences cannot be really serious, and when the lessons derivable from them can be learned without loss of valuable lives, than that they should be committed in war, when the results may be irremediable.

WARM FOR THE ADVANCING FOE.

The Guns in the Victoria Lines in Action.

MEN AND MAXIMS.

A Typical Group of the Attacking Force.

A word ought to be said here as to the part which was played by the native Maltese forces in these manœuvres, and indeed, in regard to the share that those forces are taking in bearing the burden of Empire. Mention has already been made of the courage displayed by these Maltese in resisting the French. Under British rule a Malta Fencible Regiment was established, and this was subsequently converted into Artillery. Since that time two infantry battalions of a strength of 1,000 men each have been called into being. The service is exceedingly popular in the islands, and there is no difficulty in keeping the battalions up to their full strength. There can be no doubt that it would be easy to raise a third battalion if it should be deemed desirable. It is worthy of note that there was an eagerness among these men to spontaneously volunteer for service in South Africa, or to assist in any way in the general defence of the Empire. So far as the Artillery was concerned, this offer was partially accepted, for when British regular troops were withdrawn from Egypt for service in South Africa, a body of Maltese Artillery was sent to Egypt to assist in replacing them. It would, indeed, be an insult to the Maltese to say that they are disloyal to British rule. They regard themselves as an integral part of the Empire, and as being indissolubly bound up with its hopes and progress.

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A PAUSE IN THE DAY'S PROGRAMME.

The Governor's Surroundings During an Armistice.

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IN HOLY RUSSIA.
The Czar at a Review.

MASTS AND YARDS.
A German Training-ship.

FRANCO-ALGERIANS.
A Spahi on Sentry.

The NAVIES and ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

THE peculiar function of the House of Lords in our polity was never better discharged than on the 10th of this month. A conversation (that is, I believe, the proper word) was held on Mr. Brodrick's egregious proposal to hand over the smaller coaling stations to the Admiralty. When it was first heard of in his speech on March 8, it inspired something like terror, at least, in what a few of us call our minds. One found it hard to believe that a Secretary of State for War could put himself in the way of a gratuitous snub, for he would submit himself to this unpleasantness by representing the innovation as possible, unless he knew that it would not be rejected by the Admiralty. As for the unspeakable want of common-sense shown in running the risk of letting the country see the two great departments responsible for the armed forces of the nation in open conflict with one another on a question of principle, we can leave the professed advocates of the opposition to insist upon that theme. There was a sort of bevilled plausibility about the scheme which was calculated to take in the considerable number of persons who never look beyond the mere words when asked to consider any proposition. The Navy ought to have complete control of whatever is necessary to its existence. The coaling stations are necessary to the Navy, therefore the Navy ought to control the coaling stations, is exactly the kind of syllogism which convinces very many in this world. Of course, you could prove that a horse is a sheep, because both are quadrupeds, by a similar process of reasoning.

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Happily it has turned out that our fears were exaggerated, and so was our respect for the sense of the War Office. The Admiralty had not given its consent. It had only, so Lord Selborne explained on the 10th, promised to consider the matter, being under the impression that politeness required it to turn its attention in this direction when asked by such an important officer as the Secretary of State for War. Carlyle said that we cannot be for ever engaged in verifying the multiplication table, but Governments are, apparently, not of this opinion. So the Admiralty set to work to do this very superfluous thing, for it is matter of multiplication table that the Navy exists to serve at sea, and not to supply garrisons on shore. The question, which ought never to have appeared to require debate, was settled by the Report of the Royal Commission on Coaling Stations quoted by Lord Spencer in the Lords last Friday week. The baby logician, who is very garrulous and noisy, may triumphantly reply by asking whether the Navy does not supply Naval Brigades of Bluejackets and Marines to serve on shore, and by drawing the deduction that, since it does, it might as well garrison the coaling stations for good. Reasoners of this calibre will remonstrate that because the Bank Act or Specie Payments may be suspended at a crisis, they may both be dispensed with for ever. The Naval Brigade is lent for temporary purposes, and on the understanding that it will be recalled if needed at sea. It is spared in the general interest, which concerns the Navy as much as the rest of the country. A garrison would be lost for service at sea and the Navy proportionately weakened to the injury, and not the gain of the general interest.

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Carlyle has elsewhere commented on the advantage possessed by the old method of arguing the question with a long sword. When the brains were out of a man he died, and so an end. But it is impossible to convince men that they are logically dead, and so they keep on coming up with their well-worn fallacies and sophistries, and have to be argumentatively abolished over and over again. Lord Spencer and Lord Goschen performed the duty in the most admirable manner. Both, in slightly varied ways, enforced identical reasons for resisting a request which would serve no other purpose than to help the Army to make shift for a time, at the expense of weakening the Navy. Our sea forces exist to fight on the sea, and it is contrary to common-sense that any part of them should be fixed on shore. Lord Spencer confessed his surprise at first learning that the submarine defences were under military direction, which shows that his lordship had not thought much on the matter. The submarine defences are directed from the land, and fixed to a place. They do not naturally fall to a Navy, which is mobile force wherever it has water to float in, and only makes rapid incursions on the shore by Naval Brigades. So they properly fall to the garrison of the fortress of which they form part. That the attack comes over the sea makes no difference. An English invasion of France, or a French invasion of England, must needs come across the sea. Is that a reason for putting the French or English Armies under admirals in war-time? The point is not the road along which the invader comes, but the place where, and the means by which, he is to be fought. When the place is on the land, and the means are military, then the soldier is to do the work. That is a simple, intelligible rule. The combination of the two—the sailor and the soldier—could only serve to confuse both.

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Apart from, or at any rate beneath, the general principle, there are details which of themselves ought to have warned Mr. Brodrick off his plan for relieving the War Office of some of its obligations by throwing them on the

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Admiralty. The 5,000 men for the coaling stations must either be deducted from the Navy or be added to it. Mr. Balfour has often professed his dislike of sharply-defined distinctions, and whether under his influence, or from some other cause, there does seem to be a reluctance in Government circles to acknowledge that a door must really either be open or shut. Even, however, the Treasury Bench must agree that a Marine cannot be on shore and on sea at the same time. He can have a foot on each only while he is passing from one to the other. But if the garrisons of the coaling stations are to be deducted from the Navy, it will lose part of the crews needed for the ships—which is monstrous. If they are to be added, then the Marines must compete in the labour market with the Army for recruits, and what is gained by one would be lost to the other. Observe that the Army is very hard pressed to fill its ranks already, and will be still worse off when it has been increased and the war fever is quite over. If it has part of its recruits taken for the Marines, what gain will that be? The War Office, presumably, wishes to use the 5,000 it proposes to withdraw from the garrisons of the coaling stations. It will not be satisfied merely to be rid of the obligation if it also loses in numbers. And there is another detail to be considered: Are the Marines in garrison to be paid at their shore or at their sea rate? The difference is considerable, and it constitutes one of the attractions of the Marines. But the War Office never considered this small detail. It left the Admiralty to decide.

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Not the least, but rather the most, striking feature of the speeches made by Lord Spencer and Lord Goschen was their practical unanimity in describing Mr. Brodrick's proposal as an assault by the War Office on the Admiralty, and the last of a long series. If the country is really in a mood to take the organisation of its defences seriously, it ought to be considerably roused on hearing two statesmen of high rank, both of whom have held great office—and both have been long at the Admiralty—combine to say that they have had to fight to protect the Navy against the grasping aggression of the War Office. It is, to be frank, pretty disgraceful that such things should be said, and that nobody controverts them. What it means in plain English is that our management of our defences is largely an affair of scuffle and shuffle. The Admiralty, indeed, goes on an intelligible principle, but it has to be for ever on the watch against the sister department, which does not seem to know that any principle is necessary, which lives from hand to mouth, and rubs along by devices akin to those of an embarrassed trader who has to piece out want of capital by an artful arrangement of bills. That may not be wholly the fault of the War Office, but, all the same, the department really cannot be allowed to tide over settling day by drawing bills on the solvent Admiralty. DAVID HANNAY.

AN ADMIRAL'S CABIN.

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S HOME ON BOARD THE "RAMILLIES."

When an officer first joins the Service and enters the gun-room, his hammock and his chest are all he can call his own. When he becomes a ward-room officer he has quarters in which he has both privacy and comfort. As a captain he enjoys luxurious accommodation. As an admiral his floating home may almost be described as palatial, as is seen from the above picture of Lord Charles Beresford's cabin in the "Ramillies." But, of course, in each case the fitting of the apartments allotted him is done at his own cost.

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AT EASE.

MALTA HARBOUR.

ON GUARD.

ROUND THE WORLD

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

SIR ALFRED MILNER returns to England for his "little breathing-time" having won the gratitude of his countrymen. A small section may still raise a feeble voice to decry his work, but an overwhelming majority recognises the sterling character of his empire-making achievement. Few men have ever filled a difficult position so well. The immense responsibility that devolved upon him in the halting-time between peace and war would have cowed weaker men. There was hesitancy at home, a desire to avoid the hateful necessity; there was a strong disloyal section at the Cape, which never ceased to assail him with bitter invective, and to impugn his motives with foul intent; but he was a "pilot who weathered the storm," and he discharged his duty with unflinching courage and unflagging determination. It is now known that he discerned with unerring eye the purposes of the Boer oligarchy, and it was certainly owing to his representations that the Government at home took the strong ground which compelled Mr. Kruger to disclose his hand. Throughout the war Sir Alfred Milner has been at his post, and the Government has had in him a sagacious and trusted adviser whose political instinct and insight have been invaluable. Therefore, now that he returns for rest after unceasing labour, and comes to advise the Government still further, will he be welcomed with the warmth of gratitude by Englishmen. He deserves a high place among our later empire-builders, and it is well that the conduct of our affairs has been in such hands.

IS the British army in South Africa "stale"? It is a searching question that troubles many minds. Let it not disquiet them. There is an answer to the question. If there be units that are stale, replace them by others that are fresh and keen. One correspondent describes a new contingent of Imperial Bushmen, alert in bearing, smart in carriage, and in general good humour, whom he saw arrive at Kroonstad, eager in their enquiries as to the chances of a fight. These were the men for the work. What wonder that the men who had been fighting from the beginning were weary, and listless in their weariness, anxious only to know when the work would be over. Had they not fought in Methuen's battles, driven Cronje from Magersfontein, relieved Kimberley, brought about the surrender of Paardeberg, marched onward to Bloemfontein, crossed the Vaal and entered Pretoria, pushed on through the winter to Koomati Poort, marched down to Fouriesberg, crossed the Orange River once more, then dashed northward again, marching and fighting for 500 miles, again to be whirled by the railway to the south, then to undertake another weary and fruitless chase after De Wet, and to be whirled back to Cape Colony again, and to push once more northward until time and space seemed lost to them? Let us honour men who have done so much, and not censure their weariness. They have done sturdy service in the cause, and they suffer only from the ill that has afflicted all long-tried soldiers from the days when the legionaries of Cæsar crossed the plains of Gaul to the times when the weary veterans of Napoleon fell back from the fatal Beresina. It is an old complaint, and we know the remedy — new men and fresh

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE "WARRIOR."

The "Warrior" was the First Sea-going Armour-clad Built for the Navy. She is now Used as a Hulk for Torpedo Stores, but her Superb Figure-head has been Placed at the Main Entrance of Portsmouth Dockyard, where it Attracts Much Attention. It was Carved Forty Years Ago by Mr. Nicholl senior and his Son, and both are To-day at Work on the Royal Yacht. The Family have been Figure-head Carvers to the Fleet for Over a Century.

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blood. There must be no lack of these to crown the work of pacification.

IT is a truism that no war has ever been waged without effecting profound changes in the conditions of the belligerent States, and often of neutrals also. A great increase in Naval force in the Far East was, indeed, sooner or later inevitable, for Russia has built many ships expressly for those waters, but the change was greatly accelerated by the rising in China. Among the gratifying results of the South African War must be a far better system of caring for the injured, and the much larger extension that will be devoted to efforts in that direction. The hospital-ship "Maine," which arrived at Portsmouth last week, is an example. She has been attached to the Mediterranean Squadron, and came from Malta with a batch of invalids. Thus a ship fitted out by American ladies for South Africa is likely to be a means of inducing a new and better system of dealing with the sick on insalubrious stations. The Japanese have preceded us in the matter of hospital-ships, but we have now an advantage of experience that is later and probably more instructive than theirs.

A FAR more important effect of the war, and one of permanent benefit to the Empire, must be the awakening of a larger patriotism, and of the knowledge that the colonies are heirs of a greater heritage. Power is perfected by responsibility, and having taken so large a part in the responsibilities of a critical time, they will have a right to exercise, and will exert, a firmer voice in the direction of Imperial policy. These daughter colonies were already full of the consciousness of a new strength, and it is the most considerable outcome of the war that the Mother Country has expressed a quickening of national sentiment in regard to our brethren beyond the sea. It is not to be supposed that after the greater communion between the home country and the colonies everything will proceed unchanged. On the contrary, it is the business of Imperial statesmen, both in England and throughout the Empire, so to order our larger affairs that the welfare of the King's dominions may increase upon a higher plane. That the Government has realised the inevitable change is evidenced by the conference of colonial statesmen which Mr. Chamberlain has convened.

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THE HEADQUARTERS AND STAFF CLERKS OF THE RANGOON COMMAND.

Rangoon is, after Mandalay, the Most Important Command in Burma. The Commanding Officer, Colonel Lawford, is in the Centre of the Bottom Row, with, on his Right, Captain Wynter, D.S.O., the D.A.A.G., and on his Left Captain Johnson, the Station Staff Officer. Behind are the Staff Sergeants and Orderlies. In a Large Station Command there is a Considerable Amount of Clerical Work, and the Staff includes a Bicycle Orderly and a Telephonist.

THE Americans, having determined to open an all-American route from Cook Inlet, on the Pacific Ocean, to the Yukon River by way of the Upper Kuskokwim, despatched many months ago an exploring party under Lieutenant Herron, of the 8th Cavalry, who has just presented a report to the War Department on his success. It was an enterprise involving great hardships, and representing the earnest efforts of a small party in unknown regions amid extraordinary difficulties, deserted by guides, caught by winter, deprived of transport, and in frequent want of food. The party traversed high mountains covered with dense forests on their lower slopes, impeded by bush, fallen trees, rocks, and ravines, where avalanches were a constant menace, and where the cañons were full of glacial ice at their heads and enclosed swift rivers lower down. The lieutenant describes how they floundered through soft sand up to their waists, wallowed through swamps, rafted down boiling waters, and traversed in the Alaskan range a mass of enormous peaks and glaciers about seventy miles wide. It is claimed that the pass was found, easy of ascent, safe from snow-slides, and calling for little improvement. The Indians deserted, and the Americans proceeded down the other side, Lieutenant Herron, with a sprained ankle, travelling by compass and sun. The hardships had been very great, but the Kuskokwim-Cosna Pass had been discovered, and if it should prove as practicable as the explorer believes, Americans will be gratified by possessing a route which pierces the centre of Alaska and touches navigable points and winter trails on the most important river systems of the country. Lieutenant Herron claims also the discovery of a second great mountain in the Alaskan range 20,000-ft. high, which he has named Mount Foraker.

A GREAT deal has been heard in Parliament and the Press of retarded construction in the British Navy. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that the difficulties are being surmounted, and that ship-building is being greatly accelerated. The "Montague" was launched at Devonport in March, and now upon the slip she vacated lies the "Queen," almost complete in frame from stem to stern, receiving her skin-plating, and with transverse and longitudinal bulkheads in place. Perhaps there is an attempt to make a record, but certainly the progress has been very rapid.

Photo. *Weyland.*

FLEET-PAYMASTER E. M. ROE, R.N.

Photo. *Heath.*

CAPTAIN G. E. PATEY, R.N.

Photo. *Russell.*

CAPTAIN W. WILSON, R.N.

Fleet-Paymaster E. M. Roe, who is about to Resign the Post of Cashier to the Royal Hospital Schools, Greenwich, has been Presented with a Testimonial in Acknowledgment of his Twenty-six Years' Service. It Took the Useful Form of a Grandfather's Clock, a Roll-top Desk, and a Revolving Chair, and was Subscribed to by the Staff and Over 1,000 Present and Old Boys. He is a War Veteran, for he has Seen Service in the Baltic, China, and Ashanti. Captain Patey, who Succeeds Prince Louis of Battenberg as Assistant-Director of Naval Intelligence, is One of the Few Naval Officers who have been in Action in a Fight with an Ironclad, for he was a Midshipman in the Old Frigate "Shah" when she Engaged the Peruvian Rebel Turret-ship "Huascar" off Iquique, on May 29, 1877. He was also in the Zulu War of 1879. Captain Wilson, who Leaves the "Resolution" to Take Command of the Portsmouth Dockyard Reserve, was, when a Midshipman, Promoted for and Wounded in the Capture of a Slaver off Zanzibar. It was not his only War Promotion, for he Won the Rank of Commander for Service in Egypt in 1882.

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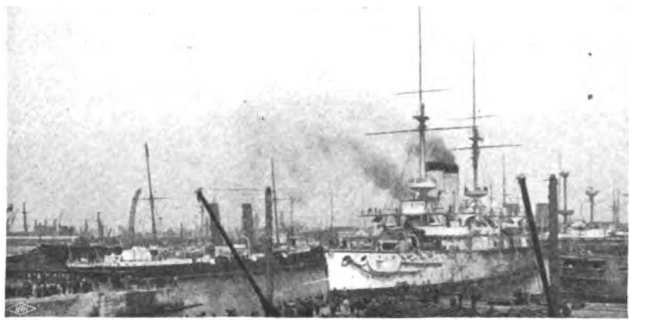
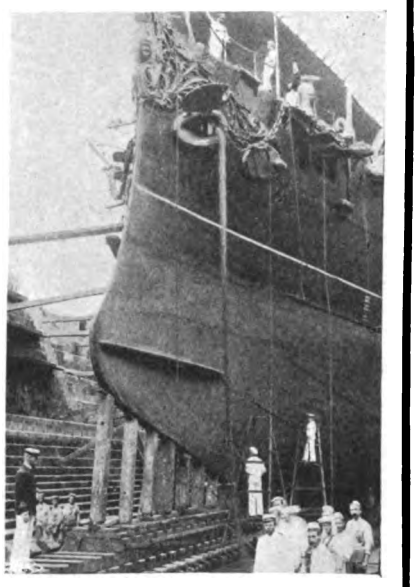
IN DOCK A STERN VIEW.



LEAVING THE DOCK.



IN DOCK. A BOW VIEW.

A SHIP IN HOSPITAL.

LOOKING back to the history of the past, one is sometimes inclined to wonder how the ships of antiquity were repaired or cleaned. The majority of people probably regard these vessels as having been of small size—not so large, perhaps, as a small coasting schooner or brigantine of to-day. But is it quite certain that this view is correct? A "gregale" must have blown as strongly in those days as now, and small vessels of the clumsy type which is the ordinary conception of these ships of a past period would have had little chance of facing it in safety. If, however, the ships were larger than is generally supposed, the question of their repairs immediately arises. No one, as far as we are aware, has ever talked of Rome or Carthage possessing a dock in the modern sense of the word; and if such a thing had ever existed, it is unlikely that our Scandinavian ancestors and the other rovers of the sea would have lost sight of so valuable a method of carrying out the repairs of a ship, and would have been content to haul up their ships on dry land.

These matters, however, possess merely an antiquarian interest. In our own country, the designation "dockyard" sufficiently associates the Navy with docks. And yet the first dockyard, in the wide interpretation that is now given to the term, was a long way anterior to the first dock. Ships that needed repair or the removal of sea-growth from their submerged portion were at one time hauled up on the beach at Rye and at Shoreham, at Winchelsea, at Dover, or at Harwich—where there was a recognised "Royal Yard" as recently as 1710—and there their defects were made good, and when the necessity arose they were "breamed," as it is described in a direction to the keeper of the King's galleys in 1238—that is, the growth of seaweed and shells was removed from their bottoms by fire. But the first dry dock was still long distant. It was not until 1496 that it was constructed at Portsmouth. It was built of wood and stone; and the closing seems to have been effected in a peculiar manner. Two walls overlapped one another at the entrance, and when a ship had entered the dock, the space between the walls was closed with earth, and the water was then pumped out. It is easy to understand that, under such conditions, the growth of the docks was slow. The Portsmouth Dock was filled up in 1623, and it was thirty years before another was made there. By that time there were docks at Chatham, Woolwich, and Deptford, while the East India Company seems to have had a dock at Blackwall. Plymouth was long a mere floating workshop, and became a real dockyard in 1689; while of the more modern yards, Pembroke dates from 1815, and Haulbowline's dry dock was opened in 1885.

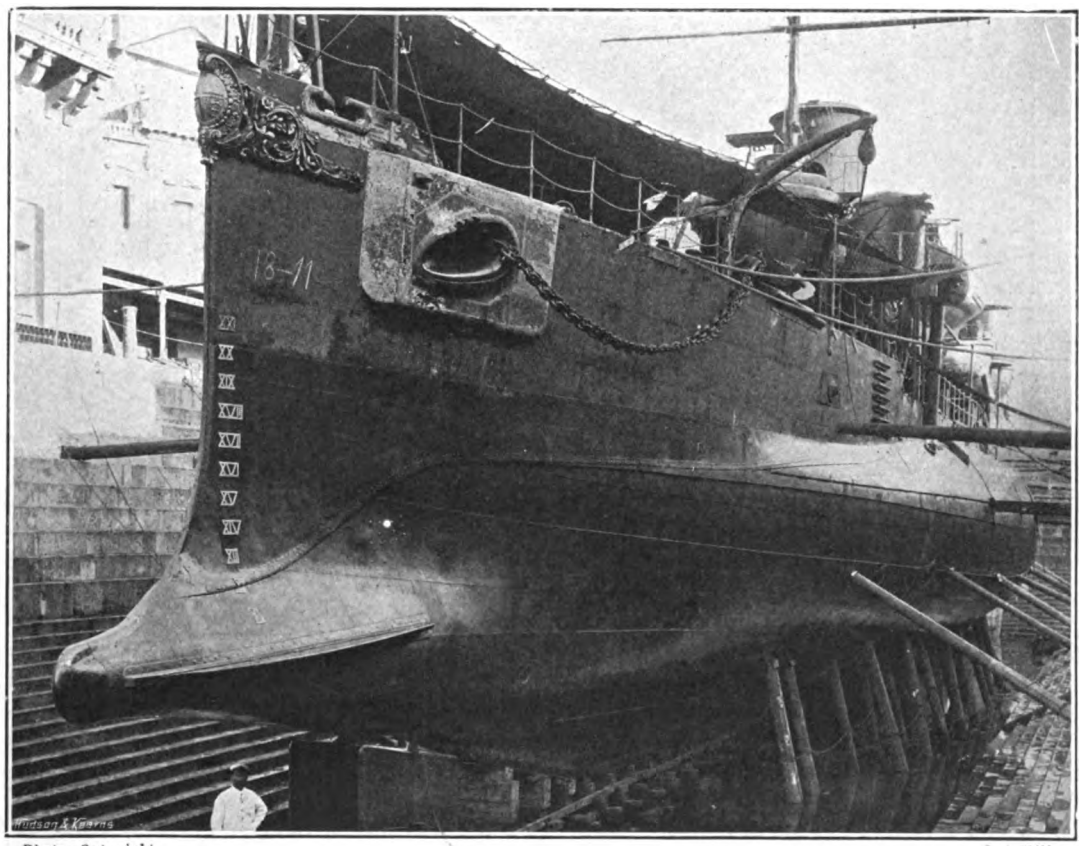


Photo. Copyright. Ellis.

A DOCK AT BRITAIN'S MEDITERRANEAN STRONGHOLD.

The Ram "Polyphemus" in Dock at Malta.

Let us quit history, however, for the facts of to-day. This country now possesses five home dockyards in which ships can be docked, and in which, as a matter of fact, they are constantly subjected to that operation. At Portsmouth, our principal Naval yard, there are sixteen docks. One of them, in which the "Britannia," the flag-ship in the Black Sea during the early part of the Russian War, was docked on her return to this country, is small and difficult of access, and perhaps nothing much better can be said of several other of the older docks. Modern ships have outgrown them. But the two latest docks, capable of taking such ships as the "Powerful" and the "Terrible," are magnificent structures, of great length and width, though neither, perhaps, will quite equal the new dock which is to be constructed at Chatham. It is an easy thing to talk of docking a ship, but it is an operation that costs a good deal of money and that needs very great nicety of manipulation.

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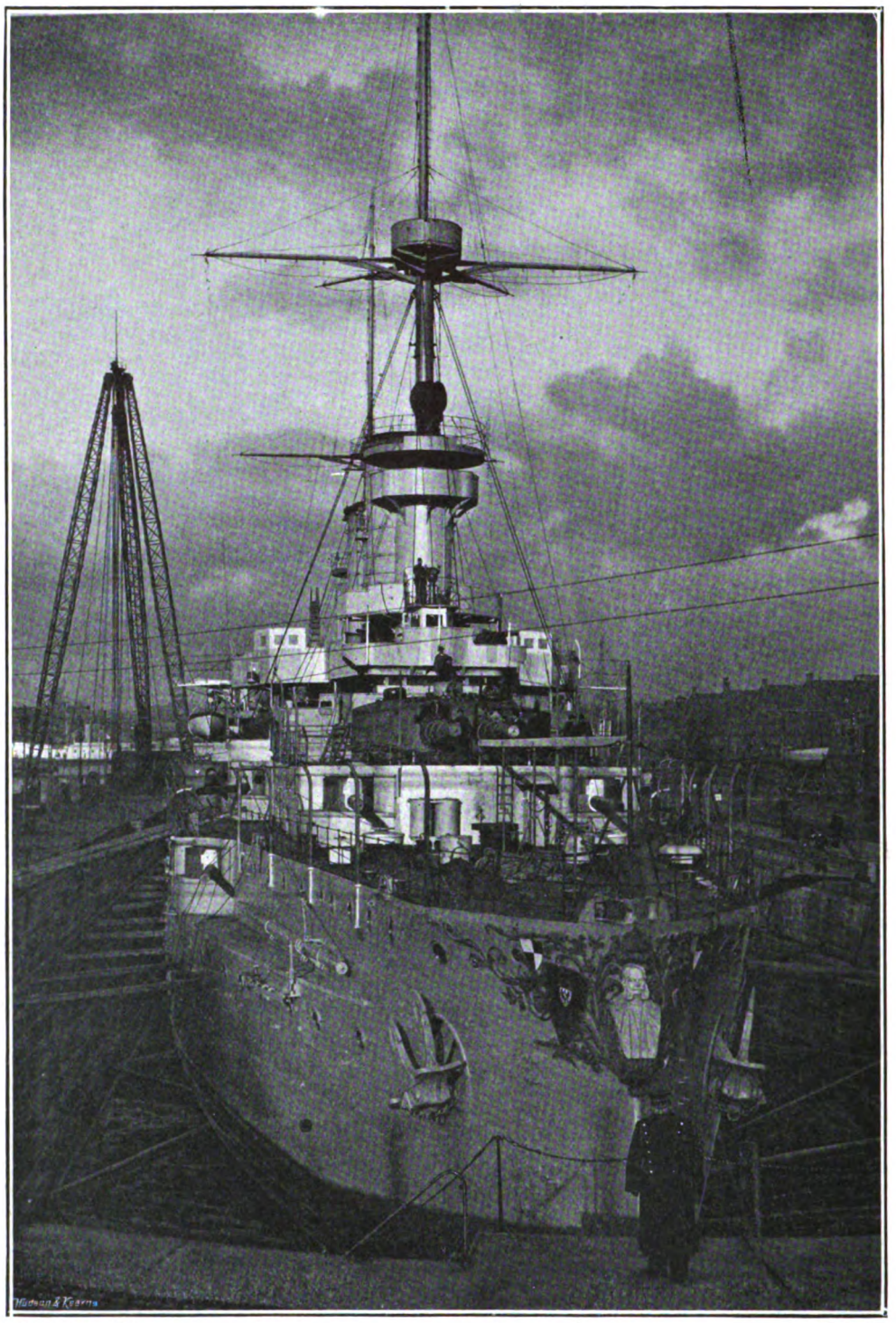
Let us consider how it is carried out. To begin with, what is a dock? According to the official "Dock Book" it is an excavation "faced with solid masonry, into which the water may be admitted and either pumped or let out, so as to leave a vessel dry, resting on blocks and supported by shores." This, indeed, conveys in a few words not only the idea of a dock, but the corresponding idea of the process of docking. A dock, in fact, is a deep trench, long enough to admit certain classes of ships, and wide enough at the entrance to admit ships of the type for which it is designed, while the body of it is of sufficient width to allow easy access to the ship on each side of her. As has been indicated, a dock is faced with masonry, in which there are gullies to allow of the passage of stores, while steps—steep, be it said—allow of descent into the body of the dock itself. Such a dock necessarily communicates either with a tidal harbour or with a basin, and the object of it is to enable a ship to be placed in an upright position with no water around her, so that it shall be possible to give the very closest examination to her underwater structure, and to effect any alterations or repairs which could not have been carried out while the vessel was afloat. It must not be supposed, however, that the ship rests directly on the floor of the dock. On the contrary, a series of large blocks are placed on the centre line of the floor, and on these the keel of the ship rests. The entrance to the dock is closed either by dock gates or by a caisson, the object in both cases being to exclude the water. More usually the closure is effected by means of a caisson. This is, in effect, a large hollow iron basin, projections from which fit into a groove cut in the stonework on each side of the entrance to the dock, and which is kept in its place by means of water within it. When a ship is to enter the dock a portion of the water is pumped out of the caisson, which, rising to the broader part of the dock entrance, releases itself from the groove and is towed to one side, the water in the meanwhile flowing into the dock and rising naturally to the same level as it has attained in the basin outside. The vessel to be docked is then guided into the dock by means of hawsers attached to her and worked either by manual or hydraulic power, all necessary checks being of course applied to prevent the vessel from going too far. When, in the judgment of the responsible authorities, she has reached the proper spot within the dock, the hawsers are made fast, so as to retain her in her position. The caisson is then floated into its place, and, water being admitted to it, is sunk into its groove, the dock being thus shut off from the outside area. Nothing now remains but to pump out the water in the dock, and, as it falls, to support the ship on each side with shores, in order to maintain her in an upright position. These shores rest on the one end against the ship's side, and on the other end against the face of the dock, and they are made secure in their places by means of wedges driven in between their extremities and the dock face. When all necessary repairs have been carried out, or when the incrustation of weed and shells has been removed from the ship's bottom, the time comes for undocking. The process is similar to that of docking. The caisson is lightened and floated out of its groove. The water thus enters the dock and floats the imprisoned ship, which is usually either taken to moorings, or brought alongside some convenient jetty and made fast there.

We have thus endeavoured to explain the process of docking and undocking with as little technicality as may be; and if, to some of our readers, we have seemed to dwell at length on matters with which they are sufficiently familiar, we would ask them to remember that there are also a large number of our readers who have never had an opportunity of witnessing the process of docking a vessel, and who have a very slender idea as to the method by which that process is carried out. The importance to a great Naval Power of the possession of docking facilities is obvious, and it is unfortunate that this country is not better provided in this respect. Nominally we have a large number of docks in our Naval ports, but many of them are really useless, for the simple reason that the ships of the present day have outgrown them. True it is that new docks are in process of construction, and that they are of ample size, but, even so, we may easily find ourselves insufficiently provided with dock accommodation for our modern ships.

Our two pictures are essentially characteristic. In the first we have the "Polyphemus" in dock at Malta. That the "Polyphemus," as a torpedo ram, represents in our Navy a type of her own which has not been repeated, need not now concern us. Her ram is sufficiently evident in our picture. The interest lies in the dock. Until the late fifties of the last century, there was but one dock at Malta. Then another was constructed, leading out of the original dock, with the entrance so wide that the two could be used as one dock. It is significant of the increase in the size of ships, that the combined length of these two docks on the blocks is only about 534-ft. Since that time two other docks have been constructed at Malta, and others are now in progress. Our second picture shows a German battle-ship in dock at Kiel. Upon one point, at any rate, Germany has had no illusions. She has recognised that an augmentation of the Navy calls for a corresponding increase in dockyard and dock accommodation, and the Naval establishment at Kiel is to be practically doubled in all essential points.



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GERMANY'S MOST IMPORTANT DOCKYARD.

The "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" at Kiel.

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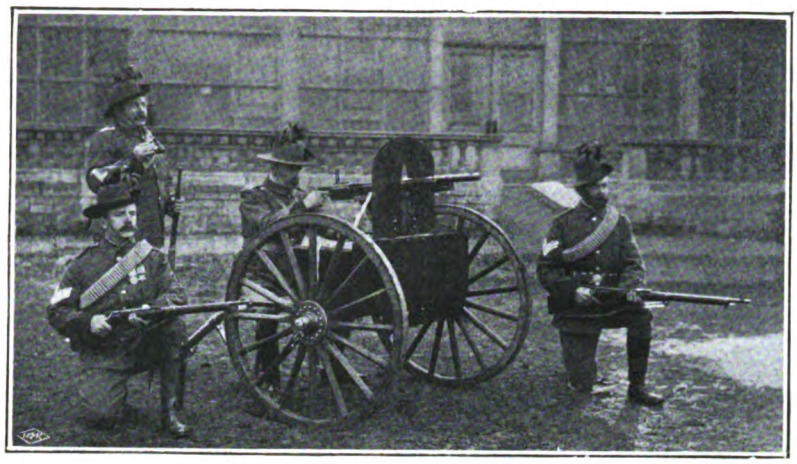
THE BRISTOL CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE 3rd V.B. GLO'STER REGIMENT.

EQUIPPED WITH MODERN GUNS.

The Colt and its Crew.

COLONEL C. E. McCLELLAN AND THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS

The Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, is the First Honorary Colonel.

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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

Lord Roberts has Just Expressed his Gratification at the Smart Appearance and Soldierly Bearing of the New Corps.

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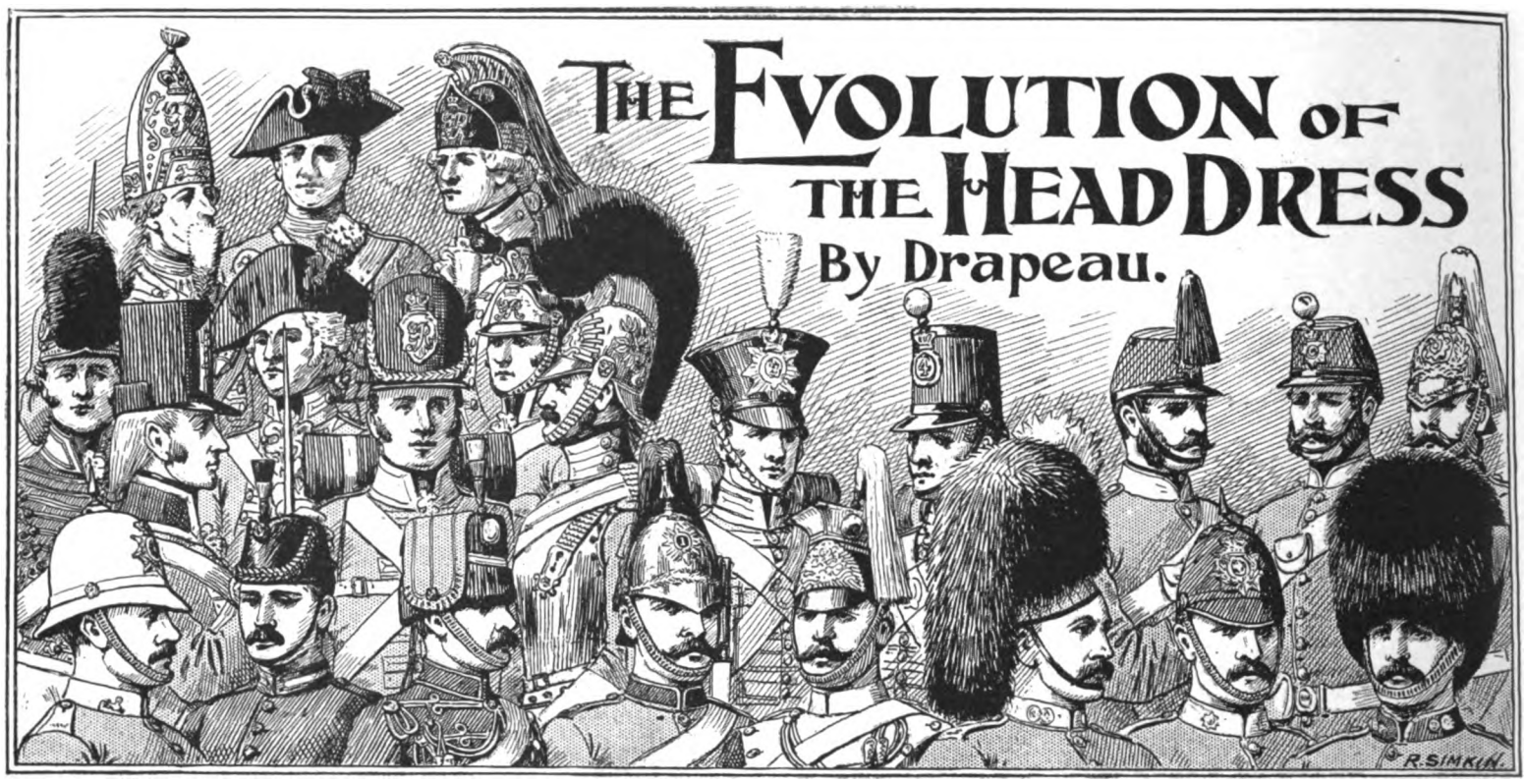

THE great head-dress question is one which crops up as regularly as the sea-serpent or a revolution in a South American State. And this is by no means a *fin de siècle* attribute of our soldiers' head-covering, for this article of attire seems to have been more or less in a state of unrest for as long a period as we care to trace back. The steel cap, infantry pattern, 1560, of Queen Elizabeth, is different, and doubtless, according to the inventor, a marked improvement on the pattern of 1558; while in that of Charles I., with its ear-pieces and long bar over the nose, it was probably considered that the finality of perfection had been reached. The Restoration, however, brought more changes, and although the steel cap was for a time retained for "horse," the alterations which had taken place in the equipment of infantry, owing to the more general use of gunpowder, had the effect, among others, of introducing a form of head-dress more in accordance with the new condition of things. This head-dress, strangely enough, still exists as part of the uniform of that ancient body—the nucleus of our standing Army—the Yeomen of the Guard.

Queen Anne introduced the grenadier cap, that quaint sugar-loaf-shaped structure with a square flap in front, on which the title of the regiment was displayed. This was copied from the Prussians, the Grenadier Guards' regiments of which still retain it. In this reign the cavalry head-gear was the three-cornered hat, which was retained by the Life Guards so late as the first campaign in the Peninsula. It was superseded by the helmet with horsehair plume down the back in 1812; but this does not appear to have given general satisfaction, for in 1817 we find a bearskin crest taking the place of the plume. Soon afterwards the helmet was exchanged for a grenadier's fur cap, but this was short-lived, and the bearskin-crested helmet was again issued.

In 1800 the three-cornered hats for the infantry were withdrawn in favour of the high cap with shade and overtopping brass plate in front, made familiar to us in battle pictures of the Peninsula and Waterloo. It appears to have remained in favour for sixteen years, for in 1816 we find the shako introduced. This, which at first was very high and spread out considerably at the top, was ornamented with a ball-tuft in front. It is probable that the shako was adopted in imitation of the French, many regiments of which wore a similar head-dress, with a *panache* or worsted plume. The shako underwent several changes, each one of which seems to have met with opposition; indeed, it is said that on a certain regiment being served with the low, soft-quilted shakos, the men expressed their disgust by piling them in a heap on the barrack square, and setting fire to them, a manner of showing dissatisfaction which has certain drawbacks, and not to be generally recommended.

The grenadier sugar-loaf cap was discarded in favour of the bearskin by George III., and the pigtail, which had existed in all its powdered glory for 100 years, was in 1804 shorn to 7-in. long, and four years later was improved away altogether. It died hard; and though ninety years have elapsed since its decease, a relic of its somewhat greasy grandeur still remains in the "flash" worn on the back of their collars by the officers of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

In an order dated October 14, 1765, directing certain changes in the uniform of the 14th Foot, His Majesty King George III. expresses his approval of the issue of black bearskin caps to the grenadiers, the caps to be fronted with red, with the motto in white metal, the drummers to have *white* bearskin caps, similarly ornamented.

While the heavy cavalry regiments continued to wear the helmet which supplanted the three-cornered hat, the formation of light dragoon regiments in 1759 demanded a lighter form of head-dress, and a tall shako with flowing plume was accordingly issued, and with some slight modifications remained the characteristic head-covering of the "light dragoon" while he existed.

During the Seventy Years' War the Emperor of Germany formed regiments of hussars. These were Hungarians, small men on light, wiry horses, typical light cavalrymen, as the Hungarian Hussars remain to this day. Other countries followed the German example, but it was not till 1803 that the hussar with his gay pelisse became a feature of the British Army. In that year four light dragoon regiments received the hussars' equipment, viz., the 7th, 10th, 15th, and 18th, and the busby, with its peculiar bag and upright plume, was added to the number of distinctive head-dresses. No satisfactory explanation is forthcoming of the meaning attaching to the embroidered bag which decorates the right side of the busby, but it is in all probability a remnant of the ancient national dress. In our Army it serves the useful purpose of distinguishing one hussar regiment from another, each having a busby-bag of a different colour.

Soon after Waterloo the 9th, 12th, 16th, and 17th Light Dragoons were constituted Lancers, and the handsome "lance cap" became part of the British uniform. Although the spear as a weapon is as old as, probably older than, the sword, there was a considerable period, after the introduction of gunpowder, during which it ceased to be a cavalry weapon among the troops of civilised nations. Its reintroduction appears to be due to the Poles, though probably it was the favourite weapon of the nomads of Eastern and Southern Russia from time immemorial. Be this as it may, the "lance cap" seems to have come from Poland, and is the distinguishing head-dress of lancer regiments throughout Europe, with the exception of Italy and Turkey.

About 1720 the Highland bonnet first made its appearance. It must not be supposed, however, that the head-dress worn by the glorious old Black Watch when its independent companies were united into a regiment at all resembled its lineal descendant of to-day. While the body of the bonnet was much the same, the ornamental portion appears to have been more or less dependent on the whim or circumstances of the wearer Where the well-to-do wore feathers, his comrade less blessed with worldly goods sported a bit of fur.

In 1870 the infantry soft shako was abolished, and a stiff one issued in its place. This was really a very smart, soldier-like head-dress, but owing to its shape an excessive amount of weight was thrown on the forehead. Rifle regiments wore the same description of shako as the Line infantry, but the red and white ball-tuft was in their case replaced by a green one. Light infantry wore a short green plume in place of the ball. The shako is at present worn by two

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regiments only—the Highland Light Infantry and the Scottish Rifles. The officers of the former wear black cap lines, a distinction peculiar to themselves, and of which the "Glesca Keelies" are not a little proud.

In 1878 the shako was finally abolished, and the helmet—again in imitation of the Prussians—became the head-dress for the Line infantry, the Guards, Fusiliers (who wear a sealskin grenadier cap), Highlanders, and Rifles retaining their distinctive head-gear.

Having thus briefly traced the changes which have taken place in this article of the soldiers' equipment, we will glance for a moment at the distinctive peculiarities pertaining to the head-dresses of certain regiments. While some of these are well-known and cherished mementoes of distinguished service, there are others the origin of which it is difficult to arrive at with any degree of certainty. Thus, while the bearskins of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards are adorned with a plume—that of the former being white, and the latter red—the Scots Guards have no plume. Of our seven Fusilier regiments only one—the Northumberlands, the old "Fighting Fifth"—has this addition to its cap.

The men of the Gloucester Regiment wear their regimental badge, the Sphinx, on the back of their helmets, as well as on the front, in commemoration of the battle of Alexandria, where the old 28th faced their rear ranks about, and, repelling the enemy's attack on both their front and rear, earned for themselves the title by which they are best known in the Service—"the front and rear boys." The only other corps wearing an ornament on the back of its head-dress is the Scots Greys. Almost concealed among the fur of its tall grenadier cap, itself an unique relic of Peninsula days, the White Horse of Hanover prances in silver glory. The forage-cap worn by this regiment is also peculiar to itself in having a waved band, supposed to represent the Stuart fez.

Steel Cap 1558 Elizabeth

Steel Cap 1560

Among Highland regiments the scarlet hackle of the Black Watch claims attention, having been, as in the case of the Gloucesters, conferred for distinction in the field; and while the Sphinx of the old 28th is a fitting tribute to the unflinching steadiness of British infantry, the red hackle no less fittingly points to their impetuous dash, for it marks the brilliant recapture from the enemy's cavalry of guns which were unfortunately lost by our own. But apart from the hackle, the bonnet, as worn by the different Highland regiments, is by no means similar. While the Black Watch has only four "foxtails," as the drooping plumes are called, most of the regiments have five, and the Argyll and Sutherlands no less than six.

Without taking into account the different patterns of white helmets, which may be considered as more or less experimental, there are in the regular home Army twelve separate and distinct full-dress head-dresses, each of which are again to some extent differentiated by regimental peculiarities, such as the pattern of plate, or colour of plume. Of these the most costly initially is the bearskin of a warrant officer or staff-sergeant of the Foot Guards, which is valued at £10 6s., and is required to last for nine years. The cap of the Scots Greys is, however, really more costly, for though only costing £9, it only lasts six years. The feather bonnet is valued at £2 6s., with an additional £1 for the warrant officers', and lasts twelve years; but an annual sum is allowed for keeping the bonnets in repair, which is done regimentally. From these large sums there is a considerable drop to the sealskin cap of the Fusiliers, costing 18s., and lasting five years; the lance cap 16s., lasting four years; the shako 7s. 6d., lasting four years; and, finally, the infantry helmet, which costs a modest 4s. 6d., and lasts four years also.

Steel Caps Charles I and Cromwell.

Within the last year or two an attempt has been made to devise a head-dress that would be equally suitable for home and foreign service, that would combine the simplicity and lightness required for the field, especially in hot climates, with the attractive appearance so desirable from a recruiting point of view. The problem has not yet been satisfactorily solved, but the recent visit of our comrades from "down under" has shown us that the scheme is not beyond the range of practical politics.

The Old Irish Guards.

It has often been a subject of wonder to many that, although we have English Guards and Scotch Guards, we have not until this year had any Irish Guards. The reason is this: There used to be an Irish Regiment of Guards, but it took James II.'s side in 1689, and so disappeared from the British Army. The story of the regiment briefly told is as follows: When Charles II., at the Restoration, established his Household Brigade, he allotted regiments of Guards to each of the three kingdoms. Early in 1662 the King authorised the Duke of Ormond to raise a regiment of foot, "to be his Guards in Ireland." The men were to be raised "in this Our Kingdom of England, by beat of drum, proclamation, or otherwise," and the Duke was also authorised to give commissions to such as he should think fit to be officers. He appointed his fifth son, the Earl of Arran, to the command of the regiment. No time was wasted, and by May 9 the regiment had reached Chester, having marched from London. On the 14th the twelve companies began to embark in eleven ships for Ireland. Arrived there, the Irish Guards were quartered in Dublin.

In 1666 there was a general design on the part of the Roundheads and other discontents to rise. In Ireland Dublin Castle was to be seized. The Irish soldiers were many months in arrears of pay, and the men of the regiments generally gave encouragement to the conspirators, but owing to the loyalty of the Irish Guards, the hopes of the disaffected were frustrated.

At Carrickfergus four companies of soldiers mutinied, and the Earl of Arran, with four companies of the Guards regiment, "the only one on which dependence could be placed," was despatched to quell the disturbance. They forced their way into the town, and the mutineers surrendered. This was a sample of the work the Guards had to do, and right well they did it, in spite of arrears of pay. In 1685, during Monmouth's rebellion, four companies of the Irish Guards were brought to Chester; but after the victory of Sedgemoor their services were not required, and they were sent back to their old quarters.

The Irish army was remodelled when Tyrconnel became Lieutenant-Governor in Ireland. He discharged 400 men from the Irish Guards and filled their places with Irish Roman Catholics. In 1668, seven out of the thirteen companies, of which the regiment then consisted, came over to England with other Irish regiments, under the command of Major-General Justin Macarthy, to join the British army then being assembled to repel the invasion of the Prince of Orange. They are described in an old manuscript as "tall, sightly young men, well dressed; they received new arms at the Tower, and were exercised in Hyde Park, much to the satisfaction of the King." They were then sent to garrison Tilbury Fort. When William of Orange found himself master of the situation on the flight of James II., he disbanded all the Irish regiments but one, the present (18th) Royal Irish. The Guards were disarmed and sent under a Dutch escort to the Isle of Wight, where they were detained for a short period, and then transferred to the service of the Emperor of Germany.

The remaining six companies of Irish Guards left in Ireland fought throughout the succeeding campaign on the side of James II., until William IV.'s final victory at Limerick in 1691. The Irish Guards, with most of the Jacobite forces, numbering in all nearly 20,000 officers and men, passed into the service of France. There they became the Royal Regiment of Ireland, or the Regiment of Dorrington, from the name of their colonel.

More than once in succeeding years the Royal Regiment of Ireland crossed bayonets with British troops. At the battle of Malplaquet the two Royal Regiments of Ireland actually met. At one stage in the battle Villars, seeing that the French were being forced from their position on a wooded ridge, called the Irish Brigade and other regiments from the centre, and launched them full upon the British and Prussians. The Irish charged with impetuosity, and their own formation was broken by the density of the forest. Then the Royal Regiment of Ireland met the 18th Royal Irish. The latter crushed the French regiment with two volleys by sheer superiority of fire, and drove it back in disorder.

After the Peace of Utrecht in 1714 the Royal Regiment of Ireland ceased to exist. The men were absorbed in other regiments of the French Irish Brigade. Meanwhile, a proposal was made in Queen Anne's reign to raise another regiment of Irish Guards, but the scheme was never carried out. A suggestion was also made not very long ago by Colonel Walton, in his "History of the British Standing Army," that the 18th Royal Irish should be rewarded for its two centuries of conspicuous loyalty and gallantry by being made the Royal Irish Guards. But it was left to our late Queen to do the honour to Ireland of creating a regiment of Irish Guards.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

TURNING back from the East, we next have to consider the Dark Continent, or rather so much of it as can be conveniently reached from our military stations. The obvious connecting link with Asia is

ADEN,

where, although the military station is in Asia, the shooting ground (strictly reserved for the garrison) is in Africa—Somaliland to wit. Of the making of books on the sport of this district there is really no end; and, consequently, everybody who takes any interest in shooting knows something, at second hand at least, about it. The districts easiest of access from Aden form the Aden Garrison Reserve, and the game there to be found consists mostly of various kinds of antelope, with an occasional lion. Further inland there is always the chance of elephants and also of rhinoceros. The black "rhino" can be a dangerous customer on occasion, and is generally "spoiling for a fight." That his powers of offence are not trifling, the following extract from Drummond will prove: "Four of us, consisting of myself, three native hunters, and my gun-bearer" (this seems to me to make five, but perhaps our author did not count the gun-bearer) "were on our way to join a native hunting party some twelve miles off, and just after crossing a small stream about halfway we saw a flock of rhinoceros birds hovering over an *ukaku* thicket, and evidently accompanying some game passing through it. The place was of no great size, so two of the hunters ran round to the further side, while I and the remaining one went into it, and in a few seconds struck the spoor of an *upetyane* (black rhinoceros). I am thankful now to recollect that I at once suggested leaving the vicious brute alone, partly because it was such dangerous work, and its death would do us no good, partly on account of the time it would waste and the distance we had yet to go. However, the hunter wanted to go after it, and to have said more would have implied fear on my part, a thing one has to guard against when, being the only white man amongst natives far in the interior, one's comfort, and not impossibly one's life, depends upon one's prestige; and so we went on, and in scarcely five minutes I saw it, having already heard it snorting like a steam engine, trotting along, tossing its head, and looking like mischief personified, having evidently got the wind of some of us, and being quite as anxious to find us as we it. It was about 15-yds. off, and I instantly let drive with both barrels into its shoulder, springing as I did so into the tree under which I was.

IN THE JUNGLE.

"My unlucky companion, who was a little distance on one side, and had hitherto only heard it, came running towards the shots, and absolutely met it face to face; he at once fired and turned to run, but it was too late, and he was caught on the spot, thrown up with a single toss, which must probably have stunned him, and was then trampled out of all sembiance to humanity by the bloodthirsty brute. Any description would be sickening; I could do nothing, for my gun-bearer had disappeared, seeking safety in some other spot, and I found that I had not a single cartridge left in the little pouch I carried; but after a minute I could stand the inaction no longer, and, getting down the tree unperceived, I stole away, and as soon as I was out of reach began to shout to the others. Two of them soon came up, my gun-bearer and a hunter, one of them having hidden himself on finding the sort of animal we had to deal with; and I having got a supply of cartridges, we went back to the spot, until we got sight of the brute, still trampling and squealing, when, kneeling down, we fired at it together.

"My nerves had been so much shaken that I was unsteady, and missed clean, not 20-yds. off; but the ball from my companion's great elephant-gun sped more truly, and the brute fell on its knees, where, by dint of repeated, if not very well-aimed, shots I succeeded in keeping it until he had reloaded, when we finished it off together."

Of the Mascarene Islands (Mauritius, etc.) Admiral Kennedy has recently written so fully in these columns that I need make no pause there, but proceed straight to

SOUTH AFRICA,

in a past generation the paradise of the big-game hunter. The game list of our Colonies is now restricted to the lesser antelopes (which have probably increased a good deal during the present war) and a considerable variety of small game. Lions and some larger game inhabit the territory of the Chartered Company, and for those who can take sufficient leave some really good sport can be enjoyed in the feverish tracts of the Pungwe. In these reed-covered jungles buffaloes still linger, though rinderpest has everywhere greatly reduced their numbers. Drummond thus relates a tussle with an immense bull: "I had not gone out before dawn, but being knocked up and lame from two very hard days I had had, I did not get up till after sunrise, and then, lightly attired in a shirt and a pair of shoes, I went down to the stream to bathe. Though only going to bathe some 50-yds. from where a camp full of people were assembled, I was both accompanied by a boy and carried my gun, but on arriving at the place, finding that I had forgotten to bring any soap, I sent him back for some, and in the meantime sat down to wait for his return. He had not been gone half a minute when I heard the chirping of some rhinoceros birds within a few yards of me in the reeds, and thinking they were probably settled on a water antelope I went in towards them, and in three or four minutes came upon a buffalo so standing across one of the game-paths as to present me with his shoulders, while the other parts of his body were concealed. I made a careful shot, to which he fell; but before the smoke cleared he rose and made off, and I, after reloading, took up the spoor, which I found all covered with blood. It took me a long time to come up with him again, although he had not gone far, but the reeds were thick, and I had to be very careful going through them for fear of noise. At last I saw him about 3-yds. off, half facing me, and instantly fired at the point of his shoulder. He, however, noticed me as I pulled the trigger, and charged, and I only escaped by a couple of feet or so, he passing me within that distance. . . . After passing me I heard the brute wheel, and again head down stream, until I lost the sound of the breaking reeds. It is a curious trait of large game that after the first rush their passage becomes inaudible, even though it be through the thickest of thick jungle. The sound does not even die away, but suddenly when quite loud it ceases to exist; and yet, as the spoor afterwards shows, the animal is still going at full speed. On resuming the track I found that the buffalo was losing more and more blood, and by the way he put down the near fore foot I felt sure that his shoulder was broken. Of course, I had to be more cautious than ever, particularly when I found that he crossed and recrossed the river, probably for the sake of cooling himself, but which had the effect of bringing me into view while I was in the water, when he might be watching me from the opposite reeds. The stream is not broad, and for the above reason I never crossed it exactly in his footprints, but either above or below, until on coming to a place where a small island divided it, and where the opposite bank was so high that I could not be watched, I took straight across. It struck me afterwards that I must have made a considerable noise in the water . . . On getting out I at once clambered over the bank, not anticipating danger, but, from the force of habit, with the gun at the charge and ready for use. As my head rose above the bank the first thing that I saw was the buffalo's horns, which, instantly disappearing, gave place to his tail. He had not turned round, but, lowering his head

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while he raised his tail, was in the act of charging. The distance was so short, scarcely more than a yard, that I had no time to put the gun to my shoulder, but, staring in his face, I pulled the trigger, and threw myself headlong under a mass of water-loving bushes. It was no good, though. He put his head through the smoke, saw that I was not in the water, and turning round discovered me, and with a savage grunt again lowered his head. Luckily for me I had thrown myself so far under the thickest of the overhanging branches that he was forced to pull up, treading, however, as he did so on my leg, and striking me with his head high up on the thigh. Then he retired backwards and charged again, not treading upon me, but again hitting me with his head, after which he began poking me with his nose, trying his best to shove me against the branches, and so enable him to get his nose under me, and allow him to raise me to a height at which he could use his horns. He had already attempted to use them, but, unable to get them low enough, took this method of raising me.

"It was the most dangerous moment of his whole attack, for I particularly wished to sham death, and at the same time had to resist his shoving with all my strength; however, I succeeded in retaining my position without any apparent movement, and in a few minutes he desisted. The next thing he tried, probably with the idea of ascertaining whether I was really dead or not, was to lick me over with his file-like tongue, an ordeal which, as in several places it nearly rubbed the skin off, was most trying to undergo without moving, and one which apparently satisfied him that he had killed me, though I have no doubt he also felt very sick from the effect of his wound, the blood from which had perfectly covered me, for after standing motionless watching me for some minutes, he at last turned away, and to my great delight re-entered the reeds. I laid perfectly still until he was completely out of sight, for I could not reach my gun from where I was, and then rising and loading the discharged barrel, I also disappeared in the reeds. I had not gone in on his spoor, however, but crossing above it (for the island was small) I skirted along outside to see if he had gone out, and finding that he had not, I again entered exactly opposite to where he had gone in, and after moving quietly forward for a few minutes, I saw that I had acted rightly, for I could see his black outline lying down, with his head turned in the direction in which he had come. He was not in a satisfactory position for a telling shot, and as I had no desire for a repetition of the late scene, and wanted this bullet to end the matter, I slightly shook the reeds in the hope that he would rise and afford me a good chance. This, however, having no effect, I took a dry reed and broke it, with a like result. I now felt pretty sure of how things were, though not quite, and to make certain I threw the broken pieces on to his body, and that failing to rouse him, I went up and found him, as I now expected, stone dead, his last thought evidently having been to lie so that he would front anyone who followed him."

Central Africa, now occupied by a small and native garrison, affords shooting possibilities hardly yet developed; and even the despised "Coast" in some parts, notably Gambia, affords those stationed there more chances with the gun and rifle than they generally avail themselves of. Northern Africa will be more conveniently dealt with in my next and last article. SNAFFLE.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16, 30, *and May* 4.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"EXMOUTH."—The form of parents' consent upon the admission order to the "Exmouth" provides for a lad "being sent for the sea service to the above-mentioned Metropolitan District Training-ship, and upon the completion of his training to his entering the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine Service." This explains the special bent of the instruction afforded. The lads are taught such things as dumb-bell drill and swimming; rifle, cutlass, and sword-bayonet drill; gunnery, including field-gun drill; ambulance work, and gymnastics. In such matters some naturally display more aptitude than others, but, taken as a whole, they possess a creditable knowledge of such exercises. Then, too, they are taught seamanship. They are taught to knot and to splice, and the most advanced of them spend a portion of their time under the direction of a qualified sailmaker. There is a riggers' class, which is quite capable of stripping and serving anew the lower rigging of the ship. Finally, attached to the ship is a brigantine, the "Steadfast," which cruises during the summer months as far as the Western Ports with a crew of selected boys under the charge of experienced seamen. The youngsters thus learn in earnest to "hand, reef, and steer," and they have more than once earned the commendation of well-qualified judges for the manner in which they have handled their little craft in a stiff breeze. Let it be said that everything in connection with the "Exmouth" is carried out in man-of-war fashion. There is none of that having to work single-handed which a boy may experience in his after career if he goes to sea in the merchant service in a "wind-jammer," but there are so many hands that the work is done like magic, and a sail is furled or set, or a mast sent up or down, with a highly creditable promptness.

* * * *

GEORGE CLEMENTS.—The office of Secretary of State for War, or Secretary at War, as he used to be styled, dates back to the time of the Restoration, when it was substituted for that of the High Treasurer of the Army. But there was a great difference in the two officials. The High Treasurer had "to be a man of great wisdom, expert in martial affairs (for that he is to speak his opinion in all offices as well concerning other offices as his own)," whereas from the days of Charles II. until now, in the appointment of Secretaries for War, no account has been taken of their experience or want of experience in military matters. At first, however, the Secretary at War was nothing but secretary of military affairs to the King, and exercised no active control whatever over military matters. It was the Commander-in-Chief who exercised all those powers since transferred to the Secretary of State.

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"PER MARE, PER TERRAM" (The "Edgar," Devonport).—Whilst still a young man, Captain Howe (afterwards Lord Howe) lost no occasion of instilling, by example, coolness and intrepidity in both officers and men when they found themselves in a tight corner. His frigate, the "Dunkirk," caught fire one night, and the lieutenant of the watch, in great agitation, woke him up and told him that the ship was on fire near the gun-room. "If that be the case," said the resolute officer, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and, instantly returning, exclaimed, "You need not, sir, be afraid; the fire is extinguished!" "Afraid!" exclaimed Captain Howe; "what do you mean by that, sir? I never was afraid in my life," and, looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "How does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks!" Later, when he became an admiral, he observed on the ever-memorable First of June a little boy standing in a dangerous and exposed position just as the three days' action was going to be renewed. "You had better go below, my lad; you are too young to be of service here." "My Lord," replied the blushing boy, "what would my father say if I were not to remain upon deck during action?"

"NELSON'S FAILURE."—The English flags so carefully preserved as trophies at Teneriffe were, there is good reason to believe, not captured in actual fight, but, having been washed out of a boat that had capsized, drifted ashore, and were so annexed by the Spaniards. The occasion was the attack made by Nelson on the port and red castle of Santa Cruz, when, according to the grandiloquent, but obviously exaggerated, Spanish account, 1,500 men, armed to the teeth with muskets, pistols, pikes, cutlasses, axes, and saws, and headed by Nelson himself, landed, only to be repulsed by the terrible fire of the Spanish batteries. Troubridge, who was commodore, nobly supported his chief, and with such effect as to shut up the Spaniards in the Red Fort and the present Plaza de la Constitution, but their leader stoutly refused to surrender. After many hours of hand-to-hand fighting Troubridge was compelled to report the capture of the place to be impossible, and Nelson, with what reluctance may be imagined, was forced to accede to a compact, styled by the Spaniards "una capitulacion," under which the British were allowed to withdraw with arms and all their belongings, on condition that neither they nor the ships which composed the force should again attack Teneriffe or any of the Canary Islands. The proceedings terminated with a characteristic exchange of mutual compliments. Nelson, on his part, sent to the Governor not only an expression of his gratitude for the kindly treatment extended to the English wounded, but also a barrel of ale and a cheese, while the Spaniard, not to be outdone, responded by an eloquent tribute to the generous heart and lofty mind of his adversary, accompanied by two demijohns of wine, which he flattered himself contained by "no means the worst of the vintages that our island produces."

* * * *

"JUSTITIA."—With reference to a recent court-martial at which counsel was permitted to put questions to a witness to elicit information as to the manner in which the members of a previous court had voted, an Army Order has lately been issued in which officers are informed that the Judge-Advocate-General has ruled that the court ought not to have allowed these questions to be answered. Presidents of courts-martial are in future to take care that no question regarding the unanimity of opinion, or otherwise, of a court-martial previously held is raised before a court-martial. That, as a rule, justice is done by courts-martial may be judged by the fact that soldiers who are to be tried are always asked if they have any objection, personal or otherwise, to the president or any of the members, and they rarely object to any member. It is natural for a soldier to believe in the justice of a military court. Besides, the accused must needs prefer that tribunal's methods to the slow process of investigation and disposal by a civil court. It is best to get over one's trouble as soon as possible.

* * * *

"VOLUNTEER N.C.O."—According to the latest returns, the military district that has secured the greatest number of Volunteer Long Service Medals is Scotland, which has been awarded 81. The other districts figure in the following order: North-Western, 78; North-Eastern, 56; Western, 36; Home, 32; Eastern, 22; South-Eastern, 15; and Thames, 4. Scotland has also the credit of having the regiment with the largest number of these medals. The 3rd V.B. Seaforth Highlanders has 14; the 2nd V.B. South Lancashire Regiment, 8; the 5th V.B. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 7; the 3rd V.B. South Staffordshire Regiment, 6; and the following regiments have five each—the 2nd V.B. West Riding, the 2nd West Riding Royal Engineers, 1st Northumberland Volunteer Artillery, 1st V.B. Liverpool Regiment, 2nd V.B. Worcestershire Regiment, 3rd Lanark V.A., 4th V.B. Scottish Rifles, 1st V.B. Devonshire, and 3rd V.B. South Wales Borderers. Thirteen other regiments have secured four medals each, and twenty-one have each three medallists. In all 324 Long Service Medals have been awarded. THE EDITOR.

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"TO OUR FUTURE MEETING, FRIEND."

Photo. Copyright. **Ball.**

SERGEANT HOMBERGER'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Sergeant Homberger was the non-commissioned officer who was recently in London in order to show German Army equipment to the King and to the War Office authorities. He is seen here bidding adieu to his friend, Paymaster-Sergeant Mitton of the Scots Guards, who acted as interpreter to the German visitor during his stay in this country, and who performed a similar service to the detachment of Queen Victoria's Dragoon Regiment which attended the funeral of the late Queen.

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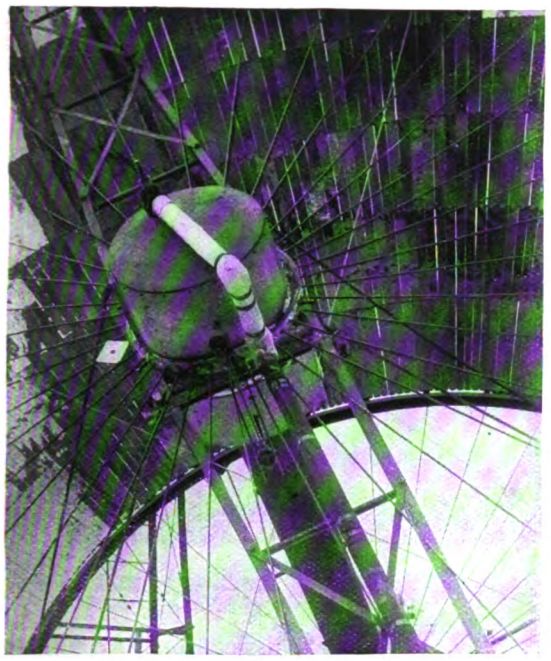
HARNESSING THE SUN.

AN INVENTION WHEREBY THE ARID PORTIONS OF THE EMPIRE MAY BE FERTILISED.

By H. G. Archer.



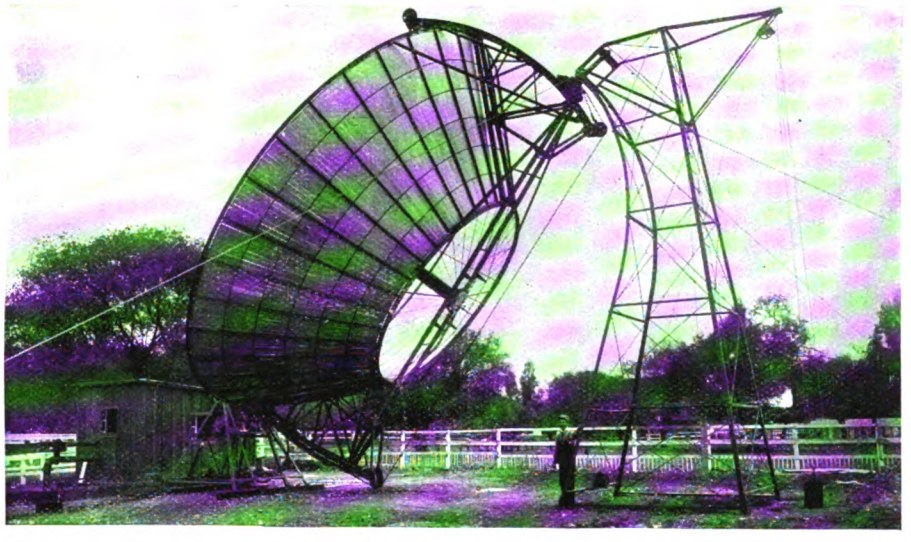
INSIDE THE REFLECTOR.
Showing Part of the Tubular Boiler

FOR very many years past inventors have been grappling with the problem of how to utilise the sun's heat for power; in a word, they have been trying vainly to trap sunbeams and make them work for a living, just as the enormous energy that is available from the fall of river water has recently been pressed into man's service, for the purpose of generating, storing, and transmitting over long distances electric power.

The quantity of heat which is received from the sun has been determined by several experimenters. If the amount of heat falling on a square centimeter were transformed into a lifting force, without any loss whatever, it would raise a cubic centimeter of water against the force of gravity at the rate of about 4,800-ft. per minute. A similar computation shows that the heat which the sun, when near the zenith, radiates upon the deck of a steam-ship would suffice, could it be turned into work without loss, to drive her at a fair rate of speed. Now it has been solved that the principle of the invention for condensing the heat from the solar atmosphere, and so providing fuel without cost or transportation at every point within the temperate and tropical regions of the world, is exceedingly simple.

By the aid of a sun-glass one can obtain sufficient heat at the focal points of the sun's rays below the glass to create fire; while experiments that have been made with concave metallic mirrors have proved that iron ore can be melted in 24-sec., cast iron in 7½-sec., and water boiled immediately. These examples all indicate the possibilities of solar concentration. However, like all modern inventions so-called, the idea was anticipated by the ancients. Archimedes set the Roman fleet on fire off Syracuse by a combination of the flat steel mirrors then in use; Roger Bacon promised the Pope that by the use of looking-glasses he would harass the Mahomedan army more effectively than could 40,000 men. In the case of boiling water by this method, however, you have only to confine the element, and you will have steam accompanied by power. The celebrated engineer, James Ericsson, was the first to utilise the sun's heat for generating steam power. In 1868 he announced the invention of a solar motor intended to supplement the energies of coal in furnishing mechanical power. His first machine was constructed at New York in 1870, and during the following fourteen years the inventor laboured unceasingly to bring it to greater perfection. Ericsson originally used metallic plates in his reflector, but subsequently adopted silvered glass, as this was cheap and durable, and could be easily cleaned. His perfected motor, constructed in 1883, possessed a surface of 100 square feet, giving 1,850,000 foot-pounds per hour, the practical estimate being ten square feet of reflector for one horse-power. Under a clear sky this solar engine, moved by steam generated by the heat of the sun, performed its functions with perfect uniformity at a velocity of 240 revolutions per minute. Nevertheless, Ericsson's sun motor was not successful; neither were those of other mechanically-minded men who, at a contemporary period, experimented with the same object in view.

For example, in France, Tellier obtained power by the direct application of solar heat without using reflecting mirrors; while the solar engine of another French inventor, named Mouchot, was rejected by the Government only because his silver-lined curved metallic reflectors were too expensive. Again, in 1878, Mr. William Adams, Deputy Registrar of the High Court of Bombay, made a series of valuable experiments in that tropical climate with flat mirrors of Ericsson's pattern, his idea being to prove that solar heat could be made a substitute for fuel in tropical countries for heating steam boilers. In America, at least, Ericsson's invention, which was unsuccessful only as far as feeble workings went, had never been lost sight of. Since his death in 1889 other inventors have followed him in the same field, constructing device after device, which, though meeting with failure, have all accomplished something that convinced the promoters that success was within sight. Now at last the problem has been solved by the new solar motor whose appearance and mechanism is illustrated in this paper; and consequently, to quote the words of those who have seen it in working order, "the time has arrived when we can hitch our trolley-cars to the sun and have them propelled for the asking." It is no exaggeration to state that this wonderful sun motor, which is in successful operation at Pasadena, California, marks an era in the world's mechanical history.



READY FOR FOCUSSING.

By the accompanying illustrations it will be seen that the engine may be likened to an enormous open umbrella, with a part of the top cut off; or to another familiar object—a billiard-table lamp-shade. The interior forms a huge reflector, in which are 1,800 glass mirrors, each about 3-in. wide and 2-in. long; and these reflectors catch the sunshine and reflect it upon a long, slim boiler, set in the centre like the handle of an umbrella. The reflecting surface, however, must be first set at an angle to catch the rays; therefore the whole engine is mounted on a tall iron framework, like that set up for windmills, and under the bottom is an equatorial mounting, something like that used with leviathan telescopes. The solar motor is automatically balanced, the weight resting on roller bearings, so that only a few pounds of hand pressure are required to turn it in any way that may be desired. When the operator wishes to get up steam, he turns a crank and swings the reflector into focus, guided by an indicator. When the focus is once obtained, the great umbrella, like a sunflower, automatically keeps its shining face towards the sun, a common clock regulating its movements. The motor works a fifteen horse-power engine employed in pumping water. In that land of almost perpetual sunshine, which was selected as the best place for its first practical trial, the reflector is focussed daily soon after the sun has risen. At first the morning dew is seen slowly to ascend from the gigantic mouth. Then the bright glasses glitter in the sun, and the heat lines begin to quiver inside the circle, the greatest commotion taking place round

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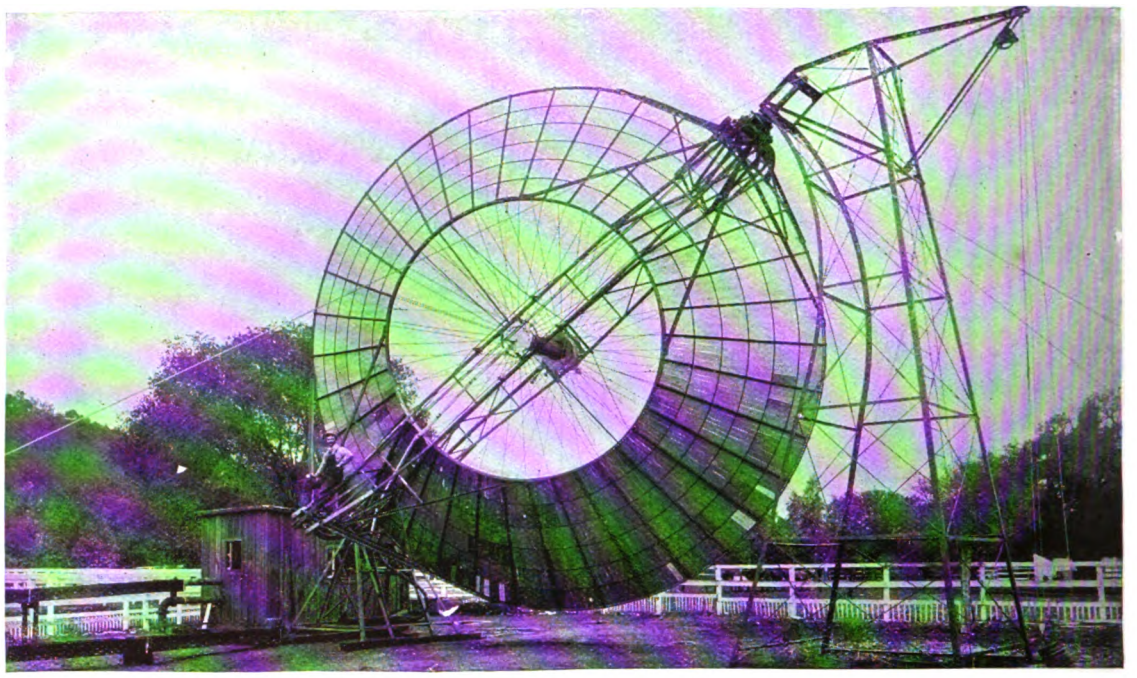
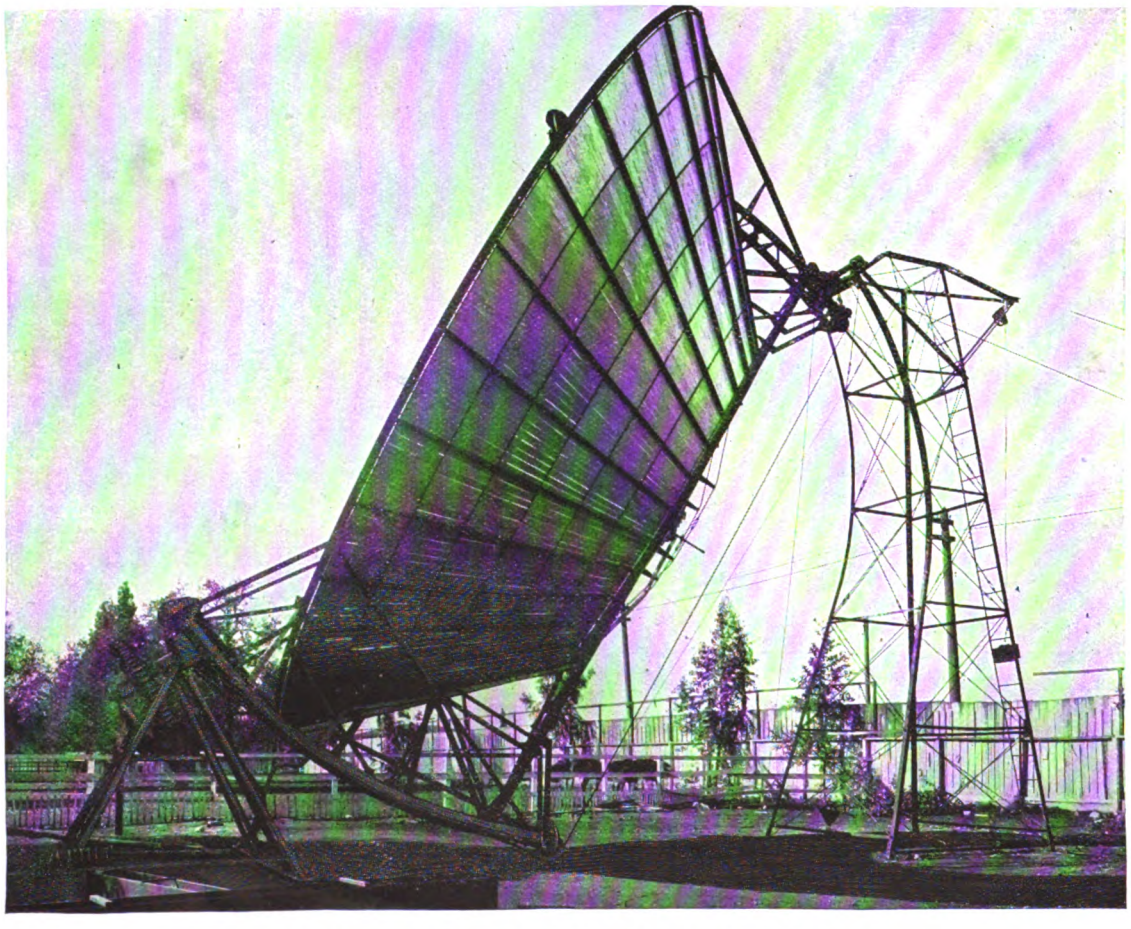


A BACK VIEW OF THE REFLECTOR.

and about the long black water-tube boiler, which, as the intensity of the focussed rays increases, begins to glisten, so that in any photograph taken of the machine the boiler is shown almost as pure white. Within an hour of the time of turning the crank and getting the focus—provided that no clouds intervene to throw shadows into the reflector—there is a jet of steam from the safety-valve. The engineer opens the regulator, there is a succession of hisses from the umbrella handle, and the high-pressure steam is being conducted in pipes to a compound engine operating a centrifugal pump. The sun, in fact, is drawing water at the rate of 1,400 gallons a minute. This is wonderful enough in all conscience, but the ingenuity of the mechanism does not end here. The fact has already been mentioned that the reflector automatically keeps pace with the passage of the sun across the firmament, but there are other labour-saving devices to be recorded. The machine oils itself; the supply of water for the boiler is regulated automatically—as is also the steam pressure, which reaches its maximum with a pressure of 210-lb. per square inch—and there can be no explosion. Therefore, once started, the solar motor runs all day without any attention whatever. Then, when the sun sinks so low that there is no more heat, it will stop, rest over night, and all that is needed to start it when the radiant energy again asserts itself is the twist of a couple of handles. It should be added that the reflector seldom requires cleaning, and this, indeed, is practically the only manual work to be done in connection with the machine. This solar engine was made in Boston, and though its successful operation now seems so simple, it is the result of nearly ten years' experimental work, and of a very considerable outlay of money. This sun motor pumps water, but it would just as efficiently grind grain, saw lumber, and generate electricity.

Therefore, who can foresee what influence an inexhaustible motive power of this kind will exercise on civilisation, and the capability of the earth to supply the wants of our race? When the sky is clear the great storehouse is open, and power may be obtained free of cost and transportation. Think what cheap power means in the arid but richly auriferous regions of the globe, where the prohibitive cost of the same under existing methods of obtaining it is the only thing that bids the exploiter defiance. Think what cheap power means in countries where coal is exceedingly expensive and there is little to be had. In these respects the field awaiting the application of the solar motor is almost beyond computation, as the source of its power is boundless. Doubtless, by means of this epoch-making invention, as yet, of course, in its babyhood, the regions of the earth which suffer from an excess of solar heat will ultimately derive benefits resulting from an unlimited command of motive power, which will to a great extent compensate for disadvantages hitherto supposed not to be counterbalanced by any good. It is now prophesied that solar motors will before long be seen all over the Californian desert as thick as windmills in Holland, and that they will make the desert to blossom as a rose—a phrase that literally represents the possibilities of the machine; for windmills will run only so long as the wind blows, and for weeks at a time on the desert there is no wind; whereas the sun shines nine days out of ten upon the great waste land, where an abundance of all kinds of fruit may be growing and ripening under the glare of the sun, which, whilst it ripens the fruits, will also water and nourish them. The rainless regions on which the vast sun power now wasted might be industrially utilised are of practically unlimited extent. There is one extending from the north-west of Africa to Mongolia, 9,000 miles in length by 1,000 miles wide. Besides the North African deserts, this region includes the southern coast of the Mediterranean east of the Gulf of Cabes, Upper Egypt, the eastern and part of the western coast of the Red Sea, part of Syria, the eastern part of the countries watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, eastern Arabia, the greater part of Persia, the extreme western part of China, Thibet, and lastly, Mongolia. In the Western Hemisphere, Lower California, the tableland of Mexico and Guatemala, and the western coast of South America, for a distance of more than 2,000 miles, suffer from continuous, intense radiant heat.

Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, wrote sixteen years ago that future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to the



A SIDE VIEW OF THE REFLECTOR.

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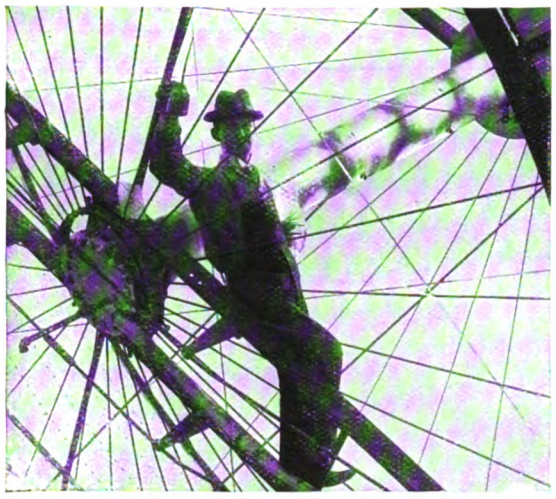
regions enumerated for that very cause, which will not improbably convert them into the seat of mechanical and thence political power. Again, Ericsson estimated that 2,300,000 solar engines, each of one hundred horse-power, could be kept in constant operation nine hours per day, by utilising only that heat which is now wasted on the assumed small fraction of land extending along some of the water-fronts of the sun-burnt regions of the earth.

To no nation should this invention appeal more strongly than to England. As the great colonising factor and the opener-up of dark continents, the discovery of this cheap power should mean cheap homes for millions of our surplus population where there are now only a few hundreds of settlers; for, let it be remembered that the greater portion of our inheritance across the seas enjoys what is practically perpetual sunshine. First, take the irrigation difficulty, which proves a stumbling-block to the cultivation of innumerable promising tracts of country. An Australian writer has not exaggerated in stating that without practical, scientific irrigation, life in the back-blocks, owing to its harsh and unlovely conditions, has degraded men into absolute brutes. The water may be there, but it cannot be utilised, owing both to the scarcity of fuel and to the prohibitive cost of installing pumping machinery on the scale required to do any good. By the aid of solar motors, however, extracting their fuel from the sky with which to operate powerful centrifugal pumps, such wastes could be transformed into paradises at, comparatively speaking, infinitesimal cost. Second, consider the veritable revolution in labour which the system might accomplish where our auriferous colonies, the Transvaal, British Columbia, etc., are concerned. Who could estimate the reduction in working expenses which would be effected by the operation of stamp-batteries, ore-crushing machines, and rock-drills deriving their motive power from solar heat? Owing to the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere that there prevails, the trial of sun engines in the two rich territories which have just come to us by right of conquest, would be a most interesting experiment.



THE TUBULAR BOILER.

Reflector out of Focus to Permit of Cleaning and Oiling Boiler.

Lastly, what is perhaps the most cogent point to be considered when discussing the possibilities that lie before the sun machine, is the knowledge that sooner or later the world will be forced to find energies to take the place of those no longer available from the exhausted coal-fields. The time will come first when Europe must stop her mills for want of coal. This will effect a great change in favour of those countries which are in possession of continuous sun power. What, therefore, more likely than that Upper Egypt, with her never-ceasing sun power, will invite the European manufacturer to remove his machinery and erect his mills on the firm ground along the sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile, where an amount of motive power may be obtained many times more than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe. Those waste places will then be once more peopled with the life that swarmed there in the best days of old Egypt, but under another civilisation, where man shall no longer worship the sun as a God, but shall have learned to make it his servant.

To return to the Californian solar motor, which by its successful operation on the lonely ostrich farm at Pasadena, has suggested boundless possibilities of a revolution in motive power. Such has been its speedily-won fame, that in Central California, in a section where there is a large stream of water available for supplying power, the promoters of an electic enterprise are hesitating about the outlay of a large sum of money in building a dam, and are thinking of using solar motors, because the initial expense would be only half the cost of the former.

Our Military authorities are, it is understood, greatly interested in this invention, and improvements in the machine are promised, notably the storage of electric power by the surplus heat accumulated, to enable the machinery with which the reflector is connected to continue running during the night.

BLOWING OFF STEAM WITH A PRESSURE OF 210-LB.

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THE R.N.E. COLLEGE SPORTS.

WAITING FOR THE FALL OF THE FLAG.

The Start for the Donkey Race.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

JUST BEFORE THE HAPPY MOMENT.

Waiting for the Presentation of the Prizes.

The pictures serve to show the light-heartedness with which our future Royal Naval Engineers at Keyham amuse themselves during their period of studentship. When they work, they work, but when they are at play, they play in earnest. The start for the donkey race at their recent sports shows how thoroughly they enter into the spirit of enjoyment. Our other picture was taken immediately before the prizes were presented to the successful competitors by Mrs. Jackson, the wife of Rear-Admiral T. S. Jackson, Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.

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TO THOSE WHO WERE LEFT BEHIND.

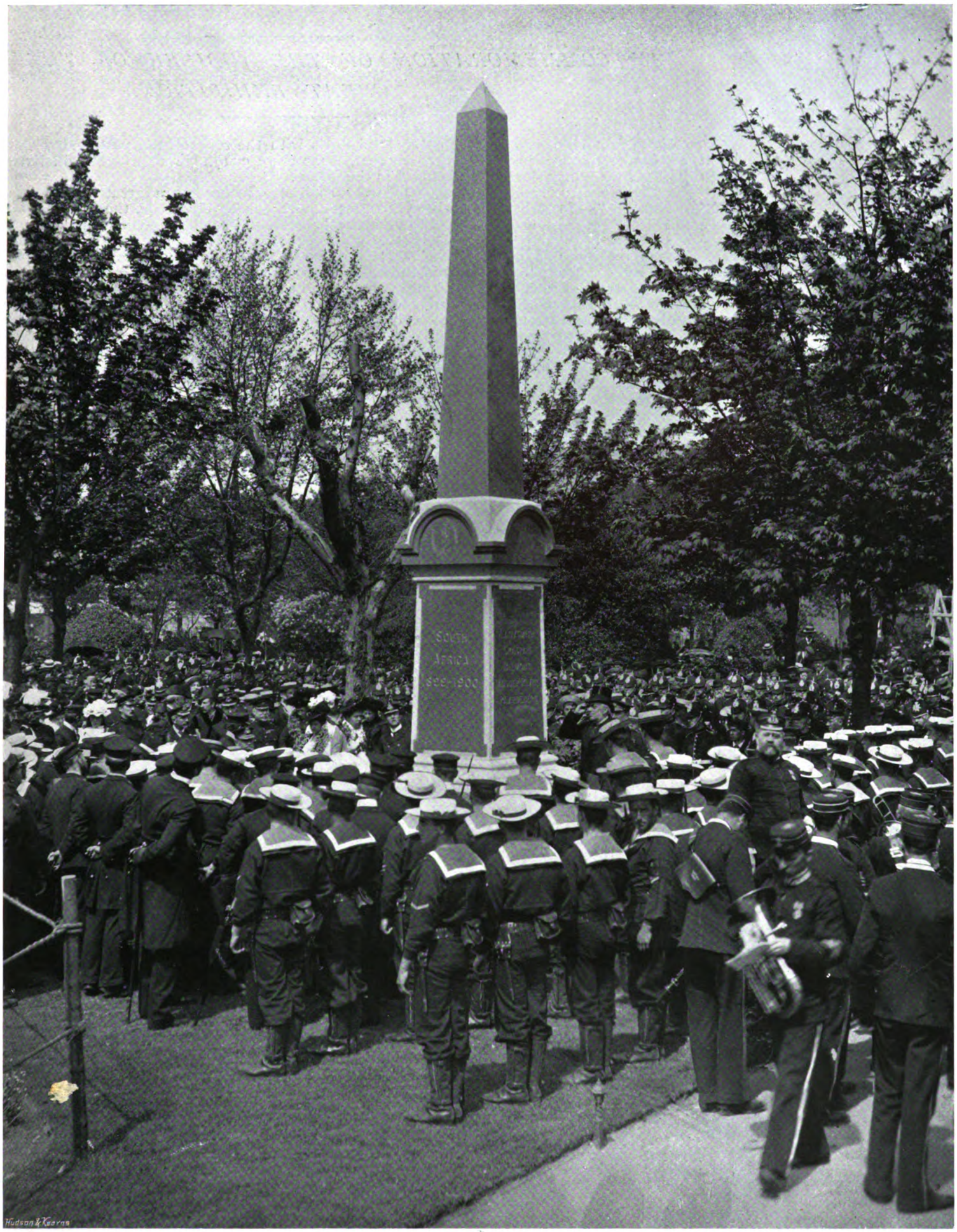

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE UNVEILING OF THE "POWERFUL" MONUMENT AT PORTSMOUTH.

At Portsmouth last week Viscount Goschen unveiled the granite monument, which has been erected by the officers and crew of the "Powerful" to the memory of their comrades who fell at Ladysmith and elsewhere in South Africa. The monument stands in the Public Park, and was designed by Fleet-Engineer R. W. Edwards. Among those present were Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton and a number of officers and men of the "Powerful," as well as the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth. To the right of the picture Viscount Goschen can be seen reading the names on the monument, and to the left Lady Egerton and her daughters.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE NAVAL AND MILITARY EXHIBITION.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE JUBILEE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

ON the first of May of this year it was just half a century since the original "Crystal Palace" — in other words, the Great Exhibition of 1851 — was opened in Hyde Park. It had its origin in an idea of the Prince Consort that there should be an exhibition of the industry of all nations. It was the first of international exhibitions, and a great many people entertained the fond belief that it would mean the end of all war, and that the communion of the nations, heralded by commercial displays, would signify the introduction of an era of universal peace. Cruickshank drew a cartoon representing the emptying of the other portions of the globe on account of the crowd which flocked to the Great Exhibition, and though, of course, his picture was a caricature, it was not far wrong. It is strange in these days to remember that it was once a question whether a contractor could be found willing to erect the building as a speculation on account of the profits to be derived from it.

But the building? Lines on paper, drawn haphazard by Sir Joseph Paxton in his study, and then the sudden grasp of the idea that these lines represented such a building as the world had not yet seen—these were the dominant features of the Exhibition of 1851. But as we see it at the Crystal Palace, everywhere, and in every part of the building, it will be found that the base of construction is a section with cross-bars to give support and lend the power of resistance, and everywhere the dimensions are multiples of eight. Then came a period when it was doubtful what was to be done with the Exhibition. Eventually it was moved to a favourable spot at Sydenham and enlarged. Huge grounds were, of course, added, and it became the Crystal Palace as we know it to-day.

None the less, this Crystal Palace is the lineal descendant of the great spectacle of 1851. There have been other exhibitions in various parts of the world, but the initial idea was due to the Prince Consort, and found expression in the Exhibition opened by him fifty years ago. This should yield an additional element of interest to the present celebration. It was in 1854 that the building found a new home at Sydenham, and in its present abode it carries out the traditions associated with its original inception. When the Great Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, there was a sort of idea that the nations of the world were entering upon a period of peace and goodwill, and that the appropriate exhibits would be those relating to the arts of peace. We have realised now that it is the strong man armed who keepeth his house, and that strength and armament must be the watchwords of the future. There is, consequently, a singular appropriateness in the fact that the new Exhibition is devoted to Naval and Military matters, and deals with the relics of the past, and with the weapons that, as far as we can judge at present, will have to be used in the future.

Obviously such a scheme has a great national and historical interest, and, equally obviously, the Crystal Palace is exceptionally fortunately situated for giving effect to it. The place is easy of access, and, moreover, the enormous area of the Palace and its surroundings gives it a singular appropriateness. There are certain things which could hardly be fittingly rendered in any interior, however wide; but the vast scope of the Crystal Palace will remove all these objections. It was intended to open the Exhibition on May 2, but it was found necessary to postpone the date until last Thursday. Lord Roberts performed the opening ceremony, and the Countess Roberts unveiled a bust of her husband.

It is difficult to explain the various features of the Exhibition, whose scope, however, is of the widest description. Naturally the exhibits are divided into various sections, and the Historical and Loan Sections are well to the fore. The King has lent some exceptionally interesting exhibits, including the Jubilee offerings to Queen Victoria from the Royal Navy and Marines. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the Secretary of State for War, the Secretary of State for India, the Board of Education, South Kensington, the United Service Institution, and many other important corporate bodies and institutions have readily come forward with help, and the result is that the Exhibition will be well worthy of its assumed character. How diverse are the exhibits in this category may be gathered from our illustrations. We have there the famous bugle which sounded the

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

MAGNIFICENT, BUT NOT WAR.

The Bugle that Sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade.

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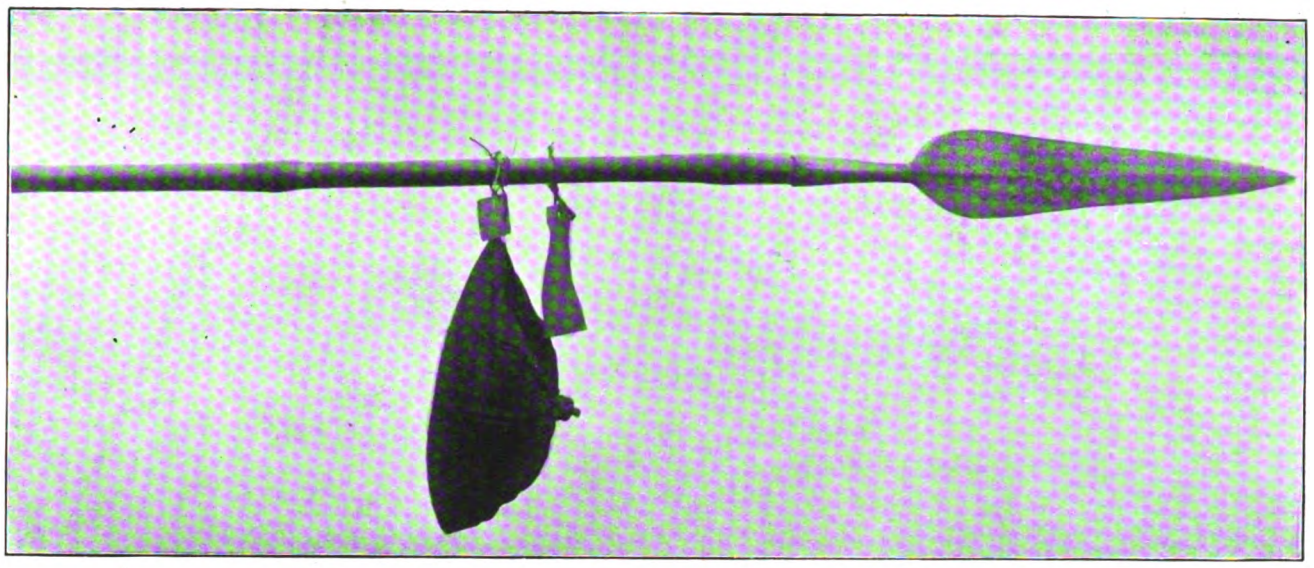


MEMORIALS OF A GLORIOUS CAREER.

Gordon's Cap in China, and the Spear by which he was Killed at Khartoum.

Charge of the Light Brigade; a mask of Wellington; a number of relics of Oliver Cromwell, who, whatever we may think of him, was one of the great generals of the world; and some relics of the great soldier - martyr who went to his doom at Khartoum. Other relics which we have not illustrated comprise a portion of the wreck of the "Royal George"—the total of the so-called portions of this ship would build half-a-dozen ships of her period, but this piece is authentic—a collection of coins and war medals, and a number of articles associated with different officers. It may be said here that the bugle which sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade was bought by the well-known collector, Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, for 750 guineas, and that the owner has declined to part with it at a considerable profit, and intends, it is said, to bequeath it to the "Death or Glory Boys," to whom it really belongs. These exhibits, however, represent only one section of the Exhibition.

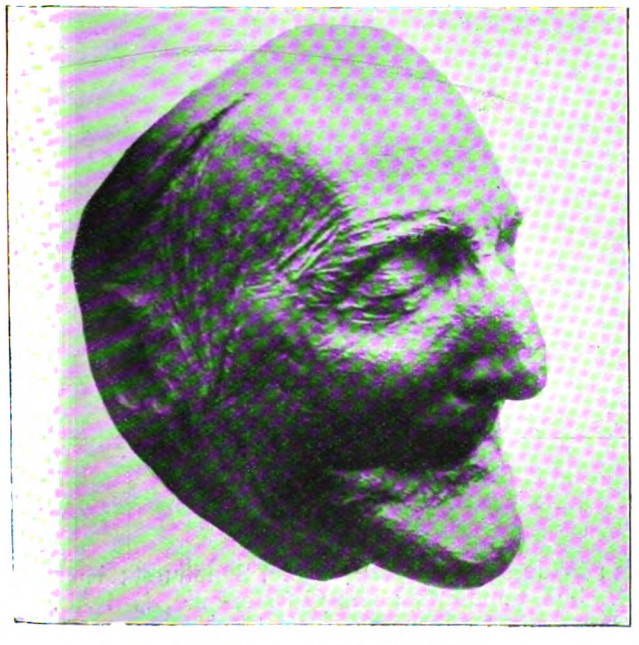
There is to be a Military Section, in which the use of a military balloon is to be illustrated, and in the Ambulance Section the various hospital arrangements adapted to the requirements of a campaign will be one of the principal features. Certain arrangements are to be made to induce Volunteers to go into camp, though this is to our mind the weak point of the scheme. Volunteers should not be made a means of attracting the ordinary sightseers of London, and with the attractions of the Palace itself it would be difficult to maintain anything approaching to discipline.

A more interesting section, and one in every way worthy of attention, is that in which sailors' and soldiers' handicraft work is carried on. It includes carpentry, leather-work, sailmaking, tailoring, needle-work, and fancy work of every description made by men of His Majesty's forces, and we will venture to say that it will be a revelation to the ordinary landsman. Comparatively few civilians know how much Mr. Thomas Atkins can do for himself; certainly a far smaller number are really aware of the versatility of the "Handy man." There is nothing that he will not manage in some way or the other if he is put to it, and it is interesting to see this practically exemplified at the Crystal Palace.

This must not be confounded with the Naval Section, which is in its way one of the most complete displays ever attempted in this country. In the collection of models of ships in the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine, the most generous assistance has been received from the great ship-owning and ship-building companies. Among these are to be found a model of the "Ophir," and also a magnificent track chart with a moving model, prepared specially for this Exhibition by the Orient Company, so that the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York may be traced from day to day when the Royal Yacht is travelling. There is, too, a perennial interest in Arctic exploration, and for this reason the Arctic Section, in its extensive collection of Arctic relics and pictures, will be certain to be found interesting.

The large sheet of water in the North Tower garden is utilised for a spectacular Naval display, entitled "Trafalgar," but in addition to this there are demonstrations of Naval drill, and submarine work is also practically demonstrated.

Let us not forget the charitable side of the Exhibition. The directors of the Crystal Palace placed at the disposal of the various Naval and Military charitable institutions 50,000 guinea tickets to be sold exclusively for the benefit of the various funds, and in other ways the same charities will benefit by energetic workers on their behalf at the Exhibition. Finally, and still on the subject of charities, it is intended to have many Naval and Military fixtures in the form of tournaments, but it has been decided to postpone all arrangements of this sort until after the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, so that this annual display, which has been the means of contributing substantial sums of money to the various Naval and Military funds, may not in any degree suffer by the possible effect of Crystal Palace competition with its well-known programme. It is proposed to revive a polo tournament week, for the Army Cup, the entire proceeds to be devoted to the charities. Altogether, then, the Exhibition bids fair to be a great success throughout the summer. It has started under good auspices, it is well supported, it has an attractive programme. These are three important points on the road to triumph. But it comes, moreover, just at a time when there is an undoubted wave of public opinion in favour of everything connected with the Navy and Army, and this necessarily counts for something. The misfortune is that the effect of these waves should be so ephemeral.



TAKEN AFTER DEATH.

A Death-mask of the Iron Duke.

RELICS OF THE PAST.

Oliver Cromwell's Helmet and Spurs.

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THE WOOLWICH-SANDHURST ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Photos. Copyright. G. Higgins.

1.—K. O. GOLDIE, SANDHURST, WINS THE 120-YDS. HURDLES. 2.—L. C. WAGSTAFF, SANDHURST, WINS THE TWO MILES.
3.—N. R. L. CHANCE, WOOLWICH, FIRST IN THE 100-YDS. 4.—C. E. STRANACK, WOOLWICH, PUTS THE SHOT 32-FT. 9-IN.
5.—A FINE AFTERNOON BRINGS A LARGE CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

The winners of the other events were: One Mile, L. C. Wagstaff, Sandhurst; Wide Jump, K. O. Goldie, Sandhurst; High Jump, J. H. Lyne Evans and J. H. Pattisson, Sandhurst, tied; Half-mile, C. Gibb, Sandhurst; and Quarter-mile, N. R. L. Chance, Woolwich. The sports took place last week on the lawn in front of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Sandhurst, winning by six events to three, had no difficulty in retaining possession of the challenge shield, which is competed for annually by the two schools of military instruction. The meeting was rendered all the more interesting from the fact that each competing team had been successful on an equal number of occasions—ten wins to Woolwich and ten to Sandhurst, with a tie in 1869.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 227.] SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE STAFF OF THE CAPE CAVALRY BRIGADE.

Colonel Bethune, 16th Lancers, commanding the Cape Cavalry Brigade, and the members of his Staff.

It will be remembered that it was Colonel Bethune who, in the early days of the war, raised the corps which was known as Bethune's Mounted Infantry. That corps has frequently done excellent service, and in a despatch of last November Sir Redvers Buller testifies that Colonel Bethune "commanded it most efficiently throughout the campaign." The Cape Cavalry Brigade is fortunate in its commander and in its Staff.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

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NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other Bookstalls.*

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in July, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The Market Price.

IT takes a long time for any fresh idea to gain a hold upon the minds of any large mass of human beings. But this slowness in gaining a hold only roots the idea, whether it be a right idea or a wrong idea, all the more firmly in those minds in the end. Up to the present the rank and file of the Navy and Army have scarcely understood the significance of the five-shillings-a-day Imperial Yeoman. "How could they help understanding it?" you may say; but this will only show that you are generously inclined to attribute to others the possession of intelligence as alert and acute as your own. This is a great mistake. The most difficult thing in the world is to bring a new fact home to the intelligence of the average citizen. He reads the newspapers, but he does not mark or digest their news, and therefore he learns scarcely anything from them. It is only by repeating a statement over and over again that you can make any impression upon him at all. This is the reason why he is only now beginning to turn over in his mind the question which the five-shillings-a-day Imperial Yeoman suggests to him—the question, namely, why we should be paying trained, seasoned soldiers at the rate of 1s. 3d. a day, and untrained men with everything to learn at the rate of just four times as much.

The very fact of this question being asked shows, of course, a lamentable neglect of political economy. But let that pass. If you were to tell the average citizen that it was perfectly right to make this difference, and indeed that it is unavoidable in view of the conditions that govern the labour market, the average citizen, especially if he happened to be a one-and-threepenny trained soldier, would probably make remarks of an irrelevant but forcible character. The one feature of the situation which strikes Jack and Tommy in the inequality between their conditions of service and those of the newly-joined Yeoman, is the fact that the Yeoman, who is actually worth only half as much as they are, should be paid four times as well. They feel as the vineyard labourers felt in the parable, when they complained that, although they had borne the burden and heat of the day, they only received every man his penny, not a fraction more than the men who were engaged at the eleventh hour. You recollect the lord of the vineyard's answer? "Did I not agree with you for a penny? Can I not do what I like with my own?" So may the Government make reply in this case: "You agreed to take 1s. 3d. a day. What is it to you that others should receive more?" But the vineyard labourers were of the patient East. They might grumble a little, but they would go no further. "Kismet," they would say. "It is destiny. We were born to be hardly treated." Our Western way is quite different. In the first place we do not admit that a man may do what he likes with his own. Public opinion must not be too openly defied. Our sense of justice may not be very highly developed, but we expect it to be considered, and if it is outraged we make a good deal of stir. And, further, when we feel that we ourselves are being hardly treated, we are far from saying to ourselves that we were born to it. We combine and agitate for redress, and, if necessary, we go out on strike.

Now, we hope there is no danger of the Navy and the Army going on strike, but we do believe that there will be agitation, and we do hold that something will have to be done to make conditions of service more attractive. In the Navy this need not necessarily mean an increase of pay. It might take the form of an improvement in the Bluejacket's mess. At present he only gets one square meal a day. Cocoa and bread or biscuit for breakfast, tea and bread or biscuit for supper; these can hardly be called more than snacks. Give him something substantial for breakfast and something extra for supper, and offer a light meal the last thing at night to those who are on board and want it, and you will greatly add to Jack Tar's contentment. Also give the sailor his clothes all the time he is serving the King, and do not make him pay for them after his first kit has worn out. With these ameliorations to his lot, the able seaman, with the chance of earning his 2s. 4d. day, would be inclined to think himself well off.

The soldier is in a rather different case. He gets his uniform given him (though even then he has to supplement his regulation outfit). His meals are not a cause of much complaint. But he wants more comfort and privacy in barracks; he wants to be treated more like a man and less like a machine in the matter of barrack regulations, uniform regulations, drill, leave, and the like; and he wants to be paid a wage that is up to the current standard of unskilled labourers' wages in the open market. It is admitted by the War Office spokesmen that the general labourer can earn about 25s. 6d. a week, and the agricultural labourer, with various advantages thrown in, 17s. 6d., and yet the War Office expect to get good soldiers at something under 16s. a week! If we had been accustomed to pay our soldiers at the current rate for labourers—somewhere between 17s. 6d. and 25s. 6d.—and to make the conditions of service more reasonable and more attractive, we should have competed on equal terms with other employments, and we should have been able to get the extra men we needed for South Africa at our usual wage. After all, soldiering is more to the taste of the average Englishman than wheeling a barrow or shouldering a hod of mortar, and, if any other inducement had been needed, a small bounty would have had an instant effect. The Army has for a long time past been under its paper strength. How the War Office can expect to keep up its numbers now they have been increased, without attempting to offer market price for labour, is one of the many Pall Mall mysteries which "no fellow can understand."

The official argument against offering market price is, that it would cost the country too much money, and that the country would never stand it. It need not cost the country a penny more than we pay at present for our military forces. At present we maintain some 60,000 immature soldiers, who are unfit for service in the field—that is to say, unfit for the only purpose for which they are maintained. These 60,000 immature soldiers cost about six and a-half millions sterling a year. If we were sensible enough to insist on getting good value for our money, or securing quality even at the expense of quantity, we should dock our Army of these 60,000 bad bargains. Then the six and a-half millions which we should save would go a long way towards paying our good bargains on a more attractive scale. We must either do it this way or some other way. There is no doubt at all that something will have to be done.

"P. G." (Plymouth) asks what would happen if the First Lord of the Admiralty were taken ill, or, on other grounds, were obliged to absent himself from his post. In the Admiralty, as in every Government department, provision is made for such contingencies, and a great deal of the work is done by the permanent officials. The conduct of work in the Admiralty is easy owing to the peculiar terms of the patent. If, in the First Lord's absence, important matters should arise requiring reference to the Cabinet, another Cabinet Minister could represent the Admiralty. Provision was made in this respect when Lord Northbrook went on a mission to Egypt. Again, when Mr. Ward Hunt, as First Lord, had to go abroad for his health, the Duke of Richmond, who was President of the Council at the time, represented the Admiralty, and constantly visited the First Sea Lord's room to make himself acquainted with the points that arose. Such arrangements are obviously necessary to the conduct of public business.

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THE HOMECOMING OF THE "PORPOISE."

THERE have been a good many commissions worthy of note in the history of the British Navy during recent years, but that of the "Porpoise," which has been paid off at Portsmouth after returning from the Australian station, must surely be of exceptional interest. There is nothing particular about the "Porpoise." She is a very ordinary third-class cruiser of 1,770 tons, and if she be not absolutely obsolescent, she is fit only for employment on those police duties of the world which the British Empire seems to have taken upon itself, and which other Powers are willing in the main that it should assume. It is a world-wide compliment to the British Navy, but it means an expenditure on behalf of that force which, in its incidence, falls upon this country alone. Are we paying for the dominating influence of sea power or for international courtesy? At any rate, it is quite certain that if this country did not police the seas no other Power would do so, and we may, perhaps, regard the necessity as one of the penalties of Empire. In this duty the "Porpoise" has borne her part, and it has fallen to her share to bear it in a manner which has given a record to the name. For this little third-class cruiser has had a share in the fall of two dynasties, and in the completion of international arrangements which must have a great influence on the future of the Pacific. By and bye the Australian Federation may have a good deal to say on this point when it is strong enough to take its own part. We may be assured that its determination will make itself widely felt over that vast expanse of ocean, and that the Mother Realm will not be able to ignore the views of her Antipodean daughter. Meantime, the work which the "Porpoise" has done has been of good service to the nation. Commissioned at Portsmouth on November 30, 1897, for the Australian station, the little ship has had an eventful commission.

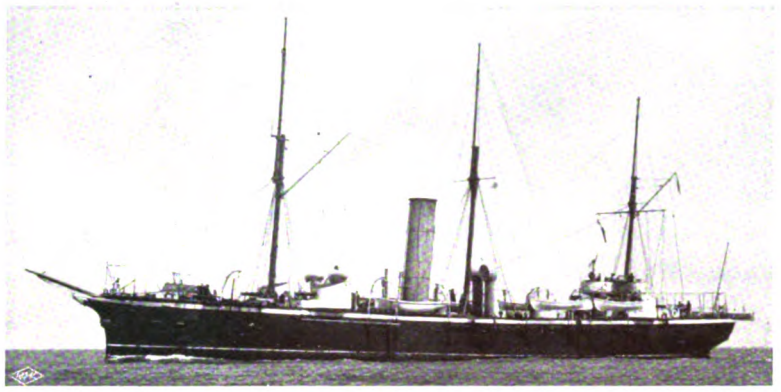

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

FROM FAR-OFF SOUTHERN SEAS.

The "Porpoise" Arriving at Portsmouth.

Let us try to explain, and let us begin by starting on a totally different topic. Presently we will ravel up the threads and show the connection between the two parts of our story.

Somewhere in the Western Pacific is a group of ten inhabited and two uninhabited islands. Collectively they are known as the Samoa Islands, and the largest is about twice the size of the Isle of Wight. The capital, Apia, is situated in another island, Upolo, and in yet a third island there is a magnificent harbour, Pago Pago. Has not enough been already said to show the value of these islands and their strategical importance in mid-Pacific? In some way the importance was recognised almost simultaneously by three Powers. There was a time when it would have been easy for Great Britain to paint the islands red on the chart, but the opportunity was missed — as so many chances have been lost in British history—and a triune authority was established. Great Britain, Germany, and the United States put each a Consul in the islands, and guaranteed the independence of the group until 1899. A supreme court was established, consisting of one judge, who was known as the Chief Justice of Samoa.

Events, however, were too much for the guarantors. The King died, and the three Powers took over the administration pending the election of a successor. Mataafa, the old rival of the late King, was elected by some of the chiefs, but Malietoa Tanu was recognised by Great Britain and the United States. The German Consul, however, did not agree, and there was some fighting, in which Malietoa Tanu's party were badly beaten. It is at this point that we are able to restore the "Porpoise" to the scene, for it was on board this ship that the King and the Chief Justice took refuge. Then came the appointment of a Provisional Government, and finally an appeal by the British and United States Consuls to the commander of the "Porpoise," who landed a force of Bluejackets. Difficulties ensued in consequence of the action of the German Consul, and eventually Apia was shelled by the ships, and in a night attack three British sailors and an American were killed. Thus a very prominent part was played by the "Porpoise" in a transaction which must stand for ever in the world's history. It is not often that so small a ship has such a chance. The men of the "Porpoise" are to have an extra week's leave, and well they have deserved it. They did several months' service ashore, and saw a lot of hard work. One man, James Hunt, an able seaman, had a very remarkable experience. He was felled with a club by the rebels, who cut off one of his ears and left him for dead. Subsequently he was rescued and rejoined his ship, in which he has now returned to Portsmouth.

Photo. Copyright. *Herbst.*

HOME ONCE MORE.

The Officers and Petty Officers of the "Porpoise."

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OUR ABYSSINIAN ALLIES.

THE FORT AT JIG JIGGA.

The Military Headquarters of the District.

MOVING A VILLAGE.

Nomadic and Patriarchal Methods.

WITH THE ESCORT ON THE MARCH.

The Abyssinians are all Armed with Mausers.

Some interesting developments are likely to take place at an early date in regard to the delimitation of the western and southern frontiers of Abyssinia where that country adjoins Somaliland and the Soudan. British representatives are at present engaged in a survey of the district, and British officers are attached to the Emperor Menelik's Army, co-operating with our own troops against the Mad Mullah. The fort at Jig Jigga, of which we give a picture, is a stockaded enclosure, the place being situated about fifty miles from Harrar, the second town in the kingdom in size, and likely to be hereafter an important station on a railway connecting Berbera with the Abyssinian hills.

From Photos. by An Officer with the Forces.

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The NAVIES & ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

AN AUSTRIAN BLUEJACKET.

PEOPLE do not commonly show much courage in looking at what is disagreeable to them, and that, I suppose, is why a passage in Sir M. Hicks-Beach's speech on the first day of the debate on the Finance Bill has commanded so little attention. It was by far the boldest and the most sagacious thing said on either side, and it was undeniably true. But it was not pleasant. Therefore we look another way, and say nothing about it, which would be an excellent way of getting over our troubles in this world, if only the nature of things would consent to efface itself whenever we refuse to recognise its existence. But then it will not, and in the long run it is better to look at the ugly fact boldly. The passage in question will be found in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's answer to Sir Henry Fowler in the *Times* of May 21, on page 7, and in the fourth column of the report of the debate, just about the middle. Sir Michael was engaged in abolishing Sir Henry's contention that we can economise on the Army because we "have no land frontiers to defend." He did it in the most trenchant way, in slashing sentences, each of which contained a truth, put in the plainest language.

* * * *

They ought to be all read and remembered, but some are particularly deserving of quotation. Said the uncompromising Chancellor of the Exchequer, this opinion of Sir Henry's is downright Little Englandism, for it limits the British Empire to the British Isles. Have we not India, as Sir Henry ought to know, for he was Secretary for it, and authorised the spending of money on its land defences. "India pays only that portion of the British Army which may happen to be there at the time; but if India were attacked on its land frontier, as India may be attacked some day, as nobody knows better than the right honourable gentleman, surely it would be necessary for us to be prepared to defend her with a much larger army than that which happens to be in India." The Chancellor of the Exchequer exercised a pardonable economy of truth. There is no need to exhaust the subject when you say enough. But if Sir Michael had wanted to go to the end, he might have added that we have guaranteed the frontier of the Ameer of Afghanistan, and that it is the most indefensible frontier in the whole world, on the Russian side. Then Sir Michael went on to ask, "Has Canada no land frontier? Are there no other parts of our Empire which have land frontiers?" He might have gone on amplifying, but he had said sufficient, and so he left the right honourable gentleman, and other gentlemen, honourable and right honourable, to chew the cud. Perhaps they are doing so. Let us hope so, and that we shall have their digested reflections in due course. It is by no means certain that we shall. Our usual course when military dangers are to be met is to imitate Carlyle's foolish ostrich, which tried to hide by putting its head under a bush, standing there presenting its hinder parts to heaven.

* * * *

From the Parliament man's point of view this is a convenient way of getting over the evil of the day, and keeping the constituencies in a pleasant fool's paradise. Meanwhile, as the Divine quoted by Mr. Morley put it, "Things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be." It is not more certain that all the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles than that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was stating the essential fact of the case. The question is not whether Mr. Brodrick's Army scheme is a good one. In my humble opinion it is a very poor business, which will do little except to rearrange offices and names, provide a long list of staff appointments, and leave us pretty much where we were before, as far as our real power is concerned. Neither is it the question just at present whether we are liable to invasion on a large scale in spite of a strong Fleet, or to the small inroads which aim at disturbance, but not conquest, and are now commonly called raids. We have debated that problem here often enough, and to me it seems clear that, whereas the greater danger can always be warded off by a strong Fleet vigorously handled, we cannot reach absolute security against the second by sea forces alone, but must have the means of dealing with it instantly on shore, and that these must be ample enough to convince any foe that raids would be useless. The question just now is quite another one. It is whether we do not need a much larger regular Army fit to go anywhere and do anything, and always ready for service oversea. Unless Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is utterly wrong in his facts, which we all know he is not, then the 120,000 men provided, or supposed to be provided, by the new Army scheme will be quite insufficient. Why, we have had to send twice that number to South Africa to deal with 60,000 or 70,000 irregulars. What will it be if we have to fight in Afghanistan, or ward Russia off from Thibet, and meet other calls at the same time in Africa or America?

* * * *

When it comes to a war of this kind our Navy can do no more than keep the road open to the portions of the Empire which are divided from us by the ocean. So long as the land frontiers of those parts of the whole are assailable overland by an enemy whose army is in direct land communication with the central body of his power, our sea forces can do practically nothing to give them protection. It cannot disturb a Russian force marching on Herat, nor an American force invading Canada. Vast armies would be needed, and they must consist not wholly, but mainly, of our own people. Therefore it is very little use to write as "Navalis" does in the *Times* of May 28. His contention that our Fleet must clear the way for the army we send abroad, and that if it can do that it can prevent invasion, is sound enough, so long as you do not ride the doctrine to death. It may be quite true that 400,000 or 500,000 half-drilled Militia and Volunteers make a sham force, and that the money spent on them is wasted. But this is a minor matter. The problem is how we are to provide the possible half million, or even three-quarters of a million, men needed for a land frontier war on a great scale. As for the people who talk of doing the work with Sepoy armies, they are past praying for. We rule in India because we are stronger than the natives, and can at a pinch do without them, though we use their services in a subordinate way. On the date on which they are proved indispensable to the protection of the Empire, we confess ourselves the weaker. The interval between that day and their revolt will not be long. Why should the stronger obey the weaker, and when did they ever do so?

* * * *

If anybody maintains, as "Navalis" does, that we cannot provide such an Army as this, together with the necessary Navy, he is bound to go a little further. He ought to recognise that an Empire which has vast land frontiers to defend, and cannot find forces for the purpose, exists contrary to Nature, and is doomed to ruin. It is in a state of unstable equilibrium, and will last only till it suffers a serious push on one side or the other. This proposition has been advanced here before, and we need not go over the ground again. Yet when the interest at stake is so vital some repetition is pardonable. If this is the dominating consideration we have to face, as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach plainly believes, and as I, though unworthy to stand by so eminent a person, do also believe, then it follows that any Army organisation scheme which ignores the one thing most necessary is not worth the paper it is written upon. Either it is the pure folly of men who do not grasp the problem they have to solve, or it is a crafty device for attracting great numbers of men to the British Army under the pretence of using them for home defence, but with the concealed intention of making use of them for general purposes. It is not a good way of providing a large Army, for it is not businesslike, and affords no security that

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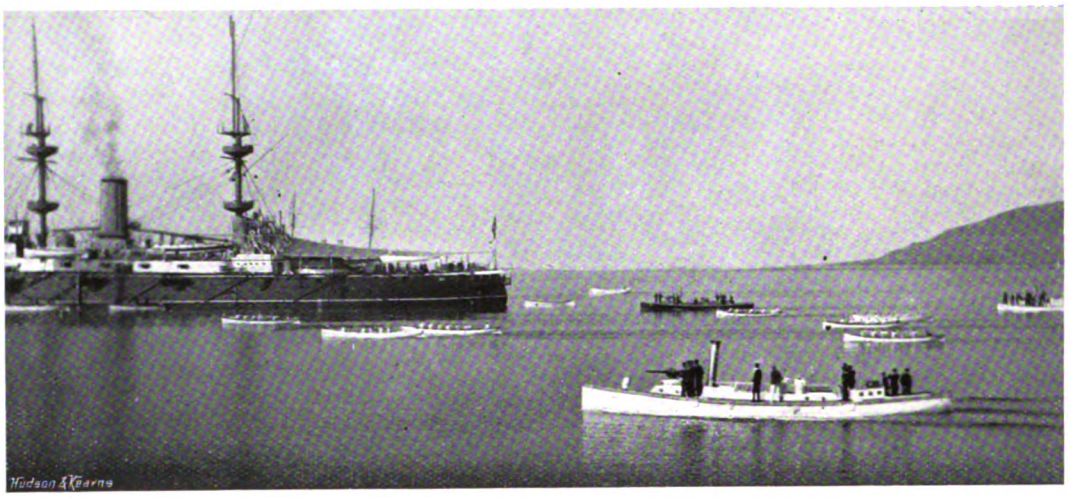
the men will be efficient when they are wanted. It is not courageous, for it shirks the immediate unpleasantness of telling the truth. It is not particularly honest, for it says one thing and means another. But there is no denying that it is thoroughly Parliamentary.

* * * *

Let us descend to smaller things. There was an amusing letter in the *Standard* the other day, by a writer who signed "Teufelsdröckh," about the shockingly slovenly appearance of certain Naval officers of a torpedo-boat destroyer. It was not contended that there was anything wrong in the handling of their boat; much the contrary. Great praise was given to the smartness of their seamanship. It was their dress which was not smart. Indeed, from the description it must have been shabby to a degree. The lieutenant's jacket was burst in the armpits, and the midshipman was out at elbow. The writer would not have seen anything extraordinary in this revolting spectacle if the torpedo-boat destroyer had belonged to a mere foreigner, but it struck him as wrong in the British Navy. Now for my part I should have been greatly surprised if foreign Naval officers had not been spick and span, but by no means taken aback if their handling of their craft had been to seek in cleverness. At the same time, mere carelessness in dress is no merit in itself. A treatise might be written on the effect of life in a small vessel on the toilette. The reader of "Peter Simple" will remember the severe remarks made by Terence O'Brien on the cutter midshipman whom he met in the French prison. Marryat observes that the officers of cutters were noted for being indifferent to dress, and even to personal cleanliness. The cutter was to some extent the old equivalent for the modern destroyer. You were closely packed, and constantly wet. In such conditions it was of course very difficult to be always "drawn out to four pins," as the French phrase has it. When spray is going over you all the time on deck, and you have no room to turn round in below, what is the good of trying to maintain a neat appearance? Men give it up as hopeless, and when once they are on that road it is a fact that they soon go into the other extreme, and cease to care in the least what they look like. It has never been my fortune to learn by experience what life in a destroyer is like, but from what is said by those who know, it does appear probable that the habits of Diogenes who lived in a tub, with extreme indifference to the decencies, must rapidly come to have attractions. Therefore, it does not seem certain that "Teufelsdröckh" was wholly right in being shocked. Perhaps the officers he saw had become sick of having one nice suit after another ruined. Besides, a tailor's bill is like the Navy and Army Estimates commented on by "Navalis." It outgrows the revenue. Why not follow the example of the illustrious founder of the Quakers, who sewed a pair of leather breeches, and so made himself independent in this important matter? "Teufelsdröckh" should remember the case, for the making of that suit is quoted as the greatest event of modern history in "Sartor Resartus."

CHANNEL SQUADRON REGATTAS.

THERE was a time, of course, when boat-sailing in the Navy used to take care of itself. There were no steam launches or steam cutters, and every boat that went ashore from a reasonable distance went under sail if the weather was at all favourable. Then came a time when sailing was practically a lost art, but it has been revived of late years as an exercise, and it forms now an important part of service afloat. Perhaps the presentation of the Hornby Cup to the Channel Squadron in 1872 had something to do with the extension of interest in sailing. If we are correct in this surmise, the Navy has even more for which to thank the late Admiral of the Fleet than generally stands to his credit, for the example of this act has since been followed abundantly by admirals on other stations where a sufficient number of ships have been together to afford an interesting competition. This is the case, for example, in both the Channel and the Mediterranean Squadrons, where there is a severe contest for the cup which marks the championship. In the Channel Squadron there is the Hornby Cup for fancy rigs and the Rawson Cup for service rigs, and, it may be uttered in a minor tone, it sometimes happens that even in the race open to all rigs — not only here but elsewhere — a service-rigged boat, sailed by a midshipman, will get home first in a stiff breeze, and will nullify all the money which has been spent on some special outfit of sails. There is a pulling part to each regatta, and, indeed, there are constant pulling matches between ship and ship. On a recent occasion, a vessel which displayed a cock in the bow of its winning boat speedily found itself beaten by a crew from another ship. These irregular contests, if we may so describe them, are productive of a good deal of excitement; and, of course, there is always a certain amount at stake between the crews. On a recent occasion at Barbados, the Newfoundland men embarked for training proved themselves very skilful with the oar and took two prizes. One of our pictures shows the "Pactolus" winning the officers' race. The frequent success of the representatives of this little cruiser is undoubtedly the result of their training.



THE "RESOLUTION" BEATS THE FLAG-SHIP.

In the Race for Subordinate Officers, the Boat Rowed by the Officers of the "Resolution" came in First, that of the Flag-ship, the "Majestic," being second. This is a Race that always Excites Considerable Interest.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

CHANNEL SQUADRON REGATTA, LAMLASH BAY.

At the Recent Rowing Regatta held by the Channel Squadron, the Boat of the Third-class Cruiser "Pactolus" Won the Officers' Race. This is the Third or Fourth Time the "Pactolus's" Boat has Beaten the Fleet in this Race.

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SIR E. J. E. COMMERELL, G.C.B., V.C.
Born February 19, 1842. Died May 21, 1901.

COLONEL MAXWELL.
Pretoria's New Governor.

SIR GEORGE MORICE, K.C.M.G.
Egypt's Late Admiral.

ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE—PER TERRAM.

THE conclusion of the Royal visit to Australia brings to an end a series of events truly memorable in the history of the Empire. Sydney, like Melbourne, Ballarat, Brisbane, and all other places which have had an opportunity of greeting the Duke and Duchess, has displayed a whole-hearted spirit of enthusiastic loyalty, full of good augury for the State and the Commonwealth. Of such a joyful expression of united feeling on the part of the Colonials it may be said verily that it blesses him that gives and him that takes, and is equally honourable to both. If anything had been needed to confirm the high place of Australia in the Empire, it has been supplied by the spirit of Imperial devotion expressed in the words used at Ballarat and elsewhere, "Our lives are all for the Motherland." They have shown it, indeed, in ways never to be obliterated from the memory of Englishmen. For the Duke and Duchess the honour has also been great, and our future King and Queen have won golden opinions wherever they have gone, and have spared themselves in nothing to gratify the subjects of the Crown. After travelling two thousand miles by rail and devoting five days to festivities at Brisbane, it must have been pleasant to rejoin the "Ophir," and now when Sydney has spoken the final words, and the good ship leaves Sydney Heads on her way to Wellington, there is a noble retrospect of a great work done, which has been greater even than the confirmation of the Commonwealth of Australia. It has been the building a new tower of strength in the splendid edifice of the Empire.

BY the erection of the national memorial to Prince Bismarck, which was unveiled with great ceremony at Berlin on Monday, a sharp prick in the conscience of the Fatherland has been assuaged. Honour has been done to the heroic statesman, who, with all his faults, has a high title to the undying gratitude of his countrymen. The Emperor, though he "dropped the pilot," is, more than most Germans, in complete sympathy with the spirit of the Iron Chancellor, whom he once described as the "banner-bearer of the Reich." Bismarck's hard task was the creation of the Empire which William II. rules so imperially, and when the first Imperial Parliament opened at Berlin in March, 1871, he had already completed twenty years of service to the State, and had displayed the energy of a score of men, and yet there lay before him an equally long period in which he was to fight the battles of consolidation. How he accomplished his task, and what were the methods of his secret diplomacy, have been revealed in somewhat sinister light by Dr. Moritz Busch—the ingenious "Buschlein"—but the solid work was done, and though Bismarck is reputed to have said that he was dismissed "like a dog," he never tired of uttering sentiments which have become the common sayings of his countrymen to-day. "We Prussians, we Bavarians, we Saxons," he said in 1895, "we are Germany, and we remain so, and we must study Germany's interests. Cling fast to the Imperial idea, even in the Prussian Diet. Never forget that you are citizens of an Empire, and to think of him who is your King and Emperor, and who has duties towards the Empire and his confederates. I beg you not to pursue a Brandenburg or a Prussian National policy, but a German Imperial policy." There still exists a spirit of separatism in some of the States, and these ideas are not universally accepted, or, at least, put in practice, but still they are the ruling force in modern Germany, and hence the ceremony of last Monday was gratifying both to Germans and to their Imperial ruler.

AN interesting portrait is that of the very gallant and popular officer of brilliant service who has lately returned to this country after having been for many years chief of the Khedive's Naval forces. Sir George Morice was in the "London" in the Black Sea, frequently employed, and was present at the battle of the Alma, as also at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and in the blockade of that city. Shortly afterwards he was employed in the operations on the Canton River, which were of a most adventurous and daring sort, amid constant peril. He was in the action at Escape Creek, and had his part in the famous destruction of junks at Fatshan, as also in the capture of Canton and the destruction of the Peiho Forts in 1858. He was specially promoted to lieutenant for a very gallant action in which the "Staunch" (two guns only) was engaged for eight hours with four piratical junks mounting forty guns, but three of the junks were captured and destroyed. In 1863 and 1864 the young officer was in the "Hardy" in the Yangtse, and did much excellent service. In 1871 he was authorised to enter the service of the Khedive, and was captain of the port at Suez and Port Said, and afterwards Comptroller-General of Egyptian Ports and Light-houses. His good service won him the rank of Pasha and rear-admiral in 1877, and that of Ferik Pasha or vice-admiral in 1886. The gallant officer during the Russo-Turkish War had supervision of the Suez Canal. He was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and saw much service ashore, and received the thanks of the British Government and of the Khedive, with many honours and orders. He was made a K.C.M.G. in 1898, and recently retired from the Egyptian Service, regretted by all who had learned to love and honour a very gallant and capable officer.

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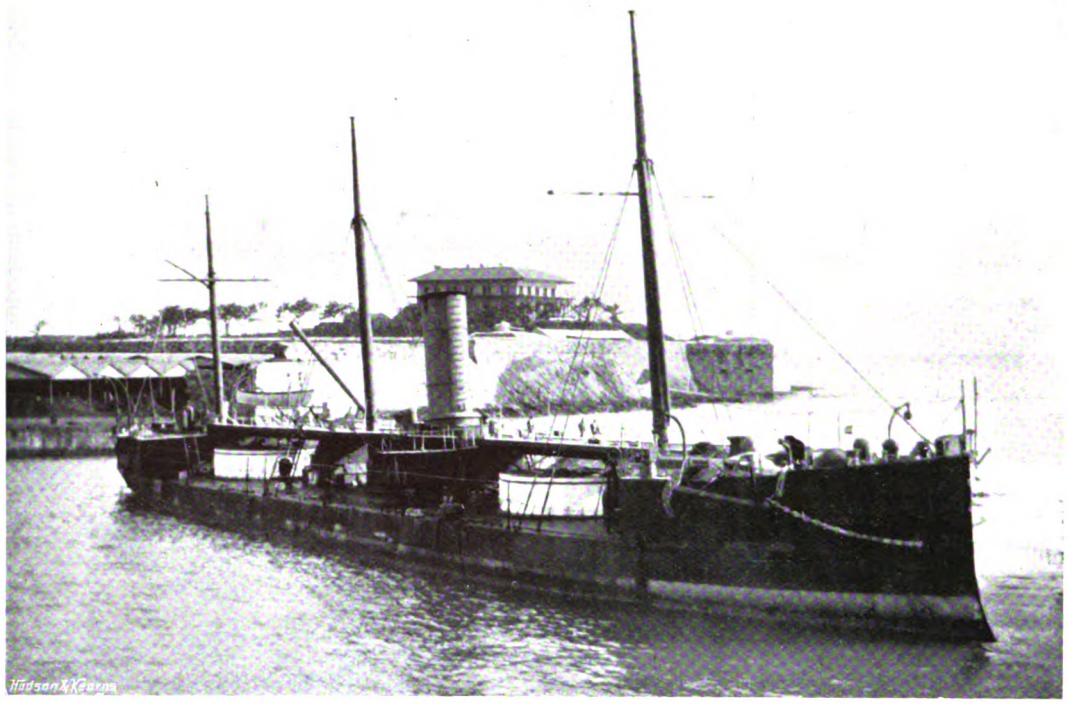
THE practical side of the American character seems to be sufficiently aggressive to alarm the foreigners. They do not like it, and are convinced that sooner or later it will be their interest and duty to combine against the peril of American industrial and commercial competition. The Monroe doctrine is receiving a new interpretation. It is not only America for the Americans, but Europe also at their disposal. They forbid Europe to enter into American affairs, but reserve to themselves the right to say what are American affairs, these being by no means confined to the American continent, and they claim a strong right to embark in European concerns by upsetting the economic conditions of European States. This is the head and front of American offence to the Continental States. It is the bias of their national minds to protect themselves. We have been accustomed to carry our commercial attacks into the rival camps, and otherwise to leave our industries to take care of themselves. If we are ever driven in upon our defences, perhaps we may have to look closely at that matter also.



A TARGET FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN SQUADRON.

The Coast Defence Ship "Scorpion," which has Lain so Many Years at Bermuda, has now been Used as an Experimental Target, as was the "Belleisle." She was Originally built for the Confederates during the Civil War, but was detained under the orders of Captain Rowley Lambert, of the Liverpool frigate, and ultimately Purchased for the Navy.

MUCH credit has been given to the Basutos for the spirit they have shown during the fighting in South Africa, but Sir Godfrey Lagden, in his recent address to the Royal Colonial Institute, did not bid us expect too much from them. Lerothodi himself is prone to drink, and makes deceit a part of his daily life, though he is businesslike in his dealings, but his heir is of poor intellect and vicious, and may well become a toy amid the ungovernable ambitions of wild young chiefs who, by tribal disputes, may again plunge their country into disorder. This would be a serious matter for us, because we could not tolerate a menace to peace in that quarter. However, it is an excellent sign that out of an adult population of 50,000 men, 37,000 have voluntarily sought occupation in mines and farms. Nevertheless, the Basuto has only a slight veneer to cover the remains of his primitive savagery.

GREAT was the fame of Phœnicia in the ancient world, great that of Carthage, and greater, perhaps, still that of the maritime states of Italy. These were the centres and avenues of the commerce of the nations to which England succeeded when the Atlantic became the pathway to the West. But now, says Mr. Lyman in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the glory of the world has departed with the sun, and settled upon Puget Sound. Sober and cool-headed business men believe that the State of Washington holds the key to the future commerce of the world, for she stands at the cross-roads of the nations, at the confluence of the commodities of the four quarters of the globe. It is a glowing future expressed in imaginative terms. "Europe and the United States are at her back, Alaska and British Columbia at her right hand, the tropics at her left, and the Orient, with half the population of the world, in front." California might have held this supreme position but for the fact that she is at the mercy of a single railway, while Puget Sound has five transcontinental lines within reach. It benefits also by the prodigious development of Alaska and British Columbia, and is a shorter route to the Far East than by way of the Golden Gate. Such is the future of Puget Sound!

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THE GYMNASIUM STAFF OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT HOME.

These Soldiers are an Important Factor in the Physical Culture and Training of the Recruits of the Empire's Army. The Officer in the Centre is Colonel G. M. Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia, who Held that Post for Many Years, and, though Retired, Resumed it Last May during the Strain of the War. On his Right is Captain Edgeworth-Johnstone, whose Headquarters are at the Curragh, and on his Left Major Rolt, Assistant-Inspector. The Stalwarts Around them are the Sergeant-Instructors, who Make Men of the Young Recruits.

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OUR RAILWAYS IN TIME OF WAR.

By P. W. Wilson.

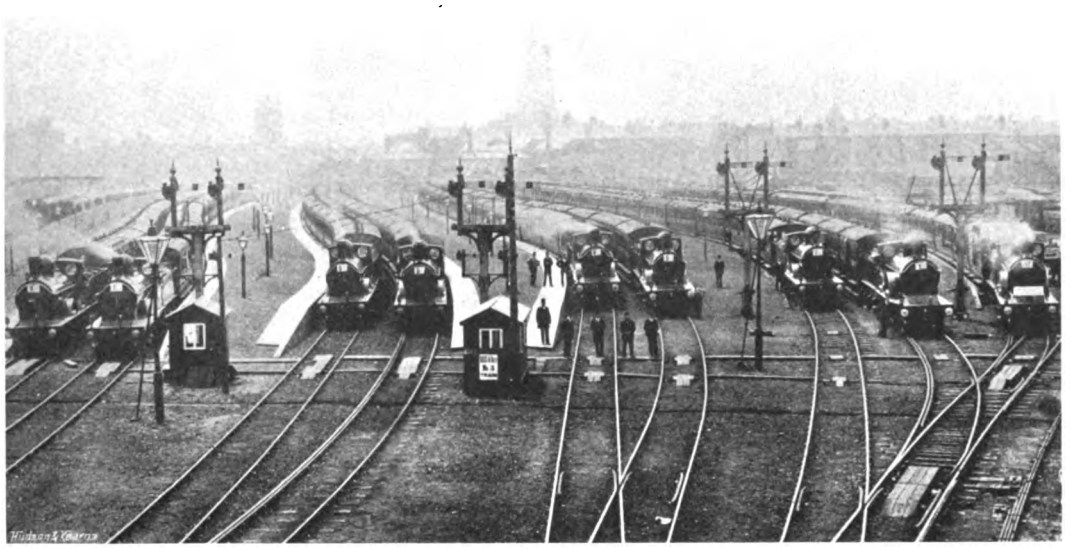
If war were to break out between ourselves and a Continental Power, we should first call up our Naval Reservists, secondly place land forces at points whence they could ward off any sudden raids that might be made upon our coasts, and thirdly, if possible, mobilise an army to strike a counter-blow across the water. In these three operations railways would play an important part.

At present the Naval Reservist is allowed twenty-four hours in which to reach his ship, and this period is ample without any special alterations in our time tables. For the total number of such Reservists is infinitesimal compared with the number of passengers daily carried by our railways, and the extra traffic—unencumbered by heavy luggage—would only become perceptible close to the Naval ports, where an extra train or two would easily accommodate it. Even if the whole 10,000 to 20,000 men were to be concentrated at a single centre, no serious inconvenience would arise. Is it possible to curtail the twenty-four hours' grace? No doubt the greater portion of the operation would occupy a far shorter interval. But there are hundreds of men scattered over the face of the land, nobody knows quite where, who would want a longer time to get to their destinations, and this we might be ill able to spare. If it be necessary to prepare for a twelve-hour call, the railways must know automatically the whereabouts of the Reservists. One plan would be to make the station-masters or agents the paymasters instead of the postal officials. Whether Jack Tar's wandering propensities would allow of such a regulation may be open to question; but, grant its feasibility—or ought we not to say its necessity?—and a single message from the Admiralty would be flashed throughout the length and breadth of the land by the companies themselves, so that each station-master, after warning, would call up his contingent, with the despatch now displayed when fogmen have to be ordered out to watch the points. A very simple service of special trains, mostly consisting of one carriage, would suffice to collect the Reservists in a rural district and plant them upon a main line, when their difficulties would be at an end.

Turning to our second point, the object of a sudden descent upon our coasts would be either the destruction of public property, or the cutting of a vital line of communications. If we were mobilising at Edinburgh, we should have to remember that all three routes to that place touch the coast on their way northwards. The North-Eastern is particularly exposed north of Newcastle. At Preston, along Morecambe Bay, and at Carlisle, the North-Western might be severed. A blow at Carlisle would also destroy the Waverley route. A glance at the map will show that if Newcastle and Carlisle were both seized the whole of North Britain would be isolated. To every other extremity of the island it would be possible to piece together an entirely inland route. But a coast railway, albeit dangerous as a line of communication, is invaluable as enabling comparatively small forces to watch considerable lengths of littoral. A continuous line stretches from Flamborough Head to Aberdeen, while from the Humber to Weymouth the shore is excellently served. Indeed, even along the West the railway, as a rule, only plunges inland where the country is mountainous and sparsely populated. Small bodies of troops placed at intervals along these coast railways, or at junctions where two or more inland branches meet (like Horsham, Ashford, or Yeovil), would thus be able to answer alarms to a limit of, say, thirty miles each way. At such centres there should be accumulated stores for repairing the permanent way.

Lastly, the mobilisation of a large army at a given point is easier in Great Britain than on the Continent, because of the duplicate routes which were everywhere encouraged by our forefathers. Even where railways have quenched competition, like the North-Eastern or the South-Eastern and Chatham, alternative lines remain as relics of former feuds. In France and Germany there is far greater dependence on one, and only one, route between two centres. With us there are five ways whereby we may travel from London to Manchester, three ways from Manchester to Liverpool, and so on. It is not strictly true to say that an operation which would occupy a single route for a given number of hours would be completed in half the time by using a second route, but the operation is certainly hastened. Enormous mobilisations are, in fact, proceeding every day upon our railways. On a Bank Holiday 100,000 passengers are carried in and out of Blackpool in about 6,000 vehicles, composing 480 trains. This feat is equivalent to a mobilisation of at least 200,000 men, carried only one way, and if the question of military freight be raised, it may be replied that in the case of excursion traffic there is a considerable period in the middle of the holiday when the lines are comparatively free. The traffic to Doncaster on St. Leger day might also be instanced. Indeed, according to Sir George Finlay, 90,000 men, with horses, guns, and light baggage, leaving the heavy camp equipment behind, could be conveyed in 9,000 vehicles of all kinds, made up in long trains of twenty-five vehicles each, drawn at a moderate speed by powerful goods or mineral engines. And we have 752,298 vehicles and 20,716 locomotives to choose from.

One word more. The development of railways has made it yet more unlikely for a foreign Power to seriously contemplate the invasion of these islands. The reason is simple. Where two countries are conterminous, each possesses rolling-stock which may be used on the other's railways. But when the sea intervenes, the aggressor has to depend entirely upon the chance waggons he may glean from deserted sidings.



HOW TROOPS COULD BE CARRIED.

Nine Trainloads Ready to Leave Blackpool.

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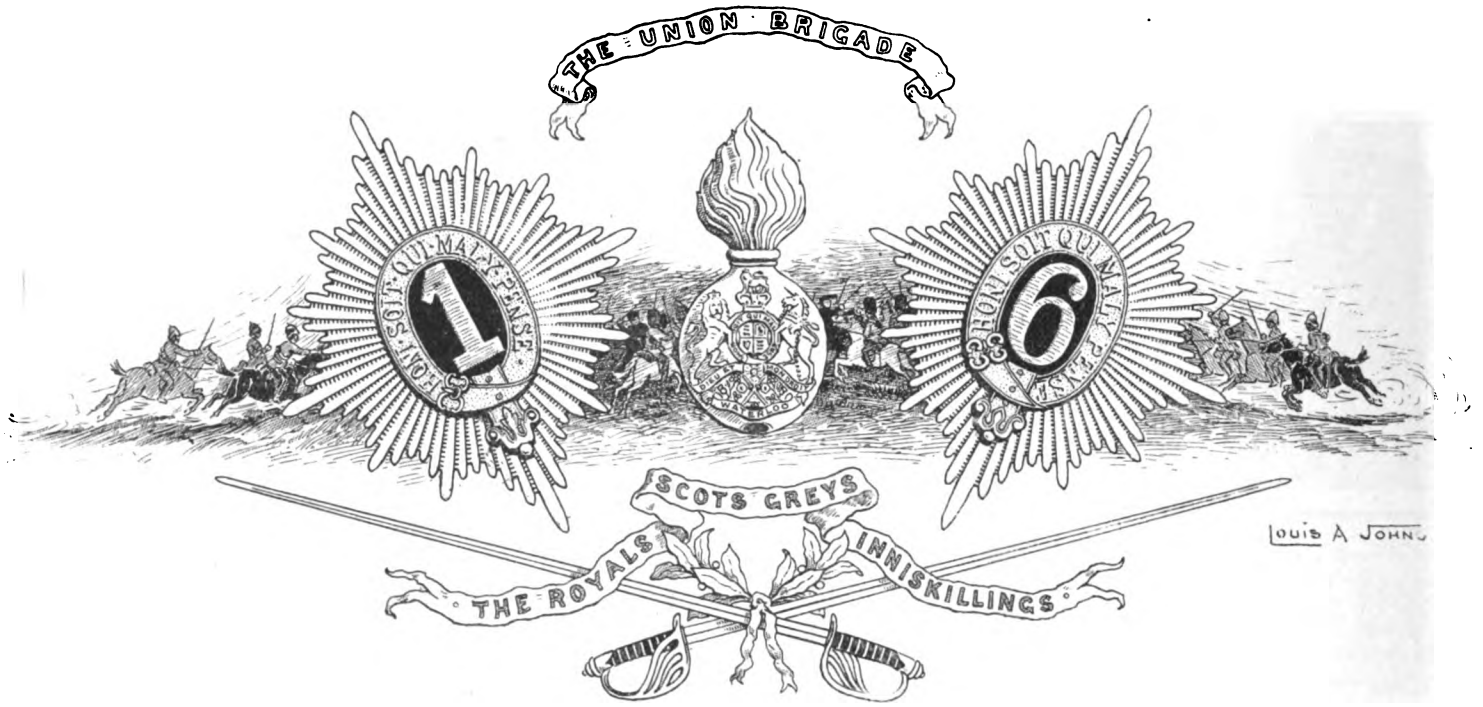


ESPRIT DE CORPS.

By Drapeau.

WHILE the expression *esprit de corps* presents a clearly-defined idea to the military mind, it may be necessary in the interests of the thousands of civilian readers of the Navy and Army Illustrated to endeavour to explain its meaning. But how shall we describe it? Though every true soldier carries it deep in his heart, it is by no means easy to bring a forcible realisation of the feeling to the mind of an individual whose active sympathies seldom reach much beyond the limits of his own home circle.

It is essentially the honour of the regiment; the feeling of pride felt by all ranks, from colonel to drummer-boy, that though other regiments in the Service may be good, their regiment is the best; that by no act of theirs shall its proud name be tarnished, willingly, nay, gladly laying down life itself to prevent such a contingency.

It would be impossible to name a single corps in the Service in which this feeling does not exist in a high degree. Every tradition is treasured up and retold to successive generations of recruits; every "honour" on the regimental colour has its own story; every slight variation of dress or equipment has its tale to tell; the colour of a facing or plume, the badge on pouch or collar, are small things when weighed in the balance of the utilitarian, but to the soldier they are dear, for each one marks an epoch in the story of the regiment's glory.

Whilst the colours must always, as representing the embodiment of the regiment's honour, exert a powerful influence on *esprit de corps*, it must be borne in mind that some of our most distinguished regiments carry no colours; yet what grander records could be named than those of our Rifle regiments? The deeds of those Light Dragoons who charged at Balaclava are not blazoned on standards, yet there is not a youngster in any of the regiments which took part in that memorable ride whose heart does not swell with pride as he joins in the canteen chorus—

"Oh! 'tis a famous story,
Proclaim it far and wide,
And let your children's children
Remember it with pride."

Every regiment in the Service has its motto, many of which have a powerful influence on *esprit de corps*. That of the Royal Scots Greys is paradoxical, it being borne in mind that that famous regiment is the 2nd Dragoons, but it would be a bold man who would dare question its appropriateness in the presence of these stalwart Scotsmen.

The classical language of these mottoes sometimes receives amusingly free translation from "Tommy Atkins," but his rendering is usually very much to the point. The writer once overheard two recruits discussing the motto of The border of the Thistle, borne as a badge by many Scotch regiments, "Nemo me impune lacessit."

"But what does it mean, Jock?" queried one. "Mean!" exclaimed the other, with splendid contempt for his comrade's ignorance.—"mean! man, doe ye no ken that? It jist means that it's no very safe toe play ony pranks wi' the thrustle."

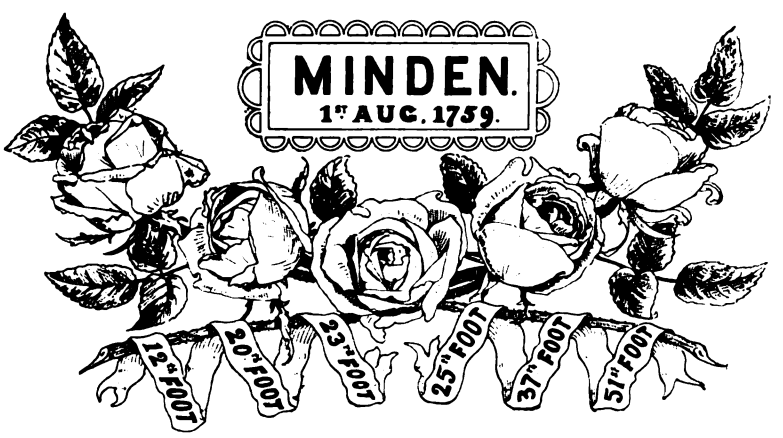
I have said that peculiarities of dress and equipment play a strong part in the fostering of *esprit de corps*. Perhaps it is not very generally known outside of the Service that the sergeants of the Somerset Light Infantry are unique in wearing their sashes in the same manner as officers, the sergeants of other regiments wearing them on the opposite shoulder. I do not think the origin of this peculiarity is known with certainty, but tradition has it that on one occasion, believed to have been Culloden, the whole of the officers were killed, and the sergeants took their place. Whether this is or is not the true reason, the distinction is one of which the gallant Somersets are justly proud.

The Gloucester Regiment is another that possesses a peculiar distinction, the origin of which is as follows: On the 21st of March, 1801, at the battle of Alexandria, the 28th Regiment were attacked simultaneously both in front and rear, which attack they successfully repelled. For their gallantry on that occasion the "Old Braggs," as they love to call themselves, were granted permission to wear the sphynx both in front and back of their headdress. When the regiment wore the shako a plain "28" took the place of the sphynx behind, but the latter has since been restored.

Of this engagement an incident is told which shows that regimental ardour or *esprit de corps* sometimes gets the better of discipline. A certain regiment of Highlanders were drawn up in line, and remaining inactive for some time began to get impatient and to show it. So restive did they become in their eagerness to advance that the general found it necessary to call attention to it pretty sharply. Riding up to the colonel, a true Highlander of the old type, he shouted, "Keep your men steady, colonel."

"Steady! ——th," called out the hot-blooded old chief in English, and then in Gaelic—"Why the devil dinna ye rin?" That is not Gaelic, of course, but it is how they tell the story in Scotland. That they did "rin," and that they carried all before them, those of Napoleon's "Invincibles" who were left could best tell; but how the colonel afterwards squared matters with the general does not appear to be chronicled.

The aiguillettes worn by the band of the Royal Berkshire Regiment commemorate the gallantry of the regimental musicians at the



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battle of Maiwand, when the brave old 66th showed what British soldiers can do.

In the space of a short article it is impossible to do more than glance at one or two of these peculiar distinctions, the story of the origin of which has such a powerful effect in stimulating regimental pride; but before passing from this branch of the subject the writer cannot refrain from alluding to that worn by the gallant "Black Watch," the red hackle.

The story of the way in which it was earned is somewhat curious. At the battle of Gueldermalsen a cavalry regiment was placed in charge of some captured guns, which by negligence they allowed the enemy to retake. The task of recovering them was allotted to the 42nd, which they performed with the greatest gallantry. The general was so enraged at the action of the cavalry that with his sword he swept off the upper portion of the red plume of the commanding officer, with the words—"Never more shall this regiment wear the red plume," the honour of wearing the plume or hackle of that colour being conferred on the 42nd. That the young soldiers of the regiment may be acquainted with this episode in its history, the narrative, framed and glazed, occupies a place of honour in the regimental library; and on many a hard-fought field has Scotland's favourite regiment carried their blood-red plume in the fore-front of the battle, and ever to victory.

The practice of decking the colours with wreaths of laurel in commemoration of some great victory in which the regiment has taken part, is one which cannot fail to instil feelings of pride in the breasts of the youngsters who now march under their shadow, and who may be safely trusted to guard them in the hour of danger. An analogous custom is that which prevails in the old 34th Regiment, when at midnight on the anniversary of Arrayo dos Molinos the drummers beat the drums captured on that day from the 34th (French) Regiment of the Line, the youngest waving the tambour-major's staff, which was also taken.

As might be supposed, it is to the sergeants in a great measure we look to inculcate and foster those feelings of regimental pride to which allusion has been made. Almost every regiment has now its annual sergeants' ball on the anniversary of some engagement in which it has borne a distinguished part. In some regiments, however, the commemoration takes the form of a regimental dinner and smoking concert. It was the writer's privilege some years ago to be a guest at the dinner of a famous Highland regiment, during which an incident occurred that is never likely to be effaced from his memory. After the usual patriotic toast the sergeant-major called upon all present to charge their glasses and drink to the memory of the heroes who fell at Tel-el-Kebir. Amidst solemn silence the toast was honoured; for a moment or two after the silence remained unbroken, then from the oldest soldier present, a grizzled old warrior of nigh thirty years' service, broke forth a pæon of praise to the memory of the man idolised as a hero of heroes—albeit a private soldier—who was the first to leap into the trenches, the first to meet a soldiers' death.

"Weirdly the refrain rose and fell—
'Remember Donald Cameron.'"

And as the last notes died away there were few among those Scotsmen whose eyes were not dim. Only for a moment, however. Loud and clear as in the hour of battle rose the stirring notes of the bagpipes as half-a-dozen stalwart pipers marched into the mess-room to the glorious old slogan, "The March of the Cameron Men." Then cheer after cheer rent the air. Can one imagine a greater honour being paid to the memory of a departed comrade, an honour besides which the legend of La Tour D'Auvergne seems forced and theatrical.

In an Army voluntarily recruited, and which demands such varying conditions of service as ours, sometimes changes have, of necessity, to be introduced, which for a time appear likely to have an adverse influence on *esprit de corps*. These changes are often deeply felt, and this was markedly the case when the authorities decreed that county titles should take the place of numerical designations. In at least one regiment the change was marked by the solemn burial of the old corps at midnight, but the old 75th, without, I believe, going to this length, certainly erected a tombstone, which is still to be seen in the soldiers' gardens at Floriana, in Malta, and the inscription on which seems to strike the happy medium between regret for the loss of their regimental individuality, and appreciation of the honour at the same time conferred on them of donning the picturesque uniform of the Highlanders. It reads as follows:

"Here lies the poor old Seventy-fifth,
Thro' Heaven's divine protection,
To rise again in kilt and hose,
A glorious resurrection!

"For by the mighty, potent powers
Of Parliamentary laws,
We go to bed the Seventy-five
To rise the 'Ninty-twas.'"

A FRENCH MILITARY EXECUTION.

It is now more than thirty years since, for the first time, I witnessed a military execution. Since then I have seen many others, but in time of war, that is to say when the feelings are so blunted by familiarity with constant dangers that the death of a man does not seem a matter of great consequence. If we add to this the frequency of such executions in war-time, it will easily be understood that the impression they produce on the soldier is generally a very transient one. However, it is far otherwise in time of peace, and I then know of nothing more calculated to deeply impress the mind. It was, if I recollect rightly, towards the end of 1867 or the beginning of 1868 that I saw for the first time the execution of two soldiers. They were *voltigeurs* of the Guards, that is, they belonged to the Guards' Light Infantry. They had been condemned to death by a court-martial for the murder of an innkeeper and his wife.

On a cold and raw winter morning—a Monday—and just as daylight was breaking through the gloom of the sky, the Parisians became aware that a large number of troops were moving in the direction of Vincennes, one of the suburbs of the capital. As for myself, having spent part of the previous Sunday with a staff officer on whom devolved the duty of seeing that everything was duly carried out for the execution, I knew it was to take place the next morning, and it goes without saying that I had made my friend promise to give me a place whence I could see the men fall. My wishes were amply gratified. The next morning I was up betimes, and reached the fortress of Vincennes before my friend arrived. At last he appeared, and as he could not accompany me himself he committed me to the care of a sergeant, with whom I departed towards the artillery butts. After a fairly long walk we reached a sort of shanty where a few people were already assembled, and I was left there. The spot was not more than 25-yds. from a small butt, in front of which the condemned men were to be shot. About 30-yds. or 40-yds. straight in a line with the place where I stood, and in front of the butt, were two stout square wooden posts, each provided with two pairs of straps. The ground surrounding these posts was sanded over and perfectly clean. All round, as far as the eye could see, the vast and gloomy plain, with the old keep of Vincennes for a background, was covered with thousands of men—infantry, cavalry, artillery, all in full dress, and in the gorgeous uniforms which then made the French Army the most brilliant in Europe. On each side of the posts the regiment to which the condemned men belonged was drawn up in two lines. Hardly a sound could be heard. We had been gazing on this scene for nearly three-quarters of an hour when our ears caught the sounds of distant music and of bugles and drums. Gradually the sounds came nearer. The bands were playing "the general," with the accompaniment of bugles and muffled drums. This was the signal that the condemned men were on their way to the place of execution. Soon after we saw the tall bearskin caps of the stalwart gendarmes of the guard. The men were mounted on splendid dark chestnut horses. In the middle of them were two ambulance carriages. These were the conveyances in which the men had been placed to be brought to the place of execution. They were proceeding somewhat slowly and keeping time with the music. At last the fatal spot was reached, and the two carriages stopped abreast of each other in front of the posts. At that moment my friend came in sight and gave some orders. The ambulance carriages were opened. Out of the first one came a soldier, who looked more like a corpse than a living being. He was almost carried to the fatal post, to which he was buckled up. He was next blindfolded. At the same time the other victim had alighted by himself from the ambulance carriage. He then threw away a cigarette which he had been smoking, and walked with a firm step to the appointed spot. As soon as the condemned men had been attached to their respective posts the execution platoons appeared and stood about a dozen feet from the men. They were veterans, and most of them looked deadly pale. The officers who commanded them raised their swords without speaking, the men fired, and justice was done. Two surgeons then approached, each followed by an old sergeant carrying a loaded rifle in case any sign of life should remain. There was no need for either of them to perform the duty assigned to them in case of need. The bands then struck up a march, and the whole of the troops present began to defile before the corpses, presenting arms as they passed, and headed by the regiment to which the men had belonged.

When the march past was finished the bodies were placed in coffins and carried back in the same ambulance carriages to the burial ground set apart for those who have died by the hand of the law, whether civil or military.

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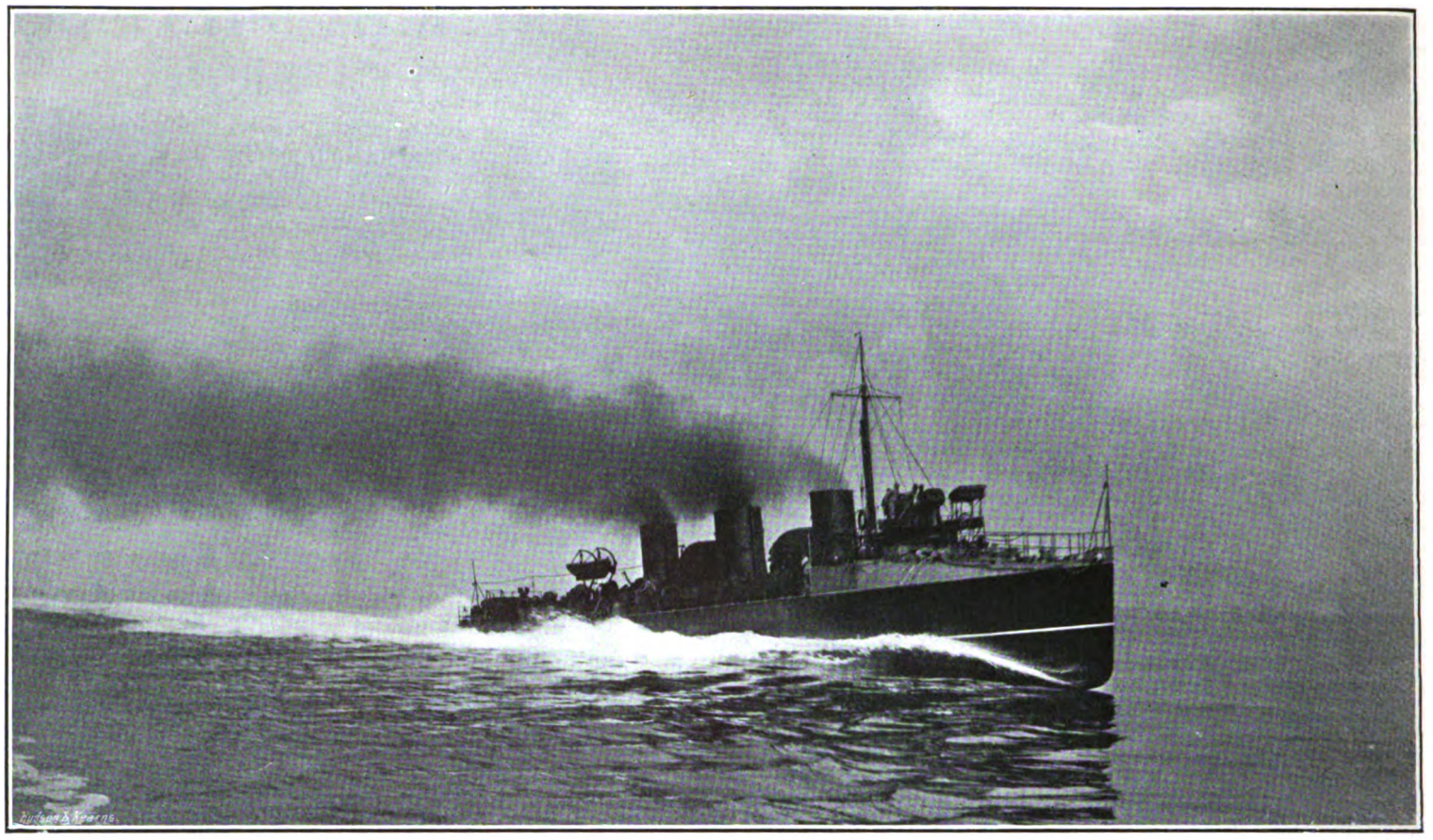


THE "VIPER."

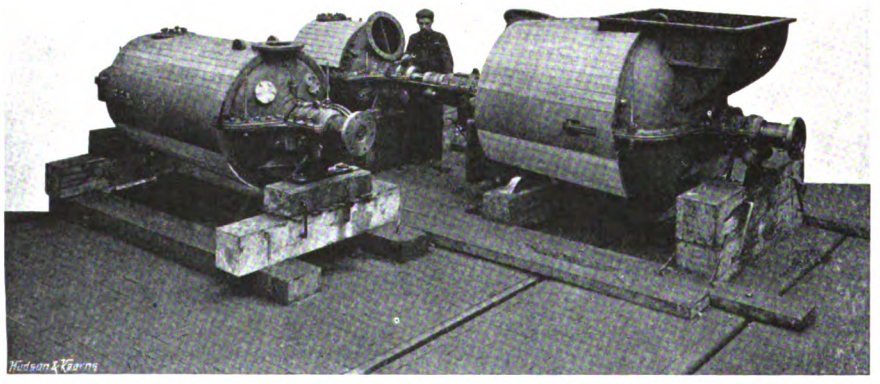
From a Photo. Lent by the Parsons Steam Turbine Company.

A REVOLUTION IN ENGINES.

TURBINE *v.* SCREW.

By a FLEET ENGINEER, R.N.

THE remark that there is nothing new under the sun is probably true as regards the principle of the steam turbine, for we find that as long ago as the year 200 B.C. there existed a rotary steam engine, which consisted of a small spherical boiler, pivoted on an axis, and made to rotate by the reactionary pressure of steam escaping from pipes placed tangentially to its surface. A further modification of this principle was made much later, in the year 1629 A.D., when Bianca invented a steam-driven turbine, which consisted of a steam jet from a fixed boiler being made to impinge upon a series of vanes fixed to the rim of a wheel which was caused to revolve by the force of the steam, in much the same manner that ordinary water wheels, or the vanes on a chimney-top, are rotated by the pressure of a current of water or air. No practical advantage, however, resulted from this until quite recently, and in the meantime the piston-driven reciprocating steam engine became invented. This engine has made a marvellous progress during its comparatively short life, and its rapid development is the main contributing factor to the civilisation of the twentieth century. The names of Papin, Savery, Watts, Newcomen, and Stephenson, as well as those of more modern engineers, will be for ever associated with the history of the steam engine as we have hitherto known it. The reciprocating engine has probably just about reached the zenith of its progress. It commenced on very humble lines with small steam pressures and low speeds, and has since developed from the simple non-condensing engine of the earliest type into the jet and surface condensing engines, and later into the triple and quadruple expansion engines of high speed driven by steam pressures of 300-lb. to the square inch. It may be almost superfluous to describe the method by which the rotary motion of the propeller shaft of a ship is produced in the reciprocating engine, but, briefly stated, the steam is admitted into and alternately released from either end of the cylinder in which it does its work, by means of suitable mechanism. A closely-fitting disc, called a piston, is forced backwards and forwards in the cylinder by the pressure of the steam, and this linear motion of the piston is converted into a rotary motion in the crank and propeller shaft by means of piston and connecting rods which attach the piston and shaft to each other, the connecting portions being termed the reciprocating parts of the engine. Thus for every revolution of the crank shaft there is a backward and forward stroke of the piston, and there is, therefore, a point at the end of each stroke where an absolute reversal of the motion of the principal working parts occurs. This reversal of motion in all the moving parts of the engine except the propeller shafting constitutes a very considerable difficulty in the successful running of a modern reciprocating engine, is often a cause of breakdown, and involves considerable wear and tear in the machinery.



THE ENGINES OF THE "VIPER."

From a Photo. Lent by the Parsons Steam Turbine Company.

The ordinary triple and quadruple expansion reciprocating engine is an enormous advance on its predecessor of the last century; but with all the improvements in

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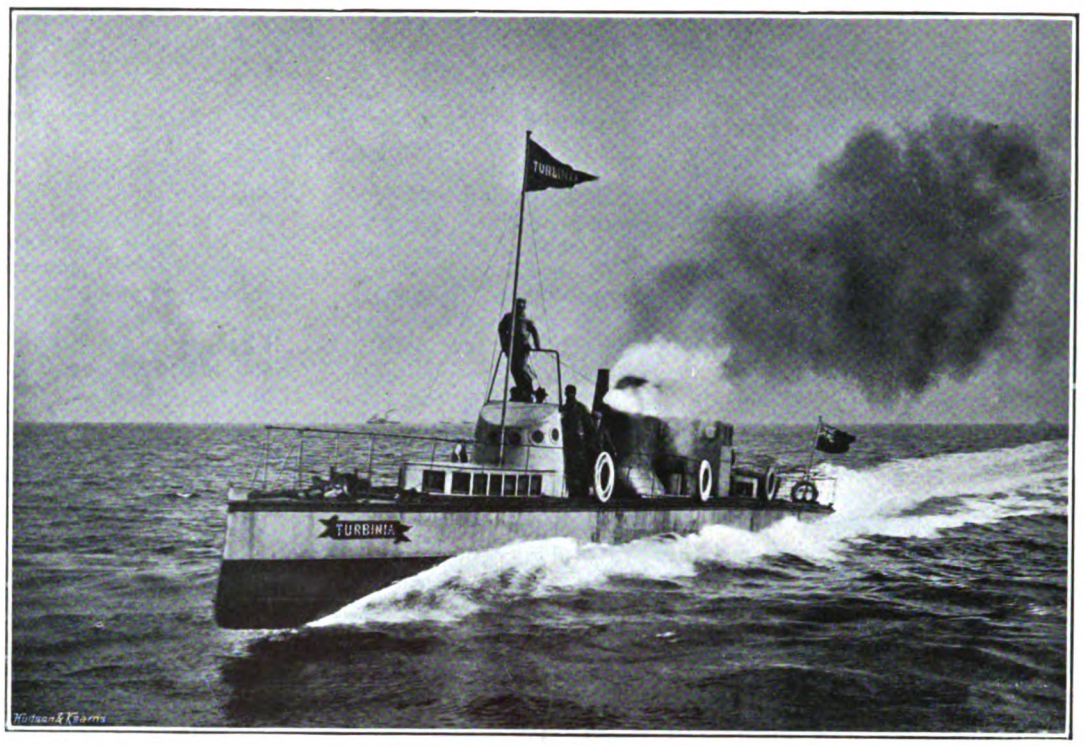
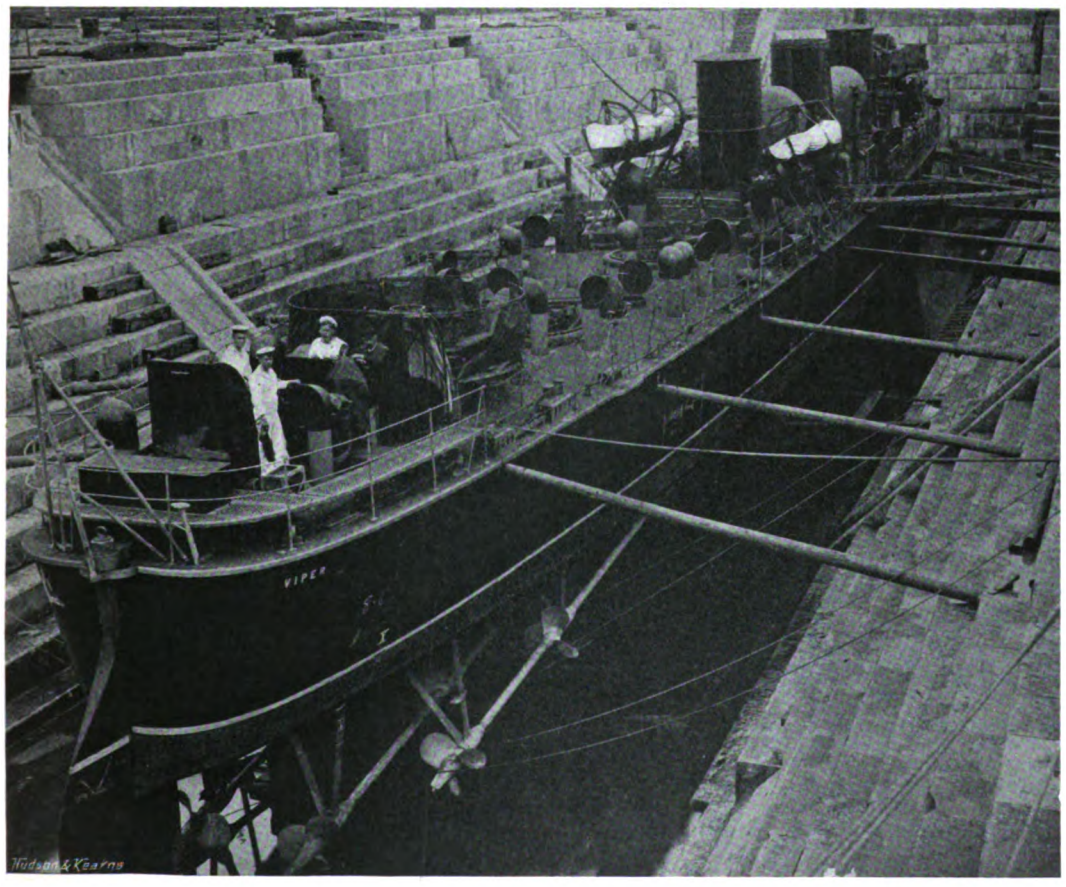
engineering science during the last sixty years, there are limitations in weight and space of engine and in fuel economy that have very nearly been reached. Many of the causes of wear, tear, and trouble that are peculiar to the fast-running reciprocating engine are avoided altogether in the steam turbine which has been invented and developed by the Hon. C. A. Parsons. This type of engine consists of a cylinder on the interior surface of which are fitted a series of rings of inwardly projecting guide-blades, a shaft revolves in the cylinder concentrically with it, and to this shaft are attached the propeller shafting and propeller. The portion of the shaft inside the cylinder is fitted with a series of rings of outwardly projecting blades, the rings on the cylinder project nearly to the shaft, and the rings of blades on the shaft lie between those on the cylinder and nearly touch its inner surface. Steam is admitted at the end of the shaft, and first of all impinges on the fixed blades of the cylinder, whence it is projected in a rotating direction upon the blades attached to the shaft, and so causes the shaft to revolve. The steam, flowing through the annular spaces between each successive series of fixed and movable blades before it reaches its exit to the condenser, increases the revolutions of the shaft at an exceedingly rapid rate. This is the principle in brief of the Parsons turbine, but of course there are many practical details whose satisfactory development has caused a deal of careful consideration. The principal advantages of the steam turbine over the reciprocating engine are stated to be: Increased speed, increased economy of steam, increased carrying power of vessel owing to saving in weight and space of machinery, increased stability, as the engines are placed lower in the vessel, more immunity from danger by shell-fire in action, reduced initial cost and less upkeep, reduced staff of engine-room hands, an almost entire absence of vibration, less wear and tear of working parts, less liability to breakdown, and the distribution of the propelling power over many shafts and propellers.



THE "TURBINIA."

The development of the steam turbine is probably due to the introduction some years ago of the dynamo, and the necessity for an engine capable of safely driving a dynamo at the high speed of revolution requisite for the production of a powerful electric current. The practicability of running one of these engines at the enormous speed of 18,000 revolutions per minute was demonstrated as long ago as 1884. In 1894 the principle of steam-turbine propulsion was applied to the "Turbinia," a small vessel of 44 tons displacement, which eventually succeeded in attaining the speed of 34½ knots, with an estimated horse-power of 2,300! The satisfactory results obtained from this first venture afloat encouraged the inventor to order the construction of the "Cobra" and "Viper," both of the torpedo-destroyer type of vessel. The "Viper" is 210-ft. long, 21-ft. beam, and of 370 tons displacement. On her trials she attained the phenomenal speed of 36·581 knots, with her eight screws going at a mean speed of 1,180 revolutions per minute! She has just been commissioned for service in the Navy. The "Cobra" will likewise shortly be ready to hoist the pennant, as she has also been purchased by the Admiralty. A large passenger steamer is now being constructed on the Clyde fitted with steam-turbine engines, and will be ready by July, probably. From the success which has attended the "Turbinia" and the two destroyers, it seems that the system of the steam turbine is capable of further development, and probably in a few years some of our fast cruisers may be fitted with it. At all events the trials of the "Viper" and "Cobra" have shown its practicability in vessels of the torpedo-destroyer class.

It now remains to be seen how far the steam turbine will stand the test of time and the wear and tear of actual service in the Royal Navy. The "Viper" is about to undergo an exhaustive series of trials with her own sea-going crew on board. These trials will be run at varying speeds, and their object will be to ascertain how the water consumption of her engines compares at these speeds with that of similar vessels fitted with the latest type of reciprocating engines; but before the trials commence the "Viper" will be sent on a cruise of three or four weeks, in order to allow her officers and crew to get used to the management of the vessel and her machinery. During this summer there will probably be in addition the experience of the Clyde steamer to draw upon, so that in a few months' time the Admiralty will be in possession of sufficient data, obtained from the actual ordinary working of steam-turbine engines, by which to determine their suitability for employment in larger classes of vessels.



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THE "VIPER" IN DOCK.

Showing the Turbines.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE QUEST OF OVIS AMMON (HODGSONI) ON THE BORDERS OF TIBET.

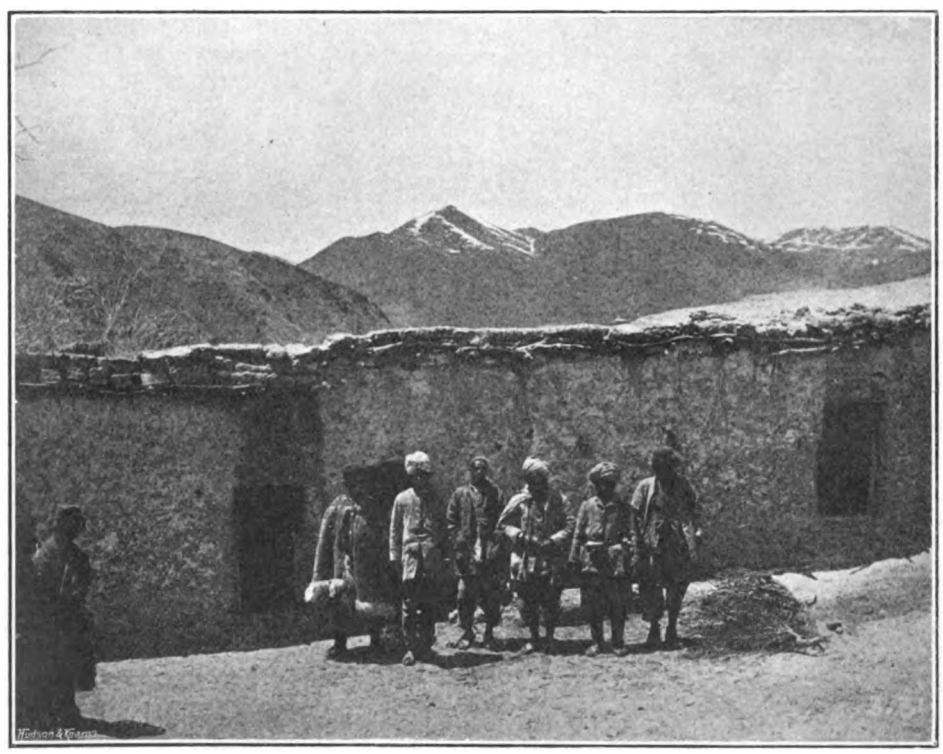
By Lal Baloo.

MAY 26 was the date, and the locality about fifteen miles west of Chusol. Possibly this name is not familiar to many of my readers, but Chusol is situated within a few miles of the great Pang Gong Lake, on the borders of Tibet. Thus far my quest for ovis ammon had been a failure; and in spite of much toil and many hardships, I had only succeeded in getting one very difficult shot at this great Tibetan sheep. When I speak of toil and hardships, I am perhaps using too strong terms, but I had crossed the Chang La (18,000-ft.) in a snowstorm, the Marsemik Pass (18,400-ft.) twice, and had suffered considerably from the rarefied air at these high altitudes. I had explored the Chang Chen Mo Valley thoroughly; it was no pleasant place at the time of year, and was barren of all game, being still ice-bound. Near Phobrang, reputed the highest inhabited hamlet in the world, I had discovered three very fine rams, one with really magnificent horns, and after four days' stalking, fruitless, owing to snowstorms and other causes, I thought my chance had at last arrived, when a shift of wind, a constant source of tribulation in those high regions, betrayed me, and they were off. I had a long shot at the hindmost and, unfortunately, the smallest of the three. He was fully 300-yds. away and 100-ft. below me. The bullet kicked up the sand at the far side of him, and I felt certain he was hit; he swerved to the shot, then galloped off across the valley, slowed down into a walk in ascending the opposite mountain, and finally lay down.

HEADS OF OVIS AMMON (HODGSONI).

A snowstorm was coming on; I was ten miles from my camp, and it was getting dark, so, early next day, I sent my second shikari to look for him, and started for Chusol, where presently I was overtaken by a native on horseback, who reported that he had seen my shikari back among the rocks and that he had got the ram's head, and that it was a good one; but I was not very confident of the accuracy of this report. Later, however, when continuing my journey from Chusol, my shikari spotted six rams—one with a good head—through the telescope, and after a somewhat trying stalk I made an extraordinarily bad shot at the big ram, but, with the usual luck that attends me when shooting, broke his off hind leg below the hock, though I certainly deserved to have missed him. He had gone off at a gallop, and it was only when he began to ascend the opposite hill and dropped behind his companions that I discovered his leg was broken, and when he arrived at the steeper slopes his pace decreased to a walk; he then halted, then climbed up a few feet, and again halted. After he had repeated this performance for some time, he was rejoined by his companions, who accommodated their pace to his. As my shikari said: "He is the colonel; they won't leave him." By which he doubtless meant that they were anxiously awaiting his demise to see who would be selected for promotion. I watched him through the glass for an hour making his way painfully, poor beast! straight up the mountain, which was about the highest in the district, and when it had become too late to have a chance at him that night, I left the shikari to watch, and went home to camp. He arrived soon afterwards, and reported that all the rams had lain down near the top of the mountain, and that we were sure to find them there in the morning. For the benefit of my readers who are not acquainted with the animal, a brief description of ovis ammon (Hodgsoni) may be of interest. A good ram stands a little over 11-h. high, is more like a deer than a sheep, and is one of the most graceful animals possible; his coat is short, thick, and wiry, quite unlike the woolly fleece carried by our domestic sheep; he carries his head, with his massive corrugated horns, quite as majestically as the finest stag, and is the most difficult animal to stalk that is known, owing to his senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling being developed to an abnormal extent; and if he gets your wind, or sights you, he will probably travel fifty miles before stopping.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, as we say in France. On the morning of May 26 I got up at 6 a.m., the thermometer 16-deg. below freezing point, and started as soon as I had breakfasted (my shikaris had gone on an hour and a-half earlier). My tiffin-coolie, with his usual query, "Huzoor telegraph, mankta?" which, being interpreted, is, "Does his excellency want the camera?" accompanied me, and I rode a pony to the place where I had left the shikaris on the preceding evening, found them looking through the glasses, and they reported that when they arrived there all the rams were still lying down in the same place, but that after about an hour four had risen and moved over the crest, leaving the biggest (second in command?) behind, who then endeavoured to move "the colonel" on by dint of pushing him with his horns, but finding it of no avail had gone on after the others. There was a nullah running up to a spur, behind which we thought we might stalk the wounded ram.



THE REST-HOUSE, CHUSOL, WITH SHIKARIS.

We started on our stalk at 8 a.m., and found that at places the nullah was within sight of the ammon, and at these places we looked through the telescope, waited till his head was turned the other way, and then crawled on hands and knees as quickly as we could until we got under cover again. We had gone on in this manner for about three hours, when we came to a more open place, and whilst crawling over this, the ram spotted us, got up, and moved slowly up to the sky-line. His horns showed magnificently as he stopped for a minute on the crest, and he then moved over it and out of sight.

My shikari said there was nothing for it but to go straight up after him, and we should find him on the far side.

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It looked an awful climb, very steep, and the slope of the mountain was composed entirely of loose shale; we were at an altitude of over 16,000-ft.; the air was rarefied, and the least exertion caused one to pant for breath, for every three steps up you slipped down two, and after about thirty steps you had to sit down to recover your wind. It was the hardest piece of walking I had ever experienced; but happily there is an end to everything, and at about 4 p.m., after nearly five hours' climbing, we arrived at the crest. I was completely "done up," and very faint and sick from the rarefied air. We looked down the far side—no sign of our quarry; walked down about 100-ft., looked over a ridge, and my shikari spotted him far below standing by a patch of snow. The ground between us afforded no cover whatever, and, after a long consultation, the shikari decided that the only possible way to stalk him successfully was to return to the top of the mountain and walk along the crest over two small peaks to where we could see, about a mile away, a ridge which would enable us to approach within shot. But, said he, "The Sahib is tired out; he had better give him up for to-day; even we who are accustomed to the mountains have had enough; let us return to camp and come to-morrow." However, after five weeks without a trophy to my credit, I was determined not to give in so tamely, and we made the detour at a very slow pace, and came to a large frozen snowfield, where we sat on our heels and slid down the side of the mountain at a great pace to the aforesaid ridge.

We looked over very carefully, and there he was, about 100-ft. below us and about 150-yds. away, facing from us. I waited till I had recovered my breath, but was so tired that I was far from confident of hitting him. My weapon was a double ·303 loaded with cordite powder (which is smokeless and makes little noise) and Dum-dum bullets. My first shot was a trifle too high. He came back towards me for a short distance, not knowing from which direction the shot was fired, and then turned broadside on towards a snow patch. I fired two more shots, both of which hit him, and then saw he had got enough. He staggered and fell on to the snow, slid down it for about 50-yds., and rolled over. My shikari was delighted, and rushed off to "Hal-lal" him, whilst I followed more slowly with the "telegraph." He was a good ram for this district, horns 38½-in., and in good condition.

My adventures were not over yet, as, after climbing down to the foot of the mountain, I found my pony, sent the "ghora wallah" up to help the shikaris with the ammon, and started for camp. The pony had only a halter, no bridle, and wished to follow the ghora wallah up the hill, and it was with difficulty I could steer him in the required direction by tapping him on the side of the head with my Khud stick. We got on fairly well till we came to a nullah, when the pony made a bad peck, and the saddle and the sitter therein went clean over his head. I arrived in camp dead beat about 7.30 p.m., and was delighted to find my second shikari had arrived and had brought the other ram's head. He had found the animal dead at the very place we had seen him lie down. He had a good head, but his horns were considerably broken. Had they been intact they would have measured just about 43-in. The largest of that trio must have had horns very little, if anything, short of 50-in., almost a record. At any rate, I had now got my two ammon, although I had had a march of over 500 miles to achieve them. [By the Kashmir game laws one's bag during one season is limited to two ovis ammon, four shapoo (ovis vignei), four burrhel (ovis nahura), etc.]

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16, 30, *May* 4, *and* 25.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"THETIS" (Malta).—Yes! it was indeed, as you say, a bonny sight for many eyes to see seven line-of-battle-ships of the finest description and representing tonnage of 100,000 (or more than Nelson commanded at Trafalgar) launched before His Gracious Majesty had been six weeks on the throne. You may rely upon it that with the provision recently made each ship will have a full complement of seamen and stokers when she hoists the pennant. It is no use having fine ships unless you have the fine men (and those trained) to man them. In 1794 things were different. The "Montagu" joined Lord Howe's fleet with only thirteen men, including the quartermasters, able to take the helm, seven in one watch and six in the other, and the captain of her foretop had only been fifteen months at sea! Other ships were equally destitute of trained seamen; but to-day there is little chance of history repeating itself in respect to any portion of the personnel maintained in our ships, which, moreover, appear to lack nothing in perfection of armament and sea-keeping qualities.

* * * *

J. W. HUNTER.—The paragraph you send is inaccurate in more than one detail. Exclusive of the Guards there are sixty-nine British infantry regiments. Forty-four of these bear English territorial titles, eleven are nominally Scotch, eight Irish, and three Welsh, while three, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the Rifle Brigade, and the Royal Fusiliers, have no territorial title. There are several counties which have no regiment named after them, for the territorial arrangement does not seem to have been made with the best of judgment. Lancashire possesses seven regiments (and there is besides the York and Lancaster Regiment) and Yorkshire has four. Nottingham, a populous county, has none. Middlesex has only one, and Surrey only two.

* * * *

"RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."—It is true that prior to 1805 there was for nearly a century no flag officer of the red, but the idea that the omission was due to the fact that we had lost our right to the use of the red flag, by reason of our lack of success in contests afloat with the Dutch, is wholly erroneous. The suspension of the use of the flag was due to the introduction of the Union flag at the time of the amalgamation of the Crowns of England and Scotland. The flag came into use again in November, 1805, on the occasion of the large promotion then made of captains to flag rank after the victory of Trafalgar. The separation of the grades of flag officers into red, white, and blue continued until 1864, when it was finally abolished by Order in Council, in consequence of the confusion caused on foreign stations by the salutes fired on each change of flag, often of frequent occurrence, especially when more than one flag officer was present. The expenditure of powder, also, even in those days, must have been no inconsiderable item.

* * * *

W. J. BARNARD.—Your query brings out a fact that is not generally known, namely, that the two regiments of Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, which date back to Charles II.'s time, were really recruited from men who had fought in the Civil War. The two regiments of Life Guards were composed mainly of Cavaliers who had fought under Charles I. On the other hand, the Royal Horse Guards is the only cavalry regiment now extant which formed part of the Parliamentary Army that fought against Charles I. It was known in its early days as Colonel Unton Crook's Regiment, and the men of that regiment practically became the Royal Regiment of Horse, which was raised in 1661. Its colonel was Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, hence its nickname, the "Oxford Blues."

"TACTICS" (Gibraltar).—You will find many examples in our Naval history of traps set to decoy our ships and fleets from their cruising grounds. In the Republican and Napoleonic Wars the French repeatedly were successful in this manner, and they hoped to get possession of the Channel for forty-eight hours as the result of our Fleet following theirs to the West Indies. One of the smartest *ruses des guerres* was effected by one of our own admirals—Cornwallis—in June, 1795, when with five battle-ships and two frigates he was chased by Admiral Villeneuve with twelve line-of-battle-ships and eleven frigates. It was patent to the latest Press-gang recruit that the admiral's only chance was in flight; but the British ships never seemed in olden days to have the legs of their French adversaries, and swiftly and surely the overwhelming fleet overtook the little squadron. In this juncture the admiral detached the frigate "Phaeton" ahead, and when she had gained some miles she suddenly ran up a signal for a strange vessel, quickly followed by another signal for four sail, and finally the well-known signal for a fleet, by letting fly the top-gallant sheets and firing two guns ahead, making a private signal that they were friends. Villeneuve, dropping into the trap, signalled his own fleet to tack and give up the chase, when the "Phaeton" rejoined the squadron, and Admiral Cornwallis completed in safety his masterly retreat.

* * * *

"JOHNNY RAW."—The limit of age up to which commissions may be granted to warrant officers and non-commissioned officers varies according to the nature of the commission. Commissions as district officers of the Royal Artillery, officers in the Coast Battalion Royal Engineers, quartermasters, and riding-masters may be given to recommended and qualified candidates up to the age of forty, and that age is, in special circumstances, extended. In ordinary cases, for promotion to be second lieutenant, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers should have not less than two years' service, and should be under twenty-four years of age, and be of not lower rank than a corporal when recommended; when selected they should be of the rank of sergeant and be under twenty-six years of age, should have a clean defaulter sheet, should be then married, and should hold a first-class certificate of education. Exceptions to these regulations are made, of course, in the case of promotion for meritorious service in the field. The age limit is extended to thirty-two for quartermasters and riding-masters to be promoted to be lieutenants.

* * * *

"MAINSAIL" (The "Nymphe," South-East Coast of America).—Your predecessor in the Navy was a 12-pounder 36-gun frigate commanded by Captain Edward Pellew, who in 1793 captured the French frigate "Cleopatra" and carried her into Portsmouth. There were two or three points of unusual interest about this fight which your shipmates should all remember. The commander had his younger brother, Captain Israel Pellew, as a passenger on board at the time, and the latter fought with marked distinction that day, so much so, that on arrival at Portsmouth the brothers were introduced to King George III., who knighted the elder brother and promoted the younger to post-captain. The French commander (Mullon) had the misfortune to be killed, a round shot carrying away the greater part of his left hip, but he did not die before he gave an example of patriotic heroism worthy of the widest renown. As he lay dying he took from his pocket what he imagined was the paper containing the secret coastguard signals of the French Government, and rather than that they should fall into British hands he died biting it to pieces. The gallant fellow, however, had made a mistake, and devoured his own commission, which he also carried in his breast pocket.

THE EDITOR.

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TRANSPORT MULES IN DIFFICULTIES.
Crossing the Railway in Front of a Train.

"HURRAH FOR ACTIVE SERVICE!"
Mounted Infantry Entraining at Port Elizabeth.

ON SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN COMMAND OF TWO GALLANT DETACHMENTS.
Captain F. G. Jackson, Commanding 5th and 6th Manchester Mounted Infantry.

IN PURSUIT OF GENERAL DE WET.

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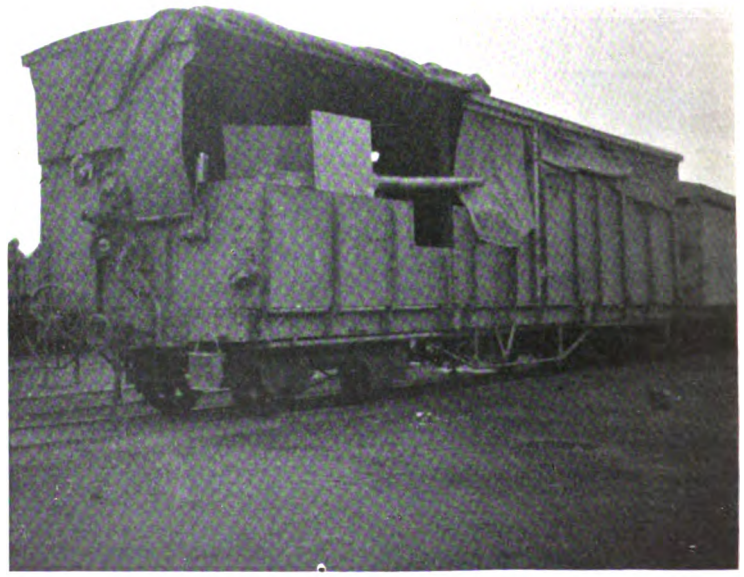
REST AT DE AAR AFTER A HEAVY MARCH.
They had Marched Fifty-five Miles in Twenty-four Hours Over Bad Ground.



"Navy & Army."
A FORMIDABLE ENGINE OF MODERN WARFARE.
An Armoured Train, showing its Quick-firing Gun.

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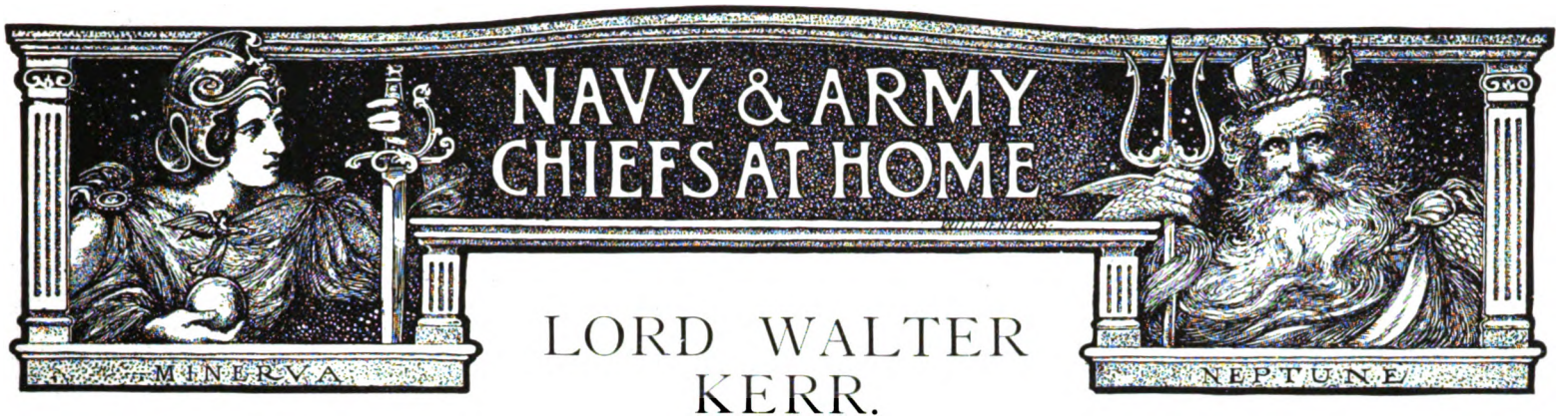

LORD WALTER KERR.

THE name of Lord Walter Kerr is a familiar one in the Navy, as is but natural in the case of an officer who has been constantly in harness from the days of his youth up to the present time, when he holds the rank of Admiral, and the responsible and onerous position of Senior Naval Lord at the Admiralty, or, as it is more tersely described among Naval men, "First Sea Lord."

Though he has not, since the early years of his service, had many opportunities of being "mentioned in despatches," his record is that of a thoroughly conscientious, hard-working, and efficient officer; and one, moreover, who possesses the happy gift of combining the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*. His superiors have usually found much to praise in him, and his subordinates have always held him in respect and admiration.

To experience and to merit this is in itself a goodly thing; but, apart from a purely "Service" point of view, there is that about him which belongs essentially to the man more than to the officer, which it is not very easy nor, perhaps, very necessary to describe or analyse minutely, but which points to the assumption that he may be very highly esteemed in private life, and that it is extremely improbable that he can have many enemies.

Lord Walter is the fourth son of the seventh Marquess of Lothian, and brother of the present holder of the title. He was born in September, 1839, and is consequently in his sixty-second year. He married, in 1873, the Lady Amabel Cowper, youngest daughter of the sixth Earl Cowper, and has three sons and three daughters. The eldest son is preparing for the priesthood, and the second is following in his father's footsteps, having attained in 1898 the rank of lieutenant, and recently held the appointment of flag-lieutenant to Vice-Admiral Sir Harry H. Rawson, in command of the Channel Squadron.

Lord Walter entered the Navy in August, 1853, and was speedily called upon for active service, his first appointment being to the "Neptune," a sailing line-of-battle-ship, in which he went through the Baltic Campaign of 1854; which, however, as is well known, had but little result beyond keeping the Russian ships shut up in their impregnable harbours at Sveaborg and Cronstadt. Subsequently, however, Lord Walter returned to the Baltic in the "Cornwallis," and took part in the reduction of Sveaborg under Admiral Dundas. He was at this time a young lad of sixteen, and the nature of the operations did not involve any detached responsibility or action on the part of so young an officer; but in the following year, being appointed to the "Shannon," bound for the China station, under Captain William Peel, some stirring times were in store for him.

The "Shannon's" Naval Brigade won imperishable fame under their heroic commander during the Indian Mutiny; and it was Lord Walter Kerr's privilege both to serve under Peel, and to obtain his warm approval, expressed privately and in despatches.

KERR'S BATTERY, CAWNPORE.

Reproduced from Verney's "The 'Shannon's' Brigade in India."

Hurrying on from Hong-Kong, on receipt of the terrible tidings, the "Shannon" arrived at Calcutta in August, 1857, and in a few days all available men and guns were on their way up the Ganges, to assist at the relief of Lucknow.

Young Lord Walter probably did not realise at the time that he was assisting in the operation of "making history"; but there is an excellent letter extant, written to his mother from Cawnpore, in which he gives, in a very matter-of-fact style, an account of some of his doings. It is dated "3rd December, 1857, in Camp, Cawnpore," and commences with a description of the first movement on Lucknow, under Sir Colin Campbell.

"We proceeded up to Lucknow, and joined General Grant's force at Alumbagh, about five miles from Lucknow. We halted there for two or three days, when we were joined by Sir Colin Campbell and staff, Captain Peel with some of the Naval Brigade and four heavy guns; and a large reinforcement joined afterwards in the shape of the 23rd and 53rd, and some sappers and miners, and artillery with a lot of guns and mortars. Two days afterwards we stowed all our tents in Alumbagh and proceeded on a flank march on Lucknow. This was the first day of our fighting; the advanced guard, Cavalry, and Horse Artillery were skirmishing all day. About 1 p.m. we heard a great deal of firing, but we were in the rear of the column, and did not get up till it was over. It was the King's hunting palace, called Dil Khoosha, outside the town. It was taken without much difficulty, and very little loss.

THE FIRST NAVAL LORD'S ROOM IN THE ADMIRALTY NEW BUILDINGS.

Another place, the College, viz., the Martiniére, a very large and very handsome building, our troops expelled

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the Pandies from it with the greatest ease. We took possession of it, and in the garden round it we encamped. We had hardly got in, when in came a round shot, and then another, so our guns were ordered out to silence it. This we did without much difficulty, and in the evening we were ordered back, with the exception of two guns who stayed out all night in charge of one of our lieutenants and myself. We had no bother, except that we had had nothing to eat all day, and were very cold, hungry, and tired. Well, we got some biscuits, and lay down on the ground; and my wigs! wasn't it cold, though I had a blanket! and the dew was falling as thick as possible, and it is the worst thing in the world sleeping on the ground in this country. However, it's not a time to be particular, exactly. I must stop for the present, as I think the guns will be ordered off to silence a gun that has just opened fire on the camp. . . . Having silenced the gun just mentioned, I'll go on."

There is something deliciously "cocksure" about this, and it shows the kind of spirit there was abroad among our people, Naval and Military. In the desperate assault on the Shah Nujeef, Lord Walter was with the guns that were dragged up to breach the wall:

"One of our guns was ordered to go on and help the troops. With the assistance of the soldiers we dragged that great heavy siege-gun right up within 20-yds. of the outer wall of the Shah Nujeef, under a withering fire. Poor fellows were shot down round the gun like sheep."

Sir Colin Campbell in his despatch says, "the 93rd and Captain Peel's guns rolled on in one irresistible wave, the men falling fast. . . . It was an action almost unexampled in war."

Subsequently when the attack on Cawnpore was pending, Lord Walter, still only a midshipman and a lad of eighteen, was sent in charge of two guns, some six or seven miles from the main body, to guard a bridge over the canal, in case the rebels should make that the way of their retreat.

"It was, as Captain Peel said to me at the time, a very responsible position, and it showed that he would trust me, for which I was much obliged."

This little two-gun battery is represented in one of our illustrations, taken from a sketch in Captain Verney's book.

The letter concludes, "Captain Peel told me two or three days ago that he had been very much pleased with me right throughout. Oh! I forgot to say that I was slightly wounded the other day, and returned. It was a spent musket ball; it did not keep me from duty at all, and only made me go lame for a day or two."

Lord Walter was subsequently at the siege and capture of Lucknow, and eventually returned to England in the "Shannon."

His Indian experiences may be fittingly wound up by the following quotation from despatches: "Lord Walter Kerr, midshipman. Has had an independent command. Most highly recommended."

Promotion to lieutenant, after passing the necessary examinations, was the result of this recommendation, and since then, as has been stated, Lord Walter Kerr has been pretty constantly in harness, and has not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. He obtained flag rank on January 1, 1889, since which time he has been successively—second in command in the Mediterranean; Second Sea Lord; in command of the Channel Squadron; and now for over a year First Sea Lord.

The portrait we are able to give of Lord Walter shows him in the study at his private residence in Cromwell Road. In another picture may be seen his office, at the Admiralty, where he spends many hours in the course of the year, and where many knotty and perplexing questions have to be settled as satisfactorily as circumstances will permit. The post of First Sea Lord involves hard and continuous work, sometimes, it may be thought, with very little apparently to show for it. There are a multitude of critics abroad in these days, and there is usually a fresh one cropping up about once a month who wishes to make his name famous by abusing somebody—and why not the Admiralty? So at it he goes hammer and tongs—very possibly on a wrong tack—and

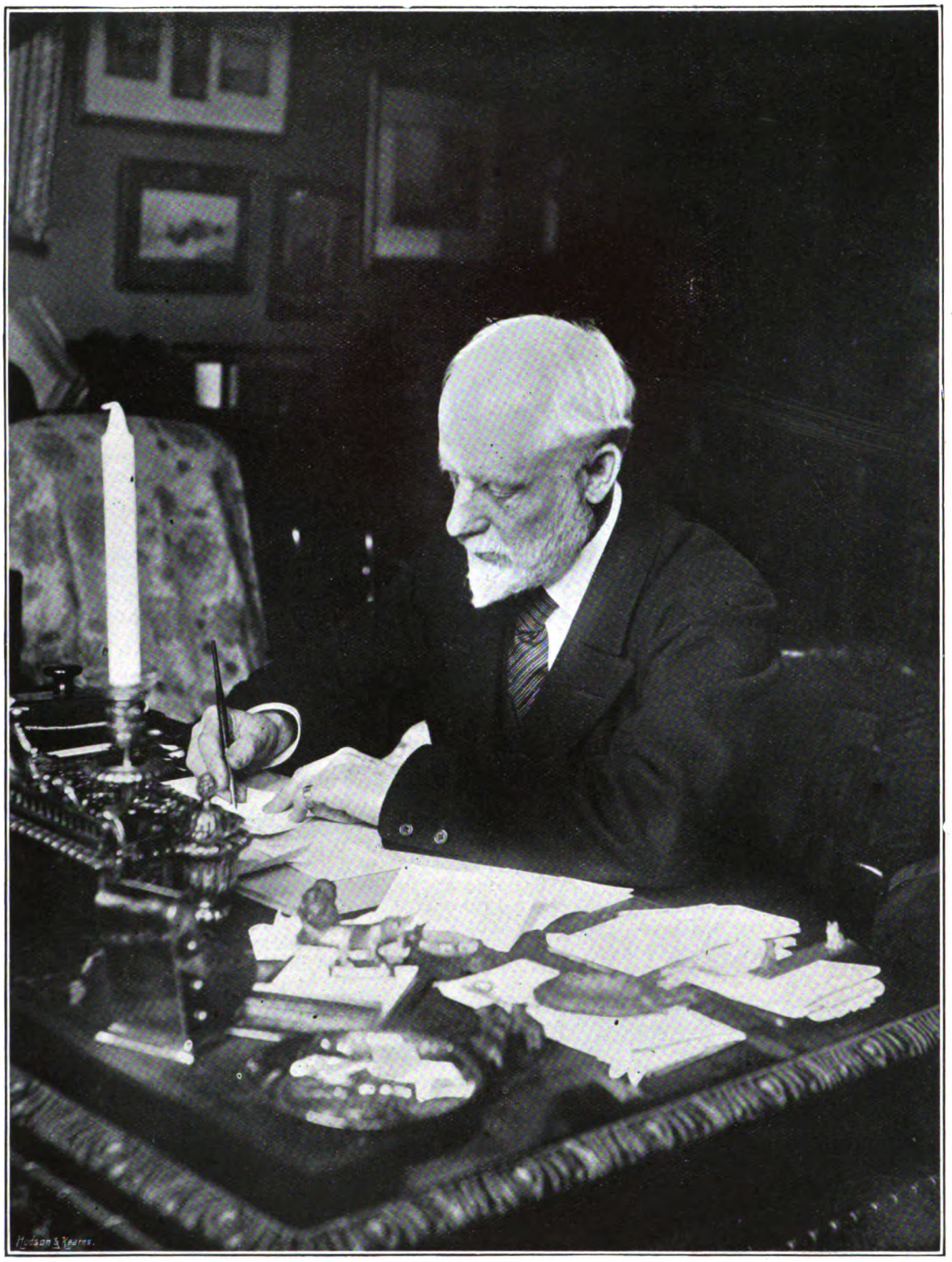

Photo. Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

THE RIGHT HON. LORD WALTER TALBOT KERR, K.C.B.

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unless the First Sea Lord has a pachydermatous skin it worries him, right or wrong.

In spite of his engrossing duties, however, Lord Walter has found time during his career for the indulgence of some refined tastes not very common among sailors. Years ago he took to the study of botany, chiefly in regard to wild flowers, and the result is a series of nine volumes of pressed specimens from the British Isles and the Mediterranean, each with its name attached. There is no doubt a considerable fascination about botany, and it can be readily imagined that the Admiral's afternoon walk would possess a special interest in the search after new specimens and their subsequent identification. It is said, indeed, that Lord Walter, when in command of the Channel Squadron, became well known in this respect to the natives at the Spanish ports which were visited, and an old lady at Tarragona, asserting that he had passed that way, picked and sniffed at a flower in proof of her veracity.

Another hobby of the First Sea Lord's is the study of mediæval and later religious art, chiefly of the Italian school, an extensive subject for a man with little leisure; but Lord Walter, when he could find the time, was a frequent visitor at the National Gallery, and is the possessor of a large number of photographs and other reproductions of these works, all arranged in a little bookcase as neatly as is his botanical collection. He is also an amateur photographer, and, like everyone else in the present day, a cyclist.

Photo. Copyright. *Vandyk.*

LIEUT. A. W. KERR, R.N.

There is one incident in Lord Walter's career which should not be overlooked in any memoir, however brief. It is very tersely recorded in a couple of lines in Lean's Navy List, wherein is set forth how the Admiral, when commander of the "Hercules," lying in the Tagus, jumped overboard from the bridge—a height of 30-ft.—and rescued a seaman from drowning. For this he was awarded the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society; and anyone who knows the Tagus will agree that he fully earned the distinction, for to dive fully dressed into a five or six knot tide is a risky undertaking, even without the additional task of upholding a drowning man.

Among Lord Walter's Service hobbies must be mentioned Naval tactics, in which he has always taken a deep interest, and is, indeed, no mean authority. It is, as everyone connected with the Service is well aware, a subject on which there are very divergent opinions, and the problem must await a Naval war for its practical solution. Should such a tussle occur in the near future, it may afford to Lord Walter Kerr an opportunity of vindicating his views, and cutting the Gordian knot as Nelson and other of his predecessors did before him. Probably the Channel Squadron during Lord Walter's command did a good deal of manœuvring; but it does not appear to have got him at loggerheads with his captains, a goodly row of whose photographs hangs in the hall.

The walls of the study are hung with a number of water-colour and other drawings of men-of-war, old and new, in which Lord Walter has served, while in a conspicuous position is the well-known print of Sir William Peel leading his guns into action.

In the dining-room is a portrait of the German Emperor, presented to Lord Walter on the occasion of the opening of the Kiel Canal, when he was in command of the British vessels there assembled. What struck him most at the time was the minute organisation of everything by the highest authorities, even down to the *entrées* at dinner!

The drawing-room makes a pleasing picture as a portion of a menage of culture and refinement; it would, however, have been immeasurably enhanced by the presence of Lady Amabel Kerr and her daughters, had it been possible to include them.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

LADY AMABEL KERR'S DRAWING-ROOM.

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INCREASING THE KING'S NAVY.

RECENT ADDITIONS.

THE "VENGEANCE."

First-class battle-ship. Steel. Displacement, 12,950 tons. Length, 390-ft.; breadth, 74-ft.; draught, 26-ft. I.H.P., 13,500. Built at Barrow, 1900. Cost, £814,619. Armament, four 12-in., twelve 6-in. quick-firers, eighteen small quick-firers, and four torpedo tubes. Speed, 18·25 knots. Complement, 750 officers and men.

THE "HYACINTH."

Second-class cruiser. Steel sheathed. Displacement, 5,600 tons. Length, 350-ft.; breadth, 54-ft.; draught, 20-ft. 6-in. I.H.P., 10,000. Built at Fairfield, 1898. Cost, £278,186. Armament, eleven 6-in. quick-firers, fifteen smaller quick-firers. Speed, 20 knots. Complement, 477 officers and men.

Photo. Copyright. THE "VENGEANCE." *C. Cozens.*

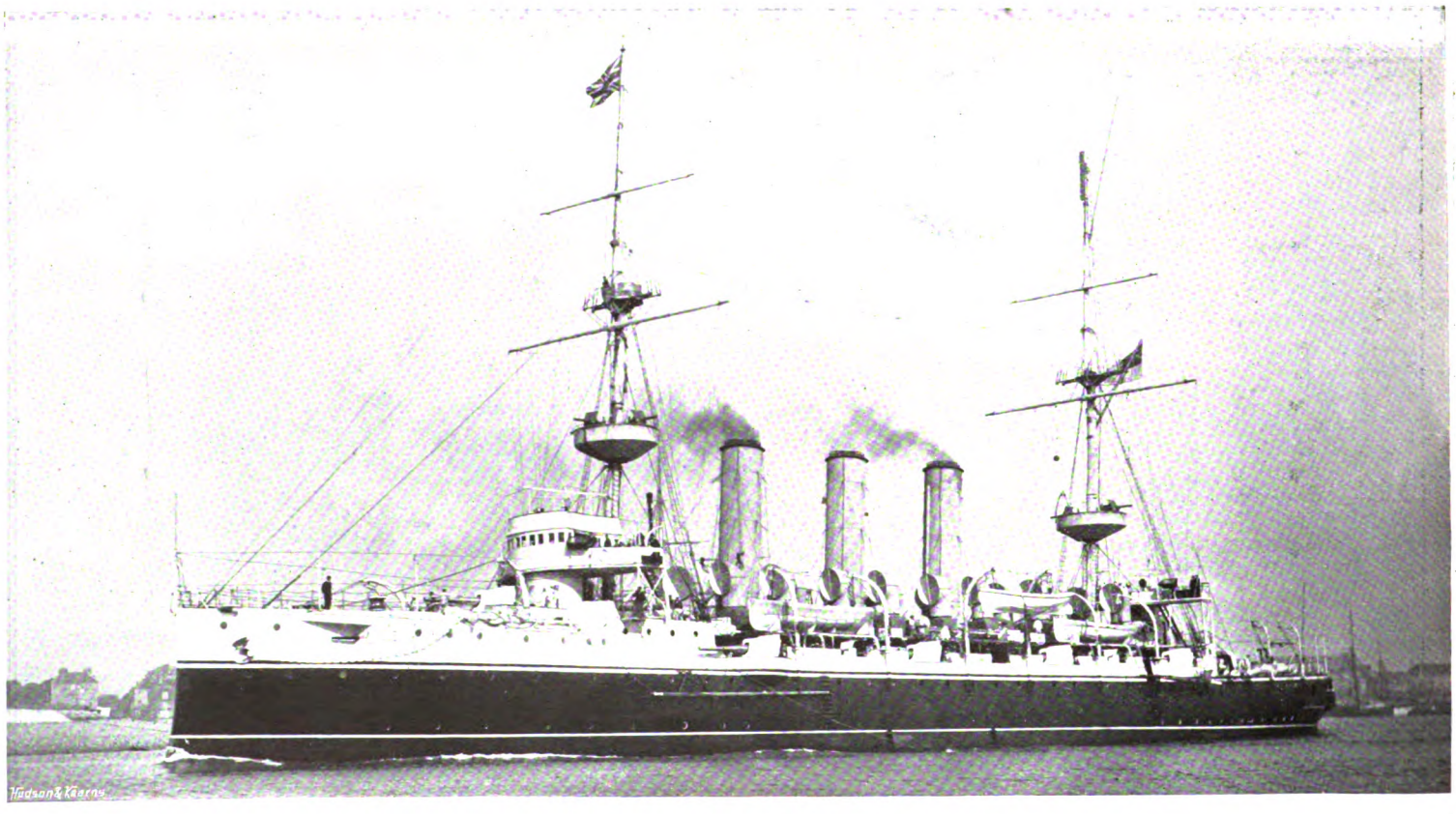

Photo. Copyright. THE "HYACINTH." *Cribb.*

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THOMAS ATKINS, EPICURE.

[From Our Special Correspondent in South Africa.]

IN more ways than one, during this wearying war in South Africa, Mr. Thomas Atkins has proved himself a man of parts. As a soldier, pure and simple, he has won afresh the admiration of the world. But, then, 'twas ever so. So far as he is concerned, at least, the light has not failed; he is not among the decadents, and once more he has demonstrated to watching, and not too friendly, critics that he can realise the best fighting and working traditions of his predecessors.

But perhaps Tommy is seen at his best when there is a chance for him to replenish his mess. Then he is really great. His philosophy is certainly, if unconsciously, utilitarian—the greatest good for the greatest number, and that means himself and his own immediate chums, for he is by no manner of means selfish. If he has to work along on two or three biscuits a day, he will do it; very short rations are not a new experience for him now, and, while he does not feel particularly benevolent at the time, and will grouse most frightfully, he straightens his back, pulls a stiff upper lip, and plugs through the everlasting sand on his weary horse like a Trojan, especially if he can get a chew of camp plug tobacco to help him out. In such case he surely compels one's admiration for his endurance and stoicism. But if he can only get hold of fresh meat—pig, fowl, goose, veal, or trek-ox are all the same to him—then his face wears a smile of serene satisfaction; he looks forward to the outspan with joyful contemplation. There is no need for the sergeant to remind him that he is on wood or water fatigue, for all along the line of march he has treasured up every little bit of wood and dried cow dung that he could see. "Every little helps," he cheerfully remarks, to bring that little luxury to perfection. And when camp is pitched, sentries posted, and horses watered and fed, if he has nothing further to do he takes up his position on the leeward side of the cooks' "billy," helps forward the fire with gentle solicitude, and lovingly rubs his hand over that part of his anatomy immediately below the diaphragm with the mystic anticipation of an epicure. In such a moment as this Tommy forgets all his many woes; he envies nothing in Heaven above nor in the earth beneath, and would turn up his nose at the costliest banquet furnished by the Savoy or Carlton.

I know of what I speak, for I have watched him closely during the great chase after De Wet and the more recent operations against the roving Boer commandoes in Cape Colony. In the invaded province Tommy has better opportunities of doing the thing which lies so near to his heart, for there the farms are more opulent than in the denuded Orange River Colony and the poorer Transvaal. The day's work runs something like this: Réveille will sound at about 3.30 a.m., and at the very last minute dog-tired men rouse up, and with feverish haste saddle up their equally tired horses. The early morning is bitterly cold, and Tommy shivers as he waits for the order to move forward. His coffee ration was all finished in one delicious gulp last night; he fumbles unbelievingly in his haversack for a stray biscuit; his chums are as poor as he, and he cannot beg, borrow, nor "jump" anything. It is a dismal look-out. A sudden order makes him start: "'A' Squadron, stand to your horses! Mount! Fours right! Forward!" The sergeant-major has read out in orders that any man found looting will be severely punished. Tommy knows all about that, but prefers to take the risk, and on the march looks out of the corner of his eyes for anything that will be a change from the everlasting and soul-destroying bully-beef and biscuit. You may be certain that anything crossing his path fit to go into the cook-pot will be safe to get there; and small blame to him, either, for it is precious little that comes his way, especially if he form part of the main body or rear guard. It is on special patrol duty, however, that Tommy shines. His mouth waters at the immense possibilities of the day's ride. Yonder is a farmhouse; as the patrol approaches, firing is heard; our men are being sniped at; here and there a man drops out of the saddle, but the rest get there; and then——

I was upon one such patrol. A succulent pig and a brood of lovely geese followed us back to camp. While they lasted we were the most popular men in camp, and even now the memory of them remains as a foretaste of Heaven.

IMPROVING THE REGIMENTAL LARDER.

A.—ON PATROL DUTY. B.—A SUCCULENT PIG. C.—A BROOD OF LOVELY GEESE.

From Photos. by a Military Correspondent.

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SENTRY GO, 1791.

RECRUITS.

HOW ARMIES ARE RAISED.

SCOUTING, 1791.

"RECRUITING in the United Kingdom has improved during the year, with the exception of Ireland, but the situation from a recruiting point of view cannot, as a whole, be considered as satisfactory. In spite of the war, recruiting for the infantry has not met the demand. This is undoubtedly due to the diversion of recruits to other arms." The foregoing will be found among the concluding remarks in the annual report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting for the year 1900, which has been an exceptional one in the large increases made in the Regular Forces of the country, some of which are of a permanent nature, while others are the result of the war, and are temporary. The total result of recruiting for the past year amounts to 49,260 for the Regular Army, and 37,853 for the Militia; but these figures do not include the 24,449 Imperial Yeomen, Volunteers, etc., 24,130 Royal Reservists, and 522 ex-soldiers enlisted for one year's service or the duration of the war, which go to make up the grand total of men under arms. Previously, the highest number of recruits raised for the Regular Army since the introduction of the short-service system was 42,700, obtained in 1899, but last year, for all purposes, that number was more than doubled. It will thus be seen that the demands made on the recruiting staff to supply the above-mentioned increases were quite abnormal and wholly exceptional; in fact, there had been nothing like them since the early years of the last century, when the nation was engaged in the life or death struggle with the Corsican Usurper. In some few respects the modern recruiter resembles his predecessor of a century ago; the staff of recruiters still consists of men able to withstand considerable exposure to the weather, specially instructed so as to quickly detect physical disqualifications or signs of disease in those wishing to enlist, and possessing an acquired instinct which prevents them from wasting their blandishments on that forbidden quarry, the apprentice. Here, however, the analogy ends. One can imagine the mingled scorn and

Photo. Copyright. THE RECRUITING STAFF, LONDON. *Gregory.*

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AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.

A Study in Recruiting in Seventeen Hundred and Wartime.
(From an Old Mezzotint.)

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AN OLD TIME RECRUITING POSTER.

An Incentive to the Increase of the Fleet and the Army.

dismay which would be displayed by the old-time recruiter were he able to revisit "the glimpses of the moon," on hearing that all recruiting has to be carried on in an open manner, like any other agreement between the employer and the person engaging to serve, and that no false pretences or misrepresentations may be made use of to induce recruits to enlist. In the good old days, as innumerable caricatures and prints of the humours and pathos of recruiting testify, those engaged in the then profitable occupation of collecting food for powder were past masters in screwing up the courage or overcoming the prejudices of their game, by spouting forth wonderful stories of the glory that awaited them, and invariably plying them with liquor. Then, when the raw material was thoroughly fuddled, the King's shilling would be slipped into his hand, and he would be borne away before the eyes of home and beauty, hiccoughing the refrain of some martial ditty. But all this has long been altered; even the Sovereign's shilling, still so glibly referred to, no longer exists. By the Army Act of 1881, the practice of giving the recruit a shilling, which formerly obliged him to appear before a magistrate and take the oath, or pay a fine of twenty shillings, was discontinued. Now he is not deemed to be enlisted until he has voluntarily appeared before a magistrate or other authorised person, who puts to him a series of authorised questions, and satisfies himself that the man is not under the influence of liquor. Again, during those perilous times the Government even was not above trying to frighten men into enlisting by the publication of blood-curdling prints (like that shown in the accompanying illustration), which depicted the horrors that might ensue if a sufficient force by sea and land were not speedily forthcoming. Very different are the recruiting posters and magic-lantern slides now exhibited throughout the country, for these depict only the pleasantest scenes in a soldier's life. As is only to be expected, complaints have emanated from the regular Army as to the high rates of pay granted to the Yeomanry and other Volunteer contingents which have gone to the front. As a matter of fact, this scale of daily pay, five times that of the Linesman, should be regarded in the light of what it really is, namely, a combination of the old bounty system and daily pay, the former of which had always been given when pressure for men occurred, extraordinary measures had to be taken to obtain volunteers, and recruits were enlisted for short periods, or "during the continuance of war."

Photo. Copyright. *Temple.*

RECRUITING IN SOUTH AFRICA

For the Cape Town Highlanders.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 226.] SATURDAY, JUNE 1st, 1901.

Photo Copyright. *Russell.*

SECOND IN COMMAND IN THE CHANNEL.

Rear-Admiral Sir W. A. Dyke Acland, Bart., who has been appointed to succeed Rear-Admiral A. B. Jenkings as second in command of the Channel Squadron, was attached to the Chilian Army during the war between Chili and Peru in 1877, and was present at more than one battle. In connection with this service he was mentioned in despatches. He organised the Naval defence of the Australian ports, and in 1883 was Deputy-Commissioner for the Western Pacific. His popularity in the Service is on a par with his unquestionable ability.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other Bookstalls.*

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in July, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The Services on Show.

WHEN future ages come to reckon up this time we live in, and to sum up its characteristics in a phrase, as we say the "stone age" or the "iron age" when we look back upon the early periods of man, what will their phrase be? Some say they will call this the "ink age"; others incline to the "age of gold" (which is very different indeed from the "golden age"); others, again, favour the "electric age." For our part, we would suggest that the latter part of the nineteenth century, at any rate, will be known as the "Exhibition Age." No doubt the humorist of A.D. 4,000 will say, looking at our fashion plates and the pictures of the period, that the name referred to the readiness of the men and women of the nineteenth century to make exhibitions of themselves by wearing such things as crinolines and tall hats. But this is not our meaning. We are thinking, of course, of the passion for Exhibitions of all kinds that has filled the civilised world ever since the Great Exhibition, the first of its kind, was opened half a century ago in Hyde Park.

It is worth while pausing for a moment to recall what an era of peace and prosperity that Great Exhibition was expected to usher in. It was often described as the opening festival of the final reign of Concord and Brotherly Love. The argument was, that when once men of different race and nationality had been persuaded to meet in friendly rivalry over commercial matters, they would never be tempted to set armies in array one against the other in order to settle disputes by unfriendly rivalry on the bloody field of battle. "For forty years," says Mr. Justin MacCarthy in his "Short History of Our Own Time,"

"For forty years England had been at peace. There had, indeed, been little wars here and there with some of her Asiatic and African neighbours, but from Waterloo downwards England knew no real war. The new generation were growing up in the happy belief that wars were things of the past for us, like the wearing of armour. During all the convulsions of the Continent England had remained undisturbed. A new school as well as a new generation had sprung up. This school, full of faith, but full of practical, shrewd logic as well, was teaching with great eloquence and effect that the practice of settling international controversy by the sword was costly, barbarous, and blundering, as well as wicked. The practice of the duel in England had utterly gone out. Why, then, should it be unreasonable to believe that war among nations might soon become equally obsolete?"

Well, the Great Exhibition was held, and we at home told ourselves what a wonderful nation we were, and the foreign visitors went away duly impressed, and the Friends of Peace were full of exultation. Their exultation did not, however, last long. The very next year there was the scare about a possible French invasion, and the Volunteer movement was started. This scare died away quickly, but then, all of a sudden, that eternal Eastern Question raised its head, and we decided to "put our money on the wrong horse" (as Lord Salisbury has told us), and in three years from the date of the commencement of the Era of Concord we were waging the Russian War. Since then Concord has crept despondent on a broken wing. After the Russian War came the Indian Mutiny, after that the war between France and Austria, then the American Civil War, the wars of Italian independence, the wars of German solidarity, the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, constant small expeditions of our own in various parts of the world, and so on until we come down to the recent struggles between Japan and China, between the United States and Spain, and to the war in which we are at present engaged. In short, the Great Exhibition of 1851 opened, not an era of Peace, but an era of constant, devastating war.

One of the consequences of this succession of wars is that the interest taken in navies and armies and engines of warfare has enormously increased. At the Great Exhibition there were no warlike exhibits at all. This year in London we have the Naval and Military Exhibition which opened last week at the Crystal Palace, and we have the Military Exhibition at Earl's Court, and we find the Military Tournament one of the most popular events of the London season. We see that the greatest interest is taken in naval and military inventions at all exhibitions, as, for example, in Paris last year; and on every side we are offered abundant evidence of the firm hold which all matters connected with war have obtained upon the public mind. The fascination which the idea of fighting has always exercised upon the average human intelligence seems to be stronger than ever. In some way this is an advantage to the sailor and the soldier. They are sure of a great deal of cheap sympathy and of a certain amount of solid assistance when there are grievances to be redressed. They can no longer feel that they are looked down upon or regarded merely as food for powder. But, on the other hand, the feeling that he is the cynosure of every eye will often make a man inclined to play to the gallery, and, unfortunately, those who play to the gallery are very often accepted at their own valuation and put over the heads of quiet workers who are worth twice as much.

Naturally, the events of the past fifty years, and the prospect that seems to lie before us, have given birth to the belief that wars and rumours of wars are the natural and inevitable condition of life on this planet, and that we must be prepared for just as little peace in the twentieth century as we had in the latter half of the nineteenth. And yet it is possible (though not probable) that our expectations may be falsified just as completely as the expectation of an era of Peace was falsified half a century ago. We may be upon the verge of a long period of Concord once more. In 1851 the middle class held the balance of power. They did not want war. Their industries, and therefore their prosperity, and the prosperity of the class they employed, depended upon the country being at peace with the world and enabling them to produce their goods cheap and sell them dear without hindrance or let. Nowadays, the middle class has lost its power. Its voting capacity has been swamped by the votes of the masses. At present the masses do not quite understand what war means to them. When they do, they will be as much opposed to it as were the middle classes in 1851. This understanding, however, is scarcely likely to happen soon. So the Navy and the Army may rest assured that for a long time yet they will be as prominent in the public eye as they are to-day. It is, considering our circumstances, a healthy sign that they should be prominent, and, on the whole, we can claim that prominence has a very healthy effect upon them.

THE "Ambuscade" frigate was originally a French vessel, and was captured in 1798; but in 1799 she was recaptured by a French squadron, and the captain, officers, and crew taken out of her were sent ashore as prisoners of war. Among the prisoners was the pilot, and he being a Frenchman, discovery meant certain death at the yardarm; but to the honour of the English seamen, let it be told, they dressed him in a marine's clothing, gave him an English name, and whenever their captors mustered their prisoners and called over their names a sailor or marine stood near the trembling Frenchman and answered for him, and in the crowd he passed undetected. Later on an exchange of prisoners took place between the two countries. He was actually landed with the whole of the "Ambuscade's" officers and crew in Plymouth, where he was taken care of by his old shipmates till he could be re-exchanged without exciting comment.

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TROOPING THE COLOUR.

By Knight Templar.

PROBABLY almost as soon as men began to act collectively in furtherance of a common end they had some symbol as a common rallying point. And as soon as military organisation had made any advance, some kind of emblem was adopted to mark the position of the various companies of warriors. Moreover, these standards have had a sentimental value, and have fostered patriotism, religious devotion, and military honour.

Among the traces of the earliest nations who had any degree of civilisation, we frequently find the shapes and forms of the objects thus used. From their carvings and paintings we discover that each company of the Egyptian Army had its own standard. This was usually the figure of one of the sacred animals raised on a staff, often an eagle stripped of its feathers, typical of the Nile. Similar customs prevailed among the Assyrians and the Jews. We constantly find reference in the Bible to banners and standards, and each tribe of Israel appears to have had its own ensign. The Ancient Greeks displayed a purple coat on a spear, and subsequently the armies of each city were distinguished by a standard bearing the initial letter of that city.

Military Rome, of course, employed standards. Each century or maniple had its ensign; at first a wisp of hay or straw (whence the name *manipulus*), afterwards bronze or silver devices on a staff. Marius reserved the eagle exclusively for the standards of the Legions. In peace-time these standards were carefully guarded in the temples at Rome. In battle, when things were at the last extremity, the general would often have the standard thrown into the midst of the enemy's ranks, that the soldiers might fight the more desperately to recover it. The preservation of the colours from capture has ever been a point of military honour. A Roman soldier swore by his ensign, and at the present day recruits in the Prussian Army are sworn in on the regimental colour.

The oriflamme, or sacred standard, of France, and the standard of Mahomet, said to have been given to the prophet by the angel Gabriel, are examples of religious ensigns. The latter is of green silk, and is carefully preserved from public gaze. No infidel dare look on it, and Christians have been massacred by the Turkish mob for presuming to do so.

Drapery did not come into common use for colours until the Middle Ages, and the present form was acquired in Spain during the sixth century; before this they were small and square. The Saracens are said to have introduced this change. The size of the standard varied with the rank of the owner.

Coming to our own Army, we find that at the time of the establishment of the standing Army, just after the Restoration, each troop of horse or dragoons and each company of infantry had its own standard or colour, the standard of dragoons being termed a guidon, as it is to this day. These ensigns were emblazoned with the arms or crest of the captain. This practice of a separate colour for each company was, however, abandoned about 1690, except in the case of the Foot Guards, who had them till a late period; and even now one of the company badges is used in turn on the Regimental Colour each time it is renewed. A military historian of the period states that the different rank of officers was denoted by the shape and blazonry of their colours.

As already observed, military colours have always been specially honoured. No one, from the general to the drummer, would ever dream of passing the colours without saluting them, and guards turn out and "present arms" whenever an uncased colour passes their post. Perhaps one of the most striking ceremonies retained in our Drill Book, even in these days, when the tendency is to abolish all ceremonial and other drill and to reduce everything to the two famous manœuvres of the American general in the Civil War—"club up" and "stringout"—is that known as "Trooping the Colour." Londoners especially have for many years past had an opportunity of seeing this ceremony annually in honour of the birthday of our late beloved Queen.

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INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

The Foreign Military Attaches in their Varied and Picturesque Uniforms Witnessed Friday's Ceremony.

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HIS MAJESTY SALUTES.

The King Wore the Uniform of the Scots Guards.

It is difficult to determine accurately when the ceremony of trooping the colour was first introduced, but the object was, doubtless, to give every soldier in the ranks an opportunity of looking on, and duly saluting, the colour as it was borne proudly aloft slowly along the front of the line. In olden days, when ceremonial drill occupied a larger share of attention, the colour was frequently trooped in connection with the daily guard-mounting parade. Nowadays, except on some special occasion like the Birthday Parade, the only other instance of "trooping" takes place on the presentation of new colours to a battalion, when the old ones are trooped for the last time, to give every officer and man a farewell look at them before they are taken to the rear of the line, to make way for the new ones which are waiting to replace them. Last week, on the anniversary of the birthday of Queen Victoria, the King presented their first set of colours to the youngest but one of the ten battalions of Guards, the 3rd Scots, raised within the last three years, and the troop followed.

Friday's ceremony was the first important Military function at which His Majesty has been present since his accession, and the solemn and imposing spectacle on the Horse Guards' Parade was witnessed by a vast multitude. The King expressed himself well pleased with the magnificent manner in which the whole of the proceedings passed off, and, considering the preponderance of young soldiers who took part, the uniform excellence was highly satisfactory.

When the ceremony of trooping the colour is to be performed, the guards are formed up in line by the adjutant of the day. The colour is placed in front of the left of the line, under the charge of a sergeant and double sentries, the band is formed up in front of the right of the line, facing the colour, and the drums opposite, in front of the colour. After some preliminary movements, the adjutant hands over the parade to the brigade major.

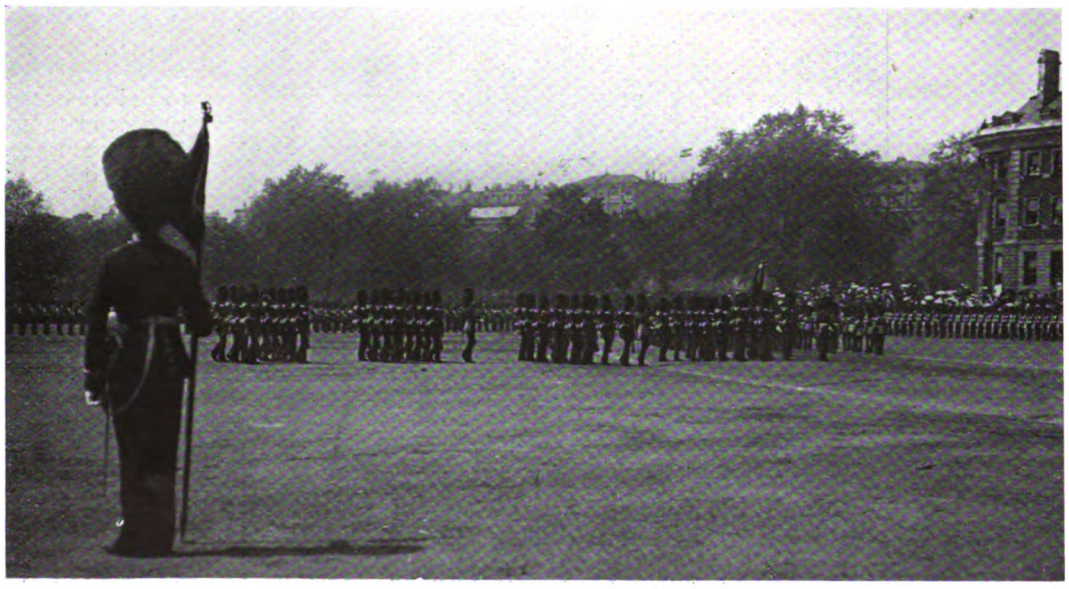
At this officer's orders the sergeants of the various guards come to the front, and, while the drums play, march across to the saluting point, where they halt and turn about, facing the line. The drums now beat "The Assembly," marching across the front to the band, behind which they form up. Meanwhile the officers fall in, facing the line, in front of the sergeants; and the brigade major hands over the parade to the field officer of the day. On his command, "To your guards, slow march," the officers and sergeants recover their swords or rifles and march in slow time, the band playing a slow march, across the square to their guards. There is a tradition in the Service that this manœuvre was introduced by a certain commander-in-chief, in the old hard-drinking days, now happily gone for ever, to prove whether the over-night potations had unfitted any of the officers for their duty the next morning.

The band and drums now march across to the colour, play a "troop," and return in quick time, playing a march. "The Drummer's Call" will then beat, and, at the first tap, the captain of the right guard, which is to form the escort for the colour, moves away and the lieutenant takes his place.

On this officer's command, the escort, with another lieutenant to carry the colour, moves out to the front, and, forming to the left, marches across towards the colour, preceded by the band playing "The British Grenadiers." Arrived opposite the colour, the sergeant-major, who has accompanied the escort with his sword drawn (the only occasion, by the way, on which this worthy draws his sword on parade), comes to the front, and taking the colour from the sergeant in charge, brings it to the lieutenant who is to carry it, who, having saluted it and returned his sword, receives it and turns towards the escort, who present arms, the band playing "God Save the King" if it is the King's colour which is being trooped, and a "troop" if it is the Regimental Colour.

The colour, with the escort, preceded by the band playing the Grenadiers' March, now pass in slow time along the line from left to right, the whole line presenting arms. When the escort reaches its original position on the right of the line, it halts and fronts, and the captain resumes command. The line is now ordered by the field officer to "shoulder," and the whole of the guards afterwards march past the saluting point before being marched off to their various duties.

In Dublin, this ceremony always takes place on St. Patrick's Day, in the Castle Yard, before the Lord Lieutenant and the Viceregal party.



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SNAP-SHOTS AT THE "BIRTHDAY" TROOPING.

The King, who is Seen with Prince Christian in the Picture on the Right-hand Side, Expressed his Great Satisfaction with the Troops who Took Part in the Proceedings.

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PORTUGUESE CYCLISTS.

AT A ROYAL REVIEW.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD

SOLDIERS OF ITALY.

IS there ever any use in overstating your case? And supposing you do go about to overstate it, is it wise to make a concession by which you give yourself away? These two questions seem to me to impose themselves on whoever has read a spirited letter headed "Invasion or Raid," and signed by "An Extreme Naval Theorist," in the *Times* of the 20th inst. He was arguing that we must defend ourselves against any degree of invasion by means of the Fleet, and the drift of his argument was that forces on shore were no good. By way of driving his point home he set up a candid foreigner (a most useful person), and made him speak these words among others: "As for your Army, you want it mainly, as you say yourselves, and as all its history shows, for oversea expeditions. If you equip it fully for that purpose, it will always have a residuary deposit of military force at home sufficient to dispose of any little raids if ever they reach your shore." Now this is an example of how to give yourself away. If our Army for use oversea is to remain in part at home to deal with raids, then it cannot be all available for its proper purpose. "Residuary deposit" in this case does not, I presume, mean raw recruits, instructors, ordnance and commissariat officials, or hospital staff. If it does, then we shall come ill out of a conflict with any little raid. The phrase in this connection must mean a body of men capable of marching and fighting. But if the said residuary deposit is to stay at home to deal with raids, of what use will it be for expeditions abroad? The writer's case required him to contend that we can do without troops at home so long as our Navy is numerous, efficient, well posted, and well handled. By allowing the need for a residuary deposit, he practically confesses the necessity of land forces for home defence, and gives himself away. It is no use to be bold unless you are bold enough.

* * * *

Then as to the policy of overstating your case, I have very serious doubts of its wisdom. You always lay yourself open to a damaging answer, and the good sense you have written is discredited by the bad company of the over-statements. The letter of "An Extreme Naval Theorist" is an example of this truth. He keeps on asserting that the Navy has protected us from invasion ever since the Norman Conquest. This is much too sweepingly put. Our mediæval history is full of stories of the burning of our coast towns and of the landing of expeditions. As a matter of fact, it is rather uncritical to quote examples from that period without careful qualification, for the simple reason that a navy in the modern sense, that is to say, a permanent force capable of keeping the sea for months together, and in all weathers, did not exist. No doubt Hubert de Burgh and the men of the Cinque Ports wrecked the invasion of Eustace the Monk, time and chance helping them to fall on him outside Dover. But the later years of Edward III. and the early years of Richard II. contain several instances of damage done on our coasts by French and Spanish squadrons. In later times there are instances enough of invasions of our shores, even when our Navy was a permanent force, and was superior to the enemy. A Spanish expedition from Beavet burnt Penzance in Elizabeth's time. Herbert entirely failed to prevent Chateaurenault from landing his army at Bantry Bay. In the Seven Years' War Thurot captured Carrickfergus. In the American War Paul Jones landed in Scotland, and stole Lord Selkirk's plated teapot. In the Great War Humbert landed at Killala, and gave us one bad beating and a great deal of trouble before the Army made an end of him. Then there was the Fishguard invasion of comic memory. "An Extreme Naval Theorist" quotes no definite example except the failure of Hoche, but you can prove anything out of history if you ignore everything which is not in your favour. I mean you can seem to prove it till somebody comes along and shows the holes in your case.

* * * *

To say that the invasions spoken of above came to nothing in particular (except, of course, Chateaurenault's, which came to a good deal) is merely irrelevant. The question is, can invaders land in spite of a defending fleet which is strong, and even victorious? If we show that they have done so, the proposition is demonstrated. That the invaders were too few to do much when on shore, or were finally beaten, are irrelevant considerations. If the problem is, "Can a human being 5-ft. 8-in. high and 36-in. round the chest get through that window?" and if A. B. has gone through, it is no answer that he was a pro-Boer or was the Village Idiot. His politics and his intellect are not in dispute, but whether so many cubic inches of bone and flesh can squeeze through a given opening in a wall. If the pro-Boer or the Village Idiot can go, so can the Greater Englander or the Philosopher if either of them is of the needful proportions. To be sure, it may be contended that only a Village Idiot would go through the window, but that must be proved. Supposing the room contains much loose cash, and that it is very desirable to bring the proprietor running to look after his property, in order that an accomplice may have a better opportunity to break into the stables, a quite intelligent person might be tempted to scramble through the window. Now any enemy of ours would have a very powerful motive to make invading raids on us if he knew he had nothing to fear when landed except the "residuary deposit" of our regular Army. Let anybody reflect for a moment on the enormous injury which might be done to us by a French officer of the dash and cleverness of Humbert if he landed near Hull with two thousand good troops and we had nothing to oppose to him except a residuary deposit which would have to be brought scampering up from Aldershot. For that is what it would come to unless we had residuary deposits all over the country; and, if we have them, how much of the Army would be left for service oversea?

* * * *

Put the value of the Navy as high as you please, and it still remains the fact that in a war with a European Power close to us we must have the means of dealing with an assailant on land who is prepared to make a raid. We cannot safely take it for granted that our Naval enemies will always be as inefficient as the Spaniards were in the sixteenth century, or the French in most parts of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth centuries. Our next foe may be as sound as the Dutch, and have a great army to draw upon, which they never had. We must make it clear to him that wherever he lands he will be opposed with weapons as good as his own, by practised men, in larger numbers than his own. The problem we have to solve is not essentially a very difficult one. We need (1) a powerful Fleet to keep the four seas clear of an enemy's squadrons and to patrol the ocean routes; when discharging these duties effectively it will make invasion on a large scale impossible, and raids very difficult; (2) an Army for service oversea to defend our foreign possessions, and to co-operate in Europe with an ally; (3) a home force of Militia

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and Volunteers to deal with raids. Nos. 2 and 3 ought to be kept apart; the regular troops should be brigaded and practised together. The Militia and Volunteers of each coast county should be made "a unit" under a single command, and practised where it would have to fight. The Militia and Volunteers of the inland counties should be organised in larger bodies, with the intention that they should march at once to the help of the coast county attacked.

* * * *

That the new scheme fulfils these conditions is what nobody can maintain. Probably it was not meant to do anything of the kind. What it will do, if it is ever carried out at all, is to get a great host of men in uniform, and more or less drilled, who may be trusted to volunteer for service abroad whenever our patriotism is aroused. In other words, it is a device for making a large Army for general purposes without alarming the country by telling it what you are about. Of course it will not be a good Army, but only a confused collection of stones and clay. We have never honestly tried to make our Army better than such an image as this, and the last reorganisation is perfectly consistent with what has gone before it. We have lived from hand to mouth to meet political necessities, and we go on living in that fashion to-day.

DAVID HANNAY.

THE PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS.

RUMOUR has it that the King intends to present the medals for South Africa and China personally, and such kindly thought for his seamen and soldiers is what His Majesty has taught us to look for in him. There is, too, something admirable in this decision, for in fulfilling it His Majesty will be following a precedent set by his lamented mother, whose solicitude for her seamen and soldiers was proverbial. Queen Victoria never missed an opportunity of showing her devotion to the gallant men who bled and died for England. Her sympathies were first called forth in the Russian War. After bidding the Guards farewell on their starting for the Crimea, and inspecting the fleet at Spithead, Her Majesty wrote: "I am very enthusiastic about my dear Army and Navy, and wish I had two sons in both now. I know I shall suffer much when I hear of losses among them." When the sad contingents of wounded began to arrive, the Queen constantly visited the sufferers at the military hospitals. The result of her visit to the Military Hospital at Chatham on March 3, 1855, was, in the first place, a trenchant criticism of the hospital arrangements. Her reception by the soldiers had the effect of prompting her to take the unusual course of suggesting that she should herself, with her own hands, present the war medals to the officers and men who were at home disabled or on leave from the Crimea.

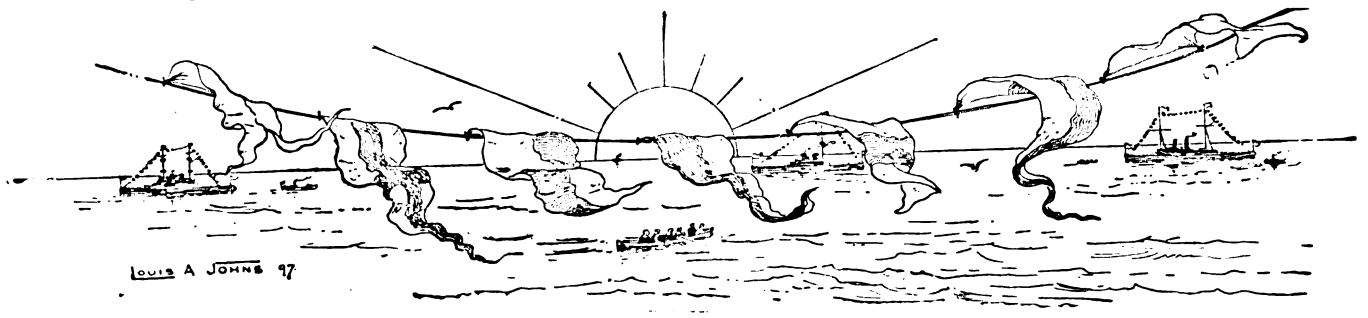
On May 18 a daïs was put up in the centre of the Horse Guards' Parade ground, and there at eleven o'clock in the morning the Queen, the Prince Albert, and the two elder Princes took up their places, while the soldiers to be decorated were drawn up before them. They passed before the Queen in single file, each handing a card recording his name and services to an officer, who handed them to Her Majesty. Each man received his medal at the Queen's hands. Of the men, from the Duke of Cambridge, who led the procession, to the private, the Queen wrote to King Leopold: "All received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest actions, and the rough hands of the brave and honest private soldier came for the first time in contact with that of their Sovereign and their Queen. Noble fellows! I feel as if they were my own children; my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest. They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved on them for fear that they should not receive the identical ones that were put into their hands by me."

It was indeed a touching spectacle, this parade of disabled heroes. Gaunt, pallid forms, maimed and mutilated, hobbling on crutches, passed before their Queen, and it is not wonderful that she and they and the spectators were moved, and their feelings stirred to the depths. Sir Thomas Troubridge, who, when both his legs were shot off, sat on a gun giving orders because there was no other officer to take his place, came in a bath-chair to receive his medal, and when the Queen told him that she would make him one of her A.D.C.'s, he said, "I am amply repaid for everything." Captain Currie, of the 14th, was so feeble that he almost failed to reach the daïs on his crutches; and Captain Sayer, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, could not be lifted out of his chair, and the Queen bent over him and pinned his medal to his breast. When a one-armed man was embarrassed with the clasp, Her Majesty fastened it herself. A private who had lost his arm was asked by the Queen if he felt pain, and where. "Your Majesty," he said, "the time was when I had an arm with which to wield a weapon in your service, and had I fifty arms I would have devoted them all to serve your Majesty and my country; but now I have lost that arm—and it gives me pain here." The Queen saw that he was pointing to his heart, and said with feeling, "I thank you for that." The man was evidently a born courtier. Not so another, however, who, when asked by the Queen where he received his wound, replied, "Bang through my thigh," and thereby perhaps afforded a little relief to the pathos of the ceremony. Touching as it was, however, Lord Panmure, the Secretary for War, seems to have been unmoved at the spectacle, for Lord Malmesbury tells the following story: "After the ceremony Lady Seymour, whom I met, told me that Mrs. Norton, talking about it to Lord Panmure, asked, 'Was the Queen touched?' 'Bless my soul, no!' was the reply; 'she had a brass rail in front of her, and no one could touch her.' Mrs. Norton then said, 'I mean was she moved?' 'Moved,' answered Lord Panmure; 'she had no occasion to move.' Mrs. Norton then gave it up in despair."

In connection with the distribution of the Russian War medals, a story is told of an old woman who kept the Swiss Cottage on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Endsleigh. When the Queen was paying a visit to the cottage, the old woman, mustering up all her courage, said, "Please your Majesty, I had a son, a faithful subject of your Majesty, and he was killed in your wars out in the Crimea, and I wants his medal." "And you shall have it," replied the Queen.

Another memorable occasion on which the Queen distributed medals herself was on June 26, 1857, when she gave away Victoria Crosses—a distinction that had only just been created—to those who had won the honour in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny Campaign. The ceremony took place in Hyde Park, and was perhaps the most imposing and touching function ever witnessed in London. The Queen appeared mounted on a magnificent charger, riding between the Prince Consort and Prince Frederick William. She wore a round hat with a gold band, and on the right side a red and white feather. Her dress consisted of a scarlet tunic with a gold sash and a dark blue skirt. Those who were to receive the decoration advanced one by one to the Queen, who, stooping from her saddle, fixed a Cross on the breast of each. The recipients numbered in all sixty-two, of whom twelve belonged to the Navy, two to the Royal Marines, and forty-eight to the Army.

Many other instances might be quoted of Queen Victoria showing her interest in the Services by distributing war medals. To mention a few of them. On December 8 and 9, 1879, at Windsor, Her Majesty conferred decorations on officers and men who had been engaged in the recent Afghan and Zulu Campaigns; on three successive days in November, 1882, medals for the Egyptian Campaign were distributed by the Queen at Windsor; on November 25, 1885, Her Majesty presented medals to non-commissioned officers for gallantry in the Soudan; and on January 5, 1887, a number of non-commissioned officers and men who had taken part in the Soudan Campaign of 1886 were similarly honoured. This interest taken by the Queen in her Naval and Military forces was keenly appreciated, and the two Services vied with each other in their affectionate loyalty to the "Widow."



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ROUND THE WORLD

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THERE are not so many correspondents now in South Africa as in the early part of the war to record the operations of our soldiers, and narrative intelligence travels more slowly than it used to do. But some incidents of the late fighting are well worth recounting, and the success at Haartebeestefontein, in which General Babington captured nine Boer guns and a vast quantity of ammunition, is a shining illustration among them of the fine qualities of the Imperial Light Horse and of the Bushmen and New Zealanders. The Light Horsemen made a most skilful and courageous retirement in the face of overwhelming odds, and when General Babington turned the tables on Delarey, the Colonials made a magnificent charge. It is said that our success was caused by the Boer commandants quarrelling with their leader; but, however that may be, no sooner did the Bushmen and New Zealanders catch sight of 1,500 of the enemy, with guns and transport, on the march, than they set up a great shout and made at them full gallop. The Boers were taken completely by surprise, and most of them fled in panic with the one mad idea of getting away from the comparative handful of assailants. It was a great opportunity for the Colonials, and, riding with loose rein, and firing as they went, they dashed headlong at the enemy, of whom many were shot down, and some surrendered, while the rest took to their heels as fast as they could go. One Boer gun was pulled up by a single Bushman who knocked two Artillerymen off their horses with a couple of flying shots, while a single New Zealander, in the exhilaration of victory, charged a whole clump of Boers and received not a scratch. The affair was splendidly managed, and was one of the most dashing businesses in the long campaign. It well deserves to be placed on record to the credit of the Colonials.

Photo. Copyright. AT DANGEROUSLY CLOSE QUARTERS. *"Navy & Army."*

Our Picture was Taken on the Morning of the Day when the Russian Soldiers Endeavoured to Turn a Guard of Six Madras Pioneers Off Land forming Part of the British Concession at Tientsin. Lieutenant Rudkin, who was in Command, Ordered Up Twenty of the Hong-Kong Regiment, and these Fixed Bayonets and Faced the Russians, who also Bared their Weapons. The Tension lasted for Twenty Minutes, when the Russians Sullenly Fell Back and Commenced Entrenching. This is the Moment here Depicted. The Sentries of the Two Nations, Stalwart Sikh and Savage Cossack, are Posted Side by Side. The Great-coated Figures are the Men of the Hong-Kong Regiment. The Back and Shoulders of Lieutenant Rudkin can just be Seen behind the Russian Sentry.

THE winter in South Africa has already overtaken the troops with all its discomforts and disadvantages. Even now it is scarcely possible to say how far the object has been attained of effectually preventing the enemy from moving north to the bush veldt, although Sir Bindon Blood, Colonel Plumer, and Colonel Kitchener have accounted for a good many. Let us hope the guerrilla campaign will not revive with the spring. If the Boers would fight, all would be well, and there was some hope that the Middelburg men would show a stout spirit, as they have done many times during the hostilities. Nobody knows why the Middelburg Boers should be better than their fellows, but one correspondent suggests that it is due to the fact that old British soldiers are present in their ranks. Twenty-five years ago there was much desertion among our regiments in South Africa, and it is said that many deserters found occupation in the Middelburg district.

WHILE we are settling affairs in South Africa the Americans are busy in the same way in the Philippines. A capital story comes from the island of Panay. Captain Allen of the 38th American Volunteer Infantry had dealt so roughly with certain insurgents that, to escape his fury, they embarked in a leaky craft and put to sea, hoisting a signal of distress. The signal was observed by a local coasting boat, which bore down to render help, but no sooner was she alongside than the insurgents leapt on board, and, putting a revolver to the head of the skipper, ordered him to up helm and square away for Cebu. The skipper had no choice but to consent. If he refused he was a dead man, and, if he yielded, it was double dollars to centavos that he would be blown out of the water if sighted by an American gun-boat. Accordingly he astutely represented this last difficulty to his guests, and just at the moment a gun-boat hove in sight, whereupon the Ladrones lost no time in scuttling below. In an instant the skipper had clapped down the hatches upon them, and, having battened all down, was soon dancing a *pas seul* on deck to the music of the outlaws' curses which came pouring up through the cracks, especially when they were taken into Iloilo.

IT is now known that no great secrecy attended the building of the Shamrock II., with which Sir Thomas Lipton means to win the America Cup. The Americans, however, represented Mr. Watson as colleagued with

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Mr. Archibald Denny in mysterious experiments upon a miniature Sandy Hook, with patent bellows to produce the steady breezes and characteristic gusts of those waters. In fact, the trials have been made with wax models in an experimental tank at Dumbarton, designed by Professor Froude, who made the plans for the Admiralty tank at Haslar. The Americans have, themselves, a new tank of this kind with a railway which travels above it length-wise, dragging models at regulated speeds, all the conditions being automatically recorded by very delicate instruments. We may be quite sure that Mr. Watson has made an excellent design. It only remains to be seen whether the American yacht is more suited for the particular waters where the race has to be run.

BEYOND all question the seizure and violation of the foreign mail bags by the Turkish authorities was a flagrant outrage in defiance of the Powers. The real significance of the event is even yet doubtful, but it is suggested that the actual purpose was not the abolishing of the foreign post-offices, though that is agitated, but that the object was to discover, through the confiscation of letters, who were the actual moving spirits of the Young Turkey party in Constantinople. The Sultan had become alarmed owing to the representations of Munir Bey, who alleged that a rising was imminent, and that it was necessary for him to beware when he went abroad at the Selamlik ceremony. Permissions to witness the procession were restricted, while Izzet Bey was instructed to discover the names and residences of the disaffected. It seems not unlikely that there is truth in the story that the mail bags were rifled in order to intercept the correspondence of these individuals. However, in any case the outrage was intolerable, and it was necessary for the Ambassadors to call for reparation.

WHILE the seizure of newspapers is still in the order of the day, it is not without interest to draw attention to an egregious journal which has appeared at Auxerre, entitled the *Pioupiou de l' Yonne*, of which the principal contributor is a professor at the Lycée of Sens, who gives himself the significant name of "Un Sans-Patrie." This individual appears to be both an anarchist and an atheist, and he addresses remarks to the young conscripts called to the colours which are nothing less than monstrous. He tells them that they are cultivators of the ungrateful earth, or vineyardmen who gain some reward for their labours, or operatives who gain their livelihood in factories or workshops, but, whatever they may be, they are their own masters. Now liberty is to be seized from them, and they are to abandon everything, in order to fulfil a duty described as "patriotic" in the service of the "Mère Patrie." The professor bids them understand that the flag under which they are to serve is that of their oppressors, of the enemies of liberty, of the infamous, of the nameless creatures of the first and second Empires, and even of the House of Orleans, with some blasphemies which we will not quote. But, the professor continues, the true banner of the worker can only be the banner of emancipation, of peace, of international brotherhood—the *drapeau rouge*. Certainly, as the *Gazette de France* observes, the university of Sens possesses a remarkable professor of patriotism, and one would think that his *Pioupiou*, which is printed by a Ministerial deputy, should be suppressed in the interests of the French Army. Probably that has already been done, if the thing has not died a natural death.

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TACTICS OF INFANTRY.

He Sees his Battle Fought O'er Again.

IN that excellent book, "A Sailor's Log," by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, the well-known American officer who distinguished himself in the war with Spain, there is a good story of his meeting with a certain eminent German officer at the time of the Kiel celebrations, when he was invited to a reception on board one of the German battle-ships. Not being a dancing man, he stood on one side, and entered into conversation with the officer, who spoke English perfectly, and he soon discovered him to be a keen seaman. They had an animated professional discussion, in which each expressed himself freely, and the German officer then introduced Admiral Evans to his wife, the gallant American finding her very charming and attractive, but he did not catch the name of either. When he entered the smoking apartment, however, Admiral Knorr greeted him, saying, "Evans, the Prince says you are a good fellow, and he wants the Emperor to know you." Admiral Evans, then a captain, had been talking to Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene without knowing in the least who they were, and says they were two of the most delightful people he has ever met. He describes the Prince as being a brilliant officer of high professional attainments.

THE British public has never displayed the interest in the Chinese affair that its real gravity merited. The publication recently of Sir Alfred Gaselee's despatch shows, however, that our forces displayed, in circumstances of peculiar difficulty, the very finest qualities. We are, therefore, extremely glad to be able to present to our readers, on another page, a picture of one of the most interesting episodes in the whole of the operations. The dispute between the British and the Russians about the land adjoining the railway near Tientsin was happily adjusted, but it may be said with truth that we were at the time within an ace of what might well have caused a European war. It was a most extraordinary and critical episode, for our sentries actually elbowed the Russian sentries, and an outbreak was momentarily imminent. Luckily, temperate counsels prevailed, and the Russians recognised that their purpose of aggression was defeated. Very much was due to the soldierly coolness and decision of Lieutenant H. E. Rudkin, who was in command of the post. If the allegations recently published in the *Times* against the Russians are founded on truth, we have good cause for complaint against them. They are accused of breaking open safes committed to their custody during the crisis by the British owners of the railway, and of possessing themselves in this way of the title-deeds of the disputed property which would have established the British claim.

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE STATUE TO EARL ROBERTS.

This Statue was Unveiled by Lady Roberts at the Opening of the Great Naval and Military Exhibition that Commemorates the Jubilee of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Superb Statue, which is a Replica of One Erected to the Great Soldier in the Country where he First Earned his Reputation, is the Work of the Late Mr. Henry Bates.

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THE MODERN NAVY.

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds.*

TRANSMITTING THE ADMIRAL'S ORDERS TO THE FLEET.

The Flag-Captain of the "Majestic" Writing a Message on the Slate which the Signal Midshipman will Communicate to the Fleet.

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QUEER MILITARY COSTUMES.

APPARENTLY very few records have been preserved of the doings of the French Emigrant troops in our Service during the disastrous campaign of the Duke of York in Holland (1794-95); yet the part played by these troops, in fighting against their own countrymen, the French Republicans, is not altogether without interest to the student of military history.

In the vanguard of the Allied Army were the following Emigrant troops, under the command of Major-General von Hammerstein: Two battalions Loyal Emigrants, one battalion of the Legion of Rohan, and one battalion York Chasseurs, besides two squadrons of Irwin Hussars. Later on, the Corps of Hompesch, consisting of both cavalry and infantry, was added.

On June 7, 1794, news was received of the bloodthirsty decree of the French National Convention that their soldiers should give no quarter to the British or Hanoverian troops; and a proclamation was immediately issued by the Duke of York from headquarters at Tournay announcing the infamous resolution of the French Convention to the men under his command, and begging them not to reciprocate.

A panic of the Irwin and Hompesch Hussars in the fight at Boxtel (September 14, 1794) occasioned the Hessian troops much confusion in their retreat, and some loss was sustained in consequence. On October 2 an attempted crossing of the river Maas, near Alphen, by the Republican forces was successfully opposed by the Loyal Emigrant Regiment and the Legion of Rohan. About three weeks later both these corps engaged the French, who had now made the passage of the river, and, after a stout resistance, were finally obliged to retire with the loss of sixty-nine men taken prisoners, who, according to the merciless custom of the Republicans, were immediately shot.

During the siege of Nimeguen several smart actions were fought in front of the town, and on the morning of October 20 the enemy attacked the whole of the advanced posts of the Duke of York's army, particularly that at Drutin, which was defended by the 37th Regiment of British Infantry (now 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment), and at Appelthorn, where the light battalion of Rohan was posted. Nothing could exceed the gallantry with which the troops on the advanced posts behaved; but the position on the left of the 37th Foot, occupied by a detachment of Rohan Hussars, having been forced, Major Hope, the commanding officer of the 37th, was obliged to retreat upon the dyke along the river Waal, which movement was accomplished without any great annoyance at first from the enemy. Unfortunately, a strong body of the enemy's Hussars, dressed in a similar costume, called out that they were the Rohan Hussars, and, being supposed to belong to that corps, were allowed to come upon the 37th unmolested, when the Hussars immediately attacked the regiment impetuously, and the narrowness of the dyke, which otherwise must have afforded security to the infantry, in this instance was against them, as they were driven off by the charge of the enemy, who killed and wounded a number, and took most of the survivors prisoners.

An officer who took part in the campaign says: "The address of the enemy was surprising. They formed corps, and dressed them in the exact uniforms of the Emigrants in the British Service; and there is not a man on earth who might not have been deceived under similar circumstances, and more particularly so then, as a part of the Rohan Hussars had been acting in concert with the 37th on that day." In this unfortunate affair the 37th Foot lost 1 sergeant and 7 privates killed, 3 officers and 11 men wounded, and 10 officers and 402 rank and file missing. The infantry of the Legion of Damas formed part of a force of 2,500 men who made a gallant sortie from the town of Nimeguen to destroy the siege works in process of erection by the enemy (November 4).

After Nimeguen had fallen, the Emigrants shared in the defence of the Waal, near Bommel; and finally, in the early days of January, 1795, they marched with the other troops through Overyssel to Bentheim. The Loyal Emigrant Regiment formed part of the troops, who were obliged to surrender on the peninsula of Quiberon, and, in spite of the exertions of the humane General Hoche, fell sacrifices to the bloodthirstiness of the Republicans. The leaders were shot on the Promenade la Garenne, near Vannes; the other prisoners shed their blood—800 a day—in a field near Auray, which ever since has been popularly called "The Martyrs' Meadow." With the Dutch army were the Emigrant Corps of Beon and Damas, both of which consisted of infantry and cavalry. The Beon infantry helped to defend Hertogenbosch, and, on the surrender of that place, a part of the regiment escaped, being clothed in Dutch uniforms, and mixed among the retiring garrison. The others were either shot or executed by the guillotine.

The uniforms of the Emigrants were distinguished by their brilliance and *bizarrerie;* the dresses worn by the cavalry were exceptionally handsome. The 1st Regiment of Rohan Hussars wore light blue, with white pelisses; and the 2nd, white dolmans and scarlet breeches and pelisses. To these regiments divisions of Horse Artillery were attached, who had uniforms similar to those of the English Light Dragoons, but corresponding in scheme of colour to the respective Hussar regiments. The Rohan infantry had red uniforms faced with light blue, while the Beon chasseurs wore light blue with red facings. Dark green was the distinguishing colour of the Hompesch troops, the chasseurs having red facings and white waistcoats. The Loyal Emigrants had very similar uniforms to those of the British infantry—red, faced with yellow; and the Broglies Grenadiers also wore red, with facings of violet. Head-dresses of very different patterns were worn.

Foremost among the foreign soldiers in our Service during the Peninsular War are the troops belonging to the King's German Legion. Throughout the whole of the Titanic struggle in the Peninsula they bore an active part, and few of those memorable engagements whose names now stand commemorative of British valour have not been honourably shared in by some part of the corps.

The commencement and termination of the Peninsular War are coincident with similar periods in the history of the King's German Legion. On the enforced disbandment of the Hanoverian Army by decree of Napoleon (1803), steps were taken by Government to invite enlistment of Hanoverians into the ranks of the British Army. The town of Lymington, in Hampshire, was appointed as a rendezvous for recruits, whose examination and outfitting were carried on there. At first the recruiting was far from promising: during the first month only seven men had been enlisted, but a public proclamation being issued, setting forth the terms of service, after a short time recruits appeared in such numbers that the depôt was soon overstocked, and it became necessary to remove a part

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of the men to Parkhouse Barracks, in the Isle of Wight. The new corps took the title of the King's German Regiment.

On November 3, 1803, the number of recruits at the Isle of Wight reached 450, and the original plan was now extended, and a corps consisting of cavalry, infantry, and artillery was proposed to be raised. This corps was not to exceed 5,000 men, who were to be enlisted, if possible, for ten, but certainly for not less than seven, years.

Before the end of November the command at the Isle of Wight numbered about 1,000 men, and a change of quarters was made to Hilsea Barracks. The men fit for the cavalry and artillery services having been withdrawn, two light regiments and the foundation of one Line battalion were formed. The light brigade, being intended for a rifle corps, was clothed in green, while the Line battalion was furnished with a uniform similar to that worn by the British royal regiments of infantry.

From the men intended for the cavalry service, most of whom were volunteers from the late Hanoverian Army, four troops of heavy and four of light dragoons were formed; the heavy cavalry was clothed like the British royal regiments of heavy dragoons, the light like the British Hussars; the uniform of the Artillery and Engineers was in every respect similar to that of the same corps in the British Service.

Before the end of the year (1803) one horse and one foot battery of Artillery were also formed; thus in less than six months from the period of the dissolution of the Hanoverian Army its scattered elements had been reunited in England.

In February, 1804, two additional troops were added to the two cavalry regiments, which before the end of the year each numbered 450 horses; and various other additions to the Legion were made from time to time.

Want of space prevents us mentioning more than one or two of the most prominent incidents in the history of the Legion. It is recorded that on one occasion Lord Wellington, having given orders for shell to be fired into certain French columns which the cavalry were to charge, was so pleased at the precision with which the German bombardier executed his task, that his Lordship clapped him on the back, and said, "Very good, my boy!"

When Sir John Moore began his disastrous retreat, the 3rd Hussars of the Legion formed the rear guard of the army, and reached the village of Benavente on the river Esla on December 28, 1808. At daybreak the French cavalry, consisting of about 500 or 600 chasseurs of the Imperial Guard, swam the river and pressed in the detachments to within half a mile of Benavente, when Colonel Otway, with about 90 British Hussars (of the 7th, 10th, and 18th regiments), seeing that the enemy had halted one squadron considerably in advance of the rest of his column, resolved to charge this advanced body. The French squadron was completely rolled up, but, supports arriving, the British cavalry had to retreat precipitately. A little later Lord Paget appeared, and led a charge, which was completely successful, the Imperial Chasseurs being driven back into the river. During the pursuit, a private of the 3rd Hussars, named Bergmann, a mere lad of eighteen, but possessed of great valour and mounted on a fast English horse, was one of the foremost, and came up with a French officer of rank. The fugitive made a thrust at his pursuer, which being parried, he fired a pistol without effect, and then demanded "pardon." At this moment an English Hussar seized the bridle of the prisoner's horse and led him away. Bergmann, thinking no more of the matter, again pressed forward; nor was it till his comrades reproached him for not retaining his prize that the unsophisticated Hanoverian learnt that it was General Lefèbvre Desnouettes!

CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEFEBVRE DESNOUETTES.

BLUEJACKETS AT WORK.

PEOPLE who know little of life afloat often wonder how a ship's company can be kept employed day after day.

"So many men," they say, "in such a small space, and producing nothing, must surely spend many idle hours."

Some well-meaning souls have even suggested that ships, during times of peace, should be turned into factories, and the men employed in turning out some useful article, such as "those nice mats that the sailors make.'

But the Bluejacket's labours will compare favourably with those of his civilian brother. For him there is no eight hours a day and six days a week. In harbour he works from 5 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., with occasional calls up to 8 p.m. In the evening he makes and washes his clothes and prepares his next day's dinner. At sea he works in two watches right through the twenty-four hours. On Sundays, although he does no drill, he gets little rest, having to clean the ship and himself, rig and unrig church, man boats, etc.

The style of his daily routine has been sketched in a previous article, and we propose to give here some account of the professional side of his work. A large part of his time is taken up, as we have seen, in keeping the ship and her appliances clean; and it is a frequent charge against Naval officers that the men are kept too much to this kind of labour, to the neglect of the more important exercises upon which a ship's efficiency depends.

The necessity, however, for persistent practice on the part of the seamen with the implements of his profession is obvious, and to this end he goes through every day one or other of the many evolutions, as they are called, that make up the sum of a ship's routine.

Perhaps the most important of these is "Clear for action," which sounds very simple, but which sometimes takes a couple of days to do. All the spars and movable gear overhead are sent down, boats and davits turned in, woodwork of all kinds removed, overhead nets rigged to catch falling splinters, and mantlets of woven hawsers hung round the guns' crews for the same purpose.

All this is only preliminary. When action is imminent, "General Quarters" is sounded, the ammunition is got up, guns are cast loose and loaded, torpedo tubes charged, rifles manned, pumps rigged, water-tight doors closed, and searchlights got ready.

During the progress of the action a fire occurs, perhaps. The pumps are manned, hoses are led to the scene, doors, ports, and hatchways are closed, and prisoners released. Or the ship is rammed, and "Out collision mat" is the order. This mat is a gigantic affair, made of canvas and rope-yarn, and is lowered over the hole made by the enemy's ram. Perhaps the ram sticks fast in the hole, and then "Away Boarders" is the cry, and a portion of the crew stream on to the enemy's deck armed with cutlass, tomahawk, and boarding-pike.

If attacked by torpedo-boats, "Man and arm ship" is the evolution. Every available man, with gun or rifle, endeavours to sink the boat before she can get near enough to discharge her torpedo.

In harbour a ship is protected from torpedo attack by immense wire nets that are suspended all round her by booms. To get these out and in is a work of considerable difficulty. Booms also are moored across the mouth of the harbour, and mines laid in the channel to prevent an enemy from reaching the anchoring ground.

Sometimes operations on shore are necessary, and then a "Landing party" is formed; or a village up a river is to be burnt, and "Man and arm boats" is the order.

If a ship springs a leak or is burnt out with fire it may be necessary to "Abandon ship." The boats are got out, and every soul on board leaves her. It was while this interesting evolution was being performed that an enemy once captured a deserted British war-ship—in one of Major Drury's nautical tales.

Then we have anchoring and mooring ship, laying out anchors, towing, kedging, coaling, ranging cables, sail and spar drill—though this is dying out—boat-pulling and sailing, rifle, gun, cutlass, revolver and torpedo drill, knotting, splicing, steering, sailmaking, and a dozen other things, besides the work of the numerous specialists, the signalmen, electricians, mechanics, divers, etc.

And it must be borne in mind with regard to the implements of a Bluejacket's trade that there are many kinds of guns and projectiles, of fuses and explosives; that new patterns are constantly being added, and that the fittings of no two ships are alike. He therefore never ceases learning, and it may truly be said of him, as Kipling has said of his brother-in-arms, Her Majesty's Joey, that "his day begins by Lord knows when, and his work is never through."

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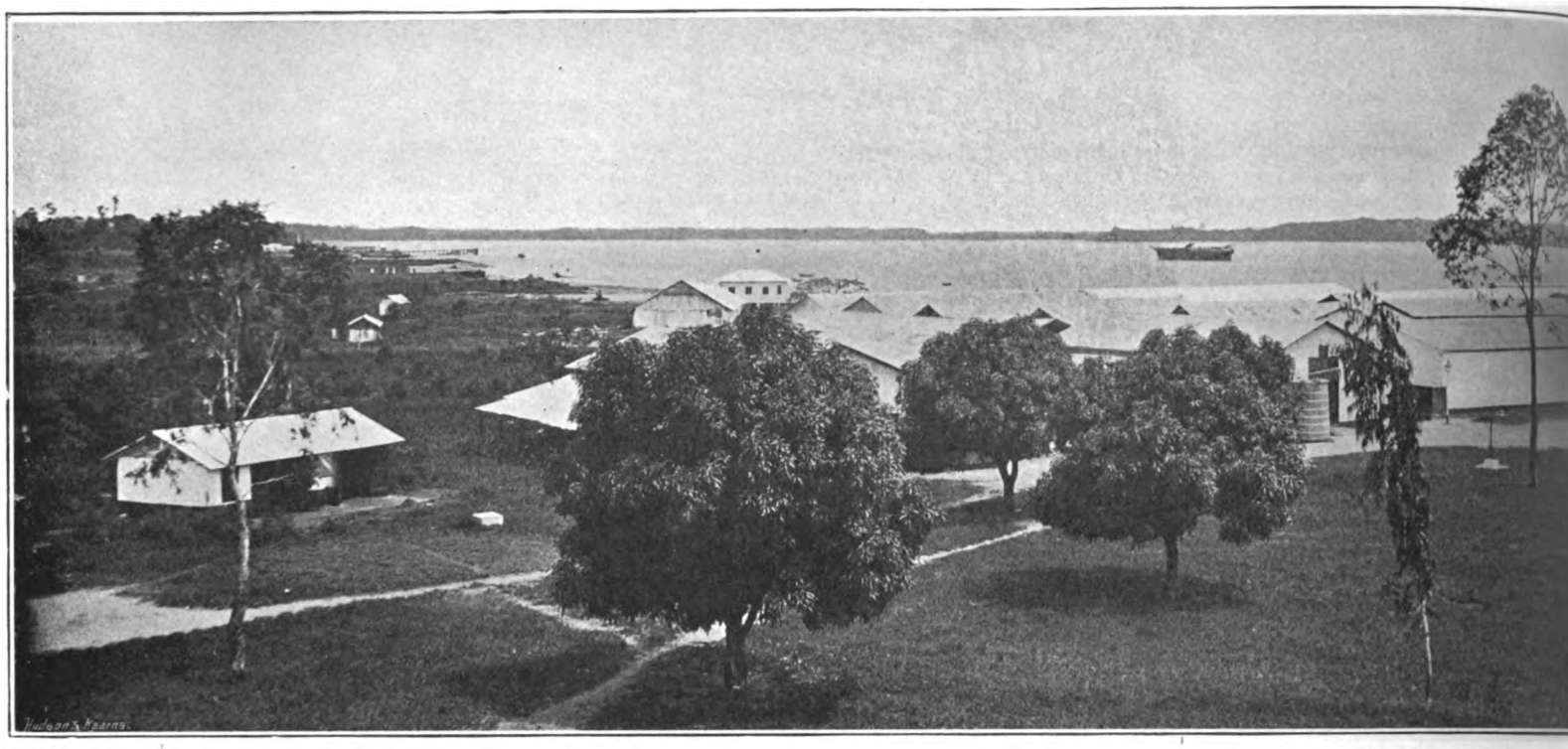
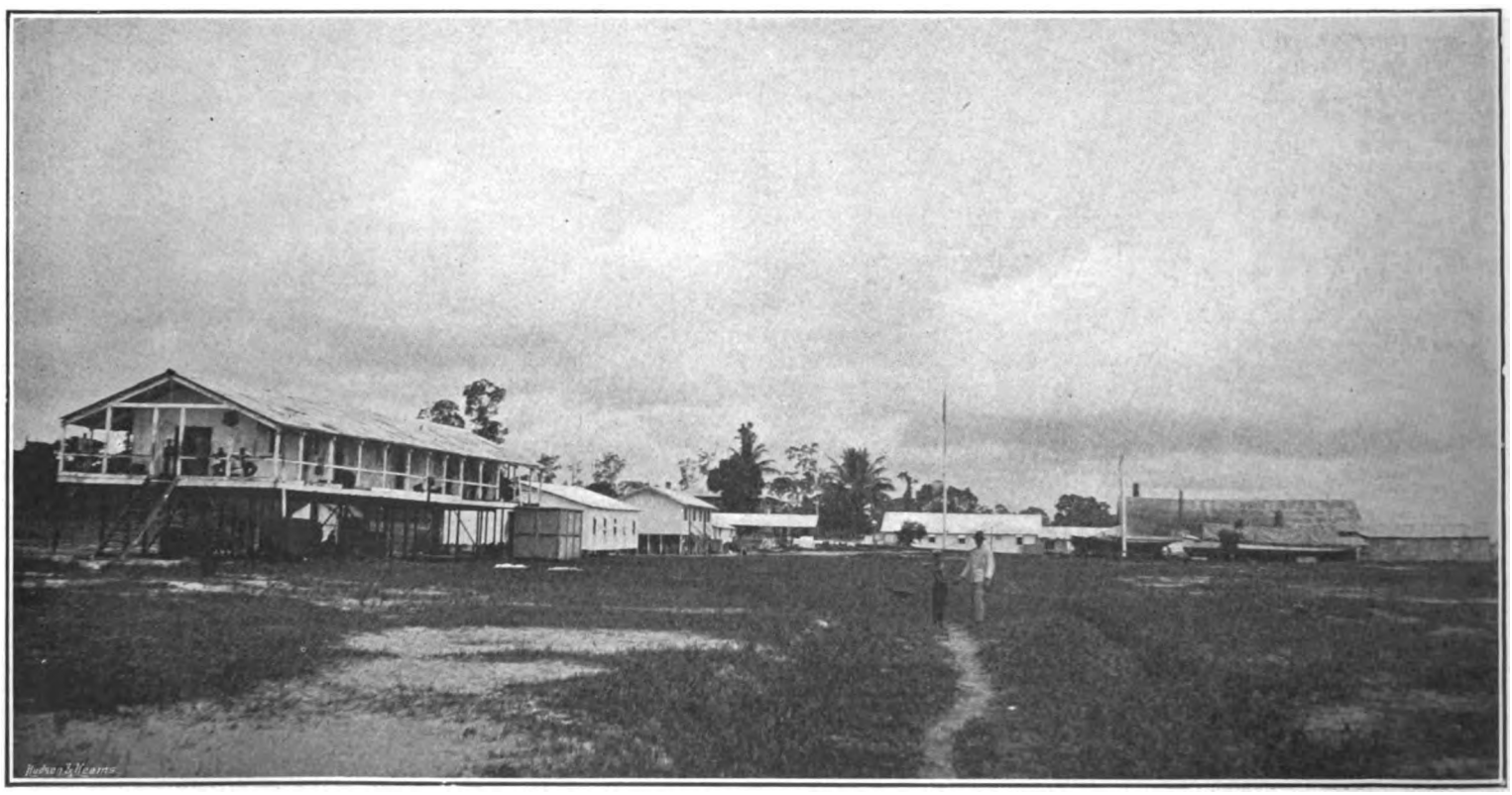
SCENES IN THE NIGER



THE CONSULATE

NOT inaptly has Nigeria been termed the India of Central and Western Africa, and Sir G. T. Goldie, to whose foresight and perseverance the Empire owes the acquisition of a country rich and fertile, and inhabited by an industrious people, likened to Lord Clive. The Royal Niger Company, which since January 1, 1900, has ceased to exist as other than a mere commercial association, was incorporated in the year 1885 as a successor to the National African Company. The latter had been formed six years earlier, under the name of the United African Company, for the purposes of trade on the Lower Niger, through the personal exertions of Sir G. T. Goldie, then a captain in the Royal Engineers. An immense amount of very difficult work both preceded and followed the gaining of the Charter. First came that which was directed towards obtaining at the Berlin Conference of 1885 an acknowledgment of a British sphere of influence in the Niger region; second, several State-aided French companies in the Lower Niger had to be tactfully abolished; but the factor in affairs which might have been the most difficult to overcome in acquiring the dominion in so powerful a region as the Hausa States, namely, the opposition of the local population, Sir G. T. Goldie smoothed over by making treaties with the African chiefs, and by seeing that these treaties were religiously observed on either side. The area of the country which has thus come under direct British rule, and of which the Hausa-speaking States form the largest and most important part, is slightly less than 500,000 square miles, and its population is variously estimated at from 25,000,000 to 40,000,000. Apart from our possessions in India and Burma there is no native State or combination of States within the limits of the British Empire which can compare in size, population, and importance with this, our latest protectorate. When, at no distant date, railways are constructed, the vast populations of the interior will be brought into touch with the coast, and will afford a new and almost unlimited market for the sale of English goods.

The principal port of the Niger Coast Protectorate is Akassa, which is situated at the mouth of the Nun entrance to the Niger. It consists of two beaches, separated by about a mile of swamp. On the upper beach are the engineering and repairing workshops which the British Government has taken over from the Royal Niger Company, and also the slipway for the repair of hulls, this being the only slipway on the West Coast of Africa. On the lower beach stand the



ENGINEER BEACH, AKASSA.

A General View, showing Mechanics' Dwellings

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COAST PROTECTORATE.

BEACH AT AKASSA.

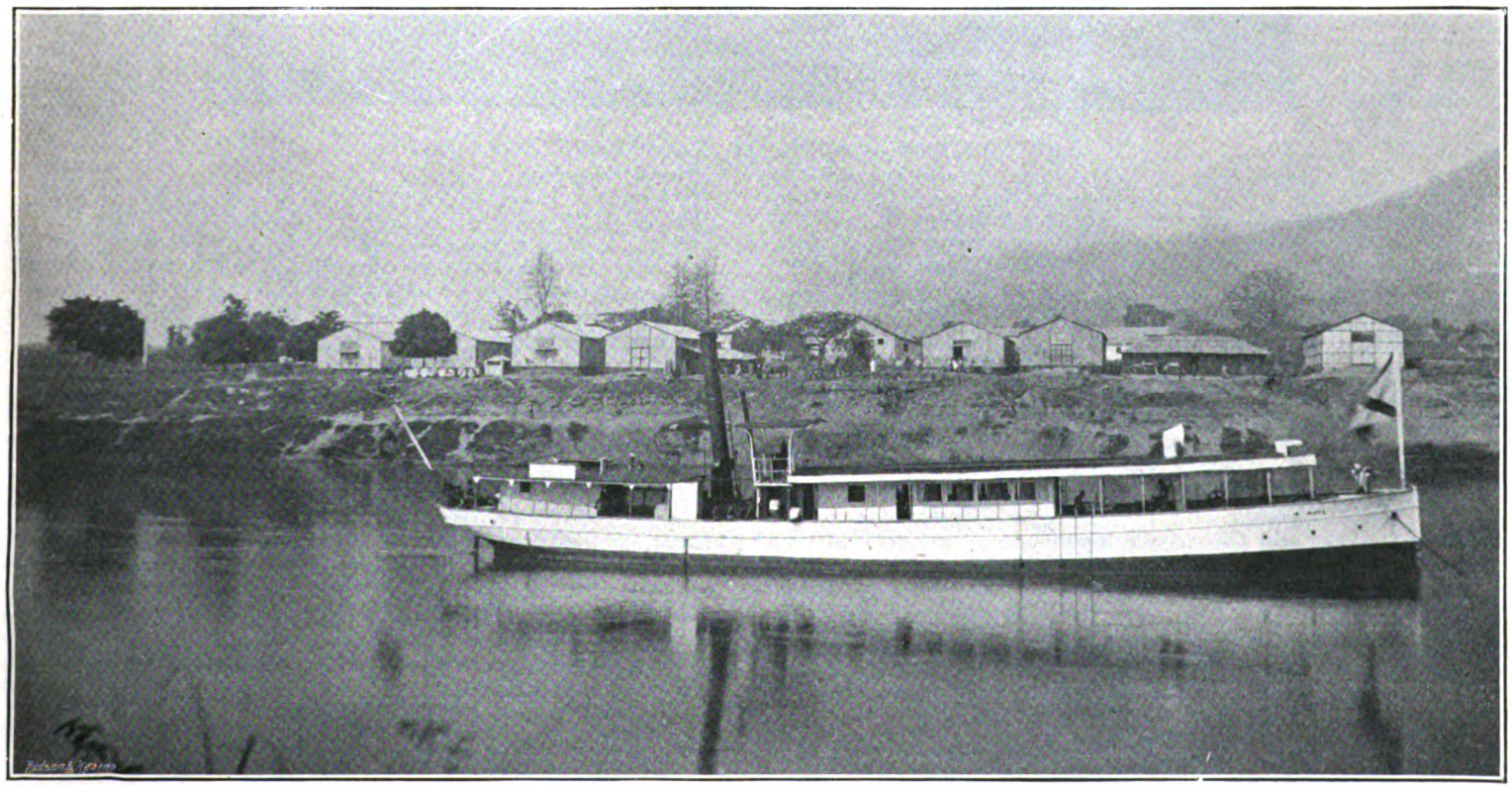
administrative offices and other official buildings, but the Consulate has lately been transferred to Brass, sixteen miles away. Owing to its central position, Akassa is admirably suited for the repair and up-keep of the Government launches, it being possible to communicate with all parts of the Niger by means of the network of creeks, while by the Colonial Loans Act, 1899, an allowance of £43,500 for harbour works was authorised.

The natives of Akassa are not of a very high order of intelligence, and neither supply skilled or other labour for the ship-yard, but much is being done to educate them for their work on the beach. They are, however, clever fishermen, and excellent fishes abound in the Niger, particularly during the dry season, fish, together with yams, plantains, cassava, and palm oil, forming the staple food of the native inhabitants. The trade of Akassa is steadily increasing, the exports consisting of palm oil, palm kernels, ivory, india-rubber, ebony, camwood, indigo, gums, barwood, and hides. It should be added, that owing to the increase of trade on the Forcados River, the Niger Company have transferred their headquarters to Burutu, where they have erected new workshops and offices.

Five days' voyage from Akassa, at the junction of the Niger and Binué Rivers, is situated the town of Lokoja, formerly the headquarters of the martial Nupé Tribe, which in the campaign of 1896 gave their support to the King of Bida. Since then Lokoja has become a place of considerable importance from the trading point of view, and its situation and general appearance are both very fine. Small steamers run from here to trading ports on the Niger and Binué. Lokoja is also the headquarters of the West African Frontier Force, consisting of Hausas and Yorubas, to the number of 2,400 infantry and three batteries of Artillery, under Colonel Sir James Willcocks, K.C.M.G. It is improbable that Nigeria will ever become a colony in the sense in which South Africa is colonised by Europeans. The tropical nature of the country, with its moderate elevation above sea-level, creates an insuperable difficulty, as witness the old rhyme:

> "Beware, take care of the Bight of Benin,
> Where for one that comes out there are forty stay in."

However, our new protectorate will be ruled by a few white men, and will attain a high level of prosperity "of fair type, with sound teeth, and not under twenty-two years of age," as the official report has it.



A GLIMPSE OF LOKOJA.

The Niger Company's Steamer "Nupe" in the Foreground.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

EAST INDIA STATION (*Continued*).

Duck Shooting near Karachi.

THE port of Karachi is, for its size, one of the best in India, and in my opinion is far ahead of Bombay, for ships of deep draught cannot lay alongside the jetty at the latter place, which in the south-west monsoon is nothing but an open anchorage, whereas Karachi is at all times secure and sheltered from all winds, though the space is limited. First-rate duck shooting is to be had in the neighbourhood, also partridges, francolins, quail, and hares.

To Mr. James, the Chief Commissioner of Sind, and Colonel Crawford, who represented him whilst away on duty, we were indebted for a most delightful time and excellent sport.

Leaving Karachi by the night mail train, we reached a station on the Indus at daylight, where we found a steamer awaiting us, and in her we proceeded down the river for seventy miles to the Colonel's camp. On arriving at the rendezvous we found camels waiting to take us to the bungalow, where we met with a cordial welcome from our genial host. The same evening we had a walk round, bagging some partridges and quail, as it was too late to go after ducks.

The next morning we were early astir, and, mounting camels, we reached a large lagoon, thickly covered with reeds from 10-ft. to 20-ft. high, with spaces of open water between—a perfect sanctuary for wildfowl. The guns were told off in pairs, a boat to each pair, with a couple of natives to each boat; one poled in the stern, the other sat in the bow, ready to go overboard and retrieve the ducks as they fell.

At the first shot clouds of ducks rose from the swamp and the firing became general. The bow man was kept pretty hard at it; whenever a bird fell, overboard he went. The water was from knee to waist deep, and many ducks were lost, as if not dead they dived and held on to the weeds at the bottom, added to which a number of eagles shared in the sport, and pounced upon the ducks as they fell. However, there were plenty for all, and the result of the first day's shooting was 87 ducks, including mallard, pintail, spotbill, shovellers, pochards, widgeon, and teal.

The next day was devoted to general shooting, walking birds up in line, a very pretty and varied day's sport, our bag comprising 24 francolin, 111 snipe, 46 quail, and 2 hares.

We had two more days in the marshes, bagging 106 duck the first day, and 166 the second. The last day was the most sporting and enjoyable one I ever experienced. On this occasion Hickley and I were in a boat made of rushes, similar to the balsa of South America, a most comfortable craft, perfectly watertight. The ducks kept getting up amongst the trees, and came over at a great pace, giving us splendid rocketing shots, and we bagged sixty-six in our boat, of which forty were mallards, and we lost many more from having no dog. Our native retriever worked well, and gathered many birds which would otherwise have been lost, and the eagles took their share. None of the game was wasted, as the Colonel had the birds sent down in hampers to the ship, where they were much appreciated.

Our last day was devoted to general shooting, when 49 francolin, 90 snipe, 35 quail, 7 duck, and 2 hares were bagged, making a total of 725 head for five days. This bag, though good enough to satisfy most sportsmen, is nothing to what is sometimes got in the same locality, and I heard of 400 to 500 ducks being killed in one day in a good season. But we were well content with our sport, and grateful to Colonel Crawford for his kindness and hospitality. Mounting our camels, we struck across country for the nearest railway station, and so returned to Karachi.

The Persian Gulf and Bagdad.

The port of Karachi is but a day's sail from the entrance to the Persian Gulf, a place which bears an evil reputation with Naval officers, by reason of the heat and the monotonous nature of the service there. But being desirous of visiting this part of the station, I gladly availed myself of the offer of a beautiful paddle-wheel yacht, called the "Lawrence," which the Indian Government most kindly placed at my disposal for the purpose, the "Boadicea" being of too deep a draught to go far up the gulf, and the smaller ships having no accommodation for an admiral's staff.

The "Lawrence" was admirably suited for the Persian Gulf, being a roomy, well-ventilated vessel, with spacious cabins and saloons, and well equipped in all respects. The captain and officers belonged to the Indian Marine, a splendid service, and the crew were Lascars.

Our first port of call was Muscat, at the entrance to the gulf, a most miserable, dirty place, though the city has an imposing appearance from the sea. A couple of dilapidated forts command the entrance, and at one time two rival Sultans bombarded each other across the water; the forts still bear the marks of shot on their faces. A modern gunboat would easily dispose of them at the present time. Having exchanged visits with the Sultan, we stood across to Bushire, a Persian city, situated in the north-east corner of the gulf. This is also a wretched-looking place; the houses, built of mud hardened by the sun, give it the appearance of a deserted graveyard. The country is flat and desolate, with a chain of distant mountains for a background.

THE GOLDEN MOSQUE OF KADHIMAIN, BAGDAD.

(By kind permission of Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons.)

Ships have to anchor three miles from the town, and as the sea breeze blows strong, landing is sometimes difficult. Thanks to Colonel Wilson, the political agent, our stay at Bushire was made most pleasant, until we left for Bussorah, a Turkish town on the west bank of the river Shat-el-Arab, and seventy miles from its mouth. The river Karun joins the Shat-el-Arab at Mohammerah. Some miles up the Karun, lions and deer are said to be plentiful. These Mesopotamian deer are the parent stock of our fallow deer. Francolin and snipe are plentiful in this locality. Bussorah is the principal town on the river; a small squadron of old Turkish gun-boats is there anchored, and the governor or wadi resides there. A considerable trade is carried on between the port and Bombay, two lines of steamers being employed in the service. The river above Bussorah is too shallow for deep-draught vessels, and the trade is carried on from thence to Bagdad by flat-bottomed steamers of light draught.

The "Lawrence" being unable to go higher up, we were transferred to the "Comet," a small vessel which Colonel Mockler, her late Majesty's Consul-General at Bagdad, kindly placed at my disposal, and in her we proceeded up the river.

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The next morning we reached the junction of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, the supposed site of the Garden of Eden; but not wishing to delay then, as we intended to visit the place on our way down, we took the right branch and entered the Tigris. For the next few miles the scenery is most uninteresting; low marshy banks extend on either side, the home of millions of mosquitoes and venomous flies, so it is advisable to push on and anchor for the night above this pestilential locality. Having passed the marshy district the banks are fringed with thorny brushwood, in which pig and francolin abound, so that we were able to enjoy an hour or two's shooting after anchoring for the night. An object of interest is Ezra's tomb, situated on a bend of the river; a few palm trees surround the site. The dome is beautifully enamelled with tiles of a turquoise blue, and forms a striking and conspicuous object in the otherwise monotonous scenery. The bends of the river at this part are so sharp that we landed and walked across so as to meet the steamer at a rendezvous higher up as she forced her way against the stream; and in this way we always managed to pick up a few francolin and perhaps a hare for the table.

(*To be continued.*)

Previous articles of this series appeared on August 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, *January* 5, *February* 16, *and April* 13.

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

STEPHEN MACMICHAEL.—The period of service in the Army has constantly varied. In the eighteenth century men enlisted for war only, and were disbanded at its close. At the beginning of the nineteenth century enlistment for life came into force. In 1806 limited service was first introduced, the periods being, for Infantry seven years, Cavalry ten years, and Artillery twelve years. Two years later unlimited service was reintroduced, the recruit being allowed to choose which he preferred; and in 1829 limited service was abolished. In 1847 a Limited Service Enlistment Act was passed, according to which the limits of enlistment were ten years for Infantry and twelve years for other branches. In 1867 the period of limited service was made twelve years for all. In 1870 limited service was allowed to be modified, by dividing the period between Army and Reserve service at the discretion of the Secretary of State for War. Immediately after the passing of the Act of 1870, a rule was issued stating that enlistment for Infantry might be either for twelve years' Army service (termed Long Service) or six years' Army service and six years' Reserve service (Short Service). For all other branches Long Service prevailed. In 1874 it was ordered that enlistments for Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers should be for eight years' Army service and four years in the Reserve.

* * * *

"HALF-PAY."—Until the reign of Charles II. there was not even a system of full pay, to say nothing of half, to officers of the Navy, except in time of war, but in 1674 a certain allowance resembling a scheme of half-pay was established, limited, however, to captains who had commanded ships of the first and second rates, and to second captains serving under flag officers, the allowance being payable only to those who had undergone the brunt of war, but had been debarred by the circumstance of their employment from sharing in the perquisites thereof, such as prize-money, convoys, and the like. The first regular establishment of half-pay, for commissioned officers generally, dates from 1693, but this also involved a certain period of qualifying or war service. This system was extended in 1700, but was still hedged round with exceptions, such as misconduct, employment in the public or merchant service, etc. Since that date the charge for non-effective services has been a gradually increasing one, until now it reaches a total of nearly £800,000 per annum.

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"HIBERNIAN."—Sir George White is knight of five different Orders: Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of India, Grand Cross of the Order of the Indian Empire, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (which he received since his return from South Africa), and Knight Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order. Sir George White, Earl Roberts, and the Marquess of Dufferin are the only subjects who are knights of five Orders. Sir George White's case is all the more remarkable inasmuch as he is not a peer and is not a K.G. nor K.P. nor K.T. The last-named are the only other Orders besides those of which he is already a knight. There is no other subject who is knight of all of the five Orders to which Sir George White belongs. Earl Roberts is a Grand Cross of four Orders and a K.P., and so too is the Marquess of Dufferin.

* * * *

"FORETOP" (The "Tribune," Jamaica).—The 36-gun frigate "Tribune," Captain Scorey Barker, was lost off Halifax on November 16, 1797, when only twelve persons were saved out of a complement of 250. Among the survivors who were rescued off the foretop were two seamen named Robert Dunlap and Daniel Munroe. During the night Munroe vanished, and the other man naturally thought he had been washed off. He was startled, however, some hours later to see Munroe pop his head through the "lubber's hole." He had been cruising about, he told his messmate, for a better berth, and finding a secure place in the cat-harpings of the foreshrouds, had gone to sleep there. A boy in a skiff pushed off from the shore and reached the foretop; it was then discovered that his boat could only take two persons. Dunlap and Munroe cheerfully resigned their chance to two of their messmates who were in a semi-unconscious state, and awaited calmly the return of the little skiff, but, alas! it was swamped, and the brave boy narrowly escaped drowning. However, four men in the jolly-boat of the "Tribune," who had got safely to shore, put out again, and managed to rescue these two heroic sailors.

* * * *

"EMIGRANT."—The American Army system is, like the British, purely voluntary, and the same question of competing with the labour market has to be considered in the States as here. But there does not appear to be the slightest difficulty there in obtaining as many recruits as are needed. The term of service is three years, with the option of re-engaging; and as a rule the men do re-engage. The pay of the private during his first two years' service is 1s. 9½d. a day. On the completion of the two years his pay is raised to 1s. 10½d., after three years it is raised to 2s. 0½d., after four years to 2s. 2d., and after five years' service to 2s. 6d. a day. All these rates are increased 20 per cent. in time of war; moreover there are no stoppages, the pay goes entirely into the soldier's pocket. But there is in America a system of compulsory service in the militia, which is divided into "organised" and "unorganised," the latter consisting really of citizens between eighteen and forty-five liable to service.

"BOMBARDIER R.M.A." (Eastney).—The veteran General Mackenzie of your corps to whom you refer could see a joke and take the laugh when it was against him, with the good humour proverbial in the Royal Marines. For instance, he would suffer no compliments to be paid by guards or sentries to any officer in plain clothes, and whilst he held command at Chatham decreed that officers should invariably wear uniform. Seeing an officer in mufti in the Dockyard one day, he called to the guard and had him turned out. In vain the officer protested, the general reiterating, "I know you not, sir, I know you not!" Some weeks after, General Mackenzie had been paying an afternoon call, and, being in plain clothes, was stopped by the sentry at the gates and asked the countersign, which the general not happening to remember, he desired that the officer of the guard might be sent for, who proved to be the very officer the general had treated so unceremoniously before. "Who are you?" enquired the officer. "I am General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What! without your uniform!" replied the subaltern; "oh! get back, get back, get back, you impostor! The general would break every bone in your body if he knew you assumed his name," and directed the sentry to slam the gate. Next morning the old general sent and invited the young officer to breakfast, telling him he had performed his duty with commendable exactness; but it was not every general officer who would have taken the affront so calmly.

* * * *

"STEADFAST."—In his interesting book on "The Men of the Merchant Service," Mr. Frank T. Bullen bears eloquent testimony to the value of the training-ships. He talks of "good food regularly eaten, regular sleep at set times, regular play, and a sound prospect of benefits, very real indeed for the patient worker in well-doing. Here the boy is taught all the essentials of seafaring except the actual going to sea. And," adds Mr. Bullen, "it may truly be said that a boy who has passed a couple of years under such treatment as this is as well prepared for becoming a good seaman as it is possible for a boy to be." The same practical authority bears testimony to the advantages which the boys from the training-ships have in getting berths in the Mercantile Marine, on account of "their well-replenished outfits and sturdy appearance, to say nothing of the persistence of the agent charged with the duty of getting them shipped." An account of the "Exmouth" training-ship has recently appeared in these columns. From her many boys enter the merchant service, and a still larger number join the Royal Navy. Some go as stokers, others pass from the "Steadfast" or the "Exmouth" herself to the Naval training-ships, to be sent in due course to some seagoing ship flying the pennant at home or abroad: and the records kept in the "Exmouth" of the subsequent career, as far as it can be ascertained, of boys who formerly belonged to her, teem with such notices as "Getting on very well in the ——," "First-class petty officer" in another ship, or "Yeoman of signals" in a third. It is evident, then, that the work of the "Exmouth" is of a sound character and worthy of every commendation from a national standpoint.

* * * *

"GENEALOGIST."—The "Blenheim Bounty Roll" can be seen at the Public Record Office (Treasury Papers, Vol. XCIII., No. 79). It was prepared under the direction of the Duke of Marlborough and the general officers who served under him in Germany during the memorable campaign of 1704. Marlborough himself, as Captain-General of the Army, received £600, but gave the sum back to the fund. Privates and drummers received £1 each. The scale for wounded officers and men was at the rate of double the bounty awarded to those who escaped unhurt. The "Roll" is not really a complete list of officers who fought at Blenheim, as many who were killed or died from wounds are omitted, the reason being that they left no widows or children to claim the bounty to which they were entitled. A year or two ago Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode published "The Blenheim Roll" (edited by Mr. Charles Dalton), and I think you will find reference to it valuable. Lord John Hay's regiment of Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys), which fought at Blenheim, had as its lieutenant-colonel George Preston, who was the son of Sir George Preston, Bart.

* * * *

JULIAN DREW.—Your question is one which many people would like to have answered. There were thirty-four standards and eighty-three colours captured at Blenheim, and were brought to London by Marlborough in December, 1704. Where are they now? No one knows. It is recorded that they were carried in military procession on January 3, 1705, from the Tower to Westminster Hall, through the City, and thence by way of the Strand, Pall Mall, and St. James's Park, where Queen Anne witnessed the procession from Lord Fitzharding's house. After being exhibited in Westminster Hall, they were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral. But so little value seems to have set on the trophies that we find Canon Sydney Smith writing in 1835 to General Sir Herbert Taylor on the subject of the Blenheim colours, and saying that not a rag or staff remained. Even if time were made responsible for the disappearance of the colours, it could not be guilty of the destruction of the staffs.

THE EDITOR.

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LIEUT.-GENERAL F. W. E. FORESTIER-WALKER.

By Our Special Correspondent in South Africa.

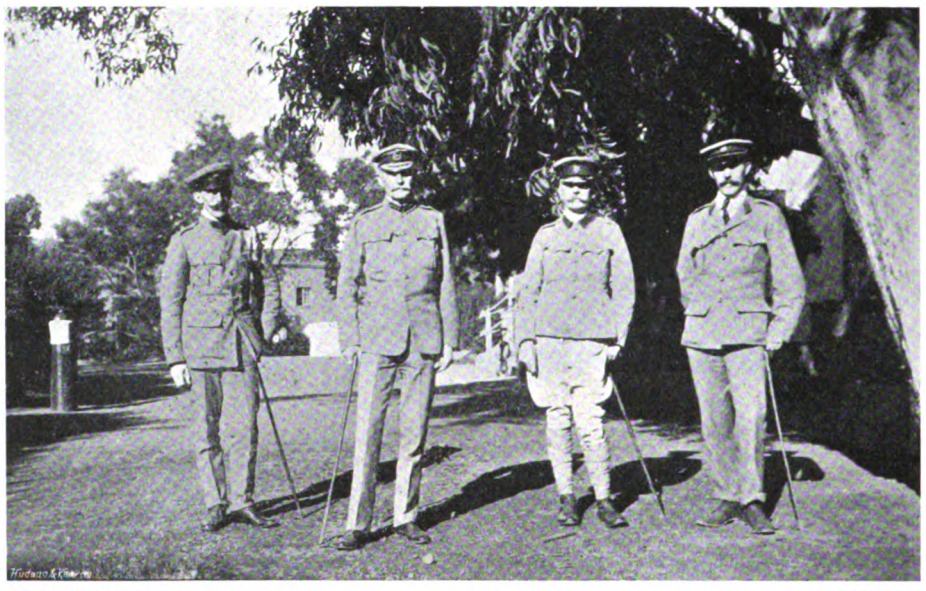
AMONGST the fine records achieved by those who have returned home for rest and recuperation after their arduous labours during the dreary, drifting war in South Africa, not the least noteworthy is that made by Lieut.-General Sir F. W. E. Forestier-Walker. The news that the general was returning to England filled his large circle of friends with delight and gratification, for many had begun to wonder whether he could much longer endure the strain imposed by fulfilling his very difficult and arduous position in South Africa, practically from the commencement of the campaign.

Singularly enough—and in this he resembles many of those who have covered themselves with credit during this war—General Forestier-Walker's active military experience has been closely identified with the country from which he has just returned. After having served as military secretary to Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Cunynhame during the Kaffir War in 1878, he was employed on special service throughout the Zulu War of 1879, first as principal staff officer to No. 1 Column, during which period he was present at the action of Inzezane and at the occupation of Ekowe, and subsequently he was employed on the lines of communication. This latter work proved an invaluable apprenticeship for him, and largely fitted him for the vastly more important office which he has so honourably occupied and recently vacated.

Lieutenant-General Forestier-Walker also served with distinction in the expedition which, under Sir C. Warren, marched through Bechuanaland in 1884-85. While with this force he filled the positions of A.A. and Q.M.G. with great credit, receiving early in 1886, as the reward for his distinguished services, his C.M.G. His further decoration as a K.C.B. was granted to him in 1894.

ERINVILLE.

General Walker's Official Residence in Cape Colony.



Photos. Copyright. *Temple.*

GENERAL WALKER AND HIS STAFF.

Lieut. Denison, A.D.C., Col. Trotter, C.S.O., Gen. Walker, G.O.C. Lines of Com., Capt. Beale Brown, Asst.-Mil. Sec.

To anyone visiting Cape Town the old castle, situated upon the further side of the parade ground, is a source of much interest. With its quaint entrance, manned by old-world muzzle-loaders, its sundial welcoming the gaze of the visitor, and with all the primitive arrangement of office suites in the interior, the castle is reminiscent of a time when the Dutch were powerful at the Cape. In this old-fashioned building the staff offices of the General Officer Commanding the lines of communication are situated. But what a difference now there is in the old castle! The old-time lethargic quietness has given place to modern bustle. If the ancient Dutchmen, who loved to sit upon the castle stoep, smoking and coffee drinking, could only rise up now and view the scene, what would their feelings be? How they would stare! For the scene has changed considerably. Important staff officers hurry to and from the offices in endless succession, busy orderlies rush hither and thither, commotion reigns supreme, and yet it is commotion governed by order. At least, so it seemed to me when I went there to call upon Sir F. Forestier-Walker on behalf of the Navy and Army Illustrated. Very kindly, the general consented to see me and tell me something of the nature of the work of which he was the head. That work has not been by any means the least bit showy. Truly, his name has appeared very often in the pages of the papers, but unfortunately only as a signature to those long, terrible lists which were scanned so eagerly by anxious eyes at home—the lists of killed, wounded, and missing officers and men during the long progress of the war. No! General Forestier-Walker's work has not been showy, there has not been much glory in it, but it does not follow that it has not been brilliant, for all that. If it has not captured and captivated the imagination of British readers like the feats of those who have won renown for Britain's arms upon many a hard-fought battlefield, if it has only been one solid grind from morn till night—nay, all through the night, too—one ceaseless round of work, work, work, it has been not the less useful and valuable.

In South Africa generally, and Cape Town in particular, the work and worth of the general have been recognised. Those who have been brought into contact with him have ever found him most kind and courteous. Those who have lived with him, so to speak, for so many months, through good report and ill, in the days of darkness as well as in those of sunshine, speak in the highest terms of him and his work; and this is no mean thing to have achieved, for colonial opinion, being formed on the spot, is generally pretty shrewd; and to a man of the general's temperament, this appreciation by his neighbours should be very acceptable. Wherever his lot may be cast in the future, whatever of Army work he may still do for the British people, he will no doubt look back with gladness upon the old hard-working days in Cape Town, relieved as they have been by touches of kindness that have ever been very dear to him. One accompanying illustration is that of the general's pretty house in the suburbs of Cape Town. Christened with a delightful Irish name, Erinville, with its old-fashioned thatched roof, and bowered in bloom and beauty, the villa is reminiscent of many a home farmhouse, and here the general, with his gracious lady, has dispensed an ever-welcome hospitality. The other picture portrays the staff of Sir Forestier-Walker, and these officers, having also been associated with his arduous and successful work, deserve well of their country.

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THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER.

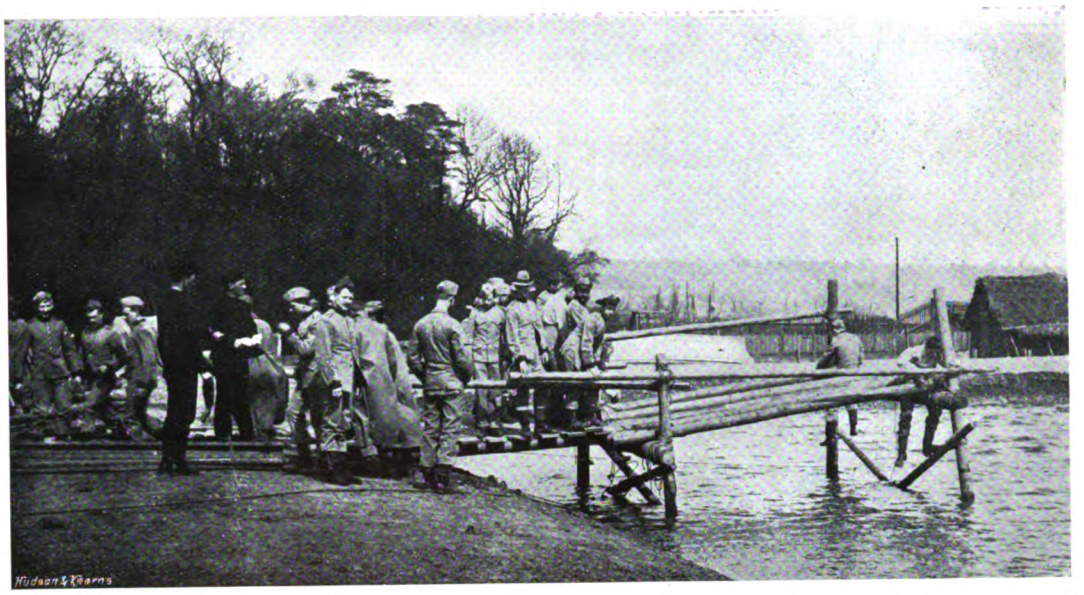
IN commanding the 13th Middlesex, better known as the Queen's Westminster, Sir Howard Vincent can lay claim to the command of one of the most efficient and numerically strongest Volunteer corps in the kingdom. This regiment has the splendid strength of close on 2,000, the actual figures being 1,899. That the corps spares no effort to make itself efficient in every branch of military science is well shown by the fact that, during the last Easter holidays, the members mustered in strength to undergo a course at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. The other day the report on this course was thus commented upon by Major-General Turner (Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces): "I have read with great pleasure and interest the report of the proceedings at Chatham of a large detachment of your regiment. The report is most satisfactory and creditable to all concerned. I consider that too much praise can hardly be accorded to those who gave up their holidays and went to Chatham at their own expense to improve as soldiers."

Nor is it only in the practice for war that the Queen's Westminster have shown themselves keen soldiers, for the fine service company which they contributed to the Line corps to which they are affiliated—the King's Royal Rifle Corps—has seen plenty of real hard fighting and hard service in South Africa. The corps has sent something like 300 men to the front, either in the service company, the C.I.V.'s, Imperial Yeomanry, or to join locally.

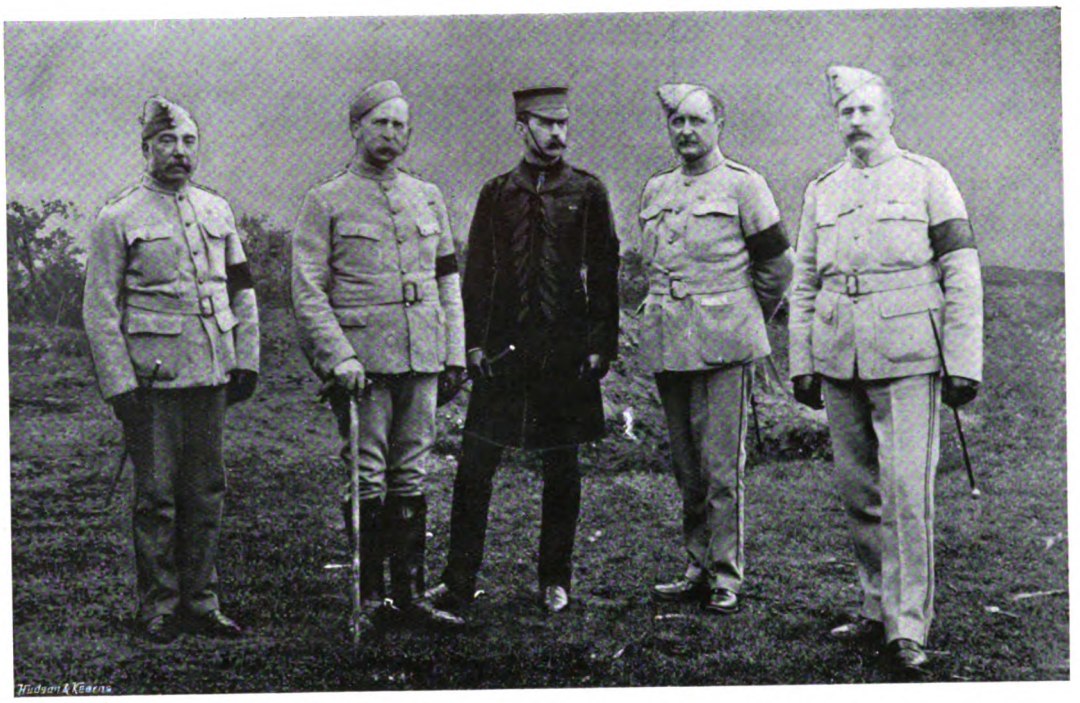
The corps, moreover, was one of if not the first to establish a company of what this war has proved such essentially useful soldiers, viz., mounted infantry. The regulation strength for a company of mounted infantry is 141, but to-day the mounted infantry company of the Queen's Westminster numbers 185. It is no wonder the corps is keen, for it has a very historic reputation to live up to, as it traces direct descent from the Royal Westminster Volunteers of the Great War, and ranks sixteenth in precedence of the 221 Volunteer corps in the kingdom. Its forbear was commanded by Earl Grosvenor, grandfather of the late Duke of Westminster, who was at his death honorary colonel of the Queen's Westminster.

Two of our pictures show the battalion engaged on its engineering course. In one the work in hand is the building of a trestle bridge, and in the other the men are seen using one of the James' folding boats, recently adopted by the Royal Engineers for transport and pontoon work.

The officers in the third picture (read from left to right) are Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Stevenson (senior major), Sir Howard Vincent, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P. (colonel commandant), Major Jackson, R.E. (Instructor of Fortification, School of Military Engineering), Major H. C. Legh, Reserve of Officers, and Captain C. A. G. Clark, K.R.R.C. (the two adjutants of the regiment).



BUILDING A TRESTLE BRIDGE.



OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER.

USING A FOLDING BOAT FOR BRIDGE-BUILDING.

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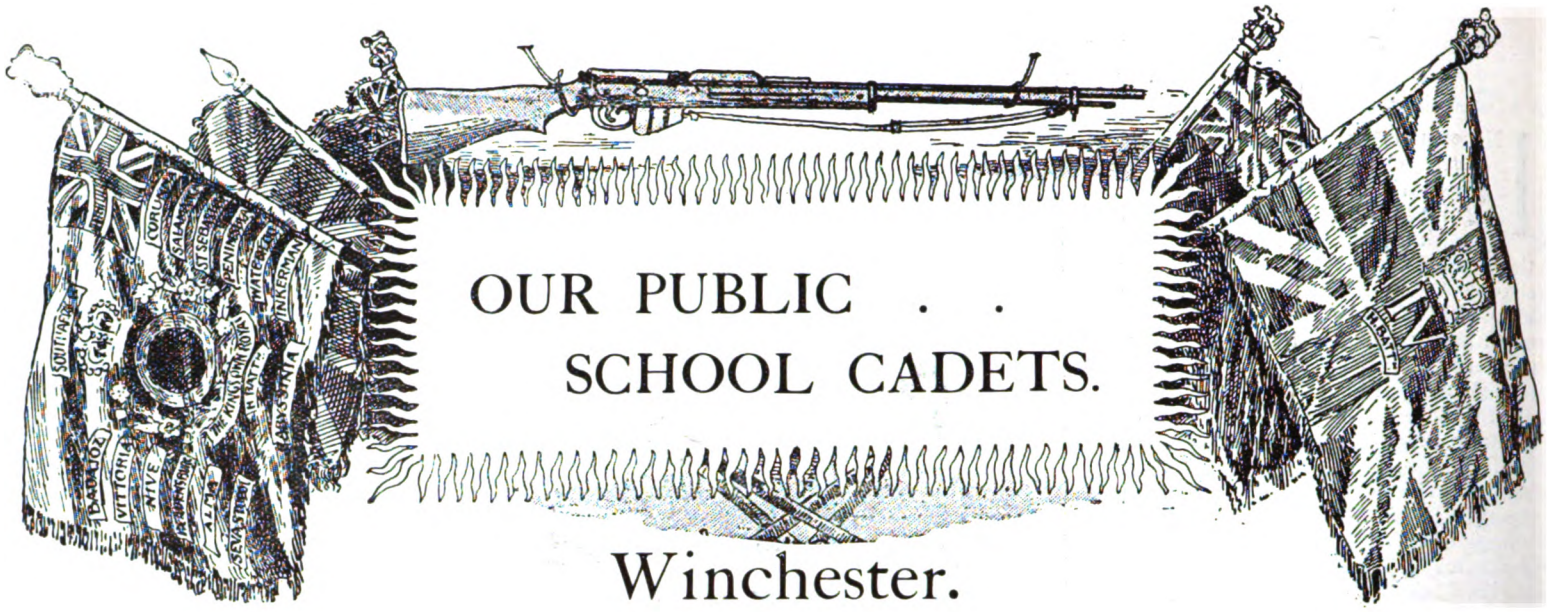

OUR PUBLIC . . SCHOOL CADETS.

Winchester.

By CALLUM BEG.

THE Winchester Cadet Corps was formed during the Long Half in 1860, but shooting was not practised until two years later. For over four years the cadets had no rifles of their own, and had to be contented with those belonging to the sergeants of the Hampshire Militia. In 1865, however, Captain W. C. Borlase, then commanding the corps, came to the rescue, and after collecting subscriptions armed the rank and file with a limited number of new rifles. During that year company drill was regularly practised, and it is recorded that towards the end of the Short Half the corps paraded on the Downs with the 1st Hampshire Volunteers, and was inspected.

In October, 1868, a meeting of the members of the corps was held, at which the Rev. G. Richardson, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was elected captain-commandant. About the same time it was decided that after Easter, 1869, there should not be elected more than three commissioned officers in addition to the captain-commandant, and that after Midsummer, 1869, these should consist of a lieutenant and two ensigns. Soon after Christmas, 1869, a favourable answer was received from the War Office to an application asking that the Cadet Corps might be officially attached to the 1st Hampshire Volunteers, and accordingly Captain Richardson was commissioned in March, 1870.

It does not appear that the Winchester cadets were very liberally treated by the War Office during the early days of the corps. In 1870 we find in the manuscript records of the corps that it was supplied with seven short Enfield rifles! Yet the cadets seem to have made the most of things, for matches were regularly fixed with other corps. The following year arms were served out in the same niggardly way; seven Snider rifles were added to the corps' armoury, and a number of the old rifles were converted.

Even in those early days field days were arranged, and in March, 1872, the corps took part in one on "Hills" with two companies of Militia recruits under Captain Nichol. Another

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

OFFICERS AND SECTION COMMANDERS, WINCHESTER COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

Standing: Corpl. Jenkins Sergt. Leigh. Sergt. Hunter. Corpl. Godby. Corpl. Robins. Col.-Sergt. Flower. Sergt. Shedden. Corpl. Hope. Corpl. Cotton Sergt. Battcock. Sergt. Pope.
Sitting: Col.-Sergt. Tomkinson. Capt. David. Capt. Bather. Lieut. Du Pontet. Sergt.-Major Martin. Col.-Sergt. Low.

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A GOODLY MUSTER.

All Ranks on Parade.

"sham fight," as it was then called, took place, in which the Militia joined, in the following year. There were then, it would appear, no rules governing "efficiency" in the corps, but at a general meeting early in 1873 it was decided that no member should be allowed to shoot for any prize who had not attended twelve drills—three in uniform, one the inspection, and eight of any other kind. The rank of sub-lieutenant was at this time also substituted for that of ensign. The strength

Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE SERGEANTS AND CORPORALS.

Standing: *Corpl. Jenkyns. Corpl. Forbes. Corpl. Merriman. Corpl. Dunlop. Corpl. Yeatman. Corpl. Ricketts. Corpl. Godby. Corpl. Gay. Corpl. Robins. Corpl. Howell. Corpl. Gould. Corpl. Hope. Corpl. Jones. Corpl. Flower. Corpl. MacArthur. Corpl. Roberts. Corpl. Fuller. Sergt-Maj. Martin. Corpl.-Bug. Meacher.*
Sitting: Sergt. Shedden. Sergt. Hunter. Col.-Sergt. Flower. Col.-Sergt. Tomkinson. Sergt. Leigh. Col.-Sergt. Low. Sergt. Battcock. Sergt. Pope. Corpl. Cotton.

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of the corps was nearly 100 of all ranks. On December 3, 1874, the cadets paraded for inspection by Colonel Sir William Humphery, but owing to bad weather previous to the inspection the men were, according to the written history of the corps, "hardly up to the mark."

In 1877, the number of cadets at Winchester reached 100, and the same year it was resolved to give "efficiency stripes" for regular attendance at drill. The decision, however, was afterwards rescinded. The following year, in February, Sir William Humphery inspected the corps, when sixty-four of all ranks paraded. In the summer of 1879 Lord Northbrook invited the corps to Stratton, where it was inspected and spent the afternoon. The lads started from Winchester at 11.30 a.m. and returned at 7.45 p.m. Thirty-eight rank and file were present.

Captain Richardson continued to command the corps until July, 1883, when he was succeeded by Captain J. S. Furley, who was chosen in his place.

In 1883 an application was made for the enrolment of a half-company of cadets as ordinary Volunteers in the 1st Hampshire Volunteers. This was granted, and in 1884 the half-company was served out with red tunics. In that year also the cadets took part in their first big field day with those of Eton, Wellington, and Cooper's Hill. The scene of operations was Farnborough, and it is on record that Eton, under Major Warre, defeated the other corps, under the command of Sir Paul Hunter. The remarks of the Winchester historian—if we may again be allowed to quote from the most interesting chronicle of the corps—are to the point: "He" (Major Warre) "provided them with ten extra rounds apiece. These facts will account for their victory." Surely a proof, if any were needed, that the Winchester men are not wanting in *esprit de corps*. Shortly after this field day the War Office of that day seem to have suddenly realised the benefit of cadet corps, for they sent no fewer than thirty long rifles, thirty bayonets, three short rifles, three sword-bayonets, thirty-three slings, 2,700 rounds of ball cartridge, and 1,800 rounds of blank cartridges to Winchester.

In the summer of 1884 the enrolled half-company accompanied its battalion to the camp at Barossa Hill, Sandhurst, and in November some sixty men of the cadet corps joined in a field day at Bagshot, in conjunction with the Eton and Wellington Cadets against those of Sandhurst. Again, in March of the following year, we find Winchester on the Fox Hills co-operating with Eton against Clifton, Marlborough, Wellington, Charterhouse, and Bradfield. During this year, too, some fifty Martini-Henry rifles were taken over by the corps.

In the summer of 1885, the enrolled corps again went into camp with the battalion, and in October the corps took part in the Public Schools Field Day at Aldershot. After the operations, Winchester marched past as No. 1 Company, and presented a creditable appearance, despite the fact that the band struck up on the "wrong foot." For many years past the corps has regularly joined in the Public Schools Field Day.

Winchester, with other schools, was present at the Jubilee Review at Aldershot in July, 1887. The corps left headquarters about 5 a.m., and left by special train at 5.38 for Fleet. On arriving there the cadets marched to Tweezledown Hill, the bivouac of the First Volunteer Division, where breakfast was served. The Winchester Cadets formed part of the First Division of the Second Army Corps in company with four other Public School Corps, and marched past the saluting base with Clifton shortly after noon. The review over, the Winchester men first returned to Tweezledown for tea, and afterwards left Fleet Station for Winchester, where they arrived at 8 p.m.

Towards the end of 1891 a committee was formed with a view to making more permanent provisions for the interests of the corps. It was decided that the committee should consist of the officers and sergeants of the corps, the Prefect of Hall, the senior Commoner Prefect, the captain of Lord's eleven, and one master.

At the same time the duties of the committee were defined. These were to organise means of recruiting the corps, to control the financial expenditure, and to assist the officer commanding the corps by suggestions. The first work of the committee was to abolish the grey uniform for scarlet, and to lower from 5-ft. 4-in. to 5-ft. the standard.

At meetings of the committee in February, 1892, it was decided to form a cyclist and signalling section, and a band, the latter to consist of a big drum, four side drums, thirteen fifes, and two bugles. Two years later, on November 1, Captain Furley resigned the command of the corps, but retained the duties of quartermaster.

In the spring of 1896 the enrolled part of the corps was tested in its ability to mobilise. After chapel on a Saturday evening the men were ordered to parade at 8 p.m. at the South Western Railway station. This they did to the strength of one officer, four sergeants, and twenty-nine rank and file—a total of thirty-four out of an enrolled strength of forty. The same year at inspection white instead of black pouches were worn for the first time. The corps attended the Queen's Review at Windsor in 1897, falling in two companies strong—155 of all ranks. On reaching Windsor by special train the corps lunched, and then marched through the park to Queen Anne's Ride, where it was with the other troops inspected in line. It then marched past in column, and afterwards formed up to give three cheers for the Queen. After the review the corps had tea served out to it, and then returned to Winchester, reaching headquarters about 11 p.m.

The camp held during that year came to an unlooked-for conclusion owing to mumps having broken out in the corps. On that account it was found necessary to send the cadets home after having been only three days in camp.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry*

CYCLIST SOLDIERS.

Winchester College Cadet Corps.

In October of 1897 another consignment of arms was received, consisting of 130 carbines of Martini-Henry pattern; these were greatly appreciated, owing to their extreme lightness.

Last year the numbers of the corps reached the unprecedented total of 275. Of these, sixty were recruits. A cyclist section of twenty men was also formed under Colour-Sergeant Low. This detachment wears a blue uniform and finds its own bicycles. It goes out about once a week for practice in scouting and reporting.

Every man was last year served out with a belt, which he was instructed to keep in his House, thus giving extra room in the armoury. Drills take place on Monday and Friday evenings, and recruit drills on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Great stress is laid on musketry at Winchester, and all are encouraged to become good marksmen. To this end there are numerous cups and trophies given for competition. Although Winchester has not been so successful in recent years, it won the Ashburton Shield no less than three times running, namely, in 1871-72-73. It also won the shield in 1876. In 1889 the Winchester team was second for the shield, and on this occasion Widdrington scored a highest possible for his team at 500-yds. The school has several times captured the Cadet Trophy. Although it has not always sent a team to Wimbledon or Bisley to compete for the shield, the school has usually obtained a creditable position whenever a team has been formed.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, and Harrow on May 18.*]

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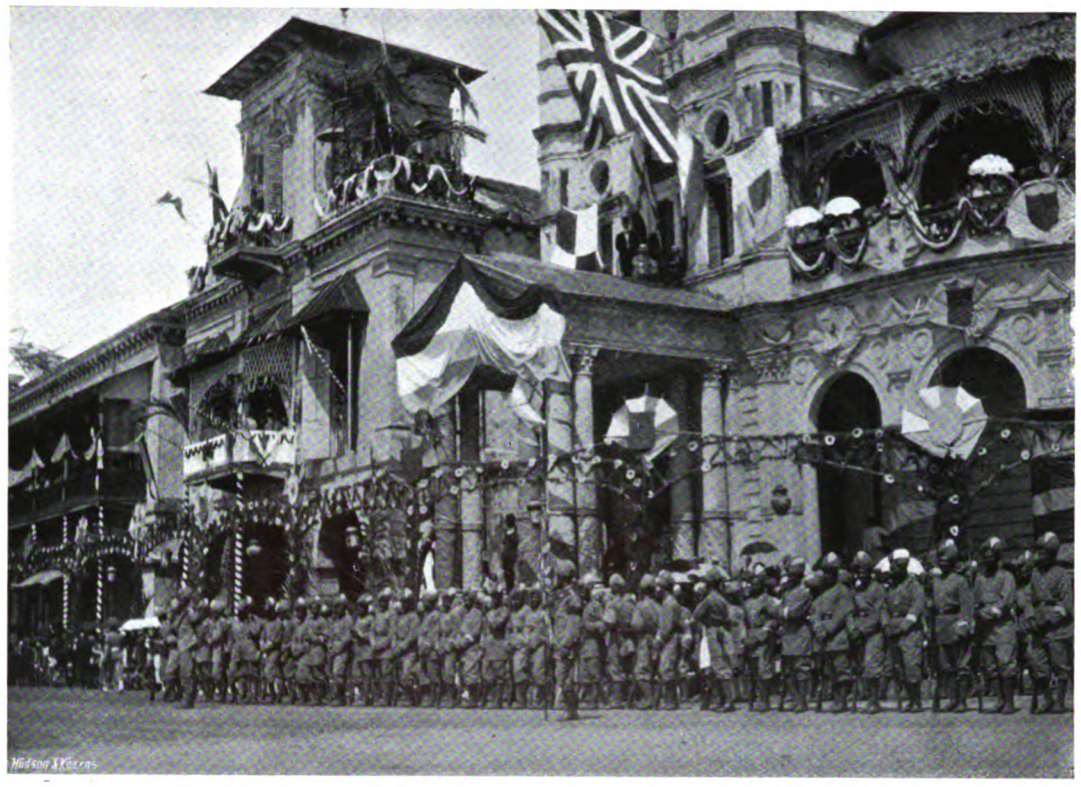
THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.

THE King and Queen must feel well rewarded for the patriotic sacrifice which they made in allowing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to undertake the extended and prolonged tour on which they are at present engaged. From each successive place that has been visited comes the same story—a story of unbounded and spontaneous loyalty, of hearts won by the gracious kindliness of the Duke and Duchess. We have traced step by step the early part of their progress, and our pictures now show them at Singapore. Four days were devoted to the magnificence of pageantry in Ceylon, and then the "Ophir" started from Colombo on her five days' voyage to the little island at the extremity of the Malay peninsula. Singapore is indebted for its importance to its position on the great commercial highway between the east and west portions of maritime Asia. It is said to have been the first place settled by the Malays emigrating from Sumatra, and in ancient times was a seat of considerable trade. When, however, it was purchased by the East India Company from the Sultan of Johore in 1819, it was an inconsiderable village. Sir Stamford Raffles grasped its possibilities, and the growth of the place has justified his judgment. The harbour is girt with low land and abundant verdure. Striking indeed must have been the scene when in the early morning the "Ophir," with her attendant cruisers, steamed into the roads, in which lay at anchor five British war-ships and one Dutch vessel, the "Piet Hein," which was sent specially from Batavia to take part in the ceremonies. Innumerable merchant vessels also thronged the anchorage, and all were gay with bunting fluttering in the bright sunlight. The Duke and Duchess landed in a barge at Johnson's Pier, which was beautifully decorated, and here they met a brilliant gathering of Naval, Military, and civil officials, as well as Chinese gorgeous in bright colours and jewels. One of our pictures portrays the scene at the moment of the landing, while another gives an idea of the quaint decorations. White awnings covered the streets of the picturesque town, and Chinese lanterns and legends of welcome were conspicuous. The streets were crowded, and our picture shows how large a proportion of the spectators were either Chinese or Malays, while at the Singapore Club there were many European ladies. The Royal party drove to the Governor's house, and on the following day the Duke received a number of addresses and held an investiture of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The illuminations at night were of extraordinary merit, among other features being a Chinese procession, which marched past Government House bearing lanterns, transparent fishes, and long swaying translucent dragons. Singapore was the last view that the Duke and Duchess had of the true East, and the "Ophir," accompanied by a flotilla of sampans, got under way, not to stop again until she reached Australia.



WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT SINGAPORE.

The Guard at the Municipal Buildings.

A BRILLIANT SCENE IN THE MAIN STREET.

Showing the Weird Character of the Decorations.

Photos. Copyright. *Emett.*

AT THE MOMENT OF LANDING.

The Duke Stepping Ashore at Johnson's Pier.

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THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

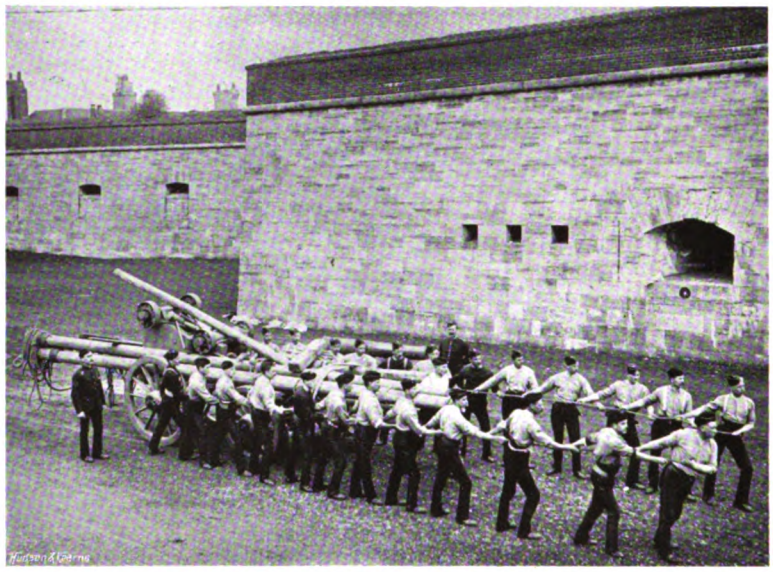
IN AID OF SERVICE CHARITIES.

THE 3rd GURKHAS.

N.S.W. LANCERS.

A LONDON season would be incomplete without that ever-popular function the Royal Military Tournament, held annually at Islington, and now once more in full swing. It is a social function patronised by every leader of Society from Royalty downwards. It is a show worth paying to see, and the spectator has the double satisfaction of getting value for his or her money and of benefiting Military, and in some degree Naval, charities by patronising it. At the Tournament the visitor gets an idea of the skilful manner in which our soldiers can handle their weapons, how excellent is their horsemanship, and what a number of perfect athletes are members of the British Army. The idea of holding such a show is mainly due to the late Colonel "Fred" Burnaby, for it was chiefly on his initiative, twenty-three years ago or thereabouts, that a grand assault-at-arms was first held at Islington. The project caught on, and was developed year after year by those interested, until it has become what it is to-day, one of the most popular entertainments of the London season. Foremost among the early promoters stands Colonel George Onslow, who as general manager, so to speak, of the show did much to bring it to its present state of perfection. For a long time he was head of the Aldershot gymnasium, and as such supervised the whole of the physical training; it is on record that he was a first-rate cavalry officer; he had had a wide experience of troops of all arms; and, above all, he was a born impresario, gifted by Nature with a keen appreciation of scenic effect, and knowing almost intuitively what would take the public taste and tell best in such a grand arena as the Agricultural Hall. In all this he had the support of appreciative soldiers; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was a patron and chairman of committee, while in Colonel Tully, the secretary for the time being, Colonel Onslow found a coadjutor of wonderful energy, coupled with untiring organising powers. Among other well-known soldiers who have helped the Tournament to fame must be mentioned Lord Methuen, an athlete and a sportsman, a fine fencer, expert with the gloves, as with sword, rifle, and lance. Colonel Onslow was succeeded at Aldershot by Colonel Fox, and also as commandant at Islington. He received invaluable assistance from Colonel Crabbe as treasurer, and Colonel Ward as secretary. The latter, it will be remembered, was the officer who did so much to help Ladysmith to hold out against the Boers, and was referred to by Lord Roberts as the best organiser since Moses, or words to that effect. He is now the Permanent Military Secretary to the War Office, and his place as secretary to the Tournament has been taken by Major King, who has brought assured success to the present Tournament by his energy and wisdom. The show now open to the public is, of course, much on the lines of former displays. The grand pageant illustrates those troops who took part in the ceremonies connected with the federation of the Australian colonies, and who are depicted in these pages. Every colony has sent its contingent, including New Zealand, while the Imperial troops who went out to Australia in the "Britannic" include detachments from every branch of the British Army. The Indian Army, too, is thoroughly represented by Indian officers and men. The costumes have in nearly every case been made by Mr. W. Clarkson, the well-known perruquier and costumier, who has been responsible for the necessary costumes at the Tournament for so many years. There is no lack of good music. On the opening day the British Army quadrilles were given by a band of 600 performers. There were bands from everywhere, and representing some of the grandest corps in the Army—Coldstream, Scots, Grenadier, and Irish Guards, and the bands of many well-known line regiments. During the first week the musical ride is being performed by the band of the 1st Life Guards and during the second week by that of the 21st Lancers, the heroes of the charge at Omdurman. All the features which have aroused so much enthusiasm in former years are to be seen. Bareback riders from the establishment at Canterbury perform feats of daring horsemanship, boys from the Duke of York's School give a gymnastic display, and the usual mounted and dismounted competitions will take place during the ensuing fortnight. The Navy is, of course, taking part in the Tournament, and each afternoon and evening sees the "Handy man" dragging his guns about, to the delight of all onlookers. Jack is a favourite, as one can tell from the volume of cheering which greets his entrance into and exit from the arena.

As usual, the Naval detachment comes from the great



READY FOR THE PERFORMANCE.

Bringing up the Shears and Gun.

VICTORIA MOUNTED RIFLES.

5th BOMBAY CAVALRY.

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gunnery school at Whale Island—lads of the "Excellent," as they are borne on the Navy List. A special feature of this year's Tournament is the repository display by the Royal Marine Artillery. The general idea is that a big gun—in this case a 5-in. gun is used, the largest ever handled at the Military Tournament—has been landed from a ship, shears are rigged, the great gun is mounted in an extemporised manner, and it is brought into play and is fired. Then it is dismounted and removed. The spectators see a squad of stalwart Marines, the finest soldiers in the British Army or Navy, drag in a 5-in. gun on a waggon with all necessary accessories. At a signal the shears are rigged, the gun mounted on a carriage, run forward, and fired. In the proverbial two shakes of a lamb's tail it is dismounted and replaced on the waggon, the sea soldiers strike shears, and march off with everything they brought in with them. The squad of men engaged in this performance number from twenty-five to thirty, and they are required to do the whole operation in less than 10-min.; they can do it in 7-min.—truly a wonderful performance! The height of the spars used, it may be mentioned, is 25-ft. In the great spectacular display at the end troops on an Eastern frontier station are supposed to be amusing themselves by gymnastic displays, etc. The country round about is in a state of war, outposts are thrown out, and precautions taken to guard against a surprise visit. The expected happens, the enemy attacks, and the outposts are gradually driven in. In the meantime a detachment of the Royal Engineers arrive, and throw a pontoon bridge across a river. Then the battle commences in earnest; a stiff fight follows, in which the enemy is finally defeated. This is one of the most exciting, and at the same time amusing, parts of the Royal Military Tournament. Some of the audience—those in the front row—have the novel experience of seeing "dead" men turn over to get a comfortable position in which to lie until they are permitted to come to life again, and to hear them grumble as a clumsy comrade steps on them, entirely oblivious of the fact that the fight is a sham. The audience, or the majority, are equally oblivious to the unreality of the performance. Compassion is felt for the "wounded," sorrow for the "killed," and groans and cheers given as the British seem to lose and then to win. A fine display, and a lesson to be learnt by the man who fondly and foolishly imagines that war is a picnic.

The performers at the Military Tournament may be said to be champions in their particular lines. Each year district tournaments are held about the country, and the winners at these local competitive tests are sent to Islington to compete one with the other. The display at the Agricultural Hall of tilting at the ring, heads and posts, lemon cutting, etc., is by men who have carried off the prizes at the district tournaments.

3rd MADRAS CAVALRY.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RIFLES.

CANTERBURY (N.Z.) RIFLES.
S. AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY.

Naturally, Aldershot is the most important of these, but every important military centre sends competitors. It is a survival of the fittest, for, even assuming that the utmost fairness and keenest discrimination were habitually exhibited, any process of mere selection of men to represent districts and corps at this most important and representative function would certainly be disappointing, and would also lead to a good deal of unhealthy grumbling. It stands to reason, too, that if men were sent up to Islington on the arbitrary recommendation of their commanding officers, the prizes given by the committee of the Royal Military Tournament would lose a good deal of their value, inasmuch as the championship involved would necessarily be open to question whether better men did not exist in the provinces to whom the chance of competing had been wholly denied.

The profits accruing from the Tournament were at one time applied almost exclusively to the support of the Cambridge Asylum, but nowadays a good many Service charities benefit. The money cleared in one year, after all the expenses of performers and of administration have been paid, has been as high as £14,000. This speaks well for the careful manner in which the responsible officials of the Tournament have done their duty. All the offices held are purely honorary, and it must be regarded as a rare case where persons manipulating such considerable funds derive no pecuniary benefit from the work. It must also be remembered to their credit, that the Agricultural Hall is only handed over to the Tournament a few days before the first performance. Everything has to be organised within that time. Difficulties of time and space have to be overcome, and sometimes nearly a thousand men, and half that number of horses, have to be provided for; it is evident then that the most minute and painstaking attention is necessary. Messes have to be set going for officers and for warrant officers and sergeants; a hospital must be established, with medical officers, nurses, and orderlies in attendance; rations must be provided, together with the means for cooking them; and proper facilities must be afforded for the performers to dress and prepare for the part they have to play. As an instance of the amount of money handled, it may be mentioned that the receipts for 1897 were over £29,000. The expenses of the Tournament swallowed up some £15,000 out of this, leaving a profit of more than £14,000.

The distribution of the profits is not left to the Tournament officials. A cheque is drawn for the amount in favour of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, on whom rests the responsibility of dividing the money.

In the present show the old traditions of the Tournament have been maintained, and the performance is so good that success is assured.

THE MARINES AT REPOSITORY DRILL.

"Up she Goes": Half through their Task.

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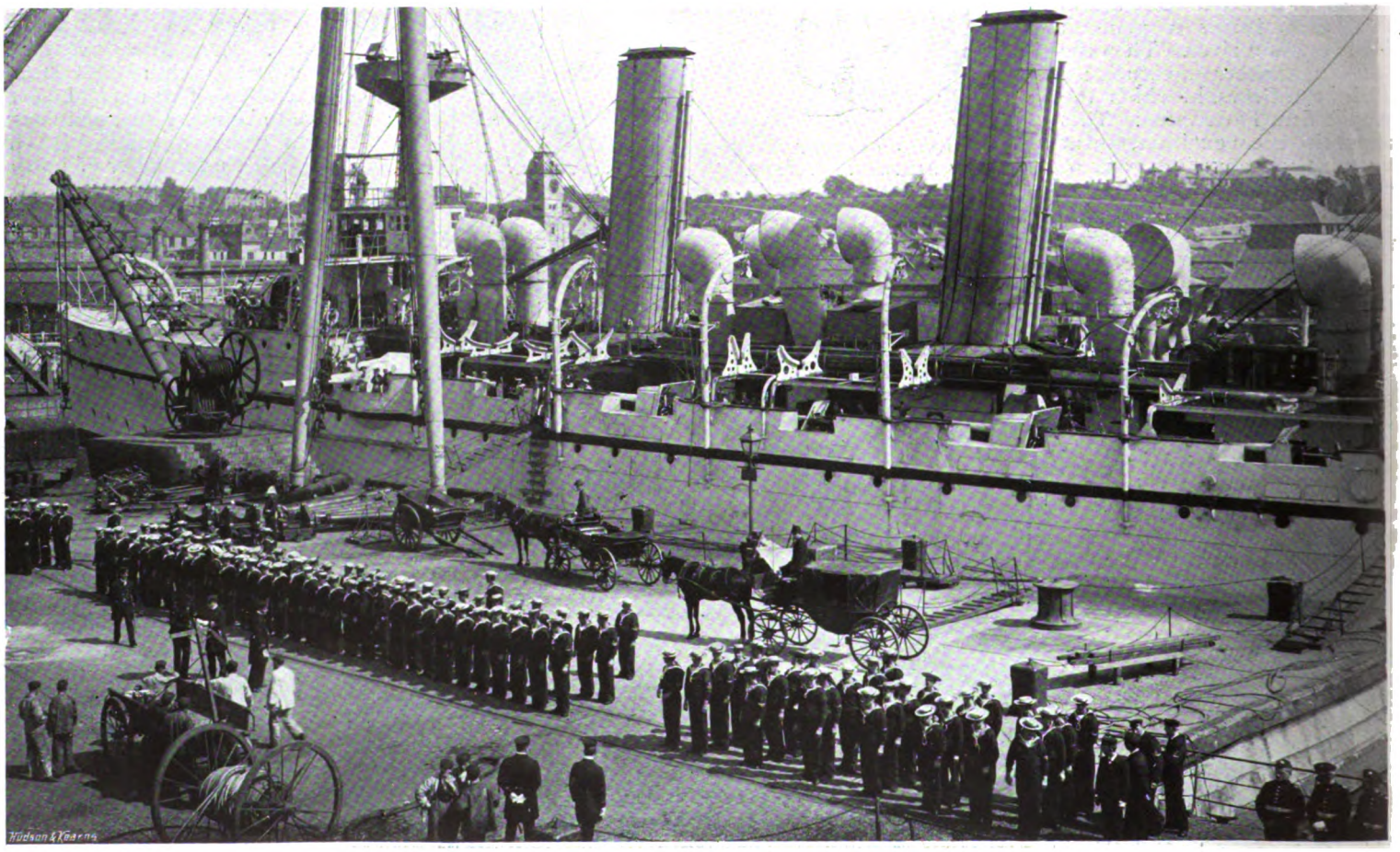
THE HOMECOMING OF THE "DORIS."

CAPTAIN PROTHERO AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "DORIS."

At the Close of her Eventful Maiden Commission.

THE second-class cruiser "Doris," which recently returned to Devonport to pay off, after acting as flag-ship on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, had an eventful commission. She is a new ship, having been laid down at Barrow in October, 1894, and launched in March, 1896, and as she was commissioned in 1897, her service just closed was her maiden commission. It extended over about three and a-half years, but it would doubtless have terminated some months earlier than was actually the case if it had not been for the war in South Africa—a war in which the officers and men of the "Doris" played a prominent part. The ship's Naval Brigade, indeed, first under Captain R. C. Prothero, of the "Doris," and after that officer was wounded at Graspan, under Captain J. Bearcroft, of the "Philomel," saw some of the hardest fighting of the campaign. Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, Magersfontein, and Paardeberg, fell to their share, and some of them were afterwards in the engagements at Koomati Poort and Belfast. It ss easy to believe that as Vice-Admiral Sir Robert H. Harris, who commanded on the station and returned in the "Doris," recently said, the difficulty with which he had to deal was to keep the men on board the ships of the squadron, for they all wanted to go to the front. An eagerness for fighting is the characteristic of the British sailor, who will far rather fight ashore than not fight at all. But the appreciation felt in the Navy for the good work which the officers and men of the "Doris" accomplished was shown in a very marked manner when the ship weighed anchor to steam into the Hamoaze. Large crowds had assembled on the water front, and as the "Doris" got under way, the crew of the "Hyacinth," which was anchored near, raised enthusiastic cheers. These were taken up by all the war-ships in port as the homecoming cruiser passed them, while the boys of the training brigs and of the training-ship "Impregnable" swarmed into the rigging and added to the welcome. The crowds on shore joined in, and the "Doris" received a greeting which was as spontaneous as it was unusual. The townspeople, too, with a true West Country appreciation of Naval merit, organised a reception, and on May 22 the men of the "Doris" and of the "Barrosa" who had served in the Naval Brigade were entertained by the inhabitants of Devonport. The streets through which the men marched to the public hall were decorated and lined with people, and the reception was enthusiastic in the extreme.



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THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

Included in the Picture are Many of the Men who Fought in the Naval Brigade.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 228.] SATURDAY, JUNE 15th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Fuller.*

NEW BATTLE-SHIPS FOR THE PENNANT.

Chatham is very busy just now with new ships completing for commissioning. The "Venerable" and the "Irresistible," two of the big battle-ships of the "Formidable" class, are being pushed forward and will soon be ready for the pennant, and other vessels launched and waiting to be completed at this Eastern Yard are the "Albion," of the "Canopus" class; the "Sutlej," one of the new armoured cruisers; and the "Albemarle," launched as recently as March last, and necessarily a long way off completion.

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A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
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Editorial.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in July, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The Augean Stable.

THE Committee on War Office Reorganisation have not disappointed our expectations. They have issued their report, and their recommendations are sound and judicious. They will not, of course, carry us quite so far as thorough-going reformers desire, even if they should be adopted as they stand. They are, as the conclusions of all bodies must be, the result of compromise. But the advanced party on the Committee have done well to keep so many of their points in the report. They have given it a distinct flavour of radical reform. They have induced the Committee as a whole to adopt several proposals in the direction of sensible business-like methods which have long been urged by competent critics and pooh-poohed by indolent or hide-bound officials.

In the first place the Committee declare for a system which shall put the War Office upon the same kind of basis as an important commercial establishment under private control.

The Committee consider that a general, if not a precise, analogy can be established between the conduct of large business undertakings and that of the War Office. There are certain well-defined principles of management in all well-conducted business corporations, and the more closely the War Office can be brought into conformity with such principles, the more successful will be its administration.

Starting from this premiss, the Committee frame a large number of recommendations intended to give effect to these principles, and thus to improve the War Office as an administrative machine. In the first place, they say, there is far too much red tape. Of course they do not put it quite like that. The language of the Committee is polite and considerate to a degree. They permit themselves, it is true, to declare that certain simple principles of good business are "conspicuously absent" from the War Office. But this is the strongest condemnation they indulge in so far as hard words are concerned. Their opinion of the deplorable state into which the War Office has sunk must be gathered by a close study of their report rather than by any passages or phrases that can be detached and quoted apart from their context. This really is a very good thing—not the least of the merits of an admirable document. Whenever such phrases and passages can be torn out of a report and shouted in the public ear, it generally means that the chances of reform are small. The public at first believes implicitly what the purveyors of these scraps of condemnation tells it. Then the official advocates have their turn, and easily show that by these tactics the case has been greatly over-stated. Then the public goes to the opposite extreme of opinion, and is angry with those ill-advised persons who forced a wrong view upon it, and soon comes to believe that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. In this case anyone who wants to understand clearly how scandalously inefficient has been the management of War Office business in the past, and to see what are the proposals for improving it in the future, must turn to the report itself and study it.

The Committee's definition of red tape is courteous, but very much to the point. Their very first recommendation is:

To abolish the present system of ruling the Army by minute regulations—both military and financial—and by elaborate reports, which conduce to centralisation and to excessive correspondence.

Such regulations as are absolutely necessary should, they say, be made simple; all the rest should be swept away. That, even by itself, would be a long step towards a better system. Next, the Committee advocate decentralisation to the fullest extent possible. General officers commanding military districts must be given enlarged powers and responsibilities, they must have adequate staffs to help them, and they must take over a great deal of the routine business, "which now absorbs the energies of high officials and prevents their due consideration of important questions of military policy." In other words, when a general in command of a district wants a supply of bootlaces for certain of the troops under him, or thinks the quality of forage might be improved by changing the contractor, he should be able to settle these tremendous matters without going through a long correspondence with Pall Mall and arming himself with documents signed and countersigned by all the principal officials, military and civil. And when these principal officials are no longer troubled with trumpery matters of this kind, which can easily be decided without their signatures, they will, perhaps, be able to think out a rational policy of defence and to produce a scheme of Army Reform that will not excite the derisive laughter of all who take a serious interest in military questions.

Then, as regards the relations between Pall Mall and the Horse Guards, between the civilian and the military administrators who between them rule the Army, the Committee propose the establishment of a War Office Board, modelled more or less, so far as we can judge, upon the Board of Admiralty. They were evidently impressed by what they heard and by what they already knew of the difference between the systems which obtain respectively at the Admiralty and the War Office.

It was stated in confidence to the Committee by witnesses accustomed to deal with both offices that, whereas in the Admiralty it is possible to know where to go for a decision, and subordinate officials there promptly assume the responsibilities delegated to them, the task of obtaining a decision at the War Office is often, on the other hand, difficult and protracted.

This War Office Board would consist of all the heads of Departments, and its advice would naturally carry great weight with the Secretary for War. All important matters would be brought before it, and it would "control and supervise the business of the War Office as a whole." Such a Board would, undoubtedly, be able to do a great deal in the way of conducting the military business of the nation upon more reasonable principles, such as prevail at the Admiralty. But the Committee, while they express the natural belief that this and the other suggested changes would have far-reaching and beneficial effects, are under no illusion as to the real nature of the problem that has to be faced.

They are fully conscious that into any system of administration, however theoretically perfect, the personal element must largely enter. They wish, therefore, to draw attention to the importance of selecting for posts at the War Office officers who have shown administrative, as well as military, capacity, and thoroughly qualified civil officials. Upon the care and judgment with which these selections are made, upon the ability displayed by officials of all degrees, and upon their loyalty to the system which they have to administer, must largely depend the successful working of the War Office, and the permanent efficiency of the Army.

This is the root of the matter, after all. You may provide the best system in the world, but unless you get men who will do their best to make it work it will be a hopeless failure. If you allow a quibbling, obstructive spirit to grow up in any office, it will defy all attempts to get work put through quickly and sensibly. That is the spirit which we are afraid has ruled the War Office for a long time past. We have had constant examples of it, and the Man in the Street has been moved frequently to declare in favour of "clearing out the place." The Committee do not go as far as that, but they do go as far as such a body could be expected to go, even when it includes men like Sir George Clarke and Mr. Clinton Dawkins, and Mr. Gibb, the railway manager. If what they propose be carried out, the opportunities for obstruction and for quibbling will be considerably diminished.

Among the smaller points which this notable Report discusses we have only space to notice one or two. The suggestion that the privilege of asking questions in the House of Commons is abused by a certain class of member will certainly not be disputed by anyone who knows. Last session the questions relating to the Army numbered upon an average sixty-six a week. This involves a great deal of labour, much of it unnecessary labour, and there seems no good reason why time which is paid for by the nation should be wasted even to please and give a chance of notoriety to an Irish member of Parliament. Nor is the proposal to simplify the company pay-lists likely to meet with active opposition. Soldiers will be very glad if the Government accept the Committee's recommendation that the stoppages of pay for such small matters as hair-cutting and libraries should be given up. As to the amount of work the War Office has to get through, it was stated in evidence that no fewer than 3,500 letters have been delivered daily there for some time past. To deal successfully with all the business entrusted to it, even with a clever, hard-working staff and a rational system, would be difficult enough. To attempt it with such a muddle-headed plan of organisation (or rather lack of plan) as has obtained for a long time past was foolish and unpractical. The Committee have now pointed the way to possible and eminently desirable reforms. We only hope no time will be lost in doing what they recommend.

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"SONS OF THE BRAVE."

A NOTABLE CENTENARY.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL.

By R. H.

PAST AND PRESENT.

ONE hundred years ago last Wednesday the foundation-stone of the Duke of York's Royal Military School was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of York, the then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. Its institution was the result of a feeling on the part of the authorities that some special recognition was due to the services of the many brave soldiers who had laid down their lives since the commencement of the long war with France, and whose children seemed to claim the protection of the country. Originally the daughters as well as the sons of deceased soldiers were eligible as pupils, but by a well-conceived regulation admission to the School was subsequently restricted to boys. It may safely be said that no State-maintained institution has better justified its existence than the school which still flourishes at Chelsea. The Duke of York's School never fails to attract the interest and affection of all who have the welfare of the British Army at heart; and it is sufficient proof of the excellence of the system carried out within its walls, that, in the opinion of the British officer, no better soldiers are to be found in the ranks of the Army than the "Sons of the Brave"—the name by which those who graduate at the School are familiarly known. It should be clearly understood that the School is not intended for the sons of the ne'er-do-weels or failures of the Army, but that admission to its advantages is held out as a reward for the children of faithful and deserving soldiers.

The School records show that while the general standard of character maintained by the old boys in the Army is of a high order, a large number have risen to the rank of commissioned officer, two of whom attained the coveted position of major-general. Of those now serving in the Army there are nearly thirty commissioned officers, seventy warrant officers, and 600 non-commissioned officers. The characters of the remaining 1,500 old boys are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, recorded as either exemplary, very good, or good. This is not surprising when we read in the last report of His Majesty's Inspector of Schools that the lads receive "a really sound and valuable education, that the discipline and morality are extremely satisfactory, and that every possible care is taken to bring up the boys in habits of punctuality, good manners and language, cleanliness and neatness, and quiet and prompt obedience to authority." It is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the manner in which the military training of the boys is carried out. Their general smartness on parade is familiar to all Londoners, and especially to frequenters of the Royal Military Tournament and similar places, where their attendance is eagerly sought. The organisation of the School is similar to that which obtains in a regular regiment. The commandant is a field officer of the Army actually serving, and he is assisted by an adjutant, as is the case in the infantry of the Army. But the chief credit for the unusual smartness of the boys on parade and in drill generally is due to the sergeant-major of the School, who, in the present case, is an ex-drill-sergeant of the Grenadier Guards and a warrant officer in the Army. Sergeant-Major Fear is a fine specimen of the British soldier, and has a peculiar faculty for bringing out the best qualities of the boys on parade. The School is formed up as a battalion of seven companies, each of which is presided over by a colour-sergeant, who is a regular non-commissioned officer on his Army engagement, specially selected for ability and good conduct. After them come the boy-monitors and colour-corporals, who are to their companies what sergeants in the Army are to their regiments. The School has the privilege of carrying colours, a distinction accorded to only two other institutions in the country other than regiments of the regular Army and Militia. The colours have not been on active service, it is true, but they are held in particular reverence by the boys, and, indeed, by all soldiers, for there has not been a campaign fought since the School was instituted in which boys who first learned a soldier's duty under these little colours have not earned distinction for their School and the Army.

THE COLOUR PARTY AND BOY DRUM-MAJOR.

One of the greatest improvements effected in the School in recent years has been in connection with the physical training of the boys. In the matter of free gymnastics and all that can be learned in a gymnasium the Duke of York's boys have few rivals, even among the splendidly-trained men of the Army Gymnastic School at Aldershot. The School is especially favoured in having for its instructor Colour-Sergeant Lee, late of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who has the skill of imparting to the boys the excellent system maintained at the Army Gymnastic School

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at Aldershot, of which he was an adept pupil.

No mention of the Duke of York's School would be complete without reference to the band, which has justly the reputation of being the best boys' band in England, and of producing musicians who are eagerly sought after by the best regiments in the Service. It reflects great credit on the School that its late bandmaster, Mr. Green, was selected from a long list of candidates for the much-sought-after position of bandmaster of the Royal Marine Artillery. He has a worthy successor in the person of Mr. Murphy, formerly bandmaster of the Shropshire Light Infantry. The School maintains, in addition to its brass band, an efficient corps of drums and fifes and bugles, which has been presided over for more than twenty years by Drum-Major Newton, a veteran of irreproachable character.

It only remains to add a few particulars concerning the officers to whom the management of the School is entrusted. To the commandant, Colonel G. A. W. Forrest, the School owes most of the great progress which has marked its work in recent years. The ordinary tenure of office of the commandant is seven years, but Colonel Forrest has recently been granted an extension of three years, as a mark of the Commander-in-Chief's appreciation of the excellent work carried out under his superintendence. He served for many years in the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, and was very dangerously wounded in the Burmese War of 1889-90. Captain E. C. Thomas, the adjutant and quartermaster, has served nearly forty years in the Army, and was in the Soudan Expedition of 1885. For fifteen years he has been connected with the School, which owes much to his industry and painstaking work.

Another familiar figure at Chelsea is that of the chaplain, the Rev. G. H. Andrews, perhaps the best-known and most deservedly popular of Army chaplains. If any man was ordained by nature for a particular post, Mr. Andrews was evidently intended for that of chaplain of the Duke of York's School. During his Army service his sympathy and knowledge of the world and of men have never failed to command the affection and respect of British soldiers, and these qualities have endeared him in a special degree to the boys of the School, to one and all of whom he is a guide and confiding friend.

Major J. C. Morgan, Royal Army Medical Corps, has only lately been appointed medical officer, but he is an officer of a high reputation, and the School has already benefited by his proficiency and devotion to duty.

It has often been remarked that pupils of the Duke of York's School seem always to figure high in the examination for Army schoolmaster, which is entirely attributable to the very efficient manner in which the educational work is supervised by the head-master, Captain W. Irwin, who is an Inspector of Army Schools and has graduated as B.A. The result of his good work may also be seen in the increasing number of old boys who attain commissioned and warrant rank in the Army.

The writer of these lines has for years past had an intimate knowledge of the School and every branch of its work. Not being officially connected with it, he is perhaps the better qualified to comment from a free and unprejudiced point of view. He has had some experience of the Army, of military institutions generally, and of educational establishments connected with civil life, and he has never seen one in which there exist a higher tone, more genuine loyalty, and a better all-round system of training than that to be found in the Duke of York's Royal Military School. Were there twenty similar schools, they would, in his opinion, repay over and over again their cost of maintenance.

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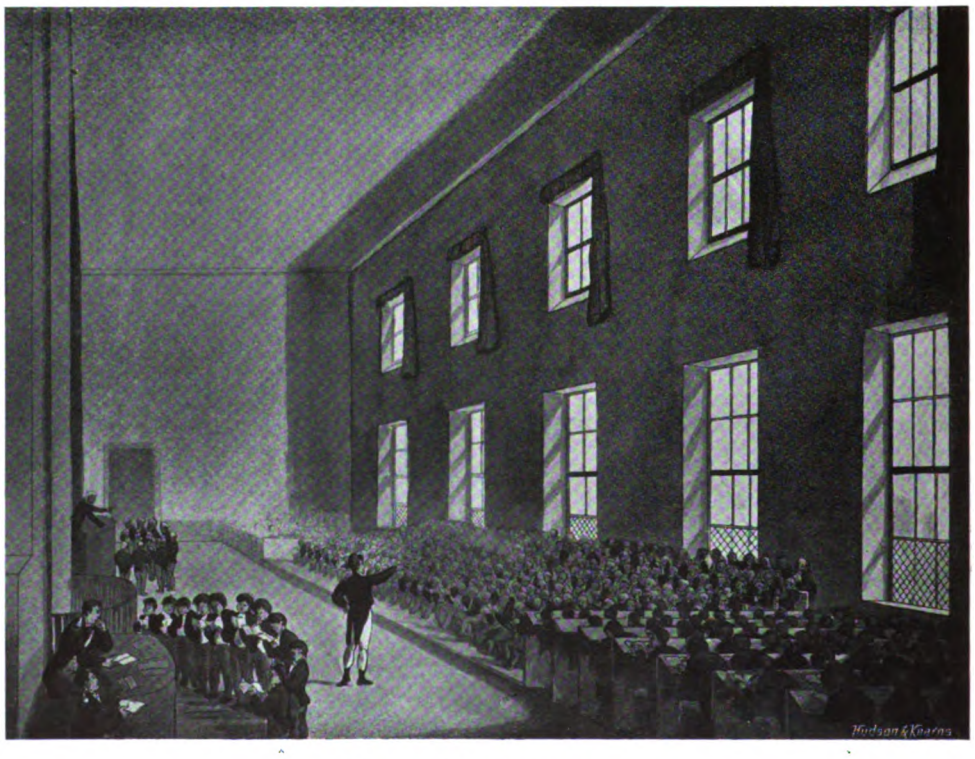
THE OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL.

Reading from Left to Right the Names are: Captain E. C. Thomas, Adjutant; Rev. G. H. Andrews, Chaplain; Colonel G. A. W. Forrest, Commandant; Captain W. Irwin, Head-master; Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. C. Whipple, recently Retired from Medical Officer.

Photo. Copyright. *Thiele.*

COLOUR-SERGEANT LEE,

And the Gymnastic Squad



THE SCHOOL IN 1810.

(From a Contemporary Engraving).

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

IT is exceedingly difficult to work out a clear notion of what a Naval war will be in the future. Of course, it is easy enough to make a fancy picture. The large bookcase which might be filled with imitations of the Battle of Dorking is there to prove how simple the feat is, but then these products of the imitative faculty are not by any means convincing. When one proceeds to make an examination of them they are commonly found to take a great deal for granted, and to play fast and loose with facts. This is not especially disgraceful to the authors, for the obvious reason that we have so little really useful experience to go by. Perhaps this ought to have given pause to the ingenious persons who have published their generally lurid representations of what is going to happen. When you have not the experiments on which to base an estimate, your calculations must needs be mere guesses, and it requires a very high order of intellect to make a purely imaginative hypothesis which can afterwards be established by reasoning. Now we are greatly in want of evidence to guide us in our speculations in this matter. The wars of the old rowing fleets would only have been of limited value to the sailing Navy. Its operations, again, do not afford safe premises from which to draw deductions as to the capabilities of the steam navies of the present. Meanwhile, we have had no genuine Naval war. Therefore, we are compelled to begin by considering the nature of a steam-ship, and then to figure out her actions. But to do this with plausibility requires a knowledge of, and an attention to, details which are within the power of few.

* * * *

There is a letter signed "Querist" in the *Times* of June 3 which states a really curious point about the powers of a war-ship. The writer sets out to consider the great matter of "coal endurance," and he lays down certain rules, which, if accepted as sound, must be seen to have immense value in enabling us to make a calculation as to the main lines of a Naval war in the future. The substance of his case is that the range of a ship's action can never be safely fixed at more than less than half the distance she is supposed to be able to steam with all the coal in her bunkers, at some rate less than the highest, but more than the economic. He gives various calculations as to the deduction we have to make from the total amount of coal carried before we can decide how much of it can really be used to drive the ship through the water. The accuracy of these calculations is not the question. They are not wholly new; in part, at least, they will not be disputed, and, as a whole, they are plausible. What cannot be disputed by any sane person is the writer's contention that no captain would stay at sea till he had burnt so much coal that he had not enough to take him home at full speed. It is a kindred estimate, though not perhaps an equally certain one, that no captain would go on a voyage when there was a probability that he would have spent half his coal before he had completed half his journey. He asks at the end whether the French "Charles Martel," which is credited with the capacity to steam from 800 miles to 1,200 miles at full speed, would, in war, risk a passage from Toulon to Brest, which ports are about 1,600 miles from one another.

* * * *

The capacity of the "Charles Martel" must be very ill-known if the higher estimate of her radius at full speed is a whole third wrong. But on that point, I confess myself indifferent. Suppose that the French war-ship can steam 1,200 knots at full speed, and now let it be taken for granted that she will never venture more than half that distance from Toulon, unless her captain is sure that when he has reached this point he will be nearer a coaling station than he is to the port he has left. I do not know why we are bound to believe so much—Admiral Cervera did not act on any such principle. To answer that he came to grief would be an example of a kind of reasoning common enough—the logic which proves that a horse is a sheep because both are quadrupeds. He came to grief because his squadron was feeble, and also because he did not leave Santiago when he might. He could not take one of his vessels over the bar, and shrank from leaving her behind. He was bold, but not bold enough. Why are we to take it as certain that no Naval officer in coming generations will do what Admiral Cervera actually did, and perhaps do more, since it is physically possible that more could be done? Besides, why must all adventurous squadrons be half armed? The supposition that they must is on a level with the wisdom of the Extreme Naval Theorist of the *Times*, who was not ashamed the other day to say that the Welsh women in red cloaks, who are supposed to have taken the Fishguard invaders, would be able to deal with any raid. If Humbert's men, who routed four times their own number of Ulster Militia and Volunteers, had been there, as they might have been, it would have been the luck of the Welsh women to be captured.

* * * *

Still, it may be allowed that the kind of reasoning set forth by "Querist" had great influence with the French Naval officers of the old war. Their privateers were daring men, not inferior in pluck and seamanship to the best of ours. But among their Naval officers Suffren stands alone, in his faculty to understand that he who will nothing venture shall nothing have. The weaker sort of our own admirals, the Herberts, Byngs, Calders, have thought in the same fashion. Since human nature changes little, it is to be supposed that we shall see more of it, when, if ever, great Naval wars begin again. There will be admirals and captains on both sides, and, if the past is any guide, more on the French side than on ours, who will be for ever playing for safety, and will hang back from putting themselves in a position where the risks are great, even when tempted by the fair prospect of high reward. Then, for them, this question of the coal will be one of terrible anxiety. Grave it will be for everybody, though he be as intrepid as Duguay-Trouin or Suffren, as Hawke or Nelson. But for the cautious order of commander, weighted with a sense of responsibility, and always more disposed to think of the safety of his squadron than of the destruction of the enemy, it will be simply ruinous. He will be tied by the heel to his own coaling station, and will steam away from it with his eyes for ever looking backwards.

* * * *

The result of this pressure on the nerves of the leaders, and of this clog on the movements of ships, must inevitably be to make Naval warfare far more local, and more timid than it was of old. Dependence on coal will far more than counter-balance independence of the wind. We shall all be touched, for even Great Britain has not studded the world so closely

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with coaling stations that there are no long intervals to be covered; as for other Powers, they will be tethered to their own coasts, and, moreover, they have to get the coal, which will not be easy for them if they are at war with us. It would not be fantastic to start from the propositions laid down by "Querist," and arrive at the deduction that Naval warfare as it was once known will never be seen again. There will be no more long cruises or long blockades, except by fleets which can be perpetually renewed. Commerce destroying may be dismissed as a mere nightmare. It cannot possibly be carried out except by vessels which can keep the sea for weeks and even months. When hostilities have broken out and the enemy's cruisers are known to be on the prowl, merchant ships will not adhere to the known shortest routes. To do so would be absurd. They will alter their courses, and then they must be sought for. Now if every war-ship is, as "Querist" supposes, likely to go always at some rate of speed nearer her highest than her most economical, how long will the cruiser with the best coal-carrying capacity be able to remain on her beat? She may have to go 800 miles or 1,000 miles to get there, and she must be able to come back. How much time would be left her to cruise? In the old days, it often happened that a privateer was for months without seeing a sail, though their dependence on the wind limited the merchant ships of those times as a trading steamer will not be limited in her choice of route. If "Querist" is right, and I should be sorry if my personal safety depended on the demonstration that he is utterly wrong, then all our loud anxiety about the danger threatening from commerce destroyers is mere childish night-terrors, and the money we have spent on cruisers is largely wasted. It is an odd result to arrive at, but I really do not see how we can help getting there.

SCHOOLBOYS AT THE FRONT.

Photo. Copyright. *Hepburn & Jeanes.*

THE CADETS OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN, SOUTH AFRICA.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Grahamstown, Natal, deserves well of the State. It is the nearest approach to an English public school in South Africa, and out of its cadet corps a Special Service Company was formed among the lads over sixteen years of age. When Kritzinger's commando made its way past Carlisle Bridge and down the Fish River, this company was called out for active service, and was on trench duty and other work for five days. It is not often that lads begin their experience of war at so early an age, but throughout the war a number of "Old Andreans" have served at the front, and many are still serving.

It is the same throughout South Africa—every colonial, young or old, with a spark of honour in him sides with the Mother Country. Probably we have never fully realised in this country the amount of apprehension felt by the loyalists of South Africa lest there should be any faltering by the British Government or nation. We have not, it is true, forgotten that disastrous recall of Frere, and the Majuba surrender; but, as a contemporary pointed out, our recollection of these events is not so poignantly bitter as theirs who were personally betrayed. It is therefore not easy for us to understand how much they required the "strengthening and encouraging effect" which has been caused by Lord Milner's reception, and by his speech. They have received a regular tonic, and "now regard the future with great hopefulness and confidence, being assured beyond a doubt that Lord Milner's guiding hand will still be at the helm."

When the historians of the war come to write of the few months that have elapsed since Lord Kitchener assumed the chief command, they will surely be in considerable difficulties. Probably no one but Lord Kitchener knows exactly what has happened. Sir Bindon Blood is now taking up the work where General French left it, and the whole of the great eastern triangle over which French's columns passed is to be swept again, the idea being to round up Botha's forces, so far as that can be done in so vast a country, but in any case to collect the live stock on which the enemy are still able to subsist. In all these movements colonials have played a prominent part and proved themselves to be "Englishmen."

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ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE "ECLIPSE," BOUND TO CHINA.

THE "DORIS," HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

AT Auckland, as at all the places visited by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in Australia, it is almost needless to say that Their Royal Highnesses have met with most enthusiastic tokens of devotion to the Throne. It deserves to be remembered at such a time that the New Zealanders were the first of the Colonists to come forward with the offer of help to the Mother Country during the war, and on the Cape Colony border, as in the Orange River Colony and in the Transvaal, most gallant service have they rendered to the Imperial cause. Brave soldiers and good men, all of them, they have shown us what Colonial Volunteers can do, and these pages have many a time borne witness to the strong military spirit that exists among New Zealanders. The material progress of the Colony since the year 1840, when the sovereignty of the country was ceded by the Maori chiefs, has been exceedingly rapid, and New Zealand is now one of the most prosperous and promising of our possessions. We had many a hard fight with the natives during our settlement of the islands, but now they are as loyal as the white men, and have been wishful to serve like them in the war. If ever we should be in a tight place there is fine military material in New Zealand to draw upon, and this visit of the Duke and Duchess to the Colony will give new strength to the bond that unites it to the rest of the Empire.

Photo. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

THE PETS OF THE "THETIS."

The "Thetis," which Commissioned for the Mediterranean and then Went to South Africa, has just Paid Off after a Long and Eventful Commission. She, it will be Remembered, is the Ship that Suspected the "Herzog" of Carrying Contraband of War. The Monkey to the Right is Known as Cronje, that to the Left as Jack, and the Latter Salutes when Ordered as if to the Manner Born.

OUR warfare in South Africa has latterly passed through phases that have been perfectly unintelligible to the ordinary mind. Confusion worse confounded has resulted from the various reports as to sweeping movements, cordons to be drawn round Botha or other leaders, and lines that were to restrict the occupying by the Boers of the places where at this season they would like to be, enumerations of animals and stores captured, tales of successes here, discomfiture there, casualty lists revealing engagements that have never been mentioned, sporadic outbursts of activity, incomprehensible silences, and other sphinx-like evidences of the concluding scenes of the war. Let us make up our minds that we shall have no Waterloo, and that South Africa will not add a chapter to the attractive volume of Creasy. It is the nature of guerrilla fighting to be unsatisfactory to the beholder and exasperating to those who take part in it. No doubt Lord Kitchener is taking excellent steps to beat out the smouldering elements of the fire, which has burst out from time to time with renewed vitality, but it would have been more gratifying if he had recorded the march of events that led up to the misfortune of Vlakfontein. But the mind of the country is made up, and the war will go on until the resistance is exhausted. There can be no doubt about that. We shall see the thing through. Might not the country, then, have been taken into fuller confidence? Silence has enabled our continental friends to circulate stories of disaster which have had a damaging effect abroad.

THE loyal Germans celebrate this week, with an enthusiasm which befits the occasion, the thirteenth anniversary of the accession of their Emperor to his throne. When Frederick III. died there were some misgivings in the minds of those who thought his successor a hot-headed young man, only too ready to break the idols of his fathers. But William II. has proved himself a statesman of clearer and deeper vision than some of the doubters, and has interpreted and guided national impulses and tendencies which were obscure or hidden before his

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time. When the history of his reign comes to be written, we shall read therein that the Kaiser has looked not only without, but within. He has had in his mind a *Weltpolitik*, but at the same time has sought the means of assuring it by securing stability at home. By discreet and kindly flattery he has helped to heal the open wound of France, and the cry for *la revanche* is now seldom heard. His recent decoration of General Bonnal and Colonel Gallet, and his toast to the French Army, have been the signal for many a "Hoch," for what the *Cologne Gazette* calls the burying of the hatchet. Friendly relations are also maintained with Russia, and the courtesies just exchanged with Queen Wilhelmina have been directed to strengthening the ties of kinship between the princely house of Nassau-Orange and the now imperial Hohenzollerns. Neither does the Kaiser neglect this country in his friendly endeavours, as is betokened by his recent decoration of several British officers. Peace, therefore, at home in Europe, and expansion along the lines of easiest resistance abroad, are the principles which have informed the policy of the reign of William II. The Germans now realise this, and honour their Emperor accordingly.

MANY have been the impeachments made in France against the military policy of General André, the Minister of War, but some things must be allowed to his credit. He will not give glory to the conquered, but with Brennus, the Gaul, cries out, "Væ victis!" and awards the laurel—"Gloria victoribus!" It is no doubt a sound guiding principle. How far he carries it into the work of military administration, French soldiers must say. Englishmen can, however, admire one class of work that goes on under General André's impulsion or support—that of the publication of the French military archives. In this country such work is done by private effort; in France, as in Germany, it is aided by the State. As now organised, the *Revue Militaire* has a valuable historical side, and the same is true of the *Revue Maritime*, which is at the present time publishing a translation of Mr. John Leyland's "Blockade of Brest," issued by the Navy Records Society. Then the military general staff, through the care of Captain de La Jonquière, has published a very valuable work on Napoleon's operations in Egypt, and on the way thither in 1798. It has just issued also the second volume of its selection of papers relating to projects for the invasion of England and Ireland, which abounds with interest. All this is historical work of very great value, broadly instructive, and exceedingly attractive. It is internationally beneficial also because it makes nations, which have stood in conditions of ancient rivalry, learn to respect one another for their zeal and national earnestness, even in matters that have been mutually hostile.

Photo. Copyright. *Newman.*

A HERTFORDSHIRE HERO WELCOMED HOME.

Major-General Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O., who has Won Such Laurels in South Africa, was Warmly Greeted on his Return by his Fellow-townsmen of Great Berkhamsted. Volunteers, Yeomanry, and the Members of the Local Hunts Played a Large Part in the Ceremony. The General Leaves Shortly for India to Fill the Post of Adjutant-General.

THERE has just been constituted at Brussels a society entitled "Le Mouvement Maritime," intended to educate the Belgian public in the importance of maritime questions. The organ of the society states that King Leopold warmly approves the purpose, and that manufacturers and merchants are interesting themselves in it everywhere. The interest of those outside is to be aroused, prejudices are to be overcome, and the nation is to be urged to make "an effort towards the unknown." It does not appear that this "unknown" includes any aspirations towards the elevation of Belgium into a Naval Power. The real object is to bring about the creation of a merchant marine, and a considerable list of ship-builders, merchants, bankers, officials, and others shows that the movement is strongly supported. Industries have everywhere increased, and colonising zeal is apparent, while the strength of Belgium is shown by the enterprise on the Congo, and China and other distant places offer new channels for commercial expansion. But the maritime industry has lagged behind the others, and now the time is ripe to effect a change New importance is to be given to Antwerp, and the banks of the Scheldt are to be covered with shipyards. Elsewhere there seem to be some doubts as to the future of the ship-building industry, but in Belgium confidence inspires the creators of "Le Mouvement Maritime."

IN building up a personality for Commodore Paul Jones, and a *milieu* in which his high deeds may exist, our American cousins—witness the recent biographies of Messrs. Buell and Brady—have lately borrowed largely from what Sir Walter Besant has ingeniously styled the "Book of the Things Forgotten." Thus does Mr. Brady describe the Bonhomme Richard going into action: "Forced laughter died away; coarse words remained unspoken; lips foreign to prayer found words of belated and broken petition," with much more to the same purpose. It might be appropriate to ask who recorded these circumstances. Then we have Captain Pearson, of the "Serapis," made to extol Paul Jones in imaginary evidence alleged to have been given at the court-martial: "To be perfectly clear in this case, I must inform the honourable court that, long before the close of the action, it became clearly apparent that the American ship was dominated by a commanding will of the most unalterable resolution, and there could be no doubt that the intention of her commander was, if he could not conquer, to sink alongside. And this desperate resolve of the American captain was fully shared and fiercely seconded by every one of his ship's company without respect of nationality. And, if the honourable court may be pleased to entertain an expression of opinion, I will venture to say that if French seamen can ever be induced by their own officers to fight in their own ships as Captain Jones appears to have induced them to fight in his American ship, the future burdens of His Majesty's Navy will be heavier than they have heretofore been." And yet there is not a trace of this evidence in the minutes, and it bears on its face the proof of its falsity!

THE use of the automobile for military purposes is more than ever a question of the day, and South Africa has set the seal on its value. Recently we gave a very interesting picture of General Brabant addressing the troops from a "Locomobile," the same type that ran from Land's End to John o' Groat's last winter without a mishap, and of which the London County Council, on the advice of Commander Wells, has had a four-seated vehicle built for the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Steam is likely long to hold its place, and in the Locomobile "Stanhope" it is very ingeniously applied, the petrol tank, boiler, engine, and water being contained in the body of the elegant carriage, which rests on springs secured to a running-gear of steel tubing, and the combustion causes no appreciable heat, while the steering and control are most easy. For military purposes, as for private use, it is most important to have durable construction, and we are informed that in the Locomobile everything is thoroughly tested. Vehicles of its class have proved their value by hard service in the field.

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THE LAST HONOURS TO A SEAMAN.

OF all the numerous functions and exercises in which a Bluejacket takes part during his Service career, there can be no question that the final one, in which his unconscious remains form the centre of interest, is relatively by far the most imposing.

Born, in most instances, in a humble sphere of life, and forming during his lifetime a very small unit in a crowd, he is taken to his last resting-place with considerable "pomp and circumstance," far in excess of what would be considered due in civil life; for the humblest individual in His Majesty's forces is held to be entitled to "Military honours" at his funeral, and no one surely would begrudge him this distinction. It frequently occurs, of necessity, that a sailor's funeral takes place in mid-ocean; but of this presently. Our illustrations depict some scenes at a Naval funeral on shore, and the manner of conducting this ceremony may first be described.

"ALL THAT WAS MORTAL."
Wreathed and draped in honour.

Immediately upon receiving the report of the man's death from the doctor, the captain orders the preparations to be proceeded with; the carpenters frequently make the coffin on board, sometimes working far through the night to complete it; and if the address of the man's relatives is known, they are, if not already on the spot, immediately communicated with. There is no unnecessary delay permitted, as it is not convenient or desirable that the body should remain long on board; a ship, even a large one, is, after all, a comparatively small and tolerably crowded habitation.

The last attentions to the dead are entrusted to his messmates, who also, in the absence of any relatives, form the chief mourners; and it may be said with truth that no more reverent or kindly administrants could be desired.

When the time arrives, the men are mustered on deck, and a guard of Bluejackets or Marines salutes the dead, standing afterwards with "reversed" arms as the coffin is carried to the gangway. Alongside, as many boats as are necessary for the funeral party are waiting, the men sitting in silence on the thwarts until the coffin appears, when they stand and uncover, the oars being held perpendicularly. The colours of all ships present are hoisted half-mast high, while each boat carries a lowered ensign on a staff. The gun-carriage is probably landed beforehand, and stands ready on the pier. As the little procession slowly passes, each ship in turn pays the last honours to the dead, the guard presenting arms.

The band and the men who are to drag the gun-carriage are landed first, and get quickly into their places; the bearers and mourners follow with the coffin, and the procession is formed. The juniors lead behind the coffin, and the officers in charge wear cocked hats, epaulettes, and swords.

When all is ready, the officer in command orders "Slow—march!" the drum gives the time with three slow strokes, and the band gives out the solemn strains of "The Dead March."

At the cemetery gates stands the chaplain of the ship; the procession is halted, and the coffin carried in, preceded by the firing party, with reversed arms. As the grave is reached, the ranks are divided, and then halted, turning inwards, the men standing with reversed arms, and heads drooped over the butts of their rifles, while the coffin passes between them; they are then formed up, facing the grave, and stand once more with reversed arms while the service is concluded and the coffin lowered.

Then, in the dead silence following the concluding words of the chaplain, comes the quiet but distinct word of command to the escort: "Present arms!" "With blank cartridge—Ready!" "Fire three volleys in the air—Present!" The three rattling salutes ring out, followed each time by a short, dirge-like strain from the bugle, and the ceremony is over. The procession is re-formed, seniors leading, and the party marches back to the pier to a lively air.

A funeral at sea is necessarily a very different scene in some respects, and even more impressive. Here no

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ON THE ROAD TO THE CEMETERY.
This Duty will now be always Reminiscent of an Incident at Windsor.

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coffin is required, only a hammock, in which the body is carefully sewn up by the sailmakers, shortly before the ceremony takes place, a couple of shot being securely attached at the feet. All hands are called on deck, and, according to immemorial usage, the ship's way is stopped; in the old days the main-topsail was backed, the ship being brought to the wind; now the engines are stopped a sufficient time beforehand. The escort lines the way from the hatchway to the gangway, and the body, placed on a grating or stretcher, and covered with the Union Jack, is carried slowly to the gangway, and laid down, feet outwards, on the brink, while the service is read, to an accompaniment of the wash of the sea alongside, a slight occasional rush of steam overhead, and a little shuffling of feet sometimes, if the ship happens to be rolling a bit.

As the chaplain pronounces the words "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the flag is silently withdrawn, the inner end of the grating is lifted, and the body slips off, plunging into the sea with a splash which is very distinctly heard throughout the ship, and poor Jack shoots swiftly down to his ocean grave. Then follows the last salute, as on shore, three volleys over the spot where the sea is perhaps yet whitened by the splash, and all is finished.

The men put their hats on, and are dismissed to their various duties, the captain makes a sign to the officer of the watch, the engine-room gong goes "Ting-tang," the helmsman grasps the wheel and glances at the compass, and in a few minutes the ship is churning along, and the unmarked spot on the ocean is left far astern.

As may well be imagined, a seaman's funeral, whether at sea or in port, occasionally takes place under circumstances which are by no means conducive to a solemn and dignified ceremonial. If it is blowing fresh, there may be considerable difficulty in placing the coffin in the boat alongside. It may even be necessary to hoist it out instead of carrying it down; and, indeed, this method is sometimes adopted, as the more convenient, in any case. Then, unless there be—as there almost invariably is nowadays—a steam pinnace available for towing, it may be a matter of difficulty and toil to reach the pier. These obstacles are, however, invariably surmounted in the end.

Though solemn enough in itself, a funeral has, like most other things in this world, occasionally a ludicrous side, as, for instance, when the escort has not been properly drilled, and a rear-rank man blows off his front-rank man's hat with the discharge of the blank cartridge.

An instructor was once exercising some thoughtless young officers, and formed them up as a funeral escort, standing with reversed arms, while he, representing the corpse, paced slowly between the ranks. On reaching the further flank, he remarked: "The 'eads is right, gentlemen, and the 'ands is right; but the heyes aint got that melan-cholly expression I should like to see!" Needless to say, his desire was not gratified upon that occasion.

THE CHAPLAIN MEETS THE PROCESSION.

The Firing Party of Marines Precedes the Coffin.

FROM THE GUN-CARRIAGE TO THE GRAVE.

Borne on the Shoulders of his Late Messmates.

Photos. Copyright. *Cribb.*

"NO MORE HE'LL HEAR THE TEMPEST ROARING."

Lowering the Coffin to its Last Resting-place.

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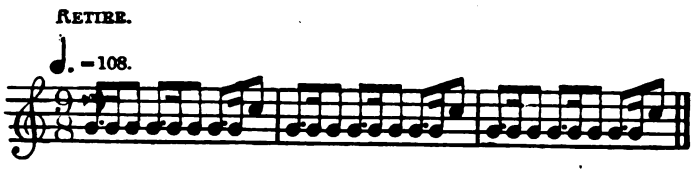
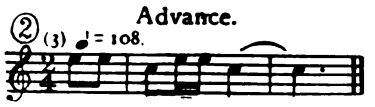
The Bugle Calls of the British Army.

By Herbert Pratt.

ONE of the earliest instances of Boer treachery during the war in South Africa was connected with the bugle, which plays no unimportant part on the field of battle. It will be remembered that on one occasion the enemy was hard pressed and likely soon to be overwhelmed, when a Boer bugler, at the command of his superior officer, sounded the British "Retire".



with the result that for the moment the attacking force ceased to make headway, and the repulse which seemed imminent was only averted by the praiseworthy action of one of our own buglers, who, realising what had happened, sounded the "Advance":

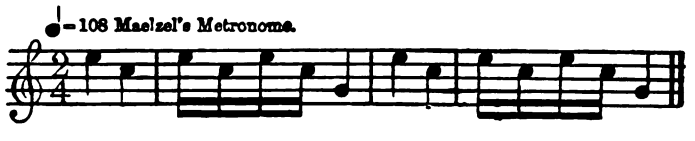


This and other incidents of a similar nature that will rise to mind, point to the fact that much depends upon the proper use of the bugle or trumpet as a means of signalling the wishes of the officer to his men. Upon either instrument an immense number of calls can be blown. To some of these numerous combinations this article will refer. Of all it is impossible to make mention, for nearly ninety thousand different combinations can be produced on the five notes of the bugle without a single repeat, whilst in actual use there are between three and four hundred variations, all of which must be mastered by the bugler, who must also learn to distinguish between each and to understand their particular significance.

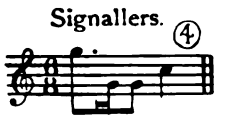
What the heliograph is to one body of troops separated from another the bugle is to the concentrated units of an army at work in the field, and a very reliable means of communication it is. It might seem from what has been said that there were possibilities of confusion from the numerous calls known to the bugler and to soldiers generally, but this is not so, as will be understood when it is explained that the majority of these are regimental calls belonging to individual corps, each of which has its own particular call, or calls, as the case may be, for many have more than one. The field calls are not many in number and are distinct. Before referring to them, a few words as to the instruments themselves may not be out of place. The cavalry horn—the trumpet—differs from the bugle, which is the infantry instrument and for general purposes, in its length and in its possession of a less conical tube and a more widespread bell. The bugle, which is made in the key of B flat, has five notes, viz., C, G, C, E, G, all open, that is, the notes are produced without the help of keys or slides or piston. Every order is made known by combinations of these notes, and the various calls are classified into three groups, regimental, camp and quarters, and field calls.

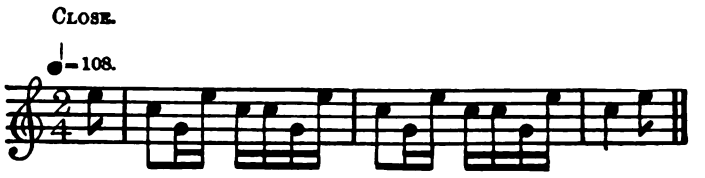
Proficiency on the part of the bugler or trumpeter is not arrived at in a single day, as anyone who has tried to blow one or other instrument will understand. You may place the bugle to your lips and produce nothing but a hideous noise, resembling nothing so much as a caterwauling cat, to the dismay and anger of your friends. And this sort of thing must be repeated constantly before even moderate success is arrived at. But every care is taken to ensure proper teaching in the Army, and regular rules are laid down by the authorities to assist instructors. Here are some of the Army regulations: "The position of a trumpeter or bugler at practice should be erect (as at 'Attention'), shoulders square, head well up, the instrument held with the right hand, nearly horizontal, the mouthpiece firmly held to the centre of the lips; but strong pressure is to be avoided. A strong and good *Embouchere* is thus obtained." It is also ordered that when seated for practice lounging or stooping is not to be allowed. But these laws make for the production of good buglers, and the clear and, to the soldier, unmistakable notes produced by the British bugler go to show the wisdom of these regulations.

Generally bugle calls are played in quick time. There are twenty-three field calls for dismounted corps, commencing with the "Extend":



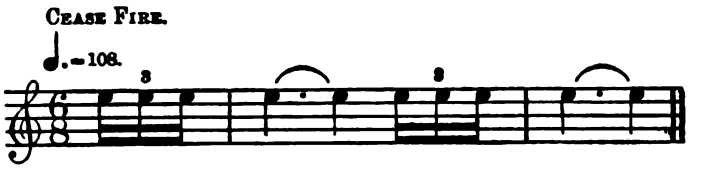
and ending with the call for "Signallers": Each call is prefaced by certain notes, to denote to which part of the line it refers. One "G" signifies the right, two "G's" the centre, three "G's" the left. That is to say, suppose the centre of the line is required to close up, the player will sound two "G's" before sounding the "Close":





If the right, a single "G" will preface the call.

In the light of the troubles in South Africa, and the fact that the public desires to learn all it can about what concerns the British Army in time of war, doubtless the most interesting calls are these field calls, and a few more infantry commands are given. The "Retire" and the "Advance" have been given, and here are the orders to "Fire" and "Cease Fire":

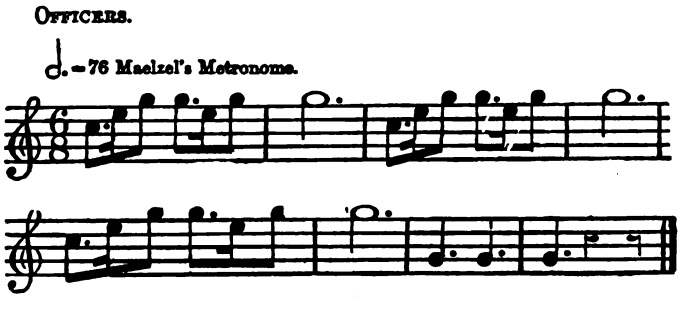


Mounted corps possess a series of field calls of their own, and these are more numerous and confusing than are the infantry calls, on account of the more varied movements of mounted troops. Here are given a series of cavalry calls as sounded on the bugle. On the trumpet the air differs slightly in some cases. The stirring "Charge" is as follows:

whilst the order to "Pursue":

is as eagerly carried out as the "Rally" is reluctantly obeyed:

On active service, equally with these field calls, there are camp calls. Special calls exist for different ranks, both in infantry and cavalry. If the officers of an infantry regiment are required, they are summoned by this call:



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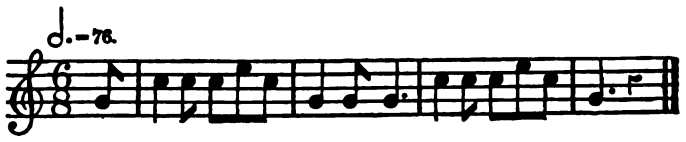
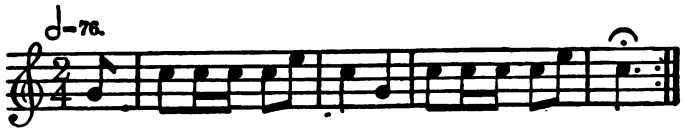
whilst if the sergeants are wanted, the call printed below brings them to quarters:

SERJEANTS.



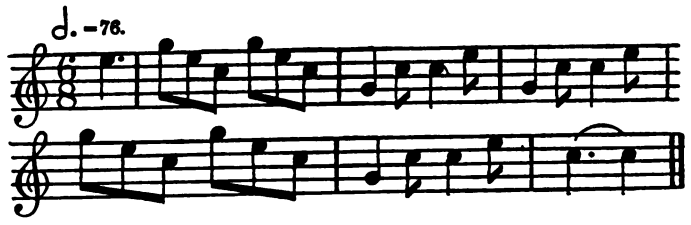
A statement, the truth of which cannot be denied, was once made by a general of great experience and world-known fame, to the effect that the British soldier could only fight on his stomach. By this he by no means meant that warfare must be waged in a recumbent position. The reference was to the great need there was and is for a good commissariat. It matters not to what nation he belongs, if the soldier is to fight well he must be well fed. It is therefore only to be expected that the most popular calls with Tommy Atkins are those which summon him to meals, and all manner of amusing sentences are applied to the various calls, of which, perhaps, the one best known to the general public is "Come to the cook-house door, boys; come to the cook-house door." The summonses to the midday meal are "Men's Dinner," 1st call:

MEN'S DINNER (1st Call).



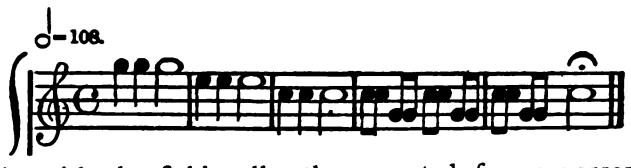
and "Men's Dinner," 2nd call:

MEN'S DINNER (2nd Call).



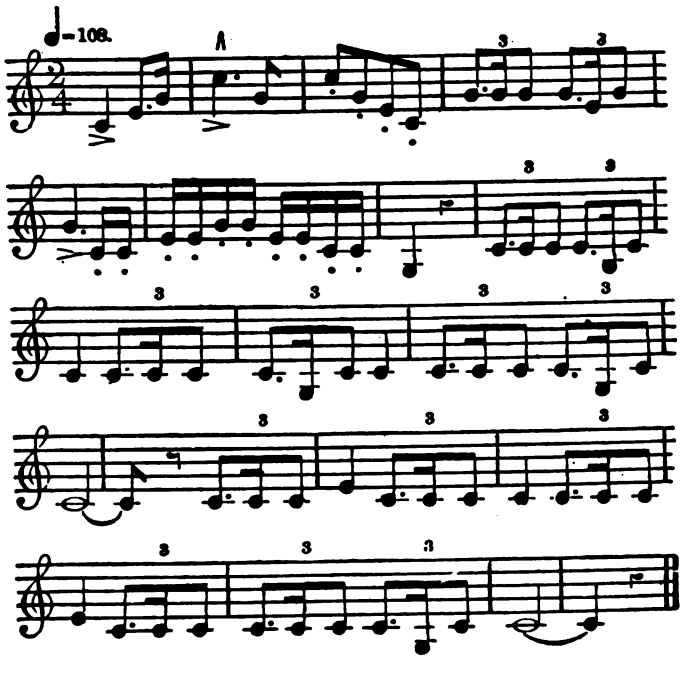
A call that always causes excitement whenever it is heard, and that, fortunately, is seldom, is the "Fire Alarm":

FIRE ALARM.

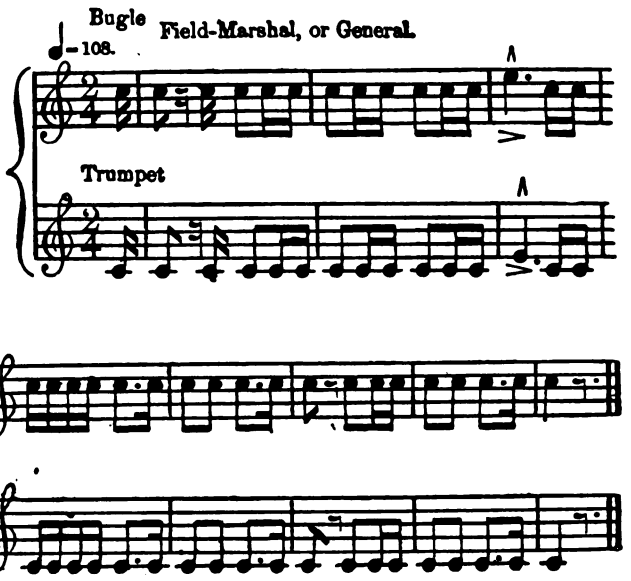


As with the field calls, the mounted forces possess a different series of sounds from the infantry for their camp and quarter calls. Here is one that is famous, "Boot and Saddle":

BOOT AND SADDLE.

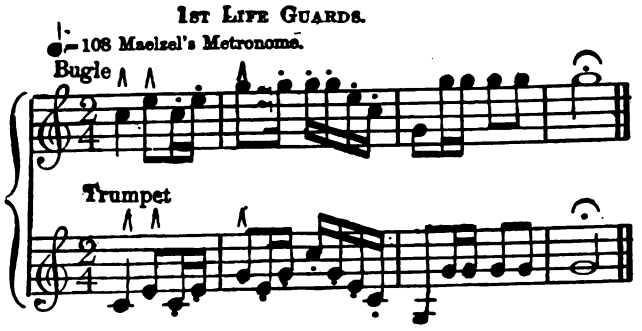


Amongst the cavalry calls are the salutes that are paid to Royalty and officers of high rank. Lord Roberts, whose name is on every Englishman's lips, and whose praises are sung throughout the land, as a Field-Marshal, is saluted with the following:



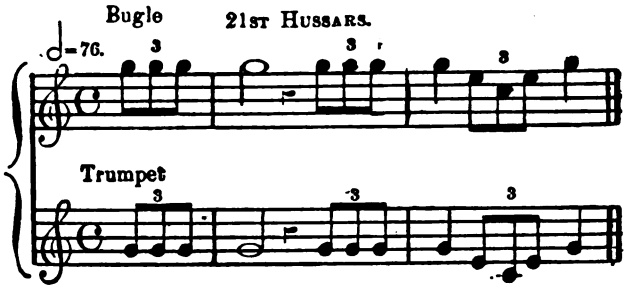
The remaining series of calls to which reference should be made is the largest, as already indicated. In point of order regimental calls come first, for before a command is given out either on the bugle or trumpet, and whether in camp or field, the special regimental call is first sounded by each bugler, and when attention is gained the particular command is played. These calls commence with those of the 1st Life Guards:

1ST LIFE GUARDS.

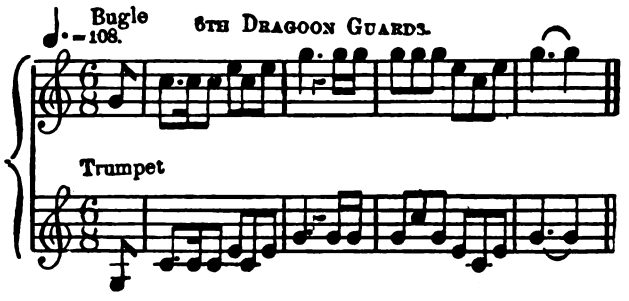


and end with the one which summons the Ordnance Store Corps. Many of them are by no means unmusical, and from numbers of them the actual name of the regiment can be distinguished. The forms and gorgeous uniform of the trumpeters of the Household Cavalry are known to most people, for they are often seen publicly throughout the year. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the cost of the elaborate outfit of the Life Guards' trumpeters reaches the respectable total of £120. As a rule these favoured individuals have family associations with the regiments to which they belong. In any case they are envied by others who belong to regiments lower down the list.

The great temptation that presents itself when considering cavalry calls is to refer to the many historic charges that have been made, so to speak, under the inspiration of the sounding bugle or trumpet. Here is the call which is music in the ears of the 21st Hussars, now made Lancers, the heroes of that wonderful charge at Omdurman:



The call of the 6th Dragoon Guards, the ever popular Carabiniers, is:



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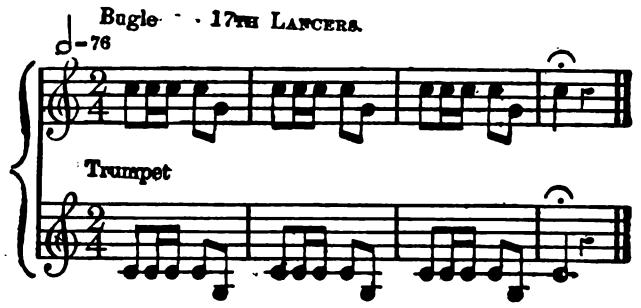
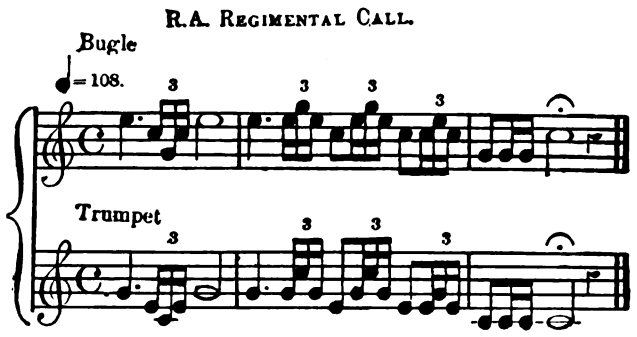
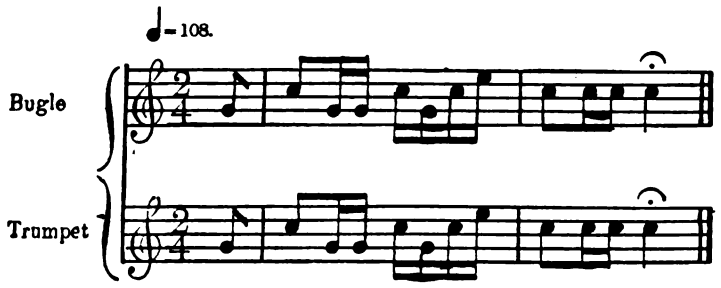
whilst that of the 17th Lancers, the "Death or Glory Boys," is:



The call of the Royal Artillery is:

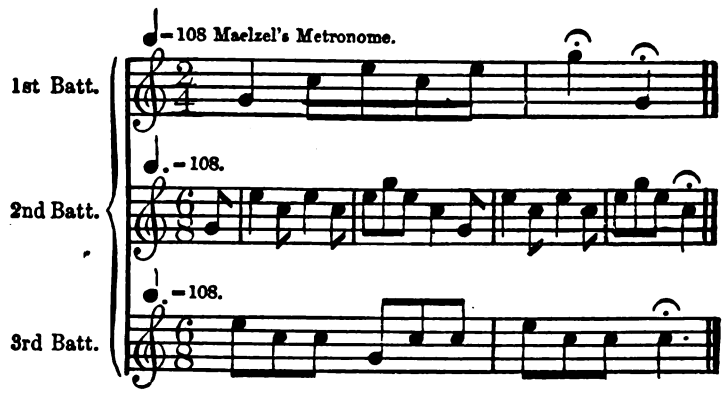


whilst that of the Mounted Batteries is:



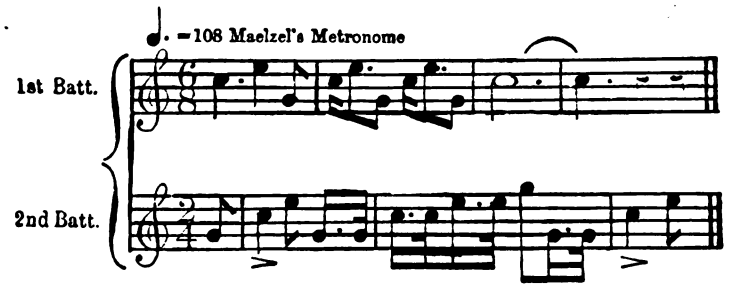
But our cavalry cannot lay claim to all the inspiring calls possessed by the British Army. Many stories have been told of daring deeds wrought under the soul-stirring influence of the bugle by our infantry, and many more might be mentioned; but here the exigences of space make it only possible to refer to a few infantry calls. From their number, and the fact that in many line regiments there is a different call for each battalion, these bugle sounds are somewhat bewildering to the outsider. In some regiments, however, except when the battalions happen to be stationed together, the same call is used, and the only difference when they are together is that the call is prefixed with a long "G." The airs of the three battalions of the Grenadier Guards are quite different from each other. They are:

GRENADIER.



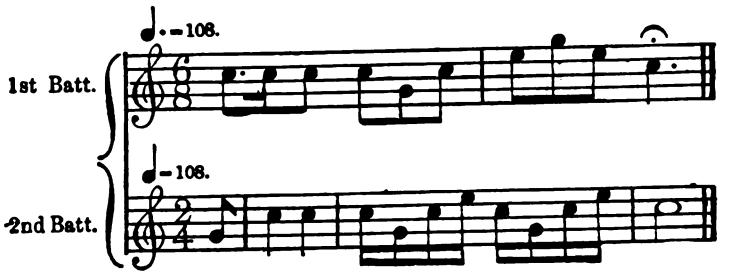
The first regiment of the line, the Royal Scots, which claims to be the oldest regiment in the world, also possesses calls for each of its battalions. They are:

ROYAL SCOTS



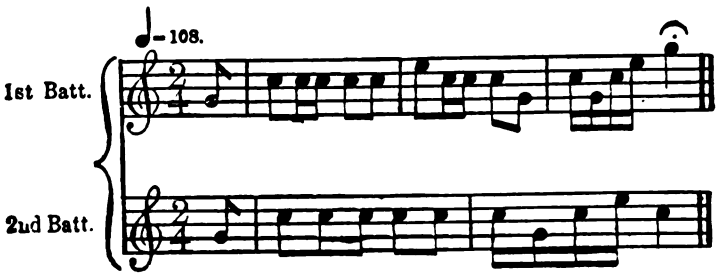
The calls of the two battalions of the famous "Fighting Fifth," the Northumberland Fusiliers, are:

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.



Every Britisher has rejoiced in the well-deserved honours that have been bestowed upon our Irish regiments, and it is only fitting that the calls of their senior line regiment, the Royal Irish, should be given. They are:

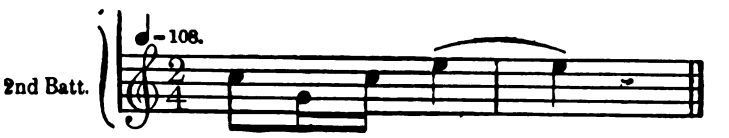
ROYAL IRISH.



The airs of the two battalions of the Welsh Regiment, like those already mentioned, are different from each other. That of the 1st Battalion is:

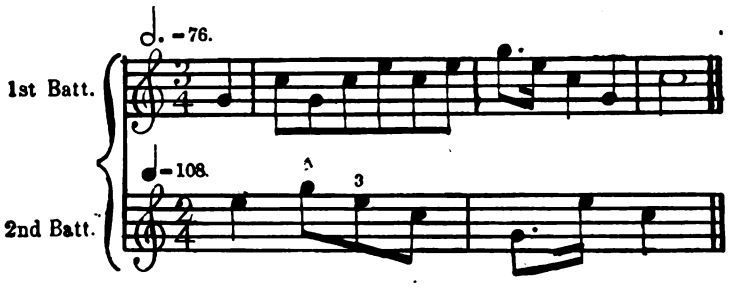
WELSH.

whilst that of the 2nd Battalion is more simple. It is:



The calls of the two battalions of the Gordon Highlanders are:

GORDON HIGHLANDERS.



With these, space considerations compel the closing of this list of calls. Like many other accomplishments, it seems to be a simple matter, when one hears the bugle sounding, to roll off in tuneful precision the different calls, but it is by no means so easy as it seems. In the first place an adaptable mouth is required, and everyone does not possess just the right kind of lips to perform well. The longer calls tax the young bugler severely, and sometimes his face assumes a purple hue and is painfully contorted in his efforts to get through his task. At times the skilled bugler's lips will go wrong, and in place of the clear and unmistakable sounds usually sent forth he produces notes that are fearfully and wonderfully made, and which excite the derision of his comrades and the wrath of his superiors. An historical and amusing explanation is always given on such occasions. The bugler offers the traditional excuse, first made by a brother of bygone days, that a beetle has somehow found its way into his instrument. But of the bugler's value there can be no question. Required at all hours, under all conditions, he is an indispensable member of Her Majesty's Army.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

A TRIP TO BAGDAD (*Continued from No. 226*).

At a village called Koot we stopped for a few hours to lay in provisions, and purchased some fine sheep with heavy brown fleeces for four rupees each. The natives were an insolent and repulsive-looking lot, so we did not land. This part of the country is well adapted for raising stock, and we noticed herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats on the pastures, attended by Bedouins, who shift their quarters as required. One evening we landed for our usual stroll with our guns, arranging a rendezvous where we should join the "Comet" further up the river; we had fair sport among the francolins, and were approaching the ship about dusk, when we were astonished by a terrific fusillade, and, fearing the Bedouins had attacked the ship, we hurried on. A shower of rifle bullets greeted our approach, and presently two wild boars rushed up the bank and disappeared in the scrub. It seems that these boars were swimming the river, when those on board the "Comet" opened fire on them, and, being unaware of our proximity, continued firing as the pigs ran up the bank on a level with our heads. The next morning we landed for shooting, and again in the evening, bagging several brace of francolins and an enormous pig, but as our men were Mahomedans and would not touch pork, it had to be left to the jackals. The francolins resemble the black partridge of India, but are much finer birds, and excellent eating. On returning to the ship after dark, having misjudged the distance and lost our way, we found that the ladies, escorted by the captain of the "Comet," had gone off to visit the ruins of Ctesiphan, a very interesting relic, said to be the old palace of Darius, and possessing the largest arch in the world. The ruins, which are plainly visible from the deck of a ship, are in a good state of preservation. The next morning we arrived at Bagdad and anchored off the Residency. Bagdad is 600 miles by water from Bussorah, but very much less as the crow flies.

A GUPPAH.
The boat used on the Tigris.

The first view of the city as one comes round the bend of the river is lovely, the morning sun lighting up the golden domes and minarets of the mosques. The Residency and European houses are on the east bank, and a bridge of boats, along which a stream of people, camels, horses, sheep, and goats are constantly passing, connects this part of the city with the western suburb.

Colonel Mockler most kindly placed his house at our disposal, and, as he was away from home, deputed Dr. Baker to entertain us, which he did most handsomely, showing us all the sights of the place during our limited stay. Like most Eastern cities, Bagdad is disappointing. The narrow, filthy streets, infested with beggars and dogs, are not inviting, smallpox is prevalent, and every other person seemed to be suffering from the scourge. The bazaars are well worth a visit, for beautiful silks, tapestries, and embroideries in gold and silver can be purchased at a reasonable price; but it is necessary to take a guide, and if there are ladies in the party they should be veiled, to prevent being insulted. At the time of our visit (March) the climate is delightful; the mornings and evenings are quite fresh, and a ride in the country is most enjoyable, the desert at this season being carpeted with wild flowers, over which our horses, of pure Arab breed, galloped at the top of their speed with evident delight. Good duck shooting is to be had within easy drive of the city, but the ducks were not at home on the only day we were able to devote to them.

About six miles out from the city is the mosque of Kadhimain, the domes of which are covered with pure gold, and the minarets beautifully enamelled in green, blue, and gold. It is a lovely object, and is guarded with great care; no European is allowed inside the mosque, and I was given a guard of soldiers to protect me whilst sketching it.

The ruins of Babylon are about sixty miles from Bagdad, but we had no time to visit them, and by all accounts did not lose much. Many ancient tombs are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, also the Tower of Babel, or what remains of it. The whole country bears evidence of having been at one time thickly inhabited, and signs of ancient grandeur are everywhere visible, especially along the rivers' banks, where are many ruins of temples and tombs, now in the last stage of decay and desolation.

The climate of Bagdad is said to be healthy, but in summer the heat is very great, and the Europeans live under ground in cellars, with wet "tatties" across the doors, and sleep on the flat roofs of their houses. This does not sound cheerful, and, to make matters worse, there is a very disagreeable complaint prevalent, called a "date mark"—or kind of boil—which attacks new comers, regardless of age or sex. It is said to be due to drinking impure water, and is common in Aleppo and other Eastern cities.

A very curious conveyance is used for crossing the river, called a guppah, made of wickerwork covered with hide and coated with tar; it is perfectly round, like a Welsh coracle. A large one will hold a dozen men and a horse, and two men propel it with paddles working on opposite sides. The local trade is carried on in "buggaloes." These vessels are built at Bahrein, and are handsome craft with fine lines, and sail well. After four days' pleasant stay at Bagdad, we re-embarked in the "Comet" and commenced the return journey, and, having a strong current with us, we made twelve knots an hour over the ground, so there was no time for shooting.

We stopped at Gurna, and landed to inspect the Garden of Eden, which may be described as a fraud. There is nothing to see, but there is very good snipe shooting at the back of the village marking the site. The next morning we reached Bussorah, and transferred ourselves to the "Lawrence," which had been waiting for us, and in her returned to Karachi.

THE GOLDEN MOSQUE NEAR BAGDAD.
The Domes are Covered with Sheets of Gold, and the Minarets Decorated with Green and Blue Enamel.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 16, *April* 13, *May* 18, *and June* 1.]

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NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"UPPINGHAM."—Under the necessities of the modern art of warfare the special uses to which certain foot regiments were originally put have been almost forgotten. The first regiment to be equipped as Fusiliers was the City of London (7th Foot). The Royal Scots Fusiliers (21st), though an older regiment, was not originally raised as a Fusilier regiment. The 7th Foot had formerly one company of "miners," who carried long carbines and hammer hatchets. Fusilier regiments were originally intended for the special protection of Artillery, the men in charge of the guns being at that time artificers and civilians. The grenade is still worn by Fusiliers in memory of this ancient service. Formerly Fusiliers had no colours, hence they had no officers termed ensigns. Subaltern officers of Fusilier regiments were called first and second lieutenants, instead of lieutenants and ensigns.

* * * *

"DANES ALL."—Yes: a correspondent tells me that a great number of Danes and Swedes are serving in our mercantile fleets, and that the P. & O. and Orient Steamship Companies employ many in the responsible positions of quartermasters, carpenters, and sail-makers in their ocean-going boats. The seafaring Danes are essentially brave men. After the battle of Copenhagen, Lord Nelson was loud in his praises of their courage. At a reception held by the Crown Prince on shore, Nelson particularly desired to be introduced to a young officer who, in a small raft, had boldly rowed up to Nelson's ship and fired cannon into her, and remained doing so until 20 out of the 24 men forming the crew were killed. This officer continued fighting his guns, although his comrades were lying knee-deep in heaps round him. Nelson, in the presence of the Crown Prince and the officers of both nations, embraced the young officer, and, turning to the Crown Prince, remarked that he ought to promote the young hero to an admiral, to which the Crown Prince replied, "My lord, if I were to promote all my brave men to admirals, I should have no captains and lieutenants left!" Our beloved Queen Alexandra will be sure to strengthen, as far as lies in her power, the mutual admiration and natural respect which one brave maritime nation has for another.

THE RUINS OF CTESIPHAN.

On the Tigris River near Bagdad.

* * * *

"W. R. B. D."—The colour party of a battalion is formed as an independent party. The two colours are each carried by an officer, usually the two junior lieutenants. The King's Colour is carried on the right and the Regimental Colour on the left, with a sergeant between them, and two non-commissioned officers with a sergeant between them form the rear rank. The officer carrying the King's Colour commands the party. Both the officers during a salute take post in line with the company officers, their vacant places in the front rank being occupied until their return by the non-commissioned officers in the rear rank of the colour party. During a general salute both the King's and Regimental Colours fly unfurled. During the actual inspection, however, they are held steady, gathered in the right hand. Regimental Colours are lowered during a salute to a field-marshal (except when a member of the Royal Family is present), but standards, guidons, and King's Colours are only lowered to Royal personages and viceroys. During a march past the colours are not cast loose or lowered on the saluting base.

* * * *

"L. S. D."—The estimated cost for the "Implacable," to be commissioned in August, has been placed at £1,002,909, but probably this sum will be exceeded. The "Formidable" was originally estimated at £997,201. The cost of the "Majestic" to build was £910,632, and that of the "Magnificent" £912,291. The "Royal Sovereign" cost £824,583, and the "Renown," the present flag-ship in the Mediterranean, £696,425. Our first two ironclads, the "Warrior" and the "Black Prince," cost £377,373 and £373,899 respectively. The last of the old line of wooden battle-ships we built cost, in round figures, the "Duke of Wellington" £170,000, and the "Agamemnon" £144,000. The first big man-of-war launched in Queen Victoria's reign, the "Queen," of 1839, cost £100,000 to build. The "Victory" cost £64,000. But these figures do not cover the total expenditure in any case; they are useful for purposes of comparison, and that is all.

* * * *

"HUSSAR" (Aldershot).—In the Austrian Army the Hussars are composed of Hungarians; the word itself signifies the twentieth man, for in former days one man in twenty was taken for the cavalry, and the Hussar uniform is, in fact, the national costume of the Hungarians. The extra finery of the Hussar is for a purpose, and every article has its use. The sabretache is a pocket, as the Hungarian is supposed to have no stowage-room in his tight-fitting dress; the chains on the shako are extra curb-chains; the cord is made strong enough for many purposes; and the sling-jacket, called in Hungarian *churefe*, is the winter coat, and for the privates is lined with sheepskin. In view of the War Office proposal to give our crack regiments uniforms (for the officers) at cost price, it may be of interest to state that, formerly (and we believe at the present day), the officers in the Austrian Hussars obtained their uniforms from the regimental tailor at a most reasonable charge, a supply of every article being kept at the regimental staff, and furnished to the officer at cost price. By constantly working for military men, and for them only, the regimental tailors acquire a military cut, which, for style and ease, is of the very best. The Austrian Hussars and Jagers are brothers in arms. In fact, excepting that one is mounted and the other is on foot, they have very much the same kind of duty to perform. The Hussars, in action, are supposed to assist the Jager, and the right stirrup of the Hussar belongs to the Jager, who winds his left arm round leg and stirrup, and is carried off by the Hussar as fast as the horse can go under the double burden.

* * * *

"RUSE DE GUERRE" (Britannia's Bulwarks).—In 1801 Captain Lord Cochrane, in his armed brig "Speedy," with a crew of, all told, fifty-four only, boarded and captured the Spanish Xebec "Gamo," carrying thirty-two guns and a complement of 319 men. Before the boarding could be effected the "Speedy" had been 45-min. under the overwhelming fire from the Spanish guns. Leaving only three men on board the "Speedy" (one of whom, the surgeon, took the helm) to look after the ship and his killed and wounded, Lord Cochrane boarded the enemy with forty men. The conflict in the waist of the Spanish ship was most critical. The Spaniards outnumbered the gallant boarders by more than seven to one, and they gradually forced the English back. Seeing this, Lord Cochrane went to the side of the ship, and, hailing the "Speedy," called out to her to send fifty more men on board. The Spaniards, who had had about enough of English cutlasses, hearing this order for a further reinforcement of fifty more men, gave in and surrendered their ship. For many a long day afterwards in the British Navy a favourite fo'cas'le toast at "grog" time used to be, "Fifty more men, please! Sharp!" so immensely tickled and pleased were the seamen on hearing of the exploit.

* * * *

"DUNEDIN."—There can be no question as to which is the oldest Highland regiment in the British Army. The honour belongs to the 1st Battalion Black Watch (Royal Highlanders). This famous regiment was raised from six independent companies of Highlanders, between 1725 and 1729. The name "Black Watch," which the regiment has always borne, is derived from the black, blue, and green tartan worn by the regiment. The "Royal" distinction was added to its title in 1758, and the red hackle worn in the bonnet was given to the regiment for its distinguished conduct at the battle of Guildermalsen in 1795. The best histories of the regiment are: "Historical Records of the 42nd or Royal Highland Regiment of Foot, 1729-1844." London: Parker, 1845; and "Chronology and Book of Doings of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, The Black Watch, 1729-1874." Edinburgh: Elgin and Son, 1874. There is, too, a capital book by Archibald Forbes, "The Black Watch, the Record of an Historic Regiment." Cassell, 1896. The old 73rd (Perthshire) Foot was linked to the 42nd as a second battalion of the Black Watch in 1881.

* * * *

"H. R." ("Gladiator").—None of the works of the late Admiral Jurien de la Gravière appear to have been translated into English. There is a book entitled "Sketches of the Last Naval War" from the French, by Captain Plunkett, published in 1848 in two volumes, which embodies much of the first edition of the "Guerres Maritimes," but it is not accessible, and would not be of much advantage to you. The "Guerres Maritimes" has gone through six editions, the last published in 1883, and being a great enlargement of the original. "Les Gloires Maritimes de la France" is another important work, of which there is no English rendering, and the same applies to all Admiral Jurien's most interesting historical monographs—"Les Campagnes d'Alexandre," "Les Chevaliers des Malte," "Les Corsaires Barbaresques," "Doria et Barbebrousse," "La Guerre de Chypre," "Les Derniers Jours de la Marine à Rames," and several more. You also ask for a sound work on Naval strategy and tactics. Probably no book exists that will exactly answer your needs. Admiral Colomb's "Naval Warfare" is, of course, a valuable treatise on historical strategy. You might consult Professor Laughton's "Essay on Naval Tactics," 1885. Bainbridge Hoff's book on "Elementary Naval Tactics" is good, but is now getting antiquated. Two books have been published officially in America—"Examples, Conclusions, and Maxims of Modern Naval Tactics," and Wainwright on "Tactical Problems in Naval Warfare" (Naval Institute). You will be well advised to read Captain Bacon's contributions to recent volumes of the "Naval Annual."

THE EDITOR.

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HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP "MINOTAUR."

A UNIT OF THE NAVY OF YESTERDAY.

THERE is an undeniable appearance of power about the "Majestics" and "Formidables" that constitute our fighting fleets of to-day, but we lost something of beauty when sails gave way to steam and the delicate tracery of masts and yards and taut cordage was replaced by the military masts with their armoured towers. Look, for example, at the graceful tapering spars of the "Minotaur" in our picture. The fighting value of the ship is a thing of the past, but the beauty remains. The "Minotaur" was one of our early ironclads. Built at Blackwall, and launched in 1867, she came not long after the "Warrior" and "Black Prince," and was the outcome of a desire for more complete armour protection than was given to those vessels.

AT the present time, like her sister ship, the "Agincourt," she is taking part in the training of boys for the Navy, and is officially regarded as being a tender to the "Boscawen" at Portland. The two ironclads are so roomy that they are admirably adapted for the purpose to which they are devoted. It will be noticed that the "Minotaur" has five masts. In this she resembles the "Agincourt" and the "Northumberland," vessels of the same type. There have been few ships in our Navy which were fitted with more than three masts. The object, of course, was to make the work of the crew a little lighter when under sail, for the "Minotaur," with a displacement of 10,690 tons, was a big ship for her day. Our photo. is by Messrs. Symonds of Portsmouth.

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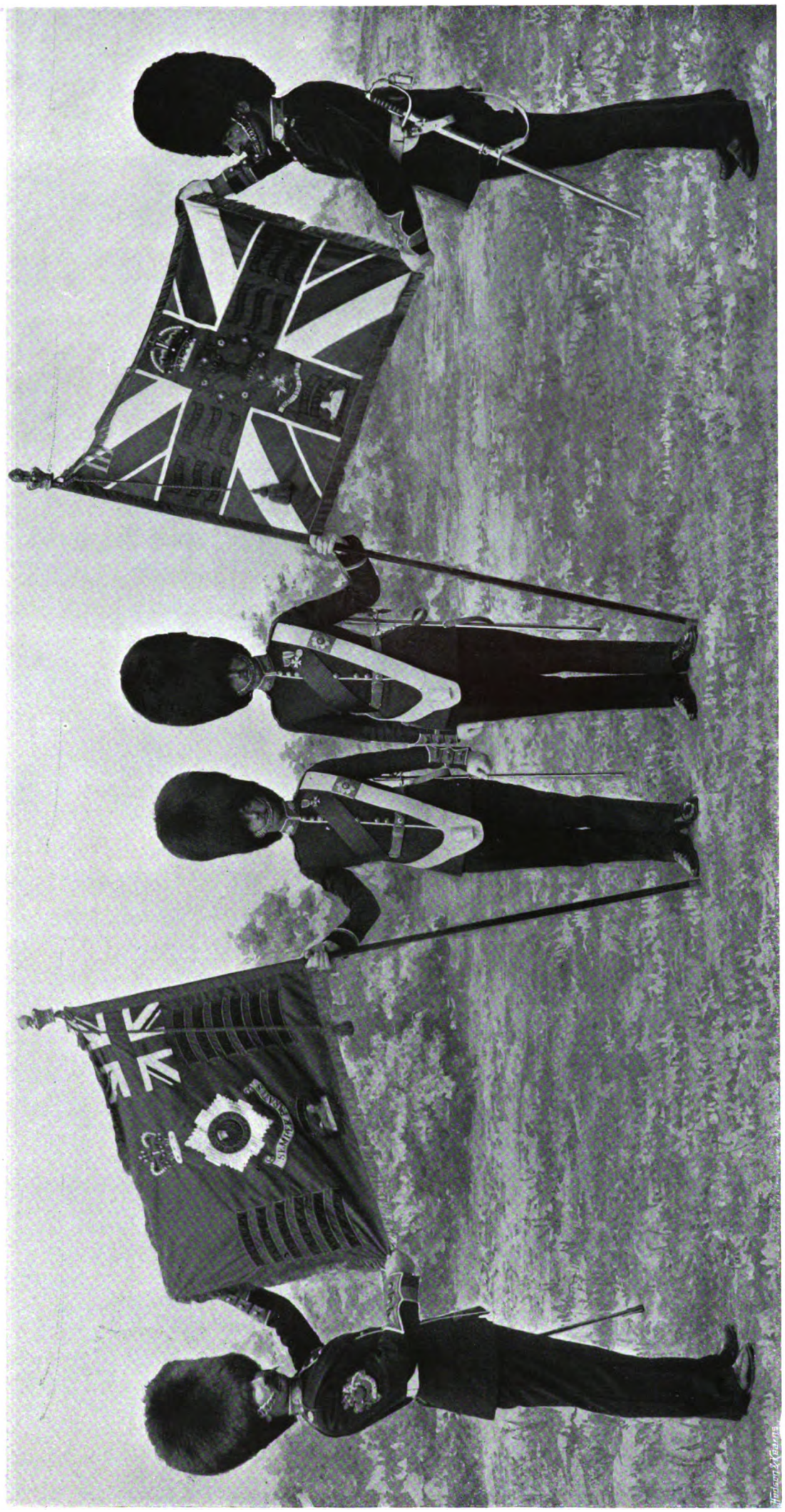

Photo. Copyright. *Ball.*

Sergeant-Major I. C. Mant. *Lieutenant H. C. Elkes, M.V.O.* *Lieutenant A. E. S. Clarke, M.V.O.* *Drill-Sergeant D. Murray.*

THE NEW COLOURS OF THE 3RD SCOTS GUARDS.

It was an instance of the King's usual tact and appreciation of national sentiment when he fixed May 24—Victoria Day—for the presentation of colours to the 3rd Scots Guards. The scene on the Horse Guards' Parade was a brilliant and a memorable one. It was the first important military function in which the King took part since his accession, and it was also the first occasion on which the reigning Sovereign has presented colours to any battalion of the Guards. The 3rd Battalion of the Scots Guards was formed on December 1, 1899, and only two months ago it sent out 200 men to South Africa.

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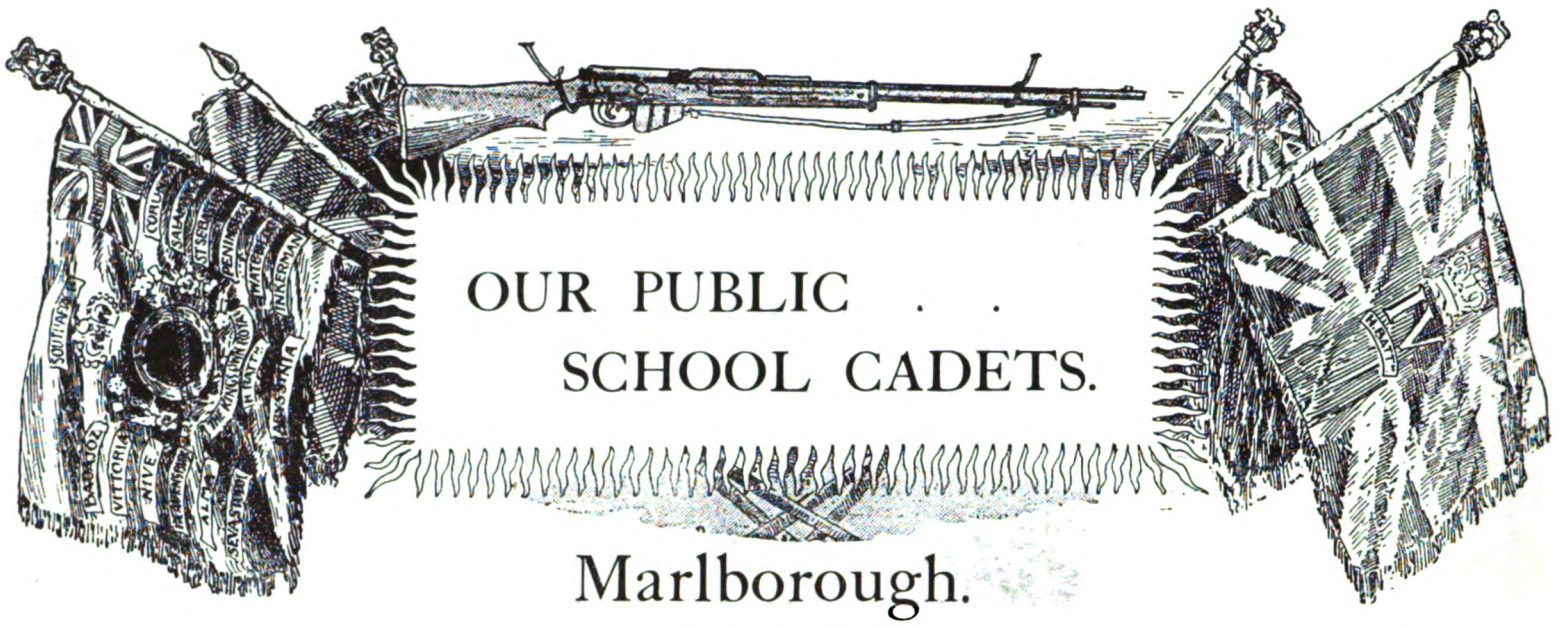

Marlborough.

By Callum Beg.

MARLBOROUGH has always supplied our Army with its fair proportion of officers, and it was therefore only natural that such a school, with its military associations, should have joined in the Volunteer movement of 1859. The principal promoters of the school corps were Mr. Glennie and Mr. Butterworth, both of whom threw themselves heart and soul into their new labours. The former had, during the holidays, caught something of the military spirit from the then newly-formed Artists' Corps, with which he had become associated, and his help was therefore not only valuable, but thoroughly appreciated by all concerned. The master, the Rev. G. G. Bradley, now Dean of Westminster, was a strong supporter of the project, and himself frequently accompanied the boys to the range and fired with them. The corps first took shape with a strength of two companies, under Captains Butterworth and North, who had respectively as subalterns Lieutenants Glennie and Kitson. Glennie had, not unnaturally, a leaning towards the uniform of the Artists, and the Marlborough cadets were accordingly dressed in a similar kit.

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry, Brighton

SOME OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Lieutenant J. F. L. Hardy. Second Lieutenant A. H. Savage. Captain A. S. Eve. Second Lieutenant A. H. Wall.

In the "History of Marlborough College" we read that the uniform was chosen on strictly economical lines, so as to be available alike for service in the ranks and "for use afterwards, when the braid had been taken off, either in the playing fields or elsewhere."

It was some time before the ranks were properly equipped, but eventually the master succeeded in securing a grant of old police rifles. These were all that was required for drill purposes. The officers, however, were anxious to have their commands exercised in musketry, but, for a time, the funds of the corps were not in a sufficiently flourishing state to admit of rifles being purchased. Eventually a fund was formed, by subscription, to provide the corps with a means of learning how to shoot, and to this fund a generous donor gave a sum of £50. This munificent gift placed the corps on a

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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Lance-Corpl. H. M. Butterworth. Lance-Corpl. B. G. White. Corpl. C. C. Foss.
Lance-Corpl. F. A. J. Macfarlane. Lance-Corpl. W. W. Leeke. Lance-Corpl. F. B. Vaux. Lance-Corpl. J. Dane.
Corpl. C. D. Williams. Lance-Corpl H. E. B. Daniell. Lance-Corpl. H. L. Wynne. Lance-Corpl. E. G. P. Adams.
Lance-Corpl. R. H. Wade-Gery. Corpl. Giffard. Lance-Corpl. E. C. Kenny. Corpl. C. M. Durrant
Corpl. F. B. Malim. Lance-Corpl. H. T. Foyster. Lance-Corpl. C. Leeke. Corpl. H. Carver. Corpl. Giffard.
Sergt. D. G. Ells. Corpl. L. F. Millet. Corpl. A. J. Forster. Corpl. E. H. Field. Corpl. A. W. Purser. Lance-Corpl. E. Carr. Corpl. C. W Lamarque. Sergt. W. H. Campbell.
Sergt. H. B. Vernon. Sergt. R. F. Hall. Sergt. C. E. Eagles. Col.-Sergt.-Instr. F. Holland. Sergt. E. Darwin. Sergt. R. R. C. Baggallay. Sergt. L. E. Gillett.

comparatively sound financial basis, and the result was the advent at Marlborough of some "short Hay" rifles, principally renowned for the terrific "kick" which they gave to the firer.

Having looked to the equipment of the rank and file, the officers now turned their attention to their own armament, and ere long all were in possession of swords.

In this connection an interesting anecdote is related in the history of the College from which we have already quoted.

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DRUMMERS AND FIFERS.

The Band of the Marlborough College Cadets.

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It is said that one of the matrons, not being able to join the ranks, but yet willing to assist in the arming of the cadets, produced from "the storehouse of her treasures" the sword worn by her late husband, who had served in the Honourable Artillery Company when George IV. was King. "Restored, re-embellished, and re-adorned," write the three historians of the College in collaboration, "this antique weapon soon dangled on parade by the side of Lieutenant Glennie, to whom the good dame presented it."

In its infancy the corps had as drill instructor one Davis, a recruiting sergeant of the Grenadier Guards, who, so he said, was present at Waterloo. This veteran was wont to harangue the cadets, taking for his subject the ever-famous battle, and it is related that on one occasion he formed the cadets in square, to illustrate how his regiment stood on the field "for eight mortal hours." Another landmark in the history of the corps was also a Waterloo veteran, Slade by name. His duty it was to act as marker at the butts, and he performed this office crowned by a tall hat. This billet was evidently a dangerous one, for on one occasion at least a shot from a recruit's rifle passed through his hat.

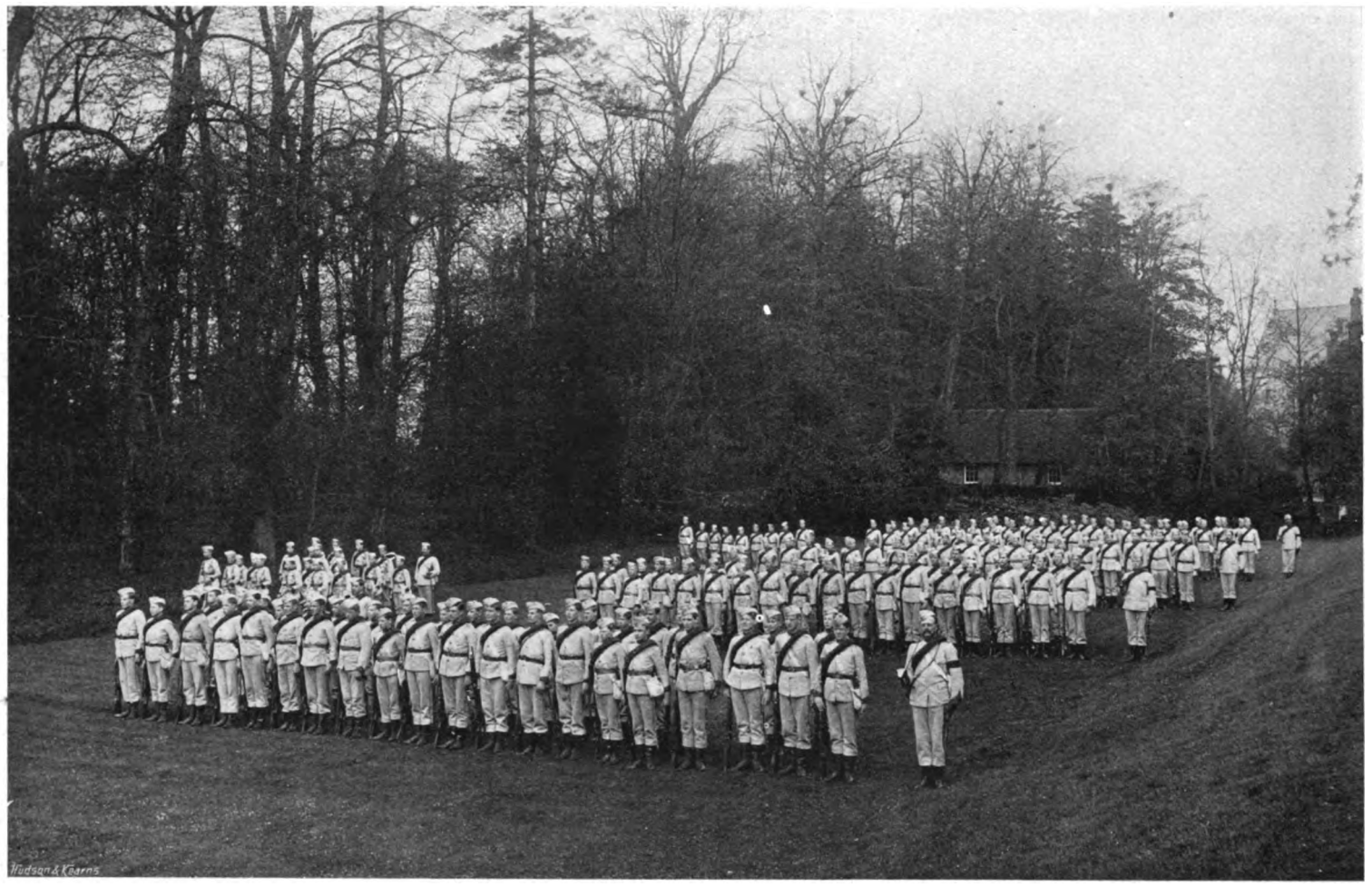
One of the earliest duties performed by the corps was the keeping of the ground when the Wiltshire Yeomanry, then under the Marquess of Ailesbury, were reviewed on the Common in 1861. The Marquess afterwards treated the boys to a lunch, at which he complimented them upon the way in which they had performed their duties. It was not until some nine years later that the cadets were officially recognised as a corps and attached to the 2nd Wilts. Mr. Bull, who had all along taken a keen interest in the musketry of this corps, was appointed first honorary captain, having been through a course at Hythe, and being, from the official standpoint, properly qualified. The "short Hay" rifles to which we have already alluded were not found altogether suitable for use by boys, but they did duty until 1867, when another subscription was started for the purpose of providing the cadets with a number of Navy muzzle-loading rifles. These continued in use until 1872, when the authorities supplied the corps with Sniders. They, in turn, were replaced by Martini-Henry rifles in 1885.

It was during the command of Mr. Ford, who in 1883 succeeded Mr. Rundall, that helmets, capes, water-bottles, and haversacks became part of the corps' equipment. About the same time the old shako vanished, giving way to the round forage cap. The command of the corps was taken up in 1891 by the Rev. W. H. Chappel.

The Marlborough boys attended both the Royal Volunteer Review of 1881 and the Jubilee Review of 1887. For the first event the cadets paraded at seven in the morning and, with their band leading the way, marched to the station, where they entrained for Slough. From that station they marched to Windsor, where they marched past the late Queen in grand style.

For the review of 1887, the corps paraded as early as three o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to their bivouac at Farnborough, which was reached at half-past seven. Here Marlborough, together with Clifton, Charterhouse, Cheltenham and Winchester, formed a battalion some 400 strong. The public school men marched past well, in column of double companies. It was eight o'clock in the evening before the corps left Farnborough *en route* for home, and the headquarters were not reached until eleven o'clock at night.

The Marlborough boys have always supported the public school field days, and during the year also join in tactical exercises with Bradfield, Wellington, Winchester, Cheltenham, Clifton, and Malvern. The training of the cadets is carried out most systematically. Field training has prominence. Outposts and advanced guards are frequently the subjects of instruction, and barrack-square drill is reduced to a minimum. Lectures, too, are arranged every term, when some distinguished soldier visits Marlborough for the purpose. Lord Methuen has lectured to the corps twice, and Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Mathias (an old Marlburian) once each.



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CAPABLE AND WILLING FIGHTERS.

The Marlborough College Cadet Corps on Parade.

The corps is attached to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, and at present consists of two companies, with a cyclist section and drum and fife band. Any member of the school of sufficient size and strength can join the corps, and field days and drills are so arranged as not to interfere with work and games to any appreciable extent. There are at present 226 cadets out of 600 boys in the school, and there are about thirty regularly enrolled members who under Volunteer regulations earn the Government grant.

The Ashburton Shield was won by Marlborough in 1874, under H. S. Philpot. The Spencer Cup has also been won twice, namely, in 1875 and 1880, by H. S. Philpot and P. H. Eliot respectively. In 1872 W. Matthews, who was only one point behind the winner for the Spencer Cup, took a prize which was given for the second best shot. In 1885 T. L. Prescott and F. C. Rampini won the Cadets' Trophy, and in 1888 it was secured by T. H. Bulkley and H. Kirkpatrick.

More than 370 old boys served, or are now serving, in South Africa, of which a large proportion served in the corps. Of these thirty-two have died of disease or wounds.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, and Winchester on June 1.*]

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HOME FROM THE WAR.

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THE 6TH (MILITIA) BATTALION OF THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

The Reception in the Market-place at Warwick.

Photo. Copyright. *Whitlock & Co.*

THE VOLUNTEER SERVICE COMPANY, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT.

After a Long Spell of Campaigning in South Africa.

Both of the above have performed many arduous duties during the time they have been in South Africa. The ceremony, which took place at Warwick, of handing back the colours to the 6th (Militia) Battalion was attended by thousands of people. Colonel McCalmont, in thanking the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the battalion for the hearty welcome on their homecoming, said that whatever the battalion had done, whether they had done it ill or well, they had always tried to do what a soldier should do, namely, his duty.

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CROSSING THE LINE.

By a Proud Victim.

"A lover forsaken a new love may get,
A neck that's once broken can never be set."

SUCH were the familiar verses which flashed across what remained of the brains of me, the middle-aged, submerged, fourteen-stone man on the glorious morning of April 25, 1901, when the ceremony of crossing the line was carried out under Royal patronage in three King's ships. But now, writing four days afterwards, bending over the paper a neck which still creaks, leaning upon an elbow comparable to an over-ripe greengage in point of colour, I feel that the experience was one of great price, and the function was one of real value.

It was between Colombo and Singapore, when strong men drooped and dripped, and compared themselves to chewed string, that "around the fleet the signal ran" that Neptune and the Duke of Cornwall, or the Duke of Cornwall and Neptune, expected every man to do his duty on the 25th; and after the squadron had left Singapore, and while it was still in smooth water, Neptune was very much in the air. Truth to tell, the preparations for his reception were regarded with a somewhat nervous cheerfulness in the "St. George," which was my floating home; and no doubt the feeling was much the same in the white "Ophir," which led the way, with the "Juno" on her port-quarter and the "St. George" on her starboard-quarter. In the "Ophir," perhaps, there were many who knew the ceremonial, for there, naturally, are some of those who were in the "Bacchante," when she made her famous cruise, amongst them being Canon Dalton, now well stricken in years, and Commander Wemyss; and on the great cruise of the "Bacchante," the function of crossing the line was observed with the full ceremony handed down by tradition. But in all our ship's company—although, of course, many had crossed the line geographically—there were only one or two among the officers who had seen the full ceremony.

Hence came it that one watched with some diffidence the erection of a small platform just forward of the after-bridge, and the growth at the end of it of a patent reversible stool, six feet below which was a bath of sailcloth, and forward of that, divided by a sailcloth partition, a second bath, not so deep, and beyond that again a third bath, accessible only by a subaqueous passage. It was doubtless going to be the best of fun, especially for the spectators; but after all, perhaps, the lookers-on would not have the best of the game. Then, in the evening dusk, Neptune "came aboard," in inverted commas, and came aft, without them, in a chariot glorious to behold. With him were Mrs. Neptune and Amphithrite (with an extra *h* in the middle and the *e* mute), and their stalwart daughters, and the barber and the doctor, with their paraphernalia, and many brawny bears. Slow was the progress of his chariot aft, for your modern cruiser is ill adapted for spectacles; but in time the quarter-deck was reached, and when his family and satellites had been introduced in gruff tones, and welcomed by the captain, most of us settled down to a sort of tremulous admiration of the excellence of the make-up of his marine Majesty and his attendants; and, as a plain matter of fact, it is really wonderful what a good effect can be produced by an ingenious use of spun-yarn, oakum, tar, and ship's paint. Something, too, of the readiness of our laughter and of our admiration must be set down to the fact that incidents on shipboard are not many, that life at sea is monotonous but still pleasant, pleasant but still monotonous, and that therefore everybody goes to see everything with the keenest desire to be amused.

Morning broke, and some few of us had the temerity to take our tubs in Neptune's sacred bath, fearing somewhat lest he might resent the sacrilege, yet anxious to try the ducking-stool at our own time. And 'twas well that we did so, for although to the burly men who threw themselves boldly backwards there came no worse fate than a resounding slap upon the back which made the skin rosy red, for the hesitating and the puny there was swift disaster. A minute midshipman swung clean round, an adult, but not overgrown, correspondent swung half-way round and stuck fast, turning—well not his face—in mute appeal to the sky, and addressing expostulatory appeals for help to spectators who could not come to the rescue for laughing, and did not see precisely what to do if they wanted to help. So, after a while, the correspondent dropped with a sullen plunge into the water and was not a whit the worse.

Then, at half-past nine, came the ceremony, and though we all faced it with an appearance of confidence, there was not one of us who was not thankful when the captain's guest and brother broke the ice, walked down the gangway, and delivered himself over to the tormentors. Him they sounded with a Cyclopean stethoscope; to him they administered bitter but not nauseous draughts; his face they lathered with slush that sounded worse than it was, and then the barber cried "over," and he fell into the hands of the bears, and was tossed over from bath to bath, and by the subaqueous passage and so out, amidst howls and shrieks of Homeric laughter. So on the ceremony went for an hour or more, the boisterous humour of it never palling for a moment, no matter how often it was repeated; and the beauty of it was that, although some hundreds of persons went through, amongst them officers and ship's corporals and other things, which in the course of duty have to be unpleasant from time to time, there was never a particle of spite or intentional roughness. As for me, middle-aged and adipose, I should have left the business alone if I had had any sense, but because the skipper's guest, who was older, went through, I went also, forgetting avoirdupois, and enjoyed it until I felt my neck double up under me at the bottom, whereupon I reflected that this kind of end was inglorious, but probably rapid. Indeed, I thought it was over and no great harm done, and that I was facing the great secret and not thinking much of it, but I was really standing and rubbing my head amidst a crowd of laughing sailors, and I had been through—I had earned the freedom of the seas, without knowing anything about it. So I "shifted." To quote Horace, I may venture to claim—

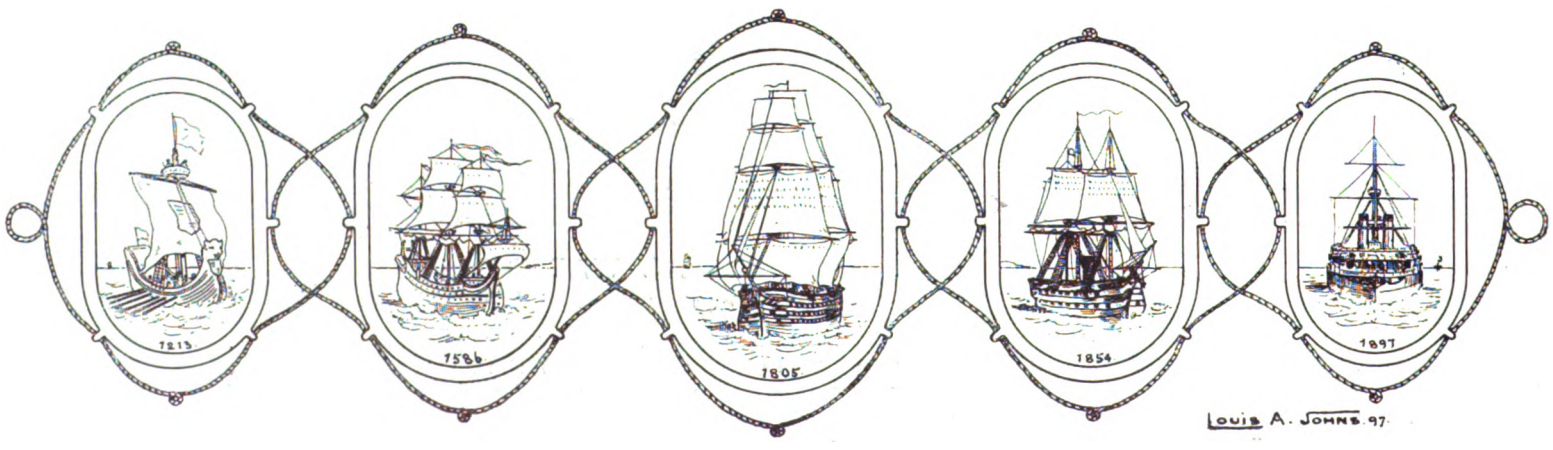
"Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta Maris Deo,"

and I am ready to go through it again—with a deeper bath or a week's banting. At present, however, I am a great believer in the hardness of teak. But I am equally convinced that this kind of boisterous and common jocularity tends, like foxhunting, to bring all ranks together, and to do a world of good. Still more is this so when, as this time, a Royal eye observes that the mainbrace needs splicing.

Then in the evening, my brother correspondents and I gave a little supper to Neptune, Monsieur, Madame, et les filles, on the upper-deck, a supper which cost, for all practical purposes, nothing, a supper which was worth a big price to those who gave it. The heartiness of the guests, their ready laughter, their burly good humour, were a whole-souled delight, and their songs were eminently fit for publication, save in the matter of length. Here is the chorus of one of them, as near as I can remember:

"Be kind to your parents when their hair is going grey,
Remember how in childhood they nursed you night and day.
They cared for you when you were young, I'll warrant, I'll be bound,
But you never know their value till they're laid beneath the ground."

I, however, know very well, that so long as these are the songs of our adventurous sailor men, there is a good present value in them.



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THE WATERLOO BALL.

JUNE 15, 1815.

IN all history there are few more thrilling and suggestive episodes than the incident of the great Ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond just before the battle of Waterloo. While hardly to be reckoned a link in that tremendous campaign, its association with it was so close and of such intensely human and withal romantic interest, that no history of that immortal struggle would be complete without a passing reference to the strange antecedent function we illustrate so appropriately to-day.

It is all the more unfortunate, then, that our materials for reconstructing this historic scene are, comparatively speaking, meagre and unsatisfactory. When, twelve or fifteen years ago, in the columns of the *Times*, an enquiry was started as to the house in which the Ball was held, even that leading point remained for a time in a very undecided state, while it seemed quite hopeless to expect that other details would ever be properly elucidated. Happily, however, a *dea ex machinâ* appeared who has resolved many doubts, and enabled at any rate a more accurate mental picture to be formed of the Ball than can be formed by any purely imaginative process, even when assisted by Byron's magnificent description in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The lady in question was the daughter of the giver of the Ball, the Duchess of Richmond, who, as Lady Georgiana Lennox—she afterwards became Lady de Ros—was actually present at the Ball, and, not unnaturally, retained a lively recollection of some of its more prominent features. Lady de Ros's reminiscences were published in 1893 by Mr. John Murray, and are doubly remarkable as having been put to paper in her Ladyship's ninety-sixth year. As Mr. John Kent says in his "Reminiscences of Goodwood and the Dukes of Richmond" (1896), their precision and accuracy are unquestionable. But one may well be pardoned for wishing that the record of such a notable occasion were even more complete, and not so largely obscured by the dazzling glory of the actual warlike surroundings in which it is historically placed.

Before proceeding to the story of the Ball itself, a few words may be given to the three fine portraits with which this brief sketch is illustrated. First, as is natural and satisfactory, we are enabled to reproduce a beautiful engraving of the fair giver of the Ball, Charlotte Duchess of Richmond, wife of the fourth Duke, and mother of the Earl of March (afterwards fifth Duke), who was on Wellington's personal staff in the Peninsula until he rejoined his regiment, the 52nd, and was badly wounded at Orthez. The Duchess's husband was, at the time of Waterloo, Master-General of the Ordnance.

THE GIVER OF THE BALL.

Charlotte, Duchess of Richmond, Wife of the Fourth and Mother of the Fifth Duke.

One of our remaining two portraits is that of Lady Augusta Baring, who was a daughter of the beautiful Countess of Cardigan, and married Mr. Baring, M.P. The Marchioness of Huntley, who is shown in the other portrait, was the daughter of the Marquess of Conyngham, the bosom friend of George IV. All these three fair and noble dames would have been remarkable in any surroundings, and one can well imagine that their personal charms lent added lustre to the brilliant gathering which graced this notable function.

The Ball was held in Brussels on the night of June 15, 1815. In the previous year the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, with their daughters, the Ladies Lennox, had taken a house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie. It was a place with a large garden extending to the ramparts, and the Duke of Wellington, who for years had been on terms of friendly intimacy with the Richmond family, used to call it "The Wash-house," in playful allusion to the name of the road in which it stood. The Ball took place in a large room on the ground floor. This room, which was connected with the rest of the house by an anteroom, had been used by the coach-builder from whom the Duke had hired the house as a showroom for carriages, but had been papered for its new occupants with, as Lady de Ros recalls in her reminiscences, "a trellis pattern with roses." The room was used by the Richmond family as a schoolroom, and Lady de Ros mentions that her sisters used to find it very convenient for the lighter purposes of battledore and shuttlecock.

A BEAUTY OF THE BALL.

Lady Augusta Baring, Daughter of Lord Cardigan.

For some time prior to June 15 there had been rumours of the approach of the French, but no particular importance

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seems to have been publicly attached to them. Brussels appears to have been full of life and gaiety, and several reviews took place, notably one of the Duke of Brunswick's Corps, which Lady de Ros attended in company with the Duke of Wellington. For the Duchess of Richmond's Ball there were 175 invitations sent out, of which Lady de Ros furnishes a list. Not all of those invited were able to be present, as some were military officers on duty, but the actual guests included a number of notable soldiers who afterwards distinguished themselves in the great battle.

To analyse the list of invitations would necessitate a very copious and comprehensive review of contemporary Army society both at home and on the Continent. But a brief glance may be cast at some of the leading figures. Of very high rank there were actually present Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Orange (afterwards King of the Netherlands), to the latter of whom the Earl of March was A.D.C. Another important person who figures among the guests was General Count Alava, a Spanish officer attached throughout the Peninsula War to Wellington's Headquarters, and an intimate personal friend of the Great Duke. He was a gallant soldier, but hardly a gallant husband, since he used to describe his wife as "*excellente femme mais fort ennuyeuse!*" Others invited were Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Wellington's devoted military secretary, who lost an arm in the last stage of Waterloo; Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, who commanded a Division, a notable tactician, who had served in Flanders, India, Italy, and Sicily, and had been with Moore at Corunna; the Earl of Uxbridge, who commanded the Cavalry and lost a leg at Waterloo; Major-General Lord Edward Somerset, who commanded a cavalry brigade, and was wounded; Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, Wellington's right-hand man, who commanded the Second Army Corps, and was afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; dashing young Lord Hay, who was full of wild spirits at the Ball, and was killed in the fighting on the day following; Major-General Sir Hussey Vivian, afterwards Lord Vivian, a highly-distinguished cavalry officer, who had served with the Duke in the Peninsula; the gallant and hard-swearing Picton, who had not been warned for service until the last moment, and who then rushed off to Belgium ahead of his uniforms, subsequently commanding at Quatre Bras and falling at Waterloo dressed in plain clothes; and, finally, the Great Duke himself, who, on the evening of the 15th, had realised Napoleon's skilful approach and had issued the necessary orders for the concentration of his scattered corps at Quatre Bras.

Wellington's presence at the Ball is attributed to his anxiety to allay by his presence some of the vague fears which were beginning to be evident, and which otherwise might have caused an inconvenient panic. But by the time he arrived there was little need for concealment. As a matter of fact, he was late, and Lady de Ros—or, as she was then, Lady Georgiana Lennox—who was dancing, immediately went up to him and asked if the rumours of the French advance were true. He replied, gravely, "Yes, they are true. We are off to-morrow." The news circulated, and the effect of it was immediately visible. "Some of the officers hurriedly left the ball-room to make necessary preparations; others remained, and actually had no time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume." Lady de Ros herself went with her brother, the Earl of March, to help him to pack up, and then returned to the ball-room, where she found several "heartless and energetic young ladies" still dancing. She afterwards heard that among these sprightly fair ones the impression was that the "Ladies Lennox did not do the honours of the ball well!"

It must have been, as Lady de Ros observes, "a dreadful evening," with its numerous sad partings, to which the certainty of impending fighting on a great scale could not but lend very solemn seriousness.

Few of those present, save, perhaps, the heartless and energetic young ladies aforesaid, could fail to realise the tremendous significance of the coming struggle, and the terrible price at which any victory—how doubtful victory was perhaps only Wellington knew—could be won. Mankind has fiddled and danced among strange surroundings, but never, surely, did "music arise with its voluptuous swell," or "soft eyes look love to eyes that spoke again," in a more impressive environment of tremendous happenings than at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball given at Brussels eighty-six years ago. There is no need here to rhapsodise over the termination of the historic Ball. Byron has done that in language which is among the most beautiful poetry in our tongue, and his description of the manner in which the "cannon's opening roar" burst upon the dancers "like a rising knell," is too familiar to need reproduction. It is sufficient to say that the sound of firing must have come from the direction of Fleurus, where Ziethen was slowly falling back before the advancing French, and that at 11 o'clock on the 16th Wellington had arrived from Brussels at Quatre Bras. During the 16th, 17th, and for many succeeding days, Lady de Ros and her sisters and friends were "busy scraping lint and preparing cherry water for the wounded," among the latter not a few who had danced in the "wash-house" on the evening of the Ball.

THE MARCHIONESS OF HUNTLEY.

Present at the Ball as Lady Elizabeth Conyngham.

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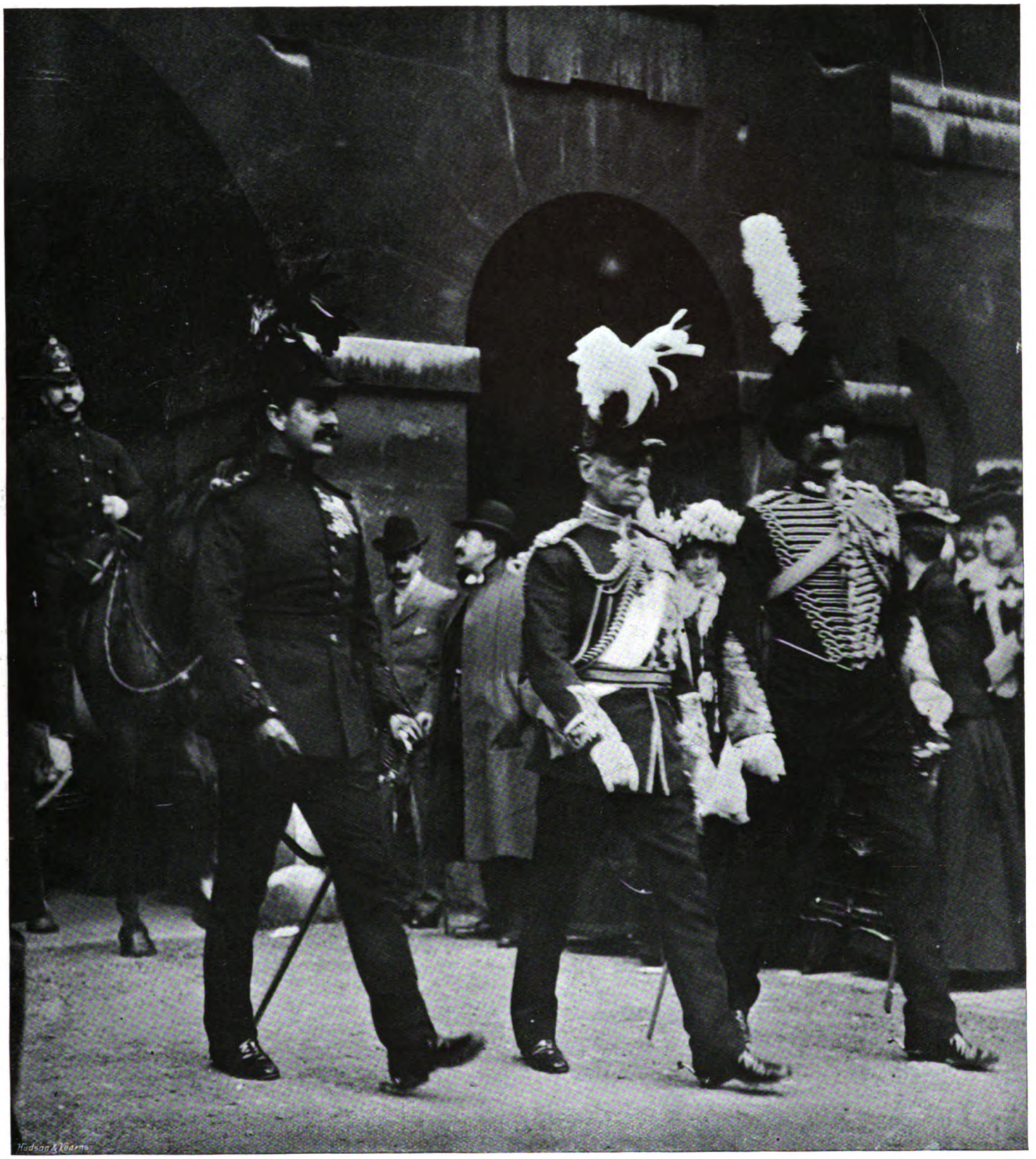
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No 229.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1901.



THE KING'S PRESENTATION OF WAR MEDALS.

The Arrival of the Commander-in-Chief on the Horse Guards' Parade.

Lord Roberts, who wore his Field-Marshal's uniform and the Order of the Garter, made his appearance on the parade ground from under the arch of the Horse Guards, and at once became the centre of attention as a cry of "There's 'Bobs'" went from mouth to mouth. His Lordship was the first to receive the South African medal from the King's hands. In the picture Colonel Neville Chamberlain, C.B., is seen on Lord Roberts's right, and Colonel Davidson, R.H.A., on his left hand.

From a Photo. Specially Taken for "Navy and Army Illustrated."

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in July, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Sleep-walking and Day-dreaming.

THERE was an advertisement in the *Times* a few days ago that set one a-thinking. A young man was wanted for some employment or other. The advertiser stipulated that applicants must have all their wits about them, and he ended up something like this: "No day-dreamers or sleep-walkers need apply." That advertiser, whoever he may be, is a man of observation. He has noticed the straws in the current. He can put his finger on the plague-spots of the age, and say "Here thou ailest—and here." He sees that the particular curse of this particular period is that languidness of interest, that weariness of spirit, which leads people to drift along without definite aims, and turns far too many of those who ought to be doing strenuous work in the world into sleep-walkers and day-dreamers.

In all ages the mass of mankind must be content with a mill-horse round of useful but not very interesting labour, of refreshing but not particularly exciting recreation. Matthew Arnold put it even more despondently:

> "For most men in a brazen prison live,
> Where, in the sun's hot eye,
> With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
> Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give.
> Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.
> And as, year after year,
> Fresh products of their barren labour fall
> From their tired hands, and rest
> Never yet comes more near,
> Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;
> And while they try to stem
> The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
> Death in their prison reaches them,
> Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

But even dull lives are not nearly so dull to the people who live them as they seem to be to the man of genius who looks on. It is not the monotony of the existence of the mass of people that need trouble us. It does not trouble them. They accept it as their portion. What is discouraging is to see that the leaders of the race are infected with a paralysis of energy and initiative even more benumbing than the habitual inertia of the rank and file. What must cause uneasiness to the clear-eyed observer is the conviction that the men who ought to be straining every nerve to keep in the forefront of the world's battle the British Empire and the British name, are drowsy and heavy-lidded, are lacking in the courage and the determination that animate our rivals, have lost interest and heart, are, in a word, sleep-walking and day-dreaming, instead of watching, Argus-eyed, for any and every opportunity to get nearer the goal at which nations aim.

Someone objects here: "Since this goal is nowadays mere material prosperity, you cannot expect men of fine natures to devote themselves wholly and strenuously to reaching it." There is something in that, no doubt. Both nations and individuals—nations, after all, are only collections of individuals—do seek to-day too exclusively for the outward and visible signs of well-being, and not enough for the inward and spiritual satisfaction that comes from the development on rational lines of mind and body equally. But the most deadly state for an individual or a nation is, not to be pursuing with energy and determination an unworthy aim, but so utterly to lack determination and energy as to be incapable of pursuing any aim at all. That is what every man who has a man's spirit must feel.

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be what it will."

Browning knew human nature, and knew that, if we are to live according to the best in our natures, we must live "neither as children nor saints, but as men in a world of men," and what did he say? Though the end in sight be even a vice, strive towards it with all your might and main. The worst that can befall is "the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." The touchstone to apply to a man or woman lies in the question, Have they done *anything* with all their might and main?

> "Oh! a crime will do
> As well, I reply, to serve for a test
> As a virtue golden through and through."

In Dante's Inferno the most contemptible fate was that of the feeble folk who lived without blame and without praise, who were chased forth out of Heaven because they had never done anything worthy of reward, and whom even Hell would not receive, for there the wicked could glory over them. Dante and the advertiser in the *Times* had just the same kind of people in view—day-dreamers and sleep-walkers. And just now the world seems full of them. They manage our railways, they let our industries drop behind and then grumble pitifully because orders go to America, they produce futile schemes of Army reform, they play with the immensely important educational questions that call for settlement, they dream that war is over because they want it to be over, walking in their sleep they fumble and fiddle and fuss over our concerns, until the instinct of the natural Briton is to hurl the whole body of professional politicians into the obscurity they ought never to have quitted, and to find some plain men of business to manage his affairs sensibly and with a single eye to national and Imperial interests.

Meanwhile, until something of this kind gets itself done, the duty of us all is plain. It is to think out for ourselves the conditions that govern the safety and advancement of the British Empire, to understand by what paths we have come in the past and which road we must follow in the future, to do all we can to spread the views of rational policy that commend themselves to our judgment, and never to lose a chance of turning to ridicule and pointing out the falseness of other views. It is a task such as never befell even Hercules, to educate a nation in sound opinions; but it must be done if Britain is to hold her place in the world. The day seems to have passed for the present in which great men could put their countries in the van without letting their countrymen know how they did it. Everywhere the cry is that there are no great rulers, no pre-eminent leaders of men. It must therefore be the labour of nations to keep their mediocrities of leaders on the right lines, to use their statesmen merely as delegates, to lay down the bases of policy and to see that they are observed. If our administrators sleep and dream, they can then be rudely awakened, and, if need be, made to give way to more wakeful trustees. But if the prevalent habit of day-dreaming and sleep-walking infect the nation itself, then the writing will be upon the wall and the days of Great Britain, if not of Greater Britain, are surely numbered.

"A PUZZLED READER."—It is no wonder you are puzzled when accounts of military ceremonies are so indifferently written in the daily Press. As a matter of fact, the ceremony of "trooping" on May 24 confused the reporters, and there was some excuse for it. On previous occasions of the late Queen's birthday they have been scolded by military correspondents for speaking of trooping the *colours* instead of the *colour*. On the occasion of the presentation of colours to the 3rd Scots Guards both colours were trooped, giving the ceremony a peculiar and unusual interest. The consequence was that the newspapers headed their articles, "Trooping the *Colour*," and then proceeded to tell us that the *colours* were trooped.

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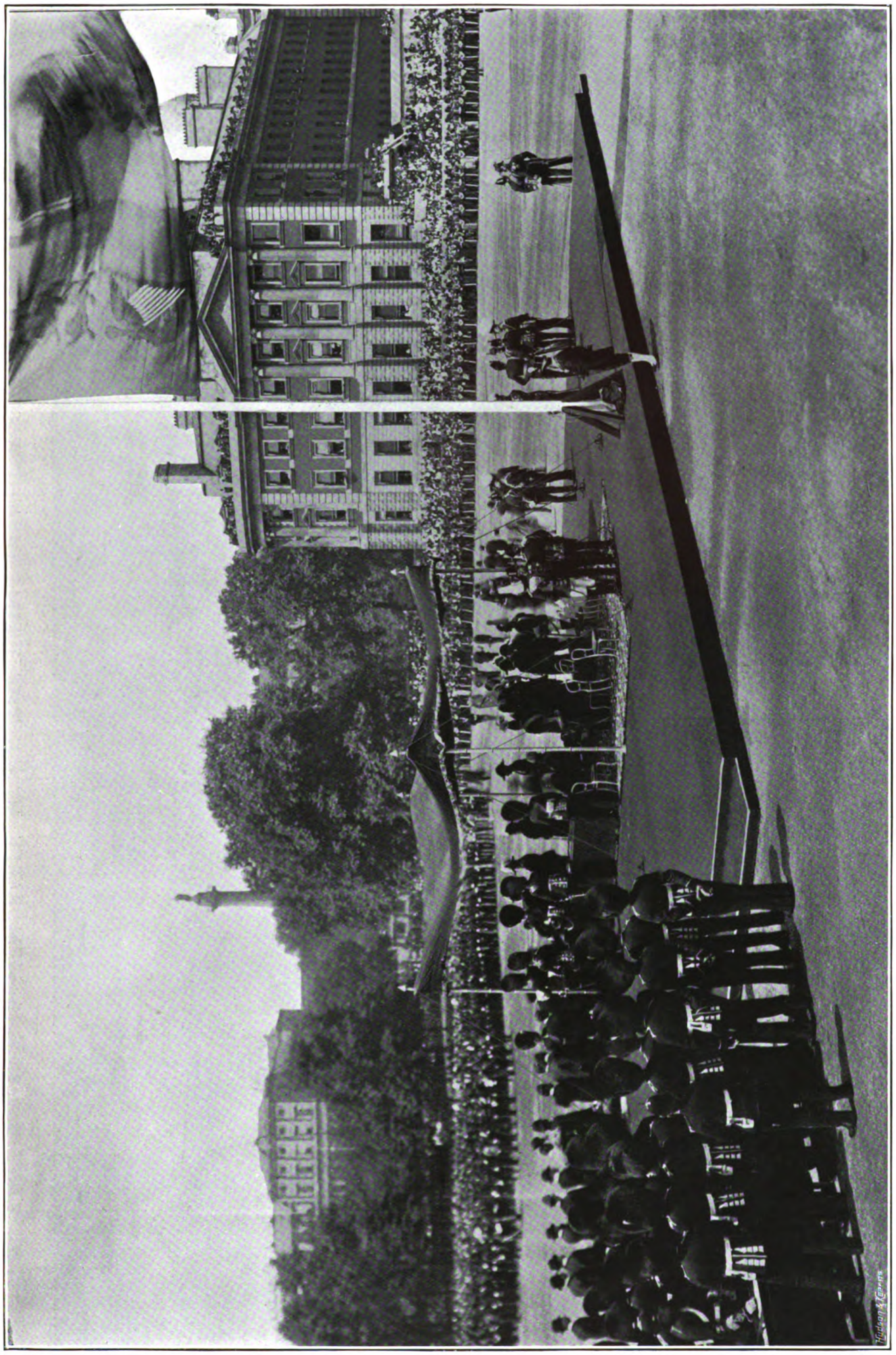

THE ROYAL DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

Colonel Ricardo took each medal from the tray, and handed it to General Sir Henry Trotter (commanding the Home District), who, in turn, handed it to the King for presentation. The regiments, Household Cavalry first, followed by the Brigade of Guards, and then by the City Imperial Volunteers, marched past in quick time, the officers of the regiments leading, the rank and file following, the Reservists and the time-expired men coming last. And the Reservists and the time-expired men and the Volunteers, who, having done their country's work, had now returned unostentatiously to their own, struck the deepest, most human note of this splendid spectacle. They were of all callings in life, and exhibited a curious diversity of dress.

Photo. by the Biograph Studio.

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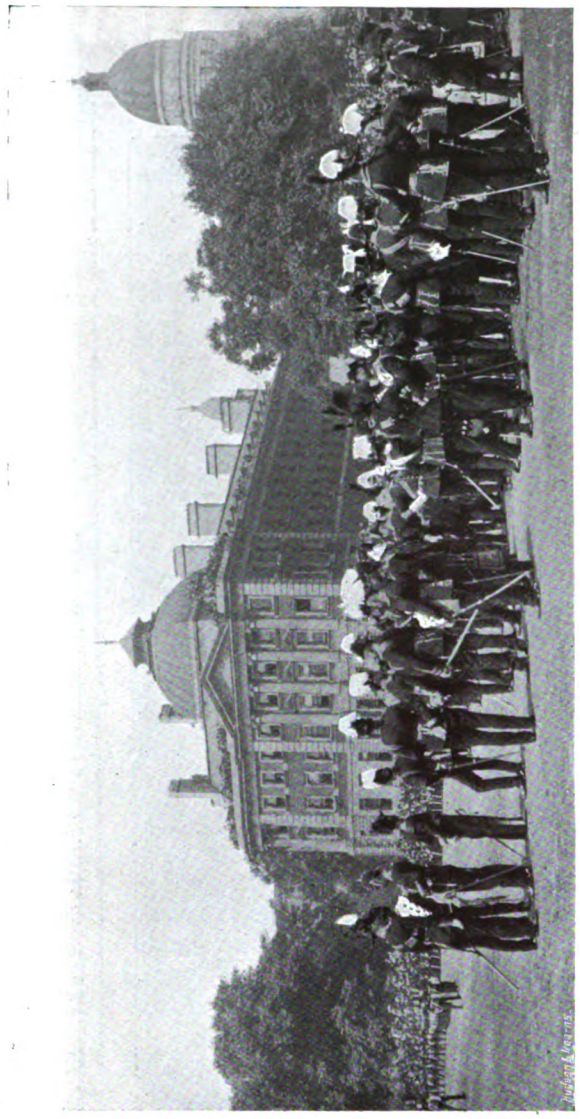
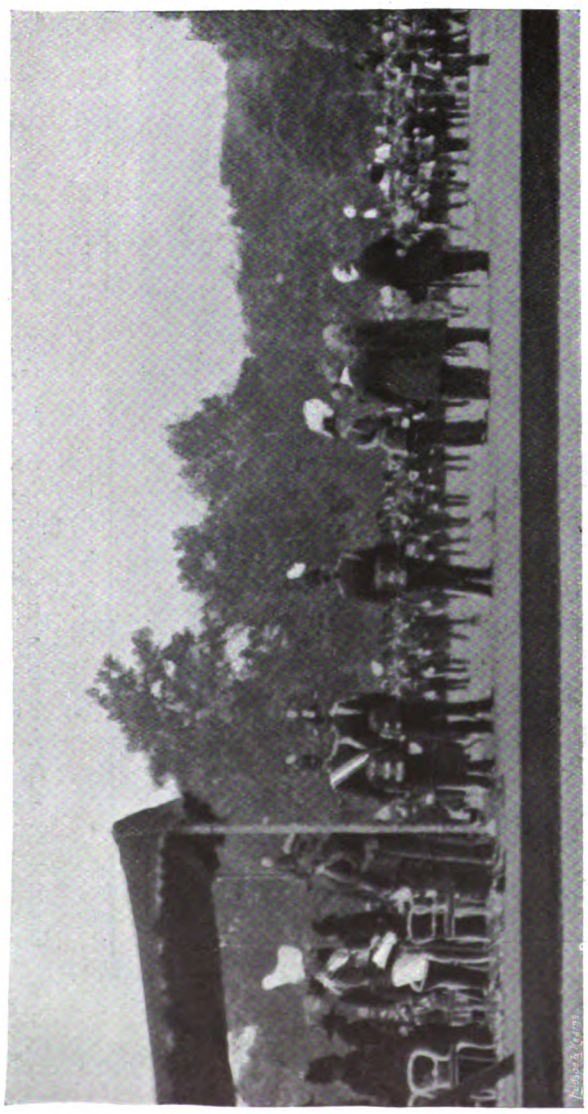
SOME SCENES AT THE PRESENTATION.



C. H. Temple.

A SPLENDID GLITTERING GROUP.

Generals, Commanding Officers, and Foreign Attaches.



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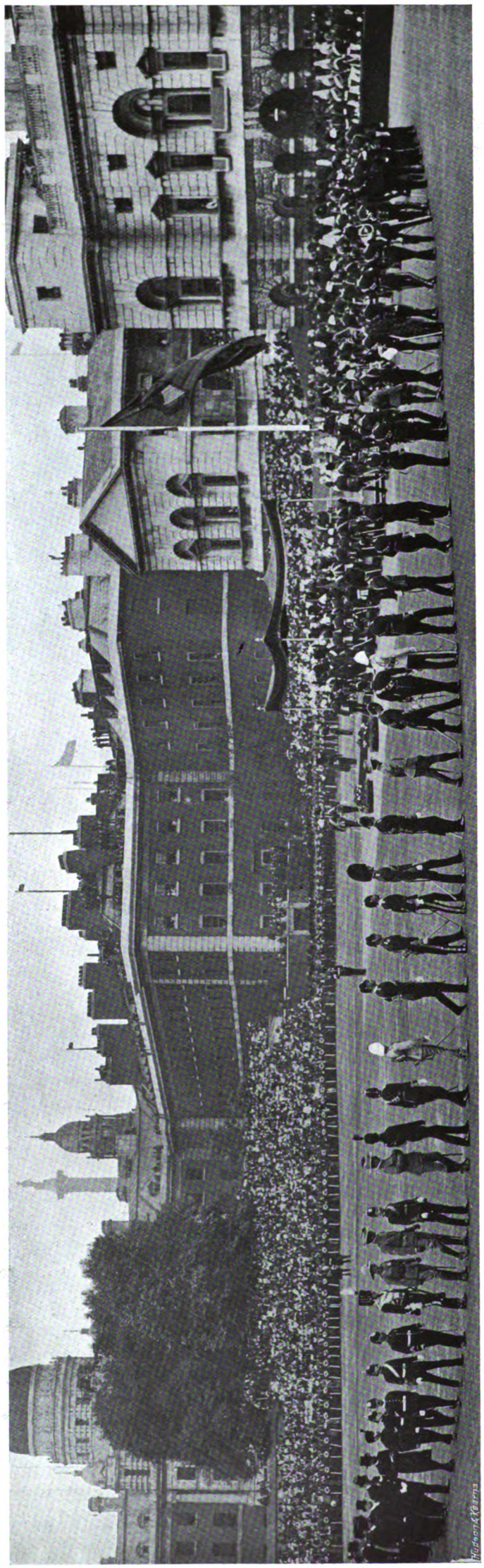
AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION.

The King has a Few Words with the Lord Mayor.



Russell.

A MEMORABLE ACT IN THE DRAMA OF THE WAR.

The British Officers Passing Across the Parade Ground to Receive their Medals from the King.

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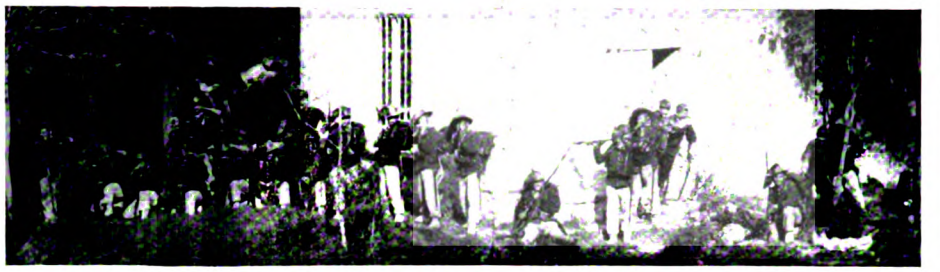
SINGLE COLUMN—LINE AHEAD.



THE ITALIAN BERSAGLIERI.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

"A CARNIVAL of Mendacity" is a pretty expression. Lord Milner, to whom we owe it, is a pretty phrase-maker, and this will live in history with the "helots of the Transvaal" and a few others. The worst of these winged words is that they will not always fly just where their creator wishes them to go. It happens sometimes that, like the curses of the Turkish proverb, they turn out to be chickens which come home to roost. In the present case it has unfortunately happened that we first heard of this new formula just before the discovery of several particularly fine specimens of the genus "lie from the seat of war" coming unluckily from our side. Nothing could be more ill-timed than this little revelation. But, after all, there was no great cause for surprise, and perhaps not very much for moral reprobation. Of course it is not right to say "the thing which is not," as Gulliver's giant friends called the common lie. Yet we know what the Psalmist—who had a great deal of experience—said about mankind at large in this connection. He spoke in his haste, but, to adapt the old joke, he might have said it in his leisure, if he had lived to see the war correspondent at work. The temptation is great for the poor man. He is under an obligation to say something, and very possibly there is nothing to say. He hears something, and remembers some other thing; then he puts the two together. He makes deductions, and confounds his own suppositions with statements of fact. Counsel in the courts of law are well acquainted with this class of witness. He is a champion maker of outrageous fictions, and the worst of it is that half the time he fully believes all he says.

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The sad fact is that if war is a school of heroism it is also a terrible breeding ground of lies. Men are predisposed to believe without enquiry, and are frequently quite unable to test the truth of what they hear, even if they wish to do so and are capable of weighing evidence. They are angry, and hot, and prejudiced, and consequently very credulous. Occasionally they are only artful, and wish to pull somebody's leg. Then they spin galley yarns, and their hearers swallow the absurdity. A fine example of this class of mendacity is the old story that when some of his soldiers set their wives to plunder for them in Spain, the Duke had them flogged. It used to make Sir William Napier, who was a great writer (would we had his equal for the Navy!), but was by nature a passionately solemn man with small, or no, sense of humour, foam with indignation. It seems to have started with a wandering civilian who was at Brussels during the Waterloo Campaign, who heard it from some artful Peninsular veteran, who, for his part, was stuffing the "pékin" with flapdoodle. Of course it was nonsense, but not greater nonsense than much else which passes current, and is repeated from generation to generation.

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Of our own late examples, two are very good specimens of the lie circumstantial. As for the third, the wild yarn about the men of Strathcona's Horse—stern-faced men they were—who were resolute to hang Boers, and threatened to suspend their officer if he interfered, it was manifestly inspired by the memory of a dime novel. How it arose we shall never know, and it would probably not be worth while to enquire. It was so childish that one wonders how any correspondent, even supposing him to have been the most unscrupulous or the most silly man who ever worked for any paper or news agency at a seat of war, could have wasted money in sending it home. Of course it was bound to be sent back, and to make the officers thoroughly angry. They were certain to contradict it on authority, and then every report from the same source would be considered suspicious. The Vlakfontein romance and the surprise of Beyers's commando have all the air of circumstantial lies. Perhaps if their history could be unravelled we should find that somebody thought they might have happened, or wished they had. Then another person said he had heard these things reported. A third authority passed them on with additions and improvements, saying he had learnt them on good evidence; and so we reach the fictions contradicted by Lord Kitchener. The Beyers' surprise might have been drafted in a local tactical society. The Vlakfontein atrocity has the appearance of an artistic development of incidents which really have occurred. It has not infrequently happened that men have been cut or shot down when spiking or spoiling guns which could not be carried off in time. There is a showy picture in the Spanish Senate of an incident of this character in the second Carlist War. A very little imagination would be enough to add the pathetic details about the officer and the non-com. who heroically refused to show the Boers how to work the guns. Credulity, and the correspondent's natural desire to send a spicy story, would do the rest. It is true that sober readers at a distance find it hard to believe in that tale of a lecture to be delivered in the middle of a fight by men who only spoke English to others who only spoke Taal. But on the spot they are heated, excited, confused, and their nerves are overwrought. It is not only possible, but probable, that they are in a state of mind to see ghosts.

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The moral of it all is double. In the first place we ought to be very cautious in accepting stories from a seat of war. Fictions quite as outrageous as these were told of the Germans by the French, and of the French by the Germans. Men easily persuade themselves that they have actually seen what they expected to see. A stock example is the alleged appearance of St. James among the soldiers of Cortes in one of the battles with the Mexicans. Bernal Diàz, who was in the fight, says he did not see the Apostle, and accounts for his blindness by his sins. Whether that was his fun or his piety is perhaps dubious, but the story shows how easily excited men will credit whatever they think, and wish, may happen. To the Spaniard of that age, there was no improbability in the appearance of the patron of their country in the crisis of a fight with heathens. Much the contrary; and as they thought he might very well come, they jumped to the conclusion that he did. So the sailors of Admiral Bowyer's ship on the First of June boasted that a French ship had sunk alongside them. No such thing happened, but they thought they saw it in the smoke and fury of the battle. Much the smaller part of the fictions of history was the work of the mere liar.

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The second part of the moral is that the censoring of despatches is much more ticklish work than officers charged with the duty appear to suppose. They are certain to be held responsible for what they allow to pass. This may not be just, but it is inevitable. And since this is the case, it would be better if they allowed nothing to go except what they actually know to be true. If the task of editing is too much, as it well may be, then the simple course would be to stop the correspondents altogether, and publish only official reports.

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Apropos of the First of June, the *Daily News* of the 11th published a leader on that battle which had much the look of having been taken out of a Balaam Box to fill up a gap. In the space of fifteen lines or so it contains three of the grossest blunders I have ever seen made about one of our Naval

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battles, and that is saying not a little. First, "No novelty, like Rodney's manœuvre of breaking the line—which the studious Clerk of Eldin had invented, playing with corks on his dinner-table—was then introduced." Rodney did not manœuvre to break the line on the Second of April, but went through the broken French formation, after hesitating for some time, and at the urgent desire of his Captain of the Fleet Sir Charles Douglas. All the rear division under Samuel Hood did the same thing in the smoke, and without knowing what they were doing. The particular manœuvre, namely, the passing through an enemy from leeward to windward, is not recommended by Clerk of Eldin. Second, "Howe was content like most of his predecessors with laying each ship in his fleet alongside of an opponent, and trusting to hard pounding." Howe ordered his captain to steer through the enemy from windward to leeward, and get on his line of retreat, which is what no British admiral had ever done before. Third, "Howe was defeated in the strategy of the campaign by Villaret Joyeuse." He manœuvred to force on a battle, and he succeeded. It is true that the grain convoy which he was to intercept if possible passed in safety. But it was the standing rule, and the very wholesome rule, of our Fleet to force on battles with the enemy's. Howe would have done precisely what he did, if he had known for certain that the convoy would pass. And he would have been right, for it was by driving the French into port that we got the command of the sea. When once we had that we could stop the convoys at pleasure.

ANOTHER WANDERER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Copyright. *Pittuck*

The third-class cruiser "Barrosa," which forms the subject of our illustration, recently returned to Devonport after an eventful commission extending over about three years and nine months. She has taken part in the sea work of the South African War, for her crew shared in the brilliant services of the Naval Brigades, and those left on board in the arduous duties of patrolling the coast. Her officers and men, with those of the "Doris," were entertained on their return at the great Western Naval port. It will not escape notice that in our picture the "Barrosa" is flying the paying-off pennant, the hoisting of which is a signal that the ship is on her way home.

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THE ROYAL INDIAN MARINE.
A Marine and Lascar Boy.

ROUND THE WORLD

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

NO one can foresee the future course of events in China, but he would be a rash man who considered the outlook clear. Recent incidents have been nowise encouraging, and the departure of Count von Waldersee cannot be taken as marking the end of the trouble. The history of all previous attempts to administer lessons to the Chinese is that, as soon as pressure is relieved, the Celestial, with the arrogance which is his, feels that his happier state is due to discomfiture of the Barbarians. It will be so in the present case. Troops are withdrawn, and fair promises are given, but the fulfilment will lack the promised richness, and procrastination and outrage will cloud the situation and darken counsel. Russia is the only Power that has scored. She is secure in her hold on Manchuria, and has attained great force in Northern China, and if ever the Yellow Peril be an existent fact, it will be a Muscovite creation. Whatever may happen, the true interest of Europe, and of this country most of all, is to strengthen the hands of the Yang-tse Viceroys, to whom very much is due for enlightened leadership and admirable restraint.

TWELVE months will presently have elapsed since the young King of Italy ascended his throne after the assassination of his father. Since that time obscurity has clouded the situation of Italian politics at home and abroad, but there are ominous signs that the monarchy is not so secure as its well-wishers would like it to be. The foreign relations are made more ambiguous by the growth of Pan-Germanism in Austria, and by the development of a strong party in that country which insists that the political situation is there dominated almost entirely by relations with Germany. While Italy, therefore, loses weight in the Triple Alliance, suffering grievously at the same time from the heavy burdens she has accepted as a Great Power, there is a decline in the cordiality which has long existed with this country. Whether this is due to the pro-Boer propaganda abroad it is difficult to say, but evidently the centre of gravity in Italy has moved a little over towards France. This in itself is a danger. Meanwhile, the country has no eminent statesmen comparable in strength to those who shaped and directed its early fortunes, and the growth of Socialism is an increasing menace to internal peace. A Government which possesses no majority, and exists only owing to the differences between rival parties, is no guarantee for safety, and may even be something of a danger.

IF it had been true, as the rumour recently ran, that the population of Canada was shown by the census to be stationary or diminishing, there would have been cause for misgiving and for Imperial questioning. But the fact is that in 1871, in round figures, there were 3,600,000 persons, in 1881 4,300,000, and in 1891 4,800,000, while now the population approximates to 5,500,000. Even so, it is too small for so vast a territory, and a large exodus to the United States and a diminishing birth rate would be ominous. Canada is never forgetful of the dearth of men. She cries out that she is neglected, and that there is scope in her wide territories for the enterprise of many. Her immense resources in agriculture and timber, in her fisheries and her undeveloped mineral wealth, should tempt many to make Canada their home. The ready response made by the Dominion when the Mother Country had need for help, and the qualities her sons have displayed at Paardeberg and on many another field, have earned for them the unbounded respect and gratitude of England. The bond has thus been drawn closer, and there is too much vitality and vigour in the Dominion to lend countenance to mistaken evidences of the census. Let the young Englishman who would seek occupation and fortune in distant parts of the Empire not forget that Canada presents a fruitful field for endeavour.

OUR WEST AFRICAN FORCES.
A Difference in Stature.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*

TWO NOTABLE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. H. A. Gwynne, of Reuter's Agency, was in Abyssinia, Dongola, and Greek Campaigns, from which he went to China. Mr. Lionel James, of the "Times," was in the Chitral-Waziristan, 1894-95, Malakand, Mohmund, and Tirah Campaigns, 1897-98, Nile-Khartoum, 1898, and South Africa, 1899-1901.

AN amusing scene in a military club in Paris. Enter an officer from the provinces, who has been reading of the exchange of courtesies between France and Germany. "So General Bonnal has been decorated by William. What do people think of it in Paris?" "It was foreseen that the sympathetic reception accorded to him would make it impossible for him to maintain the reserve becoming to a French officer *outre Rhin*. This visit had no other object than to prepare the way for a visit of the German Emperor to France." "But surely you do not think that is possible?" "*Certainement.* But William is too astute a personage to think of taking Paris by storm. No; he will place himself in command of a squadron, which will come to Cherbourg to return the visit paid to him by the French Army in the person of General Bonnal. Within a year William will have realised his dream, and have reviewed, if not the French Army, at least a French squadron! *Hein!*"

IT must always be gratifying to the readers of this paper, who know Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton's stories so well, to hear that another has come from his hand. "A Vanished Rival," which Messrs. Cassell have just published, is a striking illustration of his marvellous versatility and fertile imagination. No living writer grasps so thoroughly the character of the ages and scenes in which dramatic incidents are cast. Sometimes he bids us accompany him in the ships of the old Navy, sometimes we live with him in the camps of soldiers, anon we are in the Court of the Grand Monarque, or, it may be, in the streets of old Seville or Madrid, or we are in the Paris of the "Terror," or in a *hacienda* of

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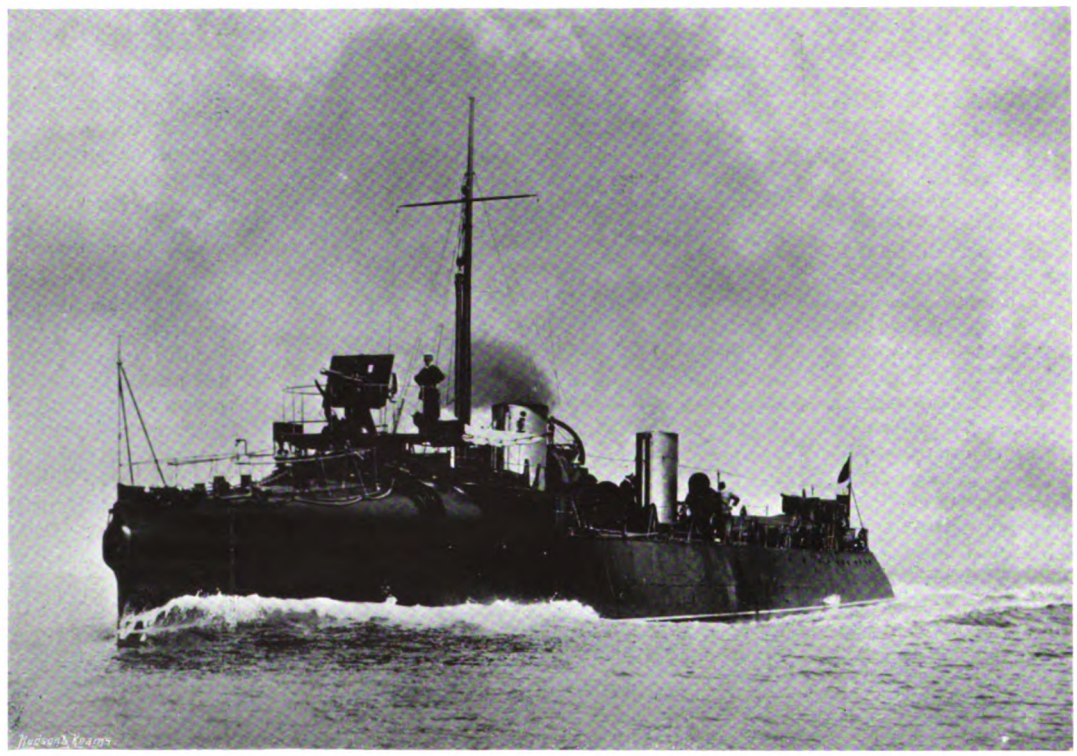
Mexico or Peru. But, wherever we are transported, we breathe the right atmosphere, and there with us is Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, the *genius loci*, peopling his scenes with beings of flesh and blood, living men and women, acting and speaking as men and women do act and speak, and moved by strong human impulses and emotions. In his latest book we have excellent incidents and vigorous scenes in an old château on the Lake of Geneva and in the fringe of the mountains of Haute Savoie. The sweet heroine, true woman, Florence Serpoli, has her foil in the beautiful adventuress, Winifred Morland, "Philistia of Suburbia," and her hero in the good Englishman, "as gallant, brave, *insouciant* as ever was Englishman serving under Drake or Howard, Wellington or Nelson." There is, of course, a villain also, whose Machiavellian spite works secretly in vain, and there are subsidiary characters all round, true and individual. A most ingenious and dramatic plot makes a capital story, which, indeed, is one of the best of this summer season, and the very book for a holiday companion. One of the most interesting features is the illustration of the operation of French criminal law, which is quite new and admirably truthful.

Photo. Copyright. *Fuller.*

A NOVELTY IN THE WAY OF BONNETS.

The Vajen-Bader Smoke Protector is to be Found in all Battle-ships and Cruisers in the Fleet. It is not Chemically Charged with Oxygen, but the Air is Pumped into the Reservoir, seen at the Back, Exactly as the Tyre of a Bicycle is Inflated. It has the Advantage over the Diver's Dress in that there is no Hose Connection. Anyone Wearing it can Defy Smoke, Steam, Gas, Poisonous Fumes, or Vitiated Air.

"KING EDWARD" is the name of the turbine passenger steamer which is to run this season on the Clyde from Greenock to Campbeltown, *viâ* Fairlie. She is now completing at Dumbarton, and is the first turbine passenger vessel to be put afloat. The trial will be very interesting, and, there is every reason to believe, equally successful, for the turbine is well adapted to run at regulated speeds. Externally the ship differs little from other Clyde passenger steamers, but there are five screws on three shafts. According to a member of the inventor's firm, when the idea of applying the turbine to steam-ships for a speed of 35 knots was mentioned to a Lord of the Admiralty, his Lordship said that one of three things would happen—the boat would stand on its tail, dive by the head and never come to the surface again, or begin to revolve round the propellers. But we know that a speed of 37 knots has been attained, and that no such thing has happened. Thus the "King Edward" should be an interesting vessel.



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THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "DARING."

In which a Fatal Accident Happened Last Week When just Abreast of the "Victory" in Portsmouth Harbour a Loud Crash was Heard, One of the Bottom Boiler Tubes having Blown Out. There were Five Men Below at the Time, Four of Whom were Rescued Alive.

ANOTHER yarn anent the Emperor William, and this also from Paris. The Nationalist Press, from one bright specimen of which it is taken, affords a curious subject for study at the present time, and its violent attacks upon England would be dangerous if they were not often ridiculous. We are told that Lieutenant Guissez, now dead, and therefore unable to deny the story, who was lately in command of the submarine-boat "Narval," recounted several conversations which he had with the German Emperor at Bergen when he was in the Prince of Monaco's yacht. According to the Anglophobe writer, the Emperor was accustomed to come on board the yacht from the "Hohenzollern" frequently to have many a yarn with the French officer, whom he often surprised at his toilet in the morning. One morning the Emperor sat down to smoke his pipe in such circumstances, and cast his eyes upon a map of Europe in which Alsace and Lorraine were coloured violet. "What a misfortune," he said, "that the ditch of the Reichsland should lie between France and Germany!" "A ditch of blood, sire," answered M. Guissez. "But time fills up hollows as it throws down obstacles," the Emperor replied. The lieutenant ventured, however, to doubt whether such could be the case with the lost provinces of France, and the Emperor is then said to have replied, "But that is deplorable. Germany and France are natural friends, by their origin and situation, and also their policy. The Franco-German Alliance against England lies in the future. *Avec quelle joie, alors, nous infligerions une rosée à ces c——— d'Anglais!*—for you do not love them any more than we do. England is the only enemy—the racial enemy." But when the Emperor came on board the next time he found the map had disappeared, and indulged no more in these confidences. The Nationalist Press does well to attribute this story to an officer who cannot declare it to be untrue.

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THE MILITARY CAMP OF EXERCISE.

THE SOLDIER'S WORK AT BACKACHA.

Photo. Copyright. *Hands.*

UNDER CANVAS IN INDIA.

THESE three pictures are brightly illustrative of a very interesting and important phase of Indian military life. They are reproductions of photographs taken during the Camp of Exercise at Backacha, and represent the camping arrangements generally, and the Commissariat and Transport Department in particular. As regards the latter, it may be mentioned that in India there is no Army Service Corps, but that the feeding of the troops and the transport are controlled by the Commissariat Department, and controlled in such a way as to excite the lively admiration of all who have ever studied our Indian military system and noted how wonderfully it is adapted to local requirements.

When it is remembered that the Commissariat Department has to arrange for the feeding of both British and native troops, and that the transport branch handles not only horseflesh, but elephants, bullocks, camels, mules, and ponies, it will be readily imagined that an Indian Commissariat officer is often a very level-headed individual of varied attainments, singular tact, and an almost Naval proficiency in the use of "language." But, "this is mere diversion from our purpose," which is to make a few casual remarks, not about Indian Departmental excellence, but about Camps of Exercise, of which this one at Backacha was a minor example.

An Indian Camp of Exercise is very little more or less than a sort of extemporised Aldershot, with the added advantage that it affords much better training in those very matters of transport and supply of which we have been speaking. Not infrequently regiments come into a Camp of Exercise precisely as they would go to the front, and are ready at any moment during their stay in camp to move in any direction and to any distance. Of course the main object of such camps is to provide opportunities for the practice of large bodies of troops in great combined movements, and there is no question that the facilities which India offers in this respect have a strong bearing on the perennial efficiency of the Indian Army as a fighting machine. There is none of that constant intervention of forbidden ground in India which makes our so-called manœuvres at home so often a dreary farce. There are plenty of centres at which it is possible to mass 30,000 or 40,000 men, and to "bucket them about" to the heart's content of the most energetic of generals, without damaging any private property whatever, or even having to pay compensation for purely fanciful claims.

Naturally in such circumstances Camps of Exercise have

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BEASTS OF BURDEN.

A Glimpse of the Transport Lines.

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Photo. Copyright. *Hands.*

AN INVITING CORNER OF THE CAMP.

The Commissariat Department at Backacha.

other aspects besides that of sheer instructiveness. There is the social aspect—and a very pleasant and important one it is—and there are the spectacular and the political aspects, all deserving of careful consideration. Pictorially, an Indian Camp of Exercise affords sights and scenes to which no photograph could do justice. The colour, the variety, the impressive grandeur, and sense of strength involved in a march-past at an Indian camp, before the Viceroy or the Commander-in-Chief, of perhaps 40,000 troops, are hardly to be more than hinted at with pen or pencil, and few who have seen such spectacles will fail to carry a vivid recollection of them to the end of their lives.

Of the political significance of these great military gatherings much might be said, but, as in the case of the spectacular aspect, a good deal can safely be left to the imagination. We won India by the sword, and to some extent we shall always have to retain it by the sword, and, though the scabbard may be a velvet one, it is well that even in the piping times of peace the steel should sometimes flash forth in all its native brilliance. There is much to be said politically for the military policy of occasionally pitching upon some central space, and filling it with fine troops in the pink of fighting condition, and obviously ready to go anywhere and do anything. Such object-lessons may not largely impress the small villager, but they *do* carry weight with natives of the better class, and with those who as feudatory chiefs often visit and take a real interest in these valuable functions.

YORKSHIRE AND THE ARMY.

By A. B. Tucker.

YORKSHIREMEN have every reason to be proud of the part played in the glorious history of the British Army by regiments bearing their county's name. In all the great campaigns, from Marlborough's time onwards, Yorkshire has been represented by one or more regiments. It may, of course, be argued that some of the regiments now bearing a Yorkshire title were not always Yorkshire. But if we take the regiments as they are now classified, according to the territorialisation scheme of 1881, we shall not be very far wrong; for even if it be conceded that some of the Yorkshire regiments were originally raised elsewhere, there are, on the other hand, regiments once recruited in Yorkshire that have no connection with the county, as, for instance, the Inniskillings, for which Yorkshire was in 1744 appointed as a recruiting ground.

Whatever may be said of some of Yorkshire's regiments, the King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry), the old 51st, has been Yorkshire from its birth. The letters of service authorising its formation were issued to two Yorkshire magnates, Lord Rockingham and Sir Henry Savile, and although the rendezvous was at Exeter at first, the recruiting was carried on in Yorkshire, whither the headquarters were speedily removed, with the promise that they should remain in the county. The 51st has a glorious record. It was one of the six British regiments of foot which won undying fame in the Field of Minden on August 1, 1759. The story of Minden is one of the grandest ever told of British infantry. The Seven Years' War broke out in 1756, and in 1759, after sundry successes, the French menaced Hanover. Opposed to them was the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, with a small British contingent, commanded by Lord George Sackville, consisting of six cavalry regiments—the Horse Guards, 1st and 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 2nd, 6th, and 10th Dragoons—and six infantry battalions—the 12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st. The French, who numbered some 50,000, were commanded by Marshal Contades, who imprudently drew up his army with the cavalry in the centre and the infantry in the wings, expecting to find the Allies drawn up in that disposition. As events turned out, the whole soul of the fight was in the centre. This battle has no parallel for infantry prowess in military history. The six battalions of British infantry, assisted by two of the Hanoverian Guards, were detached from the right of the line of infantry to charge the enemy's centre, which consisted of sixty squadrons of horse. With drums beating, these battalions marched into the fight, and, to their eternal honour, drove the enemy before them. Gallantly the Mousquetaires, grey and red, charged, but the infantry received them with close volleys at 40-yds., and, without any assistance other than from the British artillery, actually drove back the cavalry. Such a thing was unheard of.

Contades himself bitterly remarked, "I have seen what I never thought to be possible—a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry ranked in order of battle, and tumble them into ruin." In vain did the French cavalry attempt to rally; they could not look this little corps of infantry in the face. In vain was it taken in front and flank by their artillery; its resolution was not to be daunted. The battle was won, but a cloud was cast over the triumph by the fact that Lord George Sackville failed to charge with his cavalry, as he was ordered to do, and the French army, which ought to have been destroyed, retreated in comparatively good order. The French lost about 7,000 men, 43 guns, and 17 colours, while the Allies' loss was 2,000 all told, of whom no fewer than 1,394 belonged to the gallant little British corps of infantry. The six British regiments which thus won everlasting fame on the Field of Minden, and were thenceforth known as the "Minden Regiments," were honoured by being permitted to bear the laurel wreath on their colours; and to this day on August 1 the men of these regiments deck themselves with roses in remembrance of the battle of Minden, in which tradition says men "walked to death with roses they had picked on the way in their breasts." It is impossible to follow the gallant men of the King's Own through all the battles in which they added to their fame, and it must suffice to say that they bear on their colours, besides Minden, Corunna, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthes, Peninsula, Waterloo, Pegu, Ali Musjid, Afghanistan, and Burma.

The old 14th, now the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire) Regiment, was not originally a Yorkshire regiment, having been formerly the 14th Bedfordshire and

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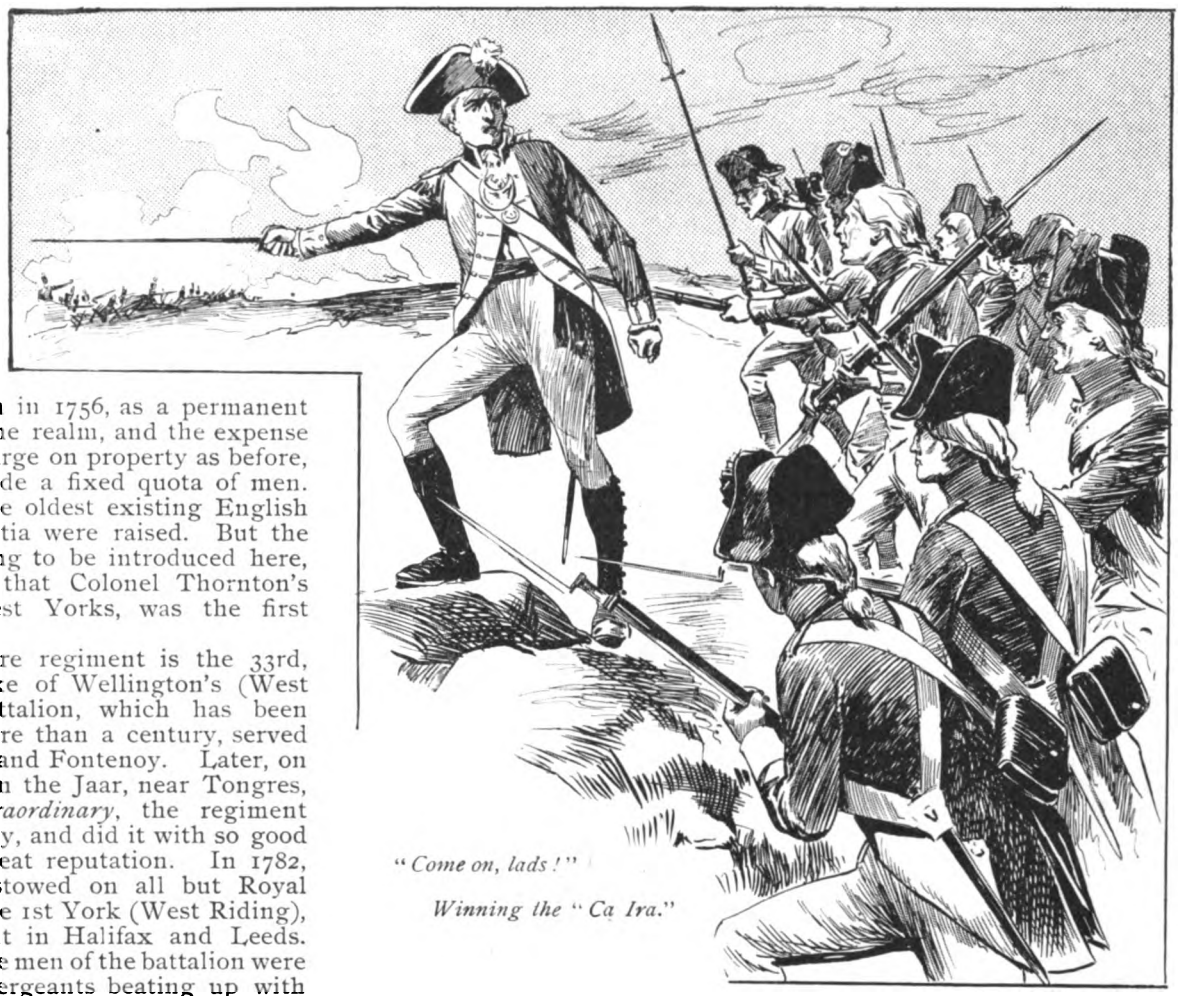
the 14th Buckinghamshire successively. On the introduction of the territorial system the regiment took its present title, the depôt being established at York, and the county may be congratulated on this addition to the regiments bearing its name. Of the old 14th—whose colours bear the following names: Tournay, Corunna, Java, Waterloo, Bhurtpore, Sebastopol, New Zealand, and Afghanistan—there is a romantic story told. The "Ca Ira," with its terrible associations, is not a tune that one would expect to find in honourable connection with a British regiment. It has, however, for more than a century been the quick-step march of the old 14th. The tune may, in fact, be regarded as a battle-won honour. When, on May 23, 1793, the allied forces stormed the French camp at Famars on the Ronelle, the 14th, attacking with too great impetuosity, and finding the work a little too hot for them, began to fall back. The moment was one of supreme gravity. The British were losing heart, while the French were gaining courage with their success, and their spirits were being stirred by the strains of the "Ca Ira." Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to the colonel of the 14th. He dashed to the front, commanded the band to strike up the revolutionary air, re-formed his men, and shouting, "Come on, lads, and we'll beat 'em to their own damned tune," headed his regiment. Gallantly responding to their colonel, the men advanced, and drove all before them, and from that day to this the battalions of the West Yorkshire, the "Old Fighting Fourteenth," have played the "Ca Ira" as their regimental quick-step. The West Yorkshire has also another unique honour. The 3rd Battalion of the regiment proudly calls itself the "First Regiment of Militia," being the first regiment to be organised under the Act of 1756. The Militia was first organised in its present form in 1756, as a permanent provision for the defence of the realm, and the expense of the force ceased to be a charge on property as before, each county having to provide a fixed quota of men. It was under this Act that the oldest existing English and Welsh regiments of Militia were raised. But the story of the Militia is too long to be introduced here, and it must suffice to say that Colonel Thornton's regiment, now the 3rd West Yorks, was the first regiment to be completed.

Another famous Yorkshire regiment is the 33rd, the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment). This battalion, which has been recruited in Yorkshire for more than a century, served with distinction at Dettingen and Fontenoy. Later, on October 7, 1746, in an affair on the Jaar, near Tongres, according to a *Gazette Extraordinary*, the regiment petitioned to attack the enemy, and did it with so good a countenance that it won great reputation. In 1782, when county titles were bestowed on all but Royal regiments, the 33rd became the 1st York (West Riding), and was instructed to recruit in Halifax and Leeds. The "Haver Cake" Lads, as the men of the battalion were called, from the recruiting sergeants beating up with haver or oat cakes on the points of their swords, soon won popularity in the West Riding. One of the great glories of the 33rd is the fact that Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the great Duke of Wellington) was appointed its colonel in 1806, and commanded the regiment until 1813, when he was transferred to the Blues. The 33rd served in Halkett's Brigade in the Waterloo campaign, losing heavily at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. On the death of the Duke, in 1852, the Queen was pleased to direct that the battalion should thenceforth be known as the "Duke of Wellington's," and should bear the great general's crest and motto as its regimental badge. This honour is now shared by the old 76th, which in 1882 became the 2nd Battalion of the regiment, and let it be at once said that the men of the 76th brought with them no small list of honours. They were the "Old Immortals" of Lake's campaigns, and were originally raised by the East India Company. For twenty years they bore a most honourable part in the campaigns in India, their services being commemorated by the badge of the "Elephant with Howdah." They left India in 1807, and on their way to this country encountered a hurricane and sundry perils from French cruisers. Two individuals, Lieutenant Montgomery and Quartermaster Hopkins, both of whom had risen from the ranks, were the sole representatives of those who had embarked with the regiment twenty years before.

Another regiment belonging to the county is the East Yorks, the old 15th. This regiment, the junior among the foot regiments raised in 1863, though originally recruited in Nottingham, may claim to be thoroughly Yorkshire, for the 1st Battalion has been recruited in the county for a century and a-half, and when a 2nd Battalion was required in 1804 it was raised in Scarborough. That battalion was disbanded in 1815, but another 2nd Battalion was raised in Yorkshire in 1858. The East Yorkshire bore a distinguished part in all Marlborough's campaigns. It also fought under Wolfe at Quebec, and did good service in the first Afghan War.

The Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), the old 19th, very early in its career became a Yorkshire regiment, though it did not receive its county title until 1782. It owes its origin to certain companies of musketeers and pikemen raised in 1688, and incorporated as a regiment in the following year. It fought at Malplaquet, and served with great credit in the Russian War in Buller's Brigade, the three great battles of that campaign—the Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol—being emblazoned on its colours.

The York and Lancaster Regiment must also be said to belong for the most part to Yorkshire. The 1st Battalion, the old 65th (2nd Yorkshire North Riding), was raised in 1756 as a 2nd Battalion of the 12th Foot, and became the 65th Foot in 1758. In 1782 it took its old territorial title. It fought at the capture of Martinique and Guadeloupe, and on its return home in a skeleton state was recruited with parish boys from the Scotch poor-houses. Then, after some time spent at the Cape, it saw twenty years' service in India (where it served under Lake) and Arabia. On its return home the regiment was directed to bear upon its colours and appointments the figure of the Royal Tiger, with the word India superscribed, and the word Arabia below the figure of the regiment, in consideration of its services. It also took part in the Maori Campaign, and served under Sir Gerald Graham in the operations in the Eastern Soudan in 1884, being present at the battles of El Teb and Tamai. The 2nd Battalion, the old 84th (York and Lancaster) was raised by General George Bernard in 1793. It became the York and Lancaster in 1809. Its 2nd Battalion (afterwards merged in the 1st) joined the Duke of Wellington's Army on the Spanish Frontier in 1813. It served in the battles on the Bidassoa and Nive, and at the investment at Bayonne. The 1st Battalion served for twenty-three years at the Cape and in India, and the word India was added to its other distinctions in 1826, "in commemoration of its services in that part of the world from 1796 to 1819." In 1842 it went to Burma, and served there on and off until 1857, when the Mutiny broke out, when it was ordered to India and did good service. Among other services of the battalion may be mentioned the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when it was present at Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and in minor engagements.



"Come on, lads!"

Winning the "Ca Ira."

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BRITAIN'S STRONGHOLD

AN APRIL SCENE ON MALTA RACE-COURSE.

SHOULD we abandon the Mediterranean in the event of war? This is one of the problems of Naval strategy which is always certain to provoke a good deal of discussion. We had to adopt this course in 1800, and there are those who contend that we should certainly have to do so again if we were confronted by a three-Power coalition, and that, this being the case, we ought to retire gracefully in time of peace. There is another school of thinkers which holds that our proper course should be to increase the Mediterranean Squadron, even at the cost of a large ship-building programme. Between such conflicting opinions, it is not for this writer to decide. But would the advocates of the policy of withdrawal propose that we should surrender Malta, and, if so, to whom? At present the place is a great British Military stronghold and Naval arsenal. Acquired by us in 1800, its possession was confirmed to this country by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, and it has, therefore, now been a part of the British Empire for over 100 years Malta is so far the "predominant partner" that the little group of islands is almost invariably called by its name. But there are really five islands. Besides Malta itself, there is Gozo, a paradise of market gardening, and between the two are Comino, and a little steep rocky islet known as Cominotto. Everything, indeed, is rocky hereabout. The channel between Comino and Malta, for example, has several pinnacle rocks, and it was upon one of these that the British battle-ship "Sultan" ran years ago, when she was engaged in torpedo exercise. She sank, but was subsequently raised and brought home to this country, and it will be remembered that she was commissioned for the Manœuvres a year ago. Surely that must be the last time that she will ever hoist the pennant. To complete the group of islands must be included Filfola, which, however, is a mere rock lying off the stern cliffs which guard the southern coast-line of Malta. The little group lies about fifty-eight miles south of the Sicilian Coast and about 180 miles from Cape Bar in Africa. Of volcanic origin, the group stands on the same submarine plateau as Sicily itself. Between the two islands there is no greater depth than eight fathoms, while some fifty miles to the eastward the soundings reach 1,500 fathoms. The whole of the north-eastern and eastern coast-lines of Malta itself has been fretted into deep indentations, and though the Grand Harbour and the Quarantine Harbour, on opposite sides of the peninsula on which Valetta stands, are the only ones used for Naval or mercantile purposes, Marsa Sirocco, St. Paul's Bay, and Melliha Bay, run far into the land. Their shallowness is the objection to them, but the time may possibly come when it will be necessary to deepen Marsa Sirocco, and to adapt it to Naval needs. Malta is, of course, the headquarters of the Mediterranean Squadron, and the extent to which it is identified with British Naval interests in the great inland sea is aptly shown in the picture which appears at the head of this article. There we have Jack ashore. The Naval Exhibition of 1891 familiarised Londoners to a certain extent with the idea of the seaman doing the work of a soldier and doing it well, and South Africa and China have since driven home the lesson. But such a display as that which was held on the race-course at Malta on April 15 had never before been seen. It was upon an unprecedented scale, and it spoke plainly of the size and efficiency of the force which could be put into the field by such a squadron as this country maintains in the Mediterranean. It told eloquently of the double life of the Bluejacket in the Royal Navy—his life afloat, and the duties which may, and often do, fall to his lot ashore. The weather was splendid—as, for the matter of that, it generally is in Malta by the middle of April—and Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, in command on the station, reviewed the men. More than 11,000 men, including Bluejackets and Royal Marines, the whole under the command of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, were landed from the Mediterranean Squadron, and the men were inspected by Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty.

MAKING THE BEST USE OF SHALLOW WATER.
The Torpedo-testing Station, Sliema Creek.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

NEAR THE OLD PALACE OF SALMONE.
Signalling from the Highest Part of the Island.

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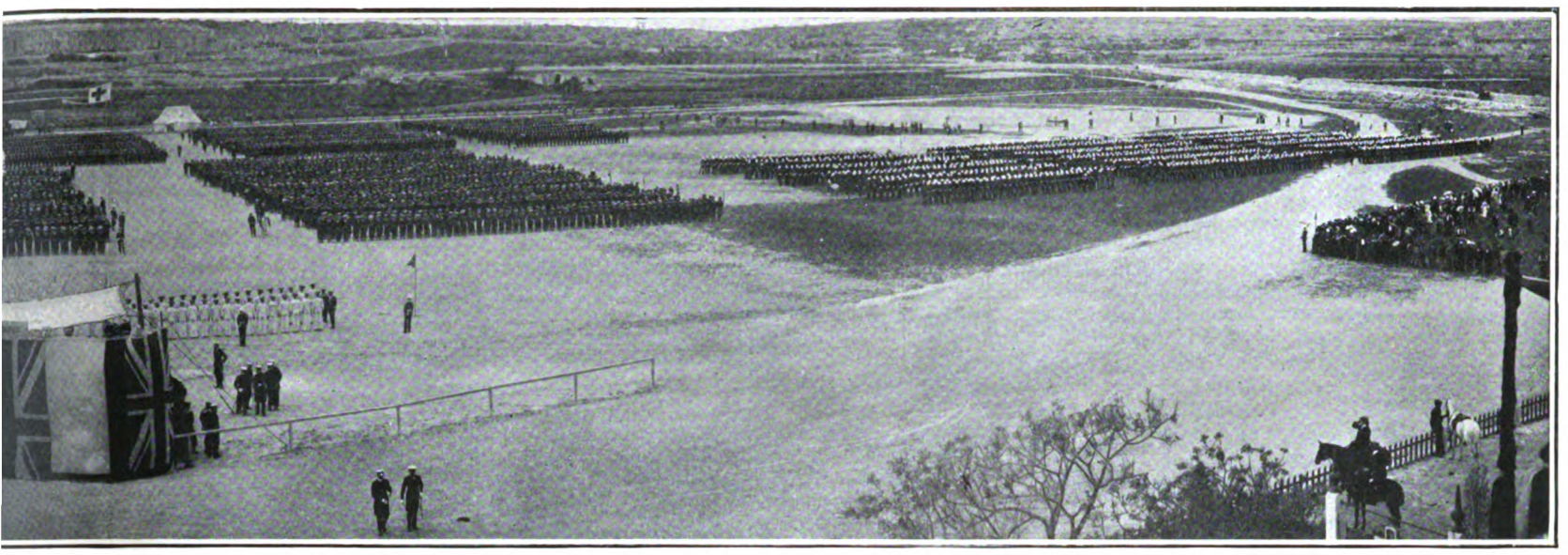
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.



GREAT REVIEW OF BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES.

After the inspection the men marched past in splendid style. Lord Selborne was greatly pleased with the smartness of all the men who took part in the parade, which was witnessed by an immense number of spectators, amongst whom were the Lords of the Admiralty, Major-General Lord Congleton, commanding the Infantry Brigade at Malta, and his staff, Lord Rosebery, a number of military officers, civilians, and others. Eighteen guns were landed for the occasion, and it is easy to understand that the display was as attractive to the military spectator as to the civilian. Further evidence, if any were needed, of the intimate association of Malta with British Naval power is to be found in another of our pictures. It shows the very innocent-looking torpedo-testing station in Sliema Creek, which is itself an opening out of the Quarantine Harbour. It is very shallow, and thus admirably adapted for torpedo purposes. Sliema itself consisted some years ago of a few houses isolated in their own grounds among the fields, but it is now one of the fashionable suburbs of Valetta.

Malta is only some seventeen miles in length and nine miles in breadth, with a total area of less than ninety-two miles. Gozo is less than twenty-five square miles, and Comino about one square mile. And yet these islets contain a population of 178,000, inclusive of the garrison. Apart, indeed, from big cities, Malta is more densely populated than any spot in Europe. Its fertility too, is remarkable, particularly when it is remembered that every bit of the soil has been imported. Even now it is shallow, the rock cropping through in all directions, and the Maltese plough, with its wooden share shod with iron, light and easily lifted when rock is encountered, is adapted to the conditions. At one time every ship which entered the port had to deposit a quantity of earth in proportion to its tonnage, but this regulation is no longer in force. The island, too, is utterly devoid of water, except that which is saved when the heavy winter rains fall, and which is stored in cisterns. There is no river, not even a mere streamlet, and it might seem that under these conditions the prospects of a productive soil were not encouraging. The Maltese, however, are an industrious race. They call their island "the flower of the world," and by dint of hard work they succeed in producing two, and even three, crops in the year. When Malta was annexed to the powerful Roman State in the year 216 B.C., it was a famous and flourishing colony. Ovid talks of its fertility; Cicero mentions cushions stuffed with its rose leaves. Roses, indeed, with cotton, and honey of exquisite flavour, were in those days its principal productions, and cotton continued to be so up to quite a recent period. It may even be said that it is so still, but of late years there has been a tendency to devote more attention to the growth of vegetables and fruit—early potatoes and such-like—for the English market; but wheat and other grain is grown. Malta oranges are of world-wide renown, and the island produces luscious grapes, as well as peaches, figs, melons, and olives. Cattle, sheep, and particularly goats are reared, and there is a fine breed of mules, which are used for agricultural purposes. One of our pictures shows a mule at work, and affords an illustration of the primitive methods which are still adopted for the accomplishment of some of the necessary farming operations. A mule and a donkey are harnessed together, and driven round and round in a circle by a boy. In this way they tread out the corn, while a man occasionally shakes up the grain. Truly a primitive method of thrashing, that must have come down, one imagines, from a remote antiquity. When we remember, too, that Malta is within convenient reach of three continents, and in the track of the huge traffic which passes through the Suez Canal, it is easy to recognise the commercial importance of the island. Its imports are considerable, but it is as a port of call it is most useful. Valetta is the seat of a large trade, and its busy docks and the work connected with the ships entering its ports find employment for a large number of men. The average Maltese, too, is exceedingly thrifty, and there is a considerable sum in the Government Savings

FAMILIAR TO VISITORS TO VALETTA.

The Gateway to the Floriana Gardens.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A PRIMITIVE MODE OF THRASHING CORN.

Treading Out the Grain by a Donkey and a Mule

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Bank. There is no direct taxation, and the most important sources of revenue are customs duties, port dues, and land tax. To finish with the resources of the island, let it be recorded that a railway eight and a-half miles long, now owned by the Government, runs from Valetta to the ancient capital, Citta Vecchia, which lies inland, and is famed for its magnificent cathedral, which, tradition says, stands upon the site of the house of Publius, who lodged St. Paul and his companions after their shipwreck, which, to quote tradition again, took place in St. Paul's Bay. At the entrance to that bay is a small island, upon which is a monument to the Apostle to the Gentiles. Years ago, when the present writer passed some weeks on the little island under canvas, the place, which had ordinarily no human inhabitants, swarmed with very audacious rats and with lizards that speedily became tame enough to take food from the fingers. In addition to the railway there are about sixty-five miles of telegraphs in the island, as well as a complete system of telephonic communication in Valetta, while telegraph cables connect the place with Gibraltar, Sicily, Alexandria, and other places.

Mention was made of "the average Maltese." Let us understand the meaning of this phrase. The Maltese are a curiously blended race. Every nation that has held away over the island has left its traces. The Phœnicians colonised the islands. The Greeks drove out the Phœnicians, only to be in turn despoiled by the Carthaginians, who made the most of the fertile spot. Once again Malta became the prize of sea power, and Rome, when mistress of the seas after the first Punic War, made Malta her own. Vandals and Goths were in succession its next masters, but Belisarius restored it to the Byzantine Empire. The Saracens held it for 220 years, and then its possession passed first to Sicily and afterwards to Spain. By the Emperor Charles V. it was given to the Knights of St. John, and from them it passed to Napoleon, only to be wrenched from that great conqueror by the might of Britain, with the assistance of the Maltese themselves. The little group of islands has thus passed through the hands of about a dozen nations. The reason is obvious. The strategical importance of Malta with its spacious harbours has always been great. We associate it now with the command of the Suez Canal route to India, but we should be neglectful of the lessons of history if we forgot that the Mediterranean laved the shores of the great trading nations of antiquity, and that Malta occupies a unique position for harassing or protecting trade passing between the eastern and western Mediterranean. Herein lies the secret of the desire to possess it displayed by whatever nation was for the time being navally dominant in the great inland sea. But this constant change of mastery has led, as has been said, to a strange blending of racial characteristics. The Maltese language, indeed, gives us a clue to the genealogy of the Maltese themselves. Signor Ojetti recently stated in the *Corriere della Sera* that the Maltese vocabulary is "a language in which hardly 20 per cent. of the words have Italian roots, while the rest is a residuum of Phœnician and corrupt Arabic." Probably the latter would be found to considerably predominate. It may be said that Signor Ojetti's statement was made in consequence of the agitation which was aroused in Malta in 1898 by the announcement of the Government that after fifteen years the English language should take the place of Italian, in which all legal proceedings are conducted. It was felt to be a hardship that a British subject unfamiliar with the Italian language should be tried by a court of justice in a British colony "in a language which he could not understand, and which is not the native language of the country."

It is impossible to forecast the future—that is on the knees of the gods. There are those who hold that the British Empire will go on increasing in wealth and prosperity, the Mother State and her daughter realms being knit together into some form of commercial and national federation. There are others, prophets of evil, who hold that Britain will fall as Carthage and Rome fell, and that the time of the catastrophe is not far distant. If the latter contention be correct, the vicissitudes of the Maltese group of islands are not yet at an end. But it is certain that as long as this country aspires to be leading Naval Power of the world, it will never be able to afford to yield up possession of its Mediterranean outpost.

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THE BARRACCA GARDENS.

An Evening Resort of Valetta Society.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

OUR North American stations having been so ably dealt with by Admiral Kennedy in these pages, and our Asiatic and African ones to the best of my ability by myself, it only remains to speak of the Mediterranean. With the exception of Egypt all our military stations in this inland sea are islands or isolated rocks. Of the latter class the most famous is

GIBRALTAR,

which does not promise much, but is really not half a bad place for sport. Apart from the fox-hunting with the Calpe Hounds, excellent and varied shooting can be obtained at short distances from "The Rock." Spain is one of the least-worked-out shooting grounds of Europe, and some of the best tracts are very accessible from Algeciras, to which the railway now runs. There is plenty of red-deer shooting in Andalusia, but, of course, it is by invitation. In some less-preserved places, corzos (roe), boar, and wolves may be obtained. The finest sport of all is the pursuit of the so-called Pyrenean ibex (which is neither an ibex nor confined to the Pyrenees). In my day (three-and-twenty years ago, alas!) there were enough of these animals for sport in the Sierra de Ronda, which, there being then no railway, was about as far as we could manage. Now it would be advisable to go further afield, choosing your ground after perusal of that delightful book, Chapman's "Wild Spain." The wild-fowling in the great Andalusian marshes is famous, and, again, there is a certain amount of small game to be shot in Morocco, also easily accessible. There are also boar there, but these are, or were, reserved for the spear. For the two very rare trophies, the head of an African red-deer or the pelt of the (possibly extinct) bear of the Atlas, it is vain to hope, nor do I absolutely know that the range of either ever extended into Morocco. Of the former, there might be a better chance from

MALTA,

for there are, or were, not long ago, red-deer in the forests of Constantine, between Bone and Calle, and in the districts of Tabessa and Douirat. Another shooting ground to be reached from the Island of the Knights is Tunis, but for big game you have to go a long way. A third is Sardinia, offering varied sport with deer, moufflon, and boar.

A FINE COLLECTION OF TROPHIES.

CRETE

is our latest station, and I believe the pursuit of its ibex has proved a bootless quest. But in 1898 I found a subaltern from Candia shooting the same game at Antimilo, having been attracted thither by an article I had written about it, and he killed one very good buck. There must, I take it, be pretty good small-game shooting in the island itself

EGYPT

offers good small-game shooting, but short of a Soudan expedition, which, if expensive, would probably be very profitable, the only chance to use a rifle is along the Red Sea littoral. The Sinaitic ibex inhabits all this range, but most of the heads one sees in England have been killed by the Arabs and with dogs. I have not heard of one being shot by an Englishman except near Suakin and on the other side of the Red Sea, where a good many have been bagged of recent years. If, however, I were stationed in Egypt and wanted shooting, I would take leave to

CYPRUS,

the very last military station I have to deal with. This island offers excellent shooting, and good bags of partridge, cock, and hares can be made, also, in favourable districts, of wildfowl and snipe. Of all the sport of the island that most likely to attract is the shooting of the wild sheep peculiar to the island, and locally, though incorrectly, known as the moufflon.

Of this animal my recollections are very fresh indeed, for it was only in 1900 that I was fortunate enough to bag the record ram. Of this stalk a description has already appeared in print, so I will here describe a later one which resulted in a somewhat smaller head. I may preface my yarn by saying that the Cyprian wild sheep now inhabits the north-western highlands of the country, its range extending roughly from near Promos Point to the heights of Mount Olympus. Scattered over this large tract of forest there may be, perhaps, 500 moufflon, of which the sportsman will be allowed to kill two, or, perhaps, even only one ram. When I went out to the island I felt hardly treated in only getting a permit to kill two, but it took me many a weary tramp, and at last, after all, I got both my rams within forty-eight hours, and with the expenditure of only two cartridges.

Having for a number of reasons failed to score during a six-weeks' camp in the mountains during the autumn of 1899, I gave up the pursuit for a time, and returned to it (in very poor health) at the beginning of February, 1900. I took up my quarters in a forest, but at a place known as Stavro, which, although actually in the moufflon sanctuary, was the handiest headquarters. Bad and blusterous weather spoilt our chances the first three days, which left me only ten more before the shooting season closed. But on February 6 I bagged the big ram, not exactly by stalking him, but by "jumping" him, and shooting him as he stopped to look back some 230-yds. off.

The following day was foggy and, consequently, blank. When I got back to the hut, I found company in the shape of the local officer with his satellites, he having come up to inspect the new forest hut, which, in its unfinished state, the winter rains had reduced to little more than a heap of ruins. Unlike many minor Cypriote officials, he spoke some English, which is by no means obligatory with them. I gave him dinner, and he gave me—the time, for I was astonished to find I was an hour and a-half slow. No wonder I had thought the days very short.

Next morning was as bad a day as its predecessor, and at nine o'clock my old stalker, Anastasi, pleaded for another hour's delay, saying that the mist would then be gone, to which I replied that it would take us that hour to get up the hill out of the sanctuary, anyhow; and so we climbed over the shoulder of Khorteri (4,255-ft.) into the wild gorge of Exo Mylos, a valley containing, by the way, more cedars than any other I saw in Cyprus. Along its western slopes we toiled for some time in vain, but there was no want of fresh tracks, which kept us going through the frequent showers.

At last, a little before noon, we made out a ram at the bottom of a deep ravine running down towards the Kouphoplatanou River. There was no time to use the glass, for almost before we had squatted hurriedly he was on his feet, but I judged him good enough, so I "drew a bead" and pressed the trigger. The "crack" of the 60-gr. of Rifleite powder re-echoed in a tremendous "boom" from the mist-covered mountain opposite, and the ram was down. As often happens in these cases, his two companions, both rams, which I had not before seen, stood gazing in amazement until Anastasi dashed down on the quarry. Had I had licence to kill a third I could easily have had a second chance on that occasion.

Reloading, I listened with little discouragement to Anastasi's cry of dismay at seeing the ram had gone on; and rightly so, for before I, going round by easier slopes, had got

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a better view of the spot, I saw him standing over the moufflon, which had only rolled and struggled a score of yards, and was dead, indeed, before I got down to him. It was a smaller specimen than my other one, yellower, and with a more distinct white saddle-mark. The ·400 S. Jeffery bullet had wrought tremendous havoc with its tenderer frame, for, striking rather high on the shoulder (I had perhaps barely made allowance for the steepness of the slope down to the animal), it had actually knocked the opposite shoulder-blade right through the skin.

We had hardly finished the gralloch before the rain came down more heavily than ever; and I for one was wet through before the shower was over. The old fellow then manfully shouldered my game, and toiled up the long hill, but it was cold work for me to keep with him, and at last I hurried on to send my camp factotum back to assist. By the time I had changed my wet clothes and had my luncheon they arrived at the hut; and we were able to remove and peg out the skin before dark

Next morning I sent old Anastasi off to Ktima (Papho) for my mule train, having two days on my hands ere they could arrive, which I devoted mainly to the preparation of my specimens. On the fourth day I reached my temporary home near Papho in time for lunch, and then proceeded to distribute my game among the European residents of the place—the meat even of old males of this sheep being excellent eating—and to read flowery accounts of my performance in the local paper, the *Voice of Cyprus*.

SNAFFLE.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on September* 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16, 30, *May* 4, 25.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"C. C. B."—It is very hard to get detailed information as to when the bottle was first used at ship launches. From Henry VIII. to the Commonwealth a ship was christened by some great personage going on board and spilling some wine out of a silver cup on her poop, naming the ship as he did so, after which the silver cup became the perquisite of the master shipwright who built the vessel. Under the Commonwealth this practice was, it would seem, thought too expensive, and somewhere about that time, as far as I can make out, the cheaper method of smashing a common glass bottle on the ship's bows was substituted for the silver cup. Naturally, the master shipwrights objected to losing their perquisites, and it became later on the practice on the launch of a new ship to present to the master shipwright or chief constructor a gratuity with which to purchase a memento of the occasion, which custom has continued to the present time. The records are not, however, very clear on the point of launching ceremonies, and there is not, as far as I am aware, in existence a single description of a man-of-war launch—dealing with the ceremony of christening—during the nearly 150 years between the launch of the "Sovereign of the Seas" in 1637 and the launch of the "Magnanime," 74, in 1780. Can any reader supply the gap?

* * * *

"MILITIA OFFICER."—An officer of the Militia is eligible for a commission in the Regular Forces up to the age of twenty-two, or if he has served three trainings, up to twenty-three. Officers while in the Militia can be, and often are, attached to the Regulars for a long period. Many have been serving with Line battalions in South Africa during the war, others have been attached to the Depôts, and many of the officers of the newly-formed Garrison Regiment are Militia officers.

* * * *

"CROWN AND ANCHOR" sends me the following note from the Pacific: "A chaplain in the Navy 100 years ago (1801), at Portsmouth, preaching for the first time to the crew of his new ship, was surprised and somewhat disconcerted at finding his congregation audibly titter when he gave out his text—the well-known verse about Faith, Hope, and Charity—and that the ill-suppressed amusement was not confined to the tars alone, but was shared by the senior and gun-room officers. He falteringly managed to worry his text for the orthodox twelve minutes, and then dismissed his audience. Hastening to the ward-room, he asked to be enlightened as to what had excited the risibility of the crew, when he was told that a purser of one of the ships present had been married during the week, and the following epigram was in everybody's mouth just then, while the coincidence of his having chosen unwittingly to preach on that subject had tickled even the most reverent worshipper:

MARRIAGES.

"On the 1st inst. (January, 1801), the *gallant* Robert Hope, Esq., purser of His Magesty's ship 'Puissant,' aged *four score*, to the lovely and aimiable Miss Fanny Paul of Portsmouth, aged 13!!!

"EPIGRAM ON THE ABOVE.

Said an ancient Apostle,
Of Faith, Hope, and Love,
The latter by far
Must all ages approve.
But one angel (Miss Paul),

Acted quite the reverse; for *Old Hope*, above all, she preferred with his *purse*."

* * * *

"LIGHTS OUT."—The origin of the order about landing powder from ships entering harbour which has just been discontinued came about thus: The frigate "Amphion"—Captain Israel Pellew—was under orders to leave Plymouth for a cruise on the morning of September 23, 1796. The previous day, being still at her moorings, lashed to the sheer-hulk one side and almost touching the "Yarmouth" receiving-ship on the other, there were two parties at dinner, the captain, first lieutenant, and a guest (Captain Shoffield) in the cabin, and in the gun-room about 100 men, women, and children from the shore, bidding farewell to relatives and friends. Suddenly the ship blew up, and upwards of 320 persons lost their lives, the captain and first lieutenant jumping out of the cabin windows and saving their lives with those of about ten others. The shore was strewn for days with mangled corpses, limbs, and scorched flesh, etc., and mourning relatives had to daily renew their search of identification. A month later the horror was accentuated by an attempt to raise the ship, when a great number of corpses were liberated and washed ashore, and the sad work of identification had to be gone over again. Any landsman at Plymouth or Devonport will tell you at once what the unsightly red hulks are in the Hamoaze or being towed to and fro the Sound, for the loss of the 32-gun frigate "Amphion" is chronicled in churches and cemeteries in the Three Towns and at Stoke Church.

"CHATHAM."—With regard to building ships in dock, that was undoubtedly the usual method in Charles II.'s time. From then on to Queen Anne's time third rates and smaller ships were built on slips and second and first rates in dock. In the reigns of George I. and George II. it was found possible to build second rates—90-gun ships—on slips, but first rates continued to be built in dock until 1765. Then the Admiralty decided that it was unwise to occupy docks with ships in the building, in case war with France should break out, and all ships were henceforward for a hundred years built on slips, whatever their size, until wooden men-of-war ceased to be constructed. Our first ironclads, at any rate those built in Government dockyards, were thought too heavy to be built on slips, and were built in dock down to 1873, when they in turn became too big for building in the then existing docks. With enlarged docks most of the "Royal Sovereigns" and "Majestics" were built in the Royal dockyards until 1894. Then, as had happened in 1765, the Admiralty discontinued the practice for big ships, so as to keep all docks vacant in case of emergencies.

* * * *

J. HELSBY.—The King is honorary colonel of the 5th Pomeranian (Blucher) Hussars, and colonel-in-chief of the 1st Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards. He is also honorary colonel of the 27th (King Edward VII.'s) Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons, and of the 12th Austro-Hungarian Hussars. The Duke of Cornwall and York is lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Prussian Dragoon Guards (Queen Victoria's Own) and was lately appointed by the Emperor William *a la suite* of the German Navy. The Duke of Connaught is honorary colonel of the Ziethien Hussars No. 3 (of Brandenburg) and of the 4th Austrian Hussars, and *a la suite* of the Kieff Regiment of Russian Dragoons. The Duke of Cambridge is honorary colonel of the 28th (von Goeben) Regiment of Prussian Infantry, and is a field-marshal in the Prussian Army.

* * * *

"LIBRARIAN."—The letter which you refer to is one Lord Nelson's venerable father wrote to a friend (the Rev. B. Abbot) in reply to a letter of congratulation on the battle of the Nile, May 1, 1798: "My great and good son went into the world without fortune, but with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue. These have been his compass to steer by; and it has pleased God to be his shield in battle and to give success to his wishes to be of service to his country. His country seems sensible of his services, but should he ever meet with ingratitude his scars will cry out and plead his cause, for at the siege of Bastia he lost an eye; at Teneriffe, an arm; on the memorable 14th of February he received a severe blow on his body which he still feels; and now a wound on the head. After all this you will believe his bloom of countenance must be faded; but the spirit beareth up yet as vigorous as ever. On September 29 he completed his fortieth year; cheerful, generous, and good; fearing no evil because he has done none; an honour to my grey hairs, which with every mark of old age creep fast upon me."

* * * *

"P. S. C."—With reference to the good work done along the railway in South Africa by the Royal Engineers, you are correct in stating that no organisation of railway companies existed in the British Army up to 1882. In all the other great European Armies special companies were trained for the working, maintenance, and repair of railways and moving stock during active operations. The then Inspector-General of Fortifications, Sir Andrew Clarke, made proposals for organising companies on the same plan as in other Armies, but the suggestions were not accepted at the time. When, however, it became necessary to follow up the operations of the Mediterranean Fleet at Alexandria by a military occupation of Egypt, it was obvious to the War Office that a rapid advance on Cairo was dependent on seizing and working the railway line. It is always dangerous to rely on native employés in war, so Sir Andrew Clarke obtained permission to convert a garrison company of Royal Engineers into a railway company, and these men were rapidly passed through a course of instruction on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The company proved of the greatest service, and the force was gradually expanded to its present proportions.

* * * *

"J. P. R."—The Italian battle-ship "Regina Margherita," recently launched at Spezzia, will be one of the most powerful fighting ships in the world. Her chief dimensions are: Length, 426½-ft.; beam, 78 1-5-ft.; draught, 27-ft.; displacement, 13,426 tons. She is fitted with quadruple-expansion engines, fed by twenty-eight boilers of the Niclausse water-tube type, capable of 19,000 horse-power, and an extreme speed of 20½ knots. The armament will consist of four 12-in. guns mounted in armoured turrets, four 8-in., twelve 6-in., sixteen 3-in., and eight 47-mm. quick-firing guns. Her coal bunkers are to take 2,000 tons, allowing for a cruise of 10,000 miles without recoaling. The "Regina Margherita" will be fitted with eight search-lights, and her complement will be thirty-six officers and 655 men.

THE EDITOR.

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SUBMARINE MINES & THEIR USES.

A SUBMARINE MINE.

THE TORPEDO TRAINING SCHOOL "VERNON."

LAYING A MINE.

SUBMARINE mining is a general term used to designate the various systems of offensive and defensive under-water warfare which a maritime nation might employ in its operations against an enemy. Offensive mining is exclusively a Naval weapon, and defensive mining almost exclusively Military, for though a fleet carries a small proportion of stores for the defence of a harbour, it is to be hoped that our Navy, at any rate, will never be in a position which requires a retreat behind a temporary mine-field.

Military mining is in the hands of the Royal Engineers, who have a corps of men specially trained for the work, called the submarine miners. All the more important harbours throughout the Empire are defended by mine-fields, whose unobtrusive, and often unsuspected, secrets are jealously guarded.

To begin at the beginning, a mine is a water-tight buoyant iron case, generally spherical or conical in shape, which contains a charge of gun-cotton. This charge is of various sizes, and its weight depends on the special work for which the mine is designed. A contact mine will average about 100-lb. of gun-cotton, and an observation mine about 500-lb. The contact mine, as its name implies, floats near the surface of the water, and is fired automatically if a ship bumps against it. The observation mine, on the other hand, lies 30-ft. or 40-ft. below the surface, and is fired by one or more observers on shore, who follow the course of the enemy's ship, and fire the mine when she is observed to be over it. Both kinds of mine are, of course, moored in position by means of anchors or heavy sinkers. Both kinds of mine, too, are fired by electricity; indeed, it is only by the use of electricity that the modern mine-field is possible. Advantage is taken of the fact that a current of electricity flowing along a wire raises the temperature of that wire by reason of the resistance which the wire offers to the passage of the current. If the wire is large the resistance is small, and the rise of temperature is inappreciable; but if at any point in this circuit the wire is made so small that its resistance to the passage of the current is very high, then the temperature rises, the wire becomes red-hot, and eventually fuses. Such a piece of wire about a quarter of an inch long and surrounded by gunpowder constitutes an electric fuse. The battery for generating the electric current is kept on shore. To each of the mines a cable is laid which is of sufficient size to carry the battery current without heating. Inside the mine it is connected to the fuse. Directly the current is allowed to pass the fine wire inside, the fuse gets red-hot and ignites the powder round it, which, in turn, explodes the mine.

A well-planned and efficient mine-field will be a most difficult thing for a fleet to attack. The shore stations are so small, and so easily concealed, and the destruction wrought by a mine upon a ship is so certain, that any man would think twice before attacking a place so defended. In the ideal harbour the mine-field

Photo. Copyright. *West & Son.*

A TORPEDO EXPLOSION.

Blowing Up a Boat.

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lies well to seaward of the forts and the main positions to be held, so that to attack successfully the enemy must first cross the mined area before he can get to close quarters with those inside the harbour. At the same time, the mine-field is thoroughly well protected by light gun-fire against any boats that may be sent in to cut the electric cables or destroy the mines. The usual plan adopted is to sow the mouth of the harbour with contact mines, keeping a central channel defended by the deep-lying observation mines. By this means friendly ships can go in and out without fear of fouling the contact mines. Even if they did touch one, however, there would be no danger, for the great advantage of these electrically-fired mines, is that when the batteries ashore are disconnected the mines are perfectly harmless.

There is another kind of contact mine which is also sometimes used, called the mechanical mine. It would never be used for defensive purposes except as a last resource. It is fired by means of a pistol or friction arrangement contained in the mine, and obviously, when once laid down, it is as dangerous to friend as to foe. When these mines have been laid on active service, and it has become necessary afterwards to raise or destroy them, the work of doing so has nearly always been attended with considerable loss of life to those employed on the work.

The proper sphere of the mechanical mine is for offensive work, and, as such, finds a place amongst Naval mines. It is conceivable that it might be made very useful under some circumstances. A gun-boat or other swift light-draught vessel, armed with a dozen or so of these mines arranged to drop and moor themselves automatically at the proper depth, could make a night raid upon an enemy's harbour, a favourite anchorage, or some narrow channel used by him, and drop the mines there. The result could not fail to have a disquieting effect upon the enemy.

The other offensive operations which would be practised by a Naval force in connection with mining are: (1) Creeping with hooks and grapnels for the electrical cables connected to the mines, cutting them as found, and so rendering the mines harmless; (2) sweeping with heavy chains, dragged between small steamers, across the mine-field and so displacing or destroying the mines; (3) countermining, or destroying the mine-field wholesale, by the use of enormous charges of gun-cotton.

Photo. Copyright. THE LATEST EXPERIMENT IN BOOM DESTRUCTION. *West & Son.*

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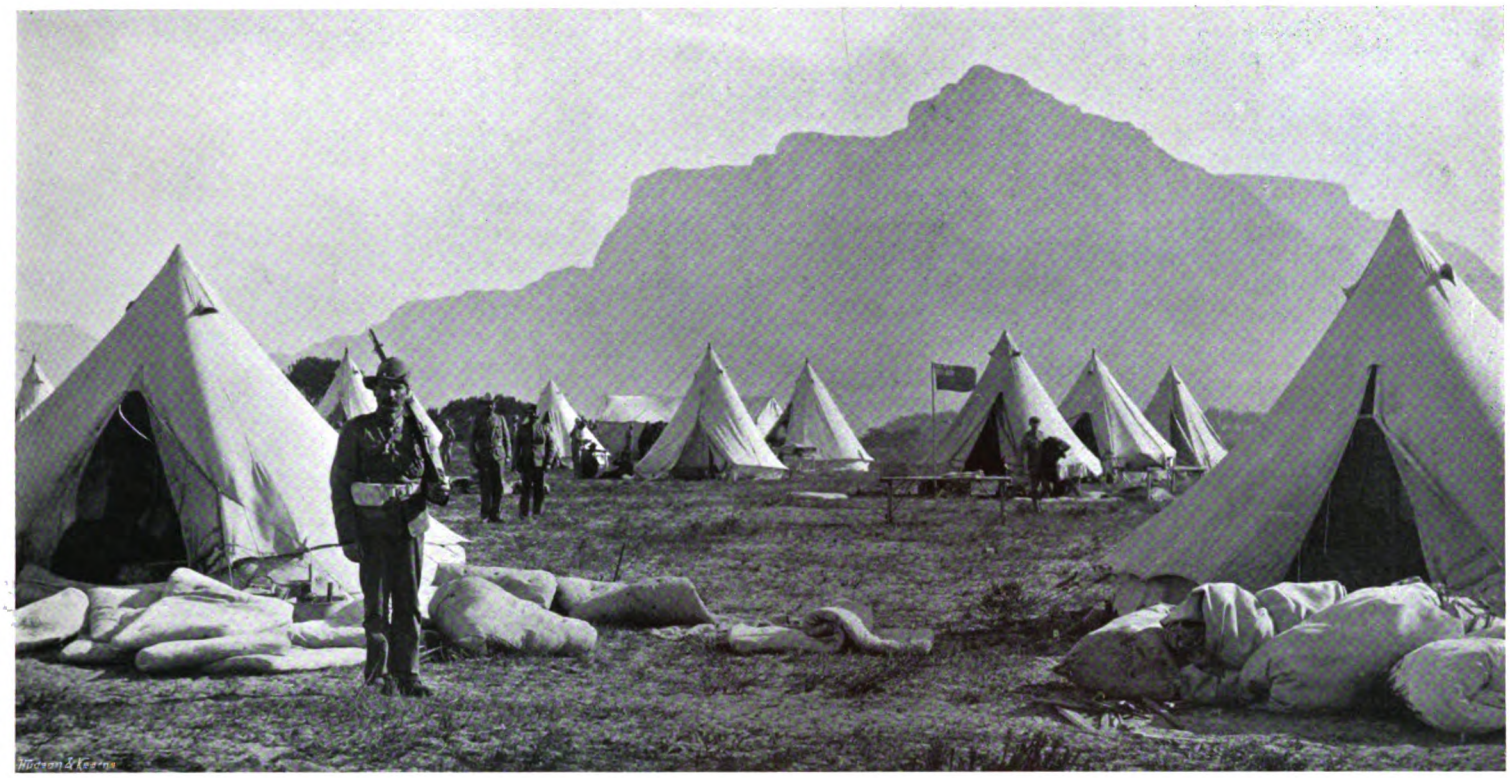
FIGHTING THE PLAGUE AT CAPE TOWN.

[From our Special Correspondent in South Africa.]



AT THE NATIVE LOCATION.

Sentries on Guard to Prevent Communication.

EVEN amongst the many novel sights that attract our attention on our arrival at Cape Town, making us realise we are indeed in a country hitherto unknown to us, we are impressed by the great yellow crosses that here and there are daubed on the houses of the town, marking them as plague-stricken. Hitherto the dread scourge has seemed to us so far away, so entirely remote from our experience, that except for our sympathy with humanity at large, it seems hardly to concern us at all. But here it is brought immediately before us; the great yellow mark tells us that it is there, and here, and here. It is a thing for us to note and watch and guard against.

It was just at the moment when England began to look cheerily towards the end of the war that this new danger came to disturb her. The danger of the plague spreading amongst the hosts of our men scattered throughout Cape Colony, the Orange River, the Transvaal, and Natal was recognised at once. And as soon as it was seen that Cape Town would not bestir itself to fight the dread visitor, the Government took the matter in hand, and saw that everything was done thoroughly, effectively, and at once.

Immediately an almost entirely new sanitary department was organised, and a working staff, with Dr. Gregory at the head of affairs. Corps of house and street cleaners were formed, and the work of cleansing the foul slums of the town was begun—an undertaking by no means a sinecure, as everyone will know who has had acquaintance with the districts in which Malays, Kaffirs, and other heterogeneous people live under conditions delightfully suitable for the growth of plague bacilli and suchl-ike. Besides this general cleansing, the actual cases of plague had to be dealt with, the victims removed, and the contacts traced and taken away to camps prepared for their reception. But all this work was much hampered by want of men to carry it out, more doctors also being greatly needed, until all who could be spared were sent down from the front, so throwing extra hard work on the staffs of the military hospitals thus reduced, who already had their hands more than full.

Photos. Copyright. *Sanders & Crowhurst.*

DOCTORS AND NURSES.

At the Plague Hospital, Cape Town.

When it came to the removal of plague cases and of the bodies after death, difficulties were, of course, experienced with the Malays, who again and again refused to give up the dead to the authorities. But the intense loyalty of these people, and their knowledge that resistance was useless, soon overcame their horror of abandoning their proscribed religious rites to the dead.

But still the plague increased. Then came the Colonial Secretary's decree which provided for the eviction of all natives from the slum districts of the town. For their reception a location was provided at Uitvlugt, where the plague hospital and contact camp were already established. Trouble was expected in removing the Kaffirs, but none was met with. A company of mounted police was ordered off to hunt up the natives and send them off to the railway station. But the police had little to do. The "boys" were in many cases quite glad to go to their new quarters. Several trains went

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to and fro daily between the town and the location, removing them free of charge, and this, together with the fact that they were well fed and well housed gratis, explains very much the cheery manner in which they took their uprooting.

These natives were very soon comfortably settled in the camp. For those who were married large huts are provided, each family having its separate portion. The principal buildings are five large dormitories, each of which accommodates 500 natives. Then there are corrugated iron lean-to huts, 500 in number, each one accommodating eight natives. These huts are arranged in streets, each street being under the control of a native policeman, who marches up and down keeping order.

THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN IN CONTACT WITH THE PLAGUE.

The Entrance to the Camp at Uitvlugt.

All the Kaffirs are inoculated on their arrival at the location, whilst their clothes are boiled in three large cauldrons provided for the purpose. They have free rations given to them, 1-lb. of bread and 1-lb. of meat per head a day until the time arrives when they can go once more to work in the town, when the free rations come to an end.

Some fear was aroused at the proximity of the location to the plague hospital, which is but 200-yds. or 300-yds. away. But the Kaffir himself shows no nervousness on this score. For in many cases permission has been asked to visit friends in the hospital, permission which was, of course, refused, whilst a strong cordon put round the location put an end to all danger of visits stealthily carried out against orders.

As may be imagined, the difficulty of providing accommodation both for the natives and for the contacts has been very great. There was difficulty in finding sites for camps, and still more difficulty in finding canvas for tents.

Besides that at Uitvlugt a camp was formed in the Ebenezer Road, which was set apart for the white inhabitants of the slums and the more intelligent of the coloured people. One hundred and thirty tents were here put up, and very soon a population of 800 men, women, and children were established in this new home. Everything was done to make the place as comfortable as possible. Wooden floors were made for the tents, large stoves provided, with plenty of fuel and cooking utensils. Here the people soon made themselves at home. In each tent a cook is chosen for the week, and she prepares the food for the rest of the little party. Here again, as at Uitvlugt, everything is provided by the Government free of charge, a point which we may be sure is not overlooked by these people, with whom it is an important feature in the new order of life.

In spite of all this care the plague is gradually, though slowly, increasing, although there is no reason why it should spread beyond the district in which it has already taken root. But a case at Claremont and another at Rondebosch, the two healthiest stations of the colony, have woke people up to the danger, and the military authorities have ordered that the sanatorium that has been so well-established at Claremont is to be removed to some place at a safer distance from Cape Town. In the meantime people are wisely refraining from coming into the district unless absolutely obliged, whilst those whose duties bring them to the town are in almost every case being inoculated. That this is an infallible safeguard has been all too sadly disproved by the fact of the two Nurses Keyser dying of the plague after they had undergone the operation; but for all that experts insist that it in a very great degree reduces the danger. Moreover, they have proved that there have been 80 per cent. less cases amongst the inoculated, and when attacked 80 per cent. less deaths.

There is also set on foot a great crusade against rats, who are thought to be responsible for the spread of the plague. Men were employed with ferrets to catch the rats, but the rats were too strong, and the ferrets came off badly. Then poison was tried, and after that gin traps, which proved the most successful of all methods for killing the vermin, and by this means a very large number were caught at Wynberg.

So what with the contact camp, the location, the hospitals with their hard-working staff, and the rat-catchers, Cape Town should soon show a clean bill of health, an event devoutly to be wished for for the sake of our soldiers, and for the sake of all interested in the welfare of the country that has, during the last eighteen months and more, cost England so much.

Photos. Copyright. *Sanders & Crowhurst*

AT THE CONTACT CAMP, UITVLUGT.

Workers of the Christian Association, Cape Town.

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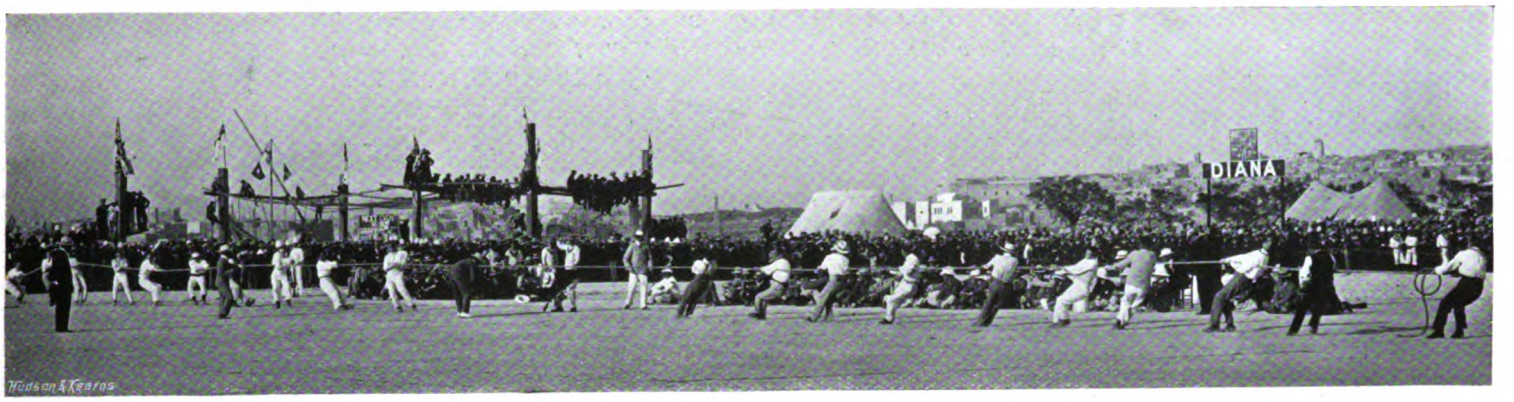
THE NAVAL SPORTS AT MALTA



FRIENDLY FOES AT CORRADINO.

The Officers' Tug-of-War.

NEITHER SWIFT NOR SURE.

The Finish of the Sack Race.

WON AFTER A HARD FIGHT.

The Furlong Race for Subordinate Officers.

Photos. Copyright. *Ellis.*

ALWAYS A POPULAR CONTEST.

An Episode in the Obstacle Race.

The sister Services are always good exponents of sport, wherever they may be, and the time is past when it used to be said that a sailor could never run fast enough to keep himself warm. The recent athletic sports of the Mediterranean Fleet, held at Corradino, Malta, afforded conclusive evidence that there is plenty of athletic talent "up the Straits." Naturally some of the competitions were of a nature with which Englishmen are not familiar at athletic meetings at home, but this only added to the interest, and emphasised the Service character of the gathering, which was in every way a great success.

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"BILLY BLUE."

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET, BY EDWARD FRASER.

In Commemoration of the Launch of the "Cornwallis" at Blackwall, June, 1901.

IT was just at break of day.
We were cruising in the Bay,
With Cornwallis in the Sov'reign * in the van;
When a French fleet bound for Brest,
From Belleisle came heading west,
And so, my lads, the saucy game began.
Billy Blue:
Here's to you, Billy Blue, here's to you.

Washing decks was hardly done,
When we heard the signal gun,
And we saw them black and clear against the sky;
Twelve big ships of the line,
And with frigates—twenty-nine,
On the easterly horizon drawing nigh.
Billy Blue: etc.

We'd the Triumph and the Mars,
And the Sov'reign—pride of tars,
Billy Ruff'n, and the Brunswick, known to fame;
With the Pallas, and the Phaeton—
Frigates, that the Flag did wait on—
Seven ships to maintain Old England's name.
Billy Blue: etc.

From the Phaeton frigate first,
In a flash, the numbers burst,
As the signal bunting broke and fluttered free;
But we cheer'd from ship to ship,
And we set the guns to strip,
For to fight them we could trust the old "Coachee." †
Billy Blue: etc.

He was shaving, so they say,
When he heard the news that day,
And his captain came his wishes for to larn;
But he only said, "All right,
Let 'em bark, for we can bite,
For all they're like to try on us, I don't care a darn.
Billy Blue: etc.

"No, I don't care a rap,
For any Frenchy chap,
When they come they'll get the dressing they deserve;
I've the best four in the Fleet,
That an enemy could meet,
With the 'Fighting Billy Ruff'n' in reserve.
Billy Blue: etc.

"As she broke the line with Howe,
So she's game to do it now,
And repeat the 'First of June' here in these seas;
With their coolness and their pluck,
And the Billy Ruff'n's luck—
I will face as many Frenchmen as you please." ‡
Billy Blue: etc.

But it wasn't merely bluff,
For he saw the job was tough,
And the signal promptly flew to "go about";
With the slowest ship in front,
And his own to bear the brunt——
So we headed back for England, guns run out.
Billy Blue: etc.

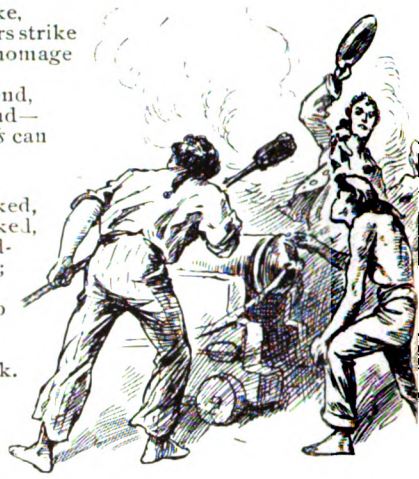
To the Sov'reign's lads he told,
Like some hero chief of old,
When he bade them from the quarter-deck good luck:
"To no foe upon the sea,
You may take it, men, from me,
Is the ensign of the Sov'reign to be struck!
Billy Blue: etc.

"Let the odds be what they will,
We must go on fighting still,
For the honour of the Sov'reign's old renown;
And when, men, all is done,
As we fire our last gun,
With our colours flying still, we'll go down!" ‡
Billy Blue: etc.

Soon we heard the *Branle-bas*,§
What cheers up the Frenchy tar,
And their shouts for "*La Nation!*" and "*La Patrie!*"
'Tis the way, as you should know,
With the maritime Crappo,
When he's got to do his fighting on the sea.
Billy Blue: etc.

Then they came on, looking slaughter,
Like to blow us from the water,
As they near'd to port and starboard and astarn;
But we put in double shot,
And we paid 'em back so hot,
That they looked at one another with consarn.
Billy Blue: etc.

"Just a broadside or two—*Certainement*,
For the honour of the flag—*cela s'entend*,
But it's more than very fine, seven ships to twenty-nine!
Most decidedly 'no go,'
Not at all *comme il faut*,
And a piece of British insolence for punishment condign.
Billy Blue: etc.



"Just a broadside, if they like,
Then forthwith their colours strike
Having rendered to their flag the homage due:—
It's sheer madness to pretend,
They can fight us to the end—
There's no other course the *Rosbifs* can pursue."
Billy Blue: etc.

Next the Triumph they attacked,
And the Mars got badly whacked,
'Twas the Sov'reign with her broadsides beat them back;
Her three tiers all aflame,
Sweeping round the flag-ship came,
Leaving death and Frenchmen's wreckage in her track.
Billy Blue: etc.

And they didn't let us rest,
For they did their level best,
Fighting on and off from eight till after five;
When at length, they seem'd to see,
That it wasn't going to be,
That they shouldn't take us dead, nor yet alive.
Billy Blue: etc.

How the end came, is a story,
Not so much to France's glory,
Of a little game the Phaeton's men did play;
Making Mossoo go in fear,
That the Channel Fleet was near,
And think, perhaps, he'd better run away.
Billy Blue: etc.

For Blue Billy sent the Phaeton,
When the pass looked like a strait one,
To cruise out in the offing, just in sight;
"At a certain time," said he,
"You will signal down to me,
That Lord Bridport will be with us before night.
Billy Blue: etc.

"You will fire a gun, you know,
And to'gallant sheets let go,
As the custom is, reporting fleets at sea;
With a signal that they're 'Friends'—
Which I think will serve our ends,
To humbug those chaps astarn with Monsieur V." ‖
Billy Blue: etc.

The Frenchmen cried "*Morblo!*"
And they shuffled to and fro,
Till they judg'd they'd haul their wind and go about;
To Belleisle back all the way,
At anchor there to stay,
Till they learnt the coast was clear to venture out.
Billy Blue: etc.

Yet no Channel Fleet was near,
To excuse the Frenchmen's fear,
For Lord Bridport was still cruising leagues afar,
And a well-worn *ruse de guerre*
Was a hardy game to dare,
With French frigates—seventeen—the plot to mar.
Billy Blue: etc.

It so happened, for the rest,
Just to point the Phaeton's jest,
By the merest chance, it wasn't meant at all—
Distant coasters passing by,
Chanced to fleck the evening sky,
And still faster to impel the flying Gaul.
Billy Blue: etc.

Here's to Stopford of the Phaeton,
And Flag-Captain Whitby bold,
To Fitzgerald of the Brunswick, tried and true
Gallant Gower of the Triumph,
Gallant Cotton of the Mars,
Lord Cranstoun—Billy Ruff'n—
here's to you!
Billy Blue: etc.

Aye, Blue Billy:—here's to him, with three times three,
To the honour of his name upon the sea—
"HE UPHELD OLD ENGLAND'S CREDIT," said the country in its pride;
"'Cornwallis's Retreat,'
Greek Xenophon's great feat,
In its spirit we may claim to set beside."
Billy Blue: etc.

So we close this gallant story,
Of a day to England's glory,
Just a hundred years ago—and six;
'Twere a pity to forget it,
And to slide for ever let it,
Because the men that fought are o'er the Styx.
Billy Blue: etc.

* H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign," 100 guns, afterwards Collingwood's flag-ship at Trafalgar. The famous encounter here described took place on June 17, 1795. It created an immense sensation at home and abroad, and gained the special thanks of Parliament for admiral and captains, promotion for lieutenants, and the rating of "A.B." for every Bluejacket in the squadron.
† Another of the pet names for Admiral Cornwallis in the Navy, from his rubicund countenance and jovial manner. ‡ The words are as the admiral actually used them. § The name of the drum-beat in the French Navy to "Clear for Action!" ‖ Familiar name in the British Fleet for the French admiral, Villaret de Joyeuse, Commander-in-Chief of the Brest fleet attacking Cornwallis. The words are again Cornwallis's own.

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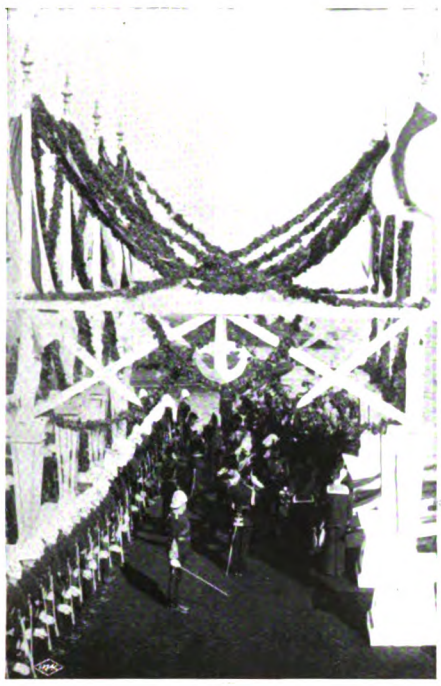

LANDING AT MELBOURNE.

THE FIJI CONTINGENT OF VISITING TROOPS.

THE ROYAL TOUR.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall in Australia.

[FROM OUR MELBOURNE CORRESPONDENT.]

ON Monday, May 6, Australia united in welcoming to her shores the future King and Queen of the British Empire, to honour by their presence the crowning act of the great work of Federation—the formal inauguration of the Commonwealth Parliament. For months past Melbourne had been in the throes of expectancy and excitement. First, there had been the glow of delight at the news that the heir apparent to the throne of the mightiest Empire the world has ever known was to visit our shores, following upon which came the dark days of national mourning for our late beloved Queen, when it was thought that the terrible grief into which the demise of the Crown plunged the British people would be accompanied by a postponement of the Royal tour. But since one of the most important of the closing acts in the illustrious life of Victoria the Good had been the attachment of her signature to the charter of Australian union, His Majesty King Edward VII. announced that he was "unwilling to allow the private sorrows of his family to interfere with the public undertaking of such Imperial significance as the Royal opening of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia." The visit of the Duke and Duchess therefore became assured, and Australians were not slow to recognise in this gracious abnegation of private grief, not only the political import of the honour to be paid to their great Constitutional epoch, but the expression of personal gratitude which it conveyed to the people who, at the first sound of the Empire in difficulties, had hastened to the assistance of the Motherland. From that day forth Melbourne commenced preparations for a season of rejoicing, and excitement reached fever pitch on Sunday evening, May 5, when the "Ophir," with her consorts, the "Juno" and "St. George," anchored off Mornington.

Monday morning broke clear and cold, but as the hour advanced, the sun's rays turned the sky to shining brass, and Melbourne hugged itself with delight at the knowledge that glorious weather for the landing of their Royal Highnesses in Australia was a certainty. At half-past eight the three magnificent vessels, joined by those of the Australian Squadron, weighed anchor, and the "Ophir" taking the lead, the flotilla slowly steamed past the line of foreign war-ships into Hobson's Bay. As soon as the Royal yacht had settled down in her new anchorage, the Netherlands cruiser belched forth her 21-gun salute, the two German and then the Russian and American representatives taking up the chorus, after which the British bulldogs lost but little time in returning the compliments. At about a quarter to two the paddle-tender "Hygeia" was seen to take the Royal party off from the "Ophir," steam away with them to St. Kilda's Pier, and land them there, while the long line of war-ships, British and foreign, again gave vent to an impressive cannonade. On the spot of disembarkation a handsome landing pavilion had been erected of open timber work, painted white, and picked out with shell pink and gold. Ten large anchors were placed above the pilasters, over which pennants of the Duke's colours were displayed. The Duke having inspected the Permanent Artillery guard of honour here mounted, the Royal procession was marshalled, and, led by Lord Wenlock, proceeded along the half-mile of pier and approaches, carpeted throughout with crimson cloth, separating the pavilion from the carriages waiting at the shore end. Even as the procession started a murmur of applause was heard from the immense concourse that lined the shore, and when it reached its goal, and for the first time in history an heir apparent to the Throne of England set foot on Australian soil, a

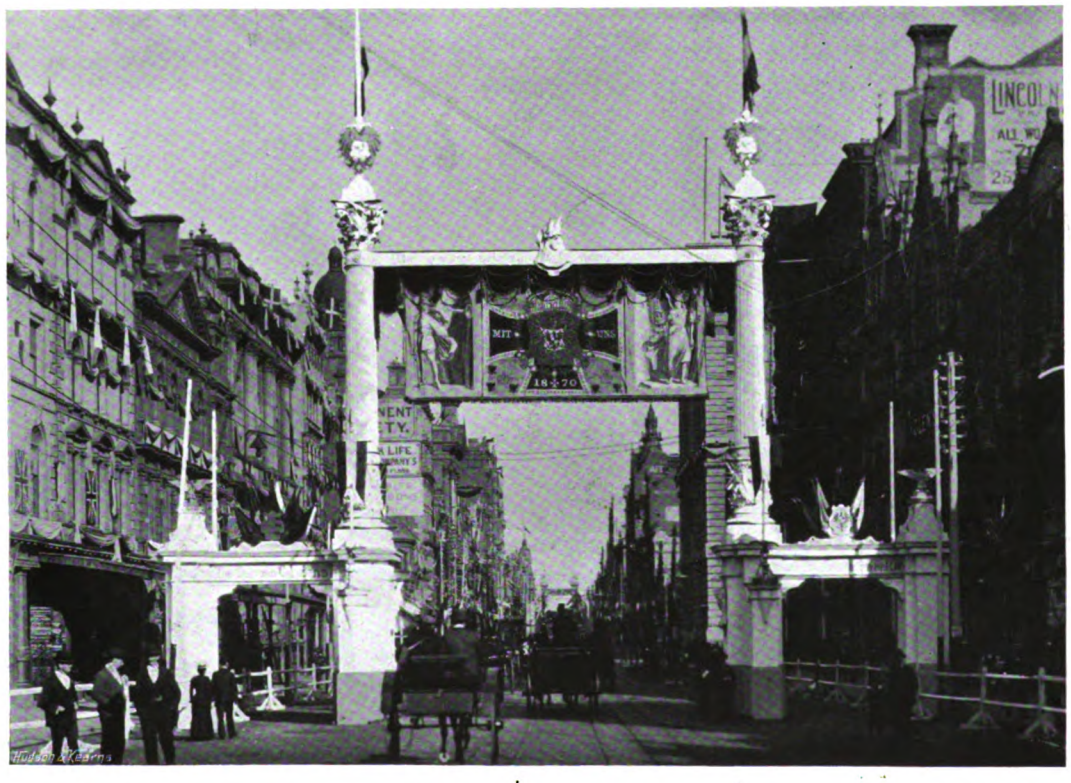

Photo. Copyright. *R. V. Webster.*

THE GERMAN ARCH IN COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

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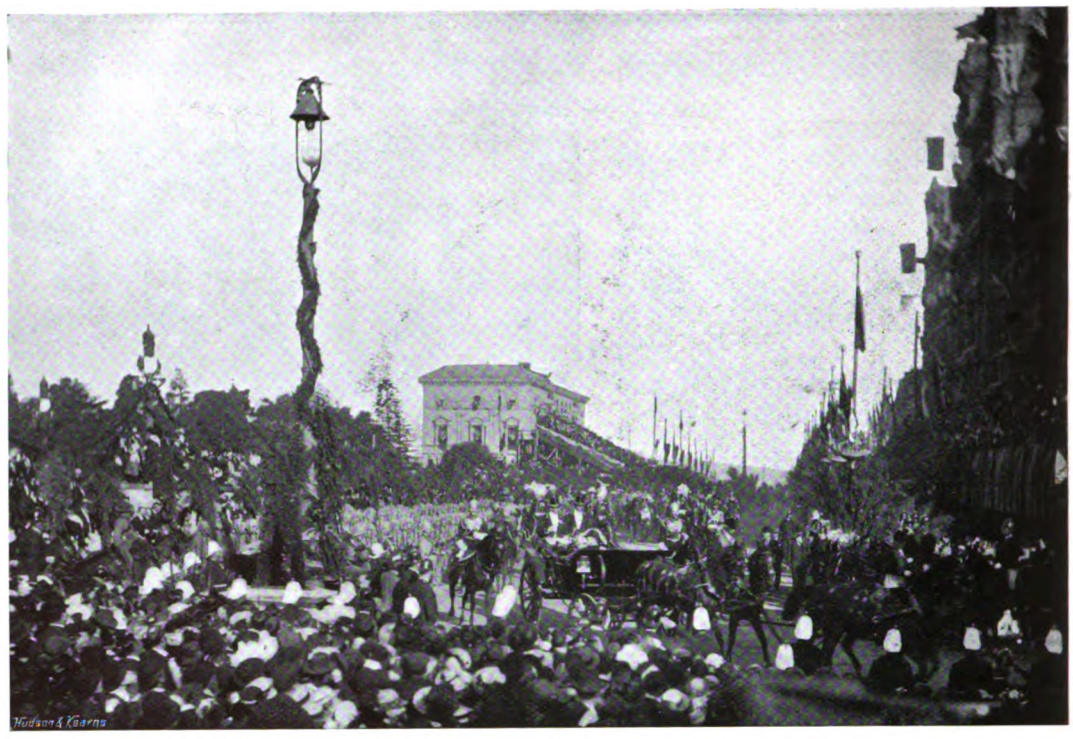
deafening volume of applause swelled up from the assembled multitude.

Prior to the landing of the Royal visitors, the military—the horse, foot, and artillery—and the other component parts of the procession were massed on the open spaces about the approaches to the pier. As soon as the Duke and Duchess had entered their carriage, the mass moved out to a head at one part of its circumference. At the extreme van was a squadron of thirty constables mounted upon grey horses, then came squads of Victorian Mounted Rifles, New South Wales Mounted Rifles, Queensland, Tasmanian, and New Zealand Mounted Infantry, A.D.C.'s of the Governor-General, and staff carriages containing officers and ladies of the Royal suite. The advance part of the Royal escort which followed, comprised mounted troops from the Commonwealth and New Zealand, all in khaki, then came the Royal carriage itself, with its postillions and footmen in scarlet and gold, which livery had never before been seen in our Colonies. After the bowing Royalty had passed, followed batteries of Colonial Artillery, and more prancing squadrons, Australian Horse, in myrtle green uniforms and cock tail feathers, New South Wales Lancers with red facings and fluttering pennons, and other contingents too numerous to mention in detail. It may be noted that the leading idea in the arrangement of the Royal procession was to make it thoroughly representative in every department of all the Forces of the Australian Commonwealth. Not only were all the Australian States and also New Zealand represented in the troops who formed the van, but the same idea was repeated in the advance party of the Royal carriage, and also in that in rear of it. The total length of the procession was about 2,000-yds., and the total distance traversed, from St. Kilda's Pier, through the principal streets of Melbourne and on to Government House, 7¼ miles. The entire route, fenced in with hurdles, behind which over half a million enthusiastic spectators huzzaed themselves hoarse, was lined by 10,000 infantry—Militia and Volunteers—also such visiting troops as the Maori and the Fijian native levies, the quaint appearance of the last-named attracting special notice.



THE DUKE PASSING PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Of the decorations of the buildings, both public and private, the illustrations will afford a good idea, especially the German arch inscribed with expressions of good-will to the new Commonwealth.

It was a great and glorious day for Melbourne, and one which will live for ever in the memory of those who took part in it.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII —No. 230.] SATURDAY, JUNE 29th. 1901.

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THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT MELBOURNE.

Nothing has been more worthy of note during the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York than the manner in which Their Royal Highnesses have endeared themselves to those with whom they have been brought into contact. At Melbourne the Duchess left the official party in order that she might speak winning words to home-returned Colonial soldiers from South Africa, some of them hardly yet able to raise themselves on their crutches.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued early in July, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The Man Behind the Gun.

IF the Duke of Wellington ever said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, he clearly meant that his officers had been prepared by the discipline and training of a public school to command men and to succeed in their undertakings. In this sense the remark, whether he made it or not, is true enough. It would be equally true to say nowadays that battles on land may be won at the rifle range, and Naval battles in gunnery practice. Straight shooting without discipline is not enough. If it were, Lord Salisbury's rifle clubs, assuming that the members could be used for service in any part of the world, would solve the whole question of Imperial defence. But straight shooting, added to Naval or Military training, is certain to win in the end. The makers of England knew this well, and they acted upon their knowledge when they insisted upon every Englishman making himself proficient in the use of the bow. The man who shot a straight arrow was honoured and rewarded in the days of Creçy and Poitiers, and the English bowmen beat the French bowmen hollow. Everything possible was done to encourage skill in the handling of the national arm. The churchyards were planted with yew trees so that the supply of wood for bows should not fail.

"What of the bow?
The bow was made in England:
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
The wood of English bows;
So men who are free
Love the old yew tree
And the land where the yew tree grows."

Compulsion was applied when stout fellows would not exercise themselves of their own good will. Archery was the popular sport of the time, as well as the safeguard of the country.

Many people ask why the same conditions should not be repeated to-day with the rifle instead of the bow. They may be repeated to some extent, if rifle shooting continues to grow in popularity. Run down to Bisley on a summer afternoon, and you will see at the ranges hundreds of men of all ages, many of them straight from the City in their black coats and tall hats, using their one leisure afternoon to increase their skill, and thoroughly enjoying themselves into the bargain. If five out of every ten men in the country could shoot even fairly well with the rifle, we should have a fine reserve of possible soldiers to draw upon in case of need. But they would, recollect, be no more than possible soldiers. Those who want to be ready to serve their country at short notice, when their country calls for men to fight her battles, must join the Volunteers, and not only shoot fairly well, but also be trained into military habits. It will certainly be a good thing if rifle shooting becomes a national pastime, but this will not of itself make us strong in war, as the popularity of archery made us strong six centuries ago. In those days everyone was liable to military service, therefore, the more good archers, the more good soldiers. Conditions to-day are altogether different. We should have to be in a desperate state before we could seize upon all our good civilian riflemen, train them forcibly as soldiers, and send them to the other side of the universe to stand in the forefront of battle.

Dr. Conan Doyle would tell us that our skilled riflemen would be invaluable, if the country were invaded, for purposes of "hedgerow defence." But the country will not be invaded until the Navy has been disposed of; and, when that happens, we must put up our shutters without further ado and try to make the best terms we can. Do not let us delude ourselves, then, into supposing that a man is doing his country any particular service merely by making himself a good shot with the rifle. But, on the other hand, let us encourage marksmanship by all means, not only in the Army, where it is most important, but among all who are likely to join the Army or Volunteers for special service in time of need. By doing this we shall be effectively helping to put ourselves into the best possible condition either for defence or for attack.

The same principle, of course, holds as strongly and even more strongly in the case of the Navy. At sea success will inevitably fall to the ships which have the best men behind their guns. Is this sufficiently realised and acted upon? The Admiralty might do more to encourage a spirit of rivalry between the individual ships on the various stations, and also between the squadrons and fleets. Officers might keep their men up to the mark in numberless ways. We want more officers like Captain Percy Scott, who always has his ship in the finest trim, and who is full of ideas for improving his men and his appliances. That is why the "Terrible's" gunners were able the other day in China to make such remarkable practice in prize-firing. Out of 128 shots fired from the 6-in. quick-firing guns they recorded no less than 102 hits. Simply and solely the result of constant practice, directed by a superior intelligence. Some people think the world hears too much of Captain Percy Scott. But it hears of him for very good reasons—because he is not only a good officer, but a man of inventive genius full of ideas, and because his ideas bear fruit in such a record as this, and at such moments as that which produced the carriages on which the Naval guns went up to Ladysmith to be the salvation of the besieged town.

In time of war the efforts of officers of this stamp are bound to tell. Take the case of Broke of the "Shannon." "The Dictionary of National Biography" says:

"Broke was keenly sensible of the urgent necessity of keeping the ship at all times in perfect fighting trim, a necessity which the successes of the previous twenty years had tempted some of his contemporaries to ignore. . . . He bestowed extraordinary pains on training his men, especially in the exercise of the great guns. While the custom of our service at that time was never to cast the guns loose except for action, Broke instituted a course of systematic training, and every day in the week, except Saturday, the men, either by watches or all together, were exercised at quarters and in firing at a mark, so that in course of time they attained a degree of expertness such as had never before been approached."

The consequence of this expertness was the victory of the "Shannon" over the "Chesapeake." The Americans had been beating us on account of their superior skill in gunnery. In this engagement the positions were reversed. The "Shannon's" first broadside pretty well decided the fate of her opponent. It is true that

"Brave Broke he waved his sword,"

and called upon his men to follow him on to the "Chesapeake's" deck. But it was not the waving of the sword that gained the victory. It was the months and years of hard exercise and practice that had gone before.

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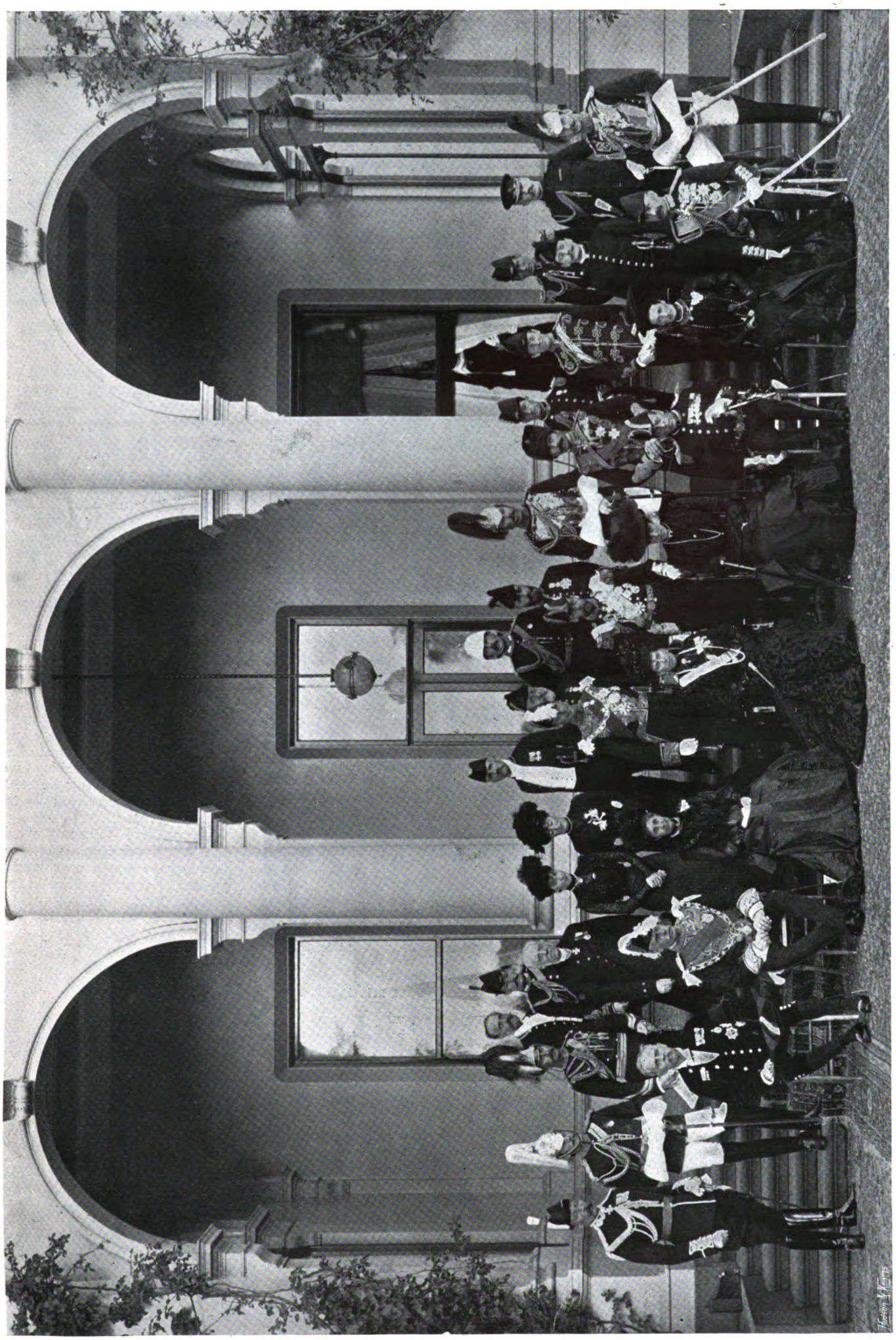

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AN HISTORICAL GROUP AT MELBOURNE.

We shall probably not be far wrong in saying that this is a picture of one of those episodes which go to make history. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York went to Australasia in order to inaugurate the Australian Commonwealth. But their duty does not, and cannot, end there. They are the representatives of the Imperial Sovereignty in the far Antipodes, and our picture shows them surrounded by all that pomp and panoply which has been freely—and justly—lavished on them in Australia. It is only one group of many which might have been taken, but it shows the Duke and Duchess surrounded at Melbourne by their staff and by the staff of the Governor-General and his officials.

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THE MOORS AND THEIR MACLEAN.

KING EDWARD VII. did not, as he did in the case of most European Courts, send a special mission to Fez to announce his accession to the Sultan of Morocco; but, nevertheless, that politic ruler made haste to despatch to this country a special embassy, consisting of about thirty picturesquely-accoutred members, to congratulate His Britannic Majesty on his succession to the throne, and to emphasise his felicitations with some very costly presents, including a couple of moufflon or Atlas mountain sheep, a score of splendid Arab horses, and as many mules. From the Moorish point of view, there is more than courtesy in this mission. There is also policy, seeing that France is at present trying to discover how far Morocco may be "squeezable" at certain points, and the Sherifian Government naturally enough desires to play off its friendship with England against the possible designs of the Republic. A special Moorish mission has also gone to France, but the more important of the two is the one which was received with so much stately ceremony by King Edward, seeing that its chief is none other than the Grand Vizier and War Minister of Morocco, a Pooh-Bah kind of personality, who wears on the little finger of his hand a diamond about the size of a pigeon's egg. This is the Kaid el Mehedi el Menebhi, who is accompanied, among others, by two of his many wives and six of his secretaries, though whether, like Cæsar and Napoleon, he has the faculty of dictating to them separate letters all at once does not appear.

AN INTRODUCTION ON THE QUARTER-DECK.

The Officers to the Moorish Minister.

But there is another Kaid figuring as a member of the Moorish mission, who, to British readers, is certainly the most interesting of its members, and that is the Kaid Maclean, the Scottish Commander-in-Chief of the Moorish Army. Students of literature have all heard of, even if they never found time to read, the Spanish masterpiece epic known as "The Cid," which records the feats of arms of a Moorish champion in Spain; and Harry Maclean is "the Cid," or Kaid "Campeador," of his time. He was born fifty-one years ago, but the blanching of his beard and the bronzing of his complexion by the African sun make him look very much older. In his flowing white robes and Tam-o'-Shanter sort of burnoose, he might, indeed, be mistaken for one of the "grave and reverend signiors" of the State of Venice, who were so valiantly served by Othello the Moor; and as the thick-lipped lover of Desdemona took military service at Venice, so Harry Maclean the Scot, by way of redressing the balance of European indebtedness to the Moors, repaired to Fez to become war-captain and "Cid-Campeador" in chief to the Sultan of Morocco. He is, therefore, one of the most distinguished living specimens of "the Scot abroad," about whom John Hill Burton totalled up such a formidable list. Perhaps it would have been consonant to the natural fitness of things had Kaid Maclean commenced his military career in a Highland regiment, say the famous "Forty-Twa," but it was in the old 97th, if we are not mistaken, now the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own West Kent Regiment, that he got his commission in the British Army. Maclean is said to have taken part in the Red River Expedition, but in any case his career in the Queen's Army, which never carried him higher than the rank of subaltern, was suddenly cut short—for economic reasons, as it is said—at a time, as good luck would have it, when Mulai Hassam, Sultan of Morocco, had decided, wise man as he was, to reorganise his army; and the billet of instructor of the Moorish infantry was offered to and accepted by Harry Aubrey de Vere Maclean. What Hector MacDonald did for the Soudanese, his quasi-countryman, Maclean, did for the Moors—licked, and possibly also lashed, them into military shape. At any rate, what between his kourbash and his bagpipes, he gradually transformed the Sherifian forces into something like the semblance of a military power of the European type, so that not only did he rise to the dignity of Commander-in-Chief, in reality at least, if not in name, but also to a position of political influence which has left its mark on the Moorish events of his time.

KAID MACLEAN CAPTAIN H. LEAH OF THE "DIADEM," AND HIS EXCELLENCY THE MOORISH MINISTER.

But that, while serving the Moors, he has not been forgetful of the interests of his own native land, may be inferred from the fact that he is a C.M.G. What better representative, indeed, could we have at Fez than Kaid Maclean, whose brother Allan, for the rest, is our Consul at Dar-al-Baida—say for all Morocco. But in addition to having a brother, Maclean—resisting the charms of a harem life—has also got a wife, a Spanish lady, as it is said, who has borne him three fair daughters and one promising son, as fine an example of the Anglo-Scoto-Spanish Moor as one could wish to see. Altogether the bagpiping Kaid has made a very good thing of his career—much better, certainly, than if, after quitting his regiment, he had set up as a military coach at Earl's Court instead of at Fez, where, as well as at Marakesh, he and his family dwell in palaces of Oriental splendour.

ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

Kaid Maclean Playing the Pipes on the After Bridge.

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DAITA KHEL POST, TOCHI, INDIA.

THE FRENCH CRUISER "CHARLEMAGNE."

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

IF the reports of the misery endured by the crew of the "Narval" and of their collapse can be trusted, we shall not hear much more of the submarine boat. At any rate, the scientific world will have to invent better means of enabling men to live under water than have yet been discovered if this kind of craft is to be of any real use. As it stands the tale is confusing to the lay mind, which does not know the why and wherefore of the various phenomena mentioned. But the substance seems to be something like this. You cannot take enough air to last, and the process of generating more produces various forms of subtle beastliness of a gaseous order which choke you. By returning to your infancy and absorbing enormous quantities of milk, apparently unmixed with rum, you can just keep yourself going. At the end of that time you come up much worse in health and spirits than you would be after doing three months' "hard," and are carried into the nearest hospital, where a grateful country nurses you back to efficiency, more or less. If it were not for the serious element introduced by the sufferings of the crew, the experiment with the "Narval" would be absolutely comic. Here is an instrument which is to revolutionise war, to be a swift invisible prowling terror, and to blow up the poor obsolete ironclad. She is sent under water for twelve hours. During that period her crew are engaged like so many poisoners in the old stories—that is to say, in cooking fumes for their own destruction. Will the crews of submarine boats have to wear glass masks, as the wicked alchemists who made drugs for the Marquise de Brinvilliers are said to have done?

* * * *

Supposing the report to be accurate—and, after all, the neighbourhood must have known pretty well whether the "Narval's" crew appeared happy or not when they came ashore—the whole submarine-boat business looks sufficiently foolish. It is, one would think, tolerably obvious that unless the crew can live, and see, nothing can be done with the vessel. Would it not have been more businesslike to begin by proving that it was possible for men to be kept alive in a condition to handle machines, before making the new wonder, and still more before bragging of the marvellous things it was to perform? The authorities, we are informed, are puzzled how to remedy this state of affairs, which seriously detracts from the usefulness of the craft. Puzzled they may well be, and the beauty of language is illustrated by the phrase "seriously detracts." The fact that any kind of vessel cannot be inhabited does amount to a serious subtraction from her value for practical purposes. So far, and always on the supposition that we are rightly informed, the submarine boat seems to be a very pretty toy while it is on the surface, or so long as it only goes down for a very little while. Beyond this it is no good. On the whole there will be no cause for surprise if this turns out to be the verdict ultimately passed on the invention. It visibly exists only by perpetually tricking the nature of things, and that kind of triumph of ingenuity generally turns out to be a snare. A floating chemist's laboratory, with a crew which is just kept from asphyxiation by unlimited milk, will hardly establish itself as a formidable war-ship.

* * * *

The transient storm in a teacup in Madrid aroused by Mr. Bowles is not an event of vast importance. I have not the least doubt that the *Standard's* correspondent is perfectly in the right when he says that the Spaniards were vastly more interested in the young King's first appearance at a bull-fight than in all the docks, fortifications, and possibilities of Gibraltar, or Morocco either. The *gatos*, or "cats," of Madrid, as their countrymen call them, are not painfully serious about anything, and would leave matters of far greater importance to see three good espadas killing their bulls in an artistic way. But the whole story of those docks is an odd one all the same, and not altogether unlike the submarine boat, properly considered. It does strike one as not very businesslike to make works where they can be fired into by a neighbour who has a convenient position for his guns, and may possibly open fire some day or another. Of course, if you are secretly resolved to make the risk an excuse for annexing his territory, that is another thing. It is perhaps a trifle cynical, but it is thoroughly practical. Good authorities assert that we have no such Napoleonic intentions. Then why make the docks where they will be subject to such assault? Also, why begin them without considering that aspect of the question? Because we did not know what the range of modern guns would grow to? But we have heard of that for years, and, after what it has become, anything seems possible. Then supposing the docks can be worried from Algeciras, is that a reason for not building them? Either we remain at peace with the Spaniards, or we go to war with them. Either they remain as they have been for two centuries at least, or they revive and become a really energetic, formidable people. If it is peace, Algeciras will not trouble us. If it is war with Spain, as she has long been, it will be no superhuman feat to clear the shore. If the Spaniards do reform, it is not only the works, but "Gib." itself, which will be in danger. No nation would tolerate the possession of a fortress on its coast by another Power for any other reason than weakness. A really formidable Spain would find the means of turning us out of "The Rock" within a generation. This is as certain as that two and two make four; and since it is so, if having the docks in this place is a convenience, we might just as well make them as not. So long as we are much the stronger they will not be meddled with. When we become the weaker they will of course go—and so will much else.

* * * *

The chief deduction to be drawn from all this newspaper controversy, all these questions in the House and motions for adjournment, about the camps of refuge, or whatever else they are, in South Africa, is that the world is getting far more humane than it was. After all, what have we done in the late Boer Republics? We have to deal with people who are carrying on a partisan war. They have no regular army, no distinction between the military and the civilian population. The man who is seen looking after his cattle in the morning may be sniping the sentries by night. We need not accuse the Boers of a double dose of original sin on that account. Every animal and every people must fight with the weapons that it has. To ask the Transvaalers or the Orange River Colony people to act as a large and rich population would do, is childish. We knew what they were before we came to a quarrel with them, having had a quite ample experience to teach us. If we mistook them altogether, so much the worse for us, and we must put up with the consequences of not having understood better what we were about. But it is nevertheless the case that if every animal and people uses

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its natural arms, those weapons must also be met in the appropriate way. Now it is a very old experience that the only effectual way of suppressing a partisan war is to cut off the subsistence of those who carry it on. Hoche showed this when he pacified La Vendée. That was a small country, and he had a great many men, so he was able to put a watch on every farmhouse and starve the Royalists out. We have a great territory to manage, and cannot take this course.

* * * *

The alternative is to sweep away the cattle on which the enemy lives, and clear the country of inhabitants. When Marshall Bongeaud had to tackle the Arabs in Algeria, he refused to run after the warriors who could always avoid him, and harried their flocks and herds instead, besides capturing the Smalas—that is, caravans of women and children. The Arabs could not stand that. We need not go out of our own country to find examples of the use of such methods as these. When the Old Pretender was retreating from Perth before the Duke of Argyll in 1715, he burnt several places to prevent the use of them by the troops of George I. After the failure of this Jacobite rising, a foolish attempt at another was made in 1719. The Earl Mariscal, and some other partisans of the House of Stuart, landed on the West of Scotland with 300 Spaniards, supplied them by Alberoni, who was then Prime Minister of Spain. It was a very silly business, and when the few Highlanders who were got together for the attempt had separated, which they did after a half-hearted scuffle with the Royal troops at Glenshiel, the Spaniards surrendered. General Wightman then went through a good part of the Highlands burning the houses of the disaffected. He speaks of it as a matter of course, and nobody was shocked. In those times, and with such a piece of work to overcome as the pacification of this present seat of war in South Africa, we would have destroyed the farms and the cattle right and left, and would have left the families of the Boers to starve. Marlborough was not naturally a cruel man, but he had no scruple whatever in desolating a great part of Bavaria to punish the Elector for siding with the French. Now we do our best in difficult circumstances to feed the families we bring into the camps, and still there is an outcry about our inhumanity. What is more, is that we are uneasy about it all, even when we feel that it cannot be helped. And that being so, it seems to follow that we are more tender-hearted than we were formerly.

CRICKET UP THE STRAITS.

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

SERVICE CRICKETERS AT MALTA.

Mr. Mackintosh. *Capt. G. J. Farmar, A.D.C.* *Capt. Charles H. Adair, R.N. (H.M.S. Royal Sovereign).* *Com. J. M. de Robeck (H.M.S. Pypamus).* *Com. E. R. Le Marchant (H.M.S Cæsar).* *Capt. Bell.*
Capt. E. H. Gamble (H.M.S. Cæsar). *Capt. the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt, R.N. (H.M.S. Renown).* *Mr. K. Grenfell.* *Com. Godfrey H. B. Mundy, R.N. (H.M.S. Barham.*
Capt. J. Ferris, R.N. (H.M.S. Empress of India).
Capt. M. R. de B. James. *Col. A. W. Bridgman.* *Lt.-Gen. Sir F. W. Grenfell, G.C.B.* *Rear-Ad. Burges Watson, C.V.O.* *Capt. C. O. Shute* *Capt. Berbury.*
Rear-Ad. the Rt. Hon. Lord Charles W. D. Beresford, C.B. *Maj.-Gen. O'Callaghan.* *Com. Sir Robert K. Arbuthnot, Bart. (H.M.S. Royal Sovereign).*
Capt. Grenfell, A.D.C.
Com. Hon. Robert F. Boyle, R.N. (H.M.S. Theseus). *Com. Hon. Horace L. A. Hood, R.N. (H.M.S. Ramillies).* *Com. Hugh Evan Thomas (H.M.S. Pioneer).*

Wherever Englishmen go cricket is played. It is, perhaps, an open question whether a game has taken place actually within range of an enemy's guns, but wickets have certainly been pitched only just beyond their powers of mischief. Circumstances render the Mediterranean an abode of keen British sport, and of healthy competition between the Services. This naturally centres at Malta, the headquarters of both the Naval and Military British element to the eastward of the Pillars of Hercules, and our picture shows the teams in the match played in May last.

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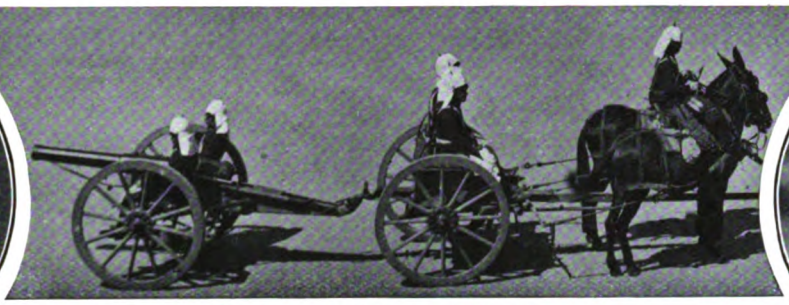
Photo. Russell.
CAPTAIN F. C. B. BRIDGEMAN, R.N.
The King's New Naval A.D.C.



PORTUGUESE ARTILLERY.

Photo. Newman.
MAJ.-GEN. H. L. SMITH-DORRIEN, D.S.O.
India's New Adjutant-General.

ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE very full accounts which have been given by the papers of the brilliant progress of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall through the islands of New Zealand, have given a most vivid picture of a welcome that speaks loudly of loyalty springing from the hearts both of British Colonists and native Maories. There have been freshness and spontaneity in the expressions of enthusiasm which have not been quite so fully revealed even in the splendid receptions in other places visited by the Royal pair. The celebrations were not manufactured for purposes of state. The colony does not, indeed, possess the machinery for such organised loyalty as is sometimes seen in the old capitals of Europe. All has sprung direct from the national spirit of the New Zealanders, who, as should never be forgotten, in the dark hour of trial, came forward most nobly, and have contributed a larger number of combatants in proportion to population than any other part of the Empire. The Duke has met veterans of the Russian War and the Indian Mutiny, who have carried with them to their new home a spirit that has kindled the spark of loyalty which now burns so brightly in the hearts of our old foemen the Maories. It is a title of honour in the history of New Zealand that the old wars with the natives have left scarcely a trace of bitterness behind, and that, unlike the native races of South Africa and America, the Maories survive and are esteemed as admirable men well worthy to be responsible subjects of the King. Their loyalty has been well expressed in their flowery language, and long may they flourish alongside the men of British blood, a standing proof that British colonists at least do not despise and exterminate the native races with which they come into contact. Next week the "Ophir" will arrive at Hobart, and the good Tasmanians will take up the inspiring strain of loyal welcome to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

———

IT has been remarked that comparatively little is heard at home of General Baden-Powell's South African Constabulary. This is not surprising, considering that the force is distributed over a large area of country, and that fully two-thirds of it has probably never seen General Baden-Powell, though many troopers were anxious to serve directly under the hero of Mafeking. There appears, unfortunately, to be some discontent. Let us hope that the case was exceptional of those men whose rations consisted of a few hard biscuits, and now and then a glass of sour beer, on which they were to ride twenty miles a day, fighting all the time. The statement is made that, if a trooper should fall ill and have to go to the hospital, his pay would be docked to the extent of a shilling a day. A correspondent who has sons in the force, and who reports this circumstance, says that six or seven troopers have been known to be detailed under a non-commissioned officer to turn greatly superior parties of Boers out of kopjes, and after this dangerous and not glorious service to be employed in navvies' work in the building of forts with huge boulders. The men have no change of linen, and seldom have time to wash themselves. The reason for this state of things is said to be that General Baden-Powell will not regard them as military, while Lord Kitchener won't have anything to do with them as constables. They are, therefore, neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. The author of this growl says that most of the men declare they will take their discharge as soon as they can get it. Reports like this are damaging in the extreme, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will take steps to make the wrong right, and explain fully what is being done.

———

DO British officers read all the hard things said about them by the foreign Press, from the grave military journals of Germany to the splenetic Nationalist organs of Paris, from the weighty treatise of the soldier to the caricature of the lampoonist, from the technical issues of war offices to the satires of Caran d'Ache in *Le Rire?* In that case they must at least possess two of the qualities which Mrs. Kendal lately described as essential to actresses—the skin of a rhinoceros and a keen sense of humour. The temper of an angel is also desirable, and if they add her requirements of great imagination and power of concentration, generous spirit, loyal disposition, plenty of courage, and a high ideal of morality, it will be for their advantage. But the skin of a rhinoceros is very essential, since everywhere they are

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

MILITARY ATHLETIC SPORTS AT COLABA, BOMBAY.

Colaba is a Suburb of Bombay where the Artillery of the Garrison are Located. As our Picture shows, it has a Superb Recreation Ground, and the Occasion Depicted is the Holding of the Annual Sports of the 13th Company, Eastern Division, R.G.A. "Garrison Gunners" are always Keen Athletes, and the Programme of the Day was an Excellent One.

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confronted by what Caran d'Ache called "Kruger le Grand et John Bull le Petit," and their motives and actions are equally impugned, while upon Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are heaped all the denunciations with which the rich vocabulary of the Nationalist is stored. There is something amusing in all this. It was well known to thinking men that the first war in which modern arms were used would be a revelation, and our critics may think themselves fortunate if they are able to draw all the lessons from the experience for which we have so heavily paid. The French showed in their last grand manœuvres that they had not grasped them at all. There have been colossal blunders, no doubt—a crop far too plentiful of them—but, after all, when was war waged without blunders, and have we made any blunders comparable to that of Napoleon in the Russian campaign?

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THE Navy League excursion to Portsmouth on Wednesday was an event that deserves greater notice than it is likely to receive. Those who went down to our principal Naval port saw things of extreme interest full of instruction, and it were to be wished that even more people could have availed themselves of the opportunity. If at times the League has shown a little excess of zeal in some directions, its work done by lectures and excursions like this merits unstinted praise. This is real education, and the League was founded to educate, and in this way has done an immensity of good. It does not rival in prosperity, or at least in numbers, its German imitator, the *Flotten-Verein*, which is a most vigorous organisation, carrying on a great propaganda by means of books, periodicals, lectures, leaflets, models, and many other means, but its success is established, and it deserves support from all classes. The German League has found funds for charities and institutions, and for putting gun-boats on Chinese rivers, but if the British Navy League continues to do the good work it has been carrying on for many years, it will deserve the gratitude of all who have the welfare of the Navy at heart.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE REMAINS OF THE WINTER PALACE, PEKING.

This Picture was taken at 9 a.m. on the Morning after the Fire, when the Germans were yet Passing Buckets along to Extinguish the Smouldering Embers. General Schwartshoff's Body was Found under the Debris at the Spot Marked with a Cross in the Picture.

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AN Ambassador who considers himself superfluous is something of an anomaly in the diplomatic world, particularly when the Ambassador is the representative of one great Power at the Court of another bound to it in relations of particular amity. There has been great wonder in Vienna at the long-continued absences, even at important times, of Prince Philip zu Eulenburg, the Ambassador of Germany. When matters of weighty moment were pressing, it was noted that the Prince departed for tours in Southern Germany, leaving his duties to the care of a councillor of legation. Evidently, it was said, the Ambassador, who has a pretty literary taste, and is the author of "The Song of Ægir," considers his personal avocations more important than the duties of his embassy. What it is that compels or induces the Prince to forsake his post for something like nine months in the year seems not to be well known, but, when the rulers of Balkan States came to the Austrian capital to conduct political negotiations, he was not there, and the same was the case on the occasion of the recent visit of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The *Vossische-Zeitung* has given voice to a complaint. The case is curious, but it is no concern of England's. We should have thought that the affairs of the Triple Alliance continually demanded the assiduous care of the accredited representatives of the Powers.

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THOSE who knew Sir Gerald Graham will rejoice to discover in Colonel Vetch's new life of the gallant sapper, published by Blackwood, many traits of his modest character which in his lifetime they scarcely suspected. His veneration for good and cultured women is delightful; so, too, his literary taste, for he discusses, with equal sympathy and acumen, in his diary or letters, the novels of George Eliot, the Brontës, or Thackeray, for whom he had a great admiration, or the character of Macbeth, or of some other of Shakespeare's creations. Sir Richard Harrison, Inspector-General of Fortifications, describes Graham in this book as "quite the bravest man I ever met." His courage in the Crimea was well known, but it shone out also at the Peiho Forts in the war of 1859-60. Sir Richard's account of one incident deserves to be quoted in this place. "I shall never forget in a hurry one night, after we had taken a village on the land side of those forts, when he asked me to accompany him in what he called a 'reconnaissance.' I thought, perhaps, that we were going to the picket lines. But this was nothing to it. We soon passed the pickets and the very advanced line of sentries, and the night being dark, nothing would satisfy him but to continue our journeying through mud and water and all sorts of possibilities, until, lying down at the edge of the wet ditch, we saw the Tartar sentry walking up and down on the parapet of the fort, and heard the Chinamen talking within the gun casemates." Sir Gerald Graham was one of the tallest and finest men in the Army, and was in many ways a typical British officer—modest, courageous, and enterprising. Graham was an old friend of Gordon's, and saw him depart to take up his last post at Khartoum. If the gallant soldier's advice had been taken after his great victory at Tamai, and the road from Suakin to Berber had been opened up, Gordon might have been saved, and the history of Egypt would then have been written differently.

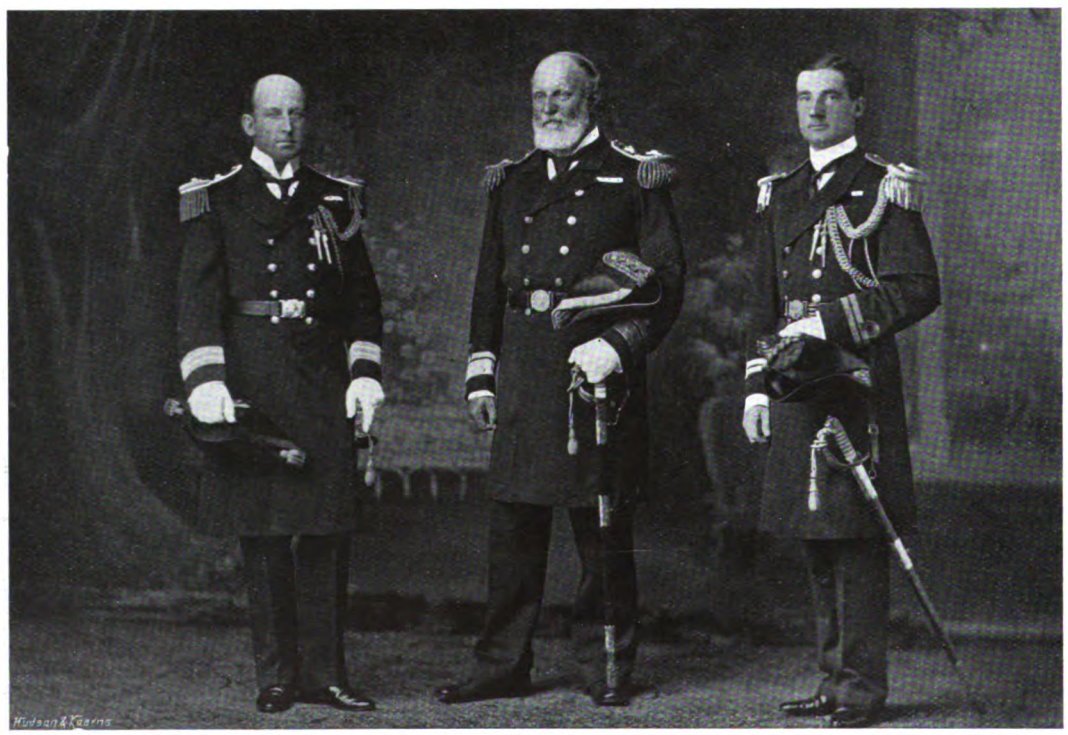

Photo. Copyright. *Crown Bromide Co.*

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE AUSTRALIAN STATION, AND STAFF.

Rear-Admiral Lewis Beaumont, who Figures in the Centre of our Group, was Transferred from the Pacific to be in Command in Australasian Waters on the Historic Occasion of the Visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall. The Officer on his Right is his Secretary, Paymaster H. H. Share, and on his Left his Flag-Lieutenant, Lieutenant B. A. Pratt-Barlow.

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THE KING'S GUNS.

Are they Worthy of the Best Fighters in the World?

THE South African War has been responsible for innumerable radical changes in field tactics and the equipment of the soldier, and it is destined also to turn over a fresh page in the annals of the British artillery. The experiences of the campaign in Natal, it may be remembered, gave birth to disquieting rumours relative to the efficiency of our field guns, which were said to be outclassed and outranged by the French quick-firing artillery of the enemy. As a matter of fact, the major portion of the columns of hostile criticism then directed against our field artillery was of a most unfair and ignorant description, inasmuch as the self-elected experts failed entirely to distinguish between field guns and guns of position.

It would be an unprofitable task to recapitulate or discuss the charges and counter-charges which the question of the guns then brought forth, for the time has now arrived when it is possible to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to see clearly the true issues at stake. Suffice to say that the artillery lessons of the war have proved two things; first, the pre-eminently satisfactory fact that the British Artilleryman, horse, field, or garrison, has maintained his old reputation of being the best behind the gun whom any Army can produce; second, that both our horse and field guns had not kept pace with the times where certain technical refinements were concerned.

We allude to the mechanical shortcomings of the arm in the past tense, for the satisfactory reason that the authorities have not only realised them, but are remedying them as fast as circumstances will permit, by the manufacture and issue of greatly-improved weapons. In the Horse and Field Artillery batteries originally despatched to the front, a few of the latter only—15-pounder guns—were mounted on carriages provided with Sir George Clarke's spade attachment for increasing the rapidity of fire. Since then, however, the apparatus has been perfected, and all of the new steel 15-pounder field and wire 12-pounder Horse Artillery guns of the 1900 pattern have been provided with new carriages on this principle.

The apparatus consists of a spade-shaped toothed blade, suspended under the axle by a telescopic spring case, which is hinged to a bracket fitted to the underside of the carriage below the axle-tree. The spade is also attached by a wire rope to another spring case, fitted obliquely between the side brackets near the trail eye. When the gun is fired and the carriage recoils, the teeth of the spade catch in the ground, the carriage moving over the spade, the wire rope attachment drawing out the spring in the trail, and the shaft of the spade compressing the upright spring. After the recoil the springs return the carriage to its former position. By this ingenious arrangement the rapidity of fire has been about doubled.

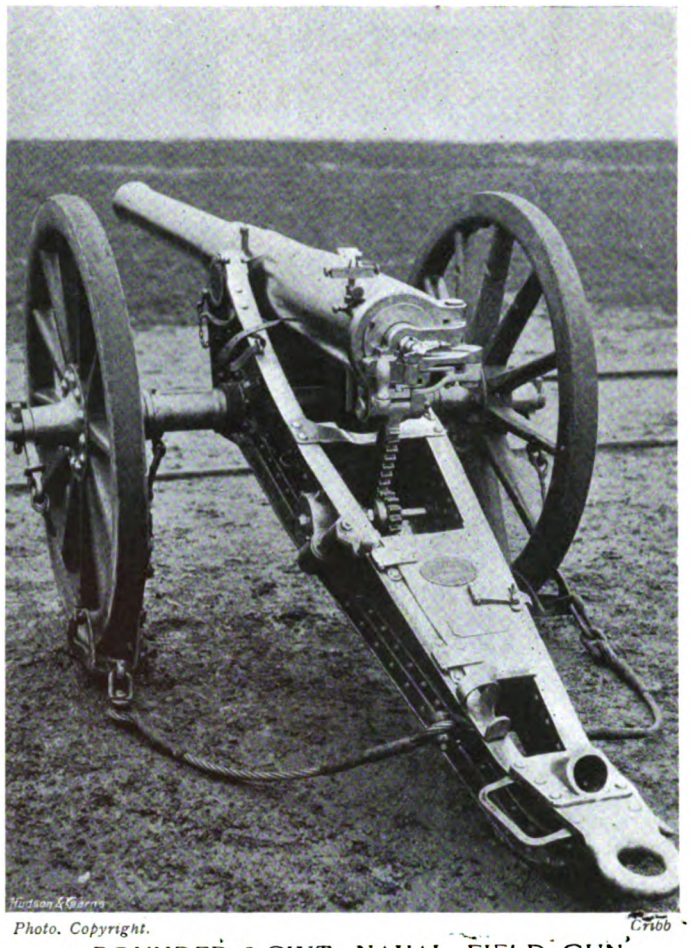

Photo. Copyright. Cribb

12-POUNDER 8 CWT. NAVAL FIELD GUN.

The guns themselves, however, are a considerable improvement upon their predecessors. For example, the breech mechanism has been so simplified that by one horizontal movement of the hand lever, in lieu of three distinct motions, the breech plug is rotated, unlocked, and swung out of the breech of the gun, while at the same time the

Photo. Copyright. *Charleton.*

PREPARING FOR ACTIVE SERVICE; AT EXERCISE IN IRELAND.

A Battery Crossing a Ford.

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used friction tube is automatically ejected. Similarly, only one movement is required in closing and locking the breech after loading. The new guns are side sighted, and provided with two rows of sights, which no longer have to be removed before firing, while they are also fitted with a steel bracket for carrying the telescopic sight.

As is the rule with all Continental armies, our field batteries carry, with the exception of a round or two of case, shrapnel shell only, the efficiency of which, as we need hardly remind our readers, depends entirely upon a time fuse. Eighteen months ago the British field time fuse was limited to a range of 4,500-yds., though the guns themselves could carry much farther; whereas the French fuse supplied with the Creusot quick-firers claimed to be effective up to 6,000-yds., but, fortunately for us, could not be relied upon to fulfil its promise. All the latest patterns of time fuses manufactured by the Continental ordnance factories, however, are graduated up to ranges varying from 5,500-yds. to 6,300-yds. in length; hence the Royal Laboratory has recently responded with a new fuse, which, by the use of a slower-burning composition, gives a maximum range with shrapnel of 5,500-yds., or an increase of 1,000-yds. It should here be added that the new shrapnel shell for the 15-pounder field gun weighs, when filled and fused, 14-lb., and that no more of the 15-lb. pattern is to be manufactured. It would, therefore, be more correct to designate the new weapon as, what it really is, namely, a 14-pounder.

The comprehensive scheme for rearming our Field Artillery has necessitated the purchase of some foreign quick-firing guns. The equipment selected was that manufactured by Messrs. Ehrhardt of Dusseldorf, of which six field batteries of six guns each, complete with limbers and ammunition waggons, have been issued to the 16th and 17th Brigade Divisions, Royal Field Artillery, at Aldershot. It will be seen from the accompanying illustration that the weapon is of decidedly peculiar appearance. The gun recoils in a cradle equipped with hydraulic buffer, while the trail is telescopic, and when firing is pulled out so as to have the advantage of a long trail for preventing unsteadiness and "jump" in the mounting. The trail has a plough, which anchors it to the ground.

In the whole carriage wood scarcely enters into the construction at all. The trail is constructed of steel tubes, and the wheels are made entirely of steel, in contradistinction to Woolwich wheels, which have the best seasoned oak spokes. The gun is a 14-pounder, with a muzzle velocity of about 1,700-ft. per second, whereas that of our 15-pounder field gun is 1,574 ft. per second.

The German equipment has been subjected to much hostile criticism. One well-known gunnery expert has pointed out that telescopic trails have always been considered objectionable, for the reason that the rough usage on active service is liable to strain such a flimsy construction, and when the gun is in action the mere fact of a rifle shot or shrapnel bullet hitting the thin material of which the tubes are

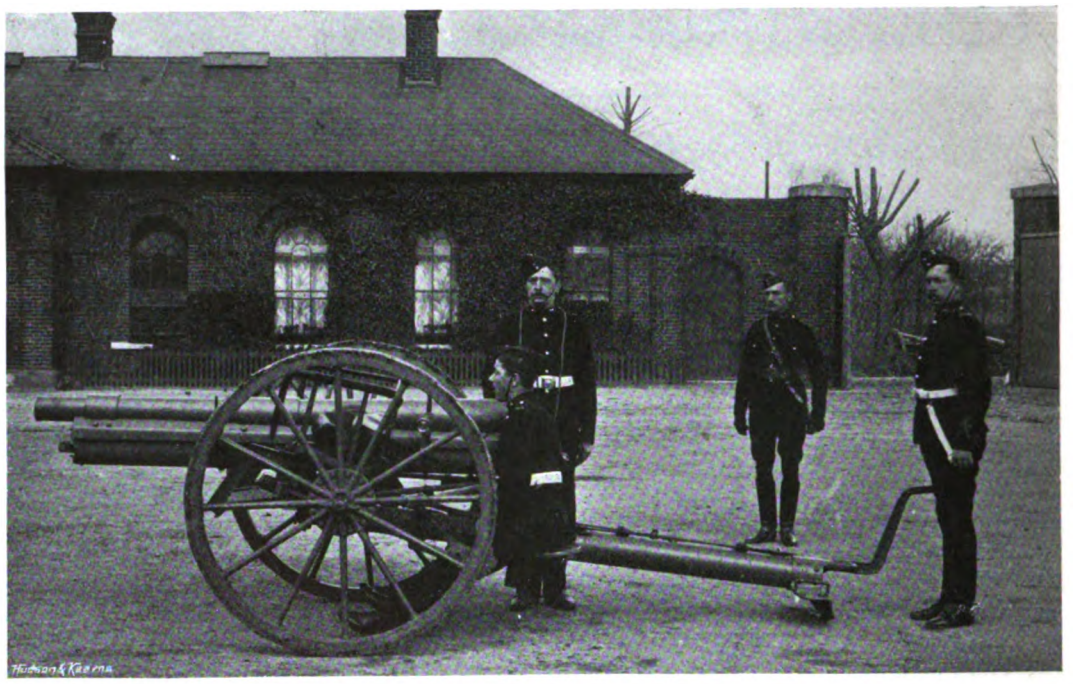
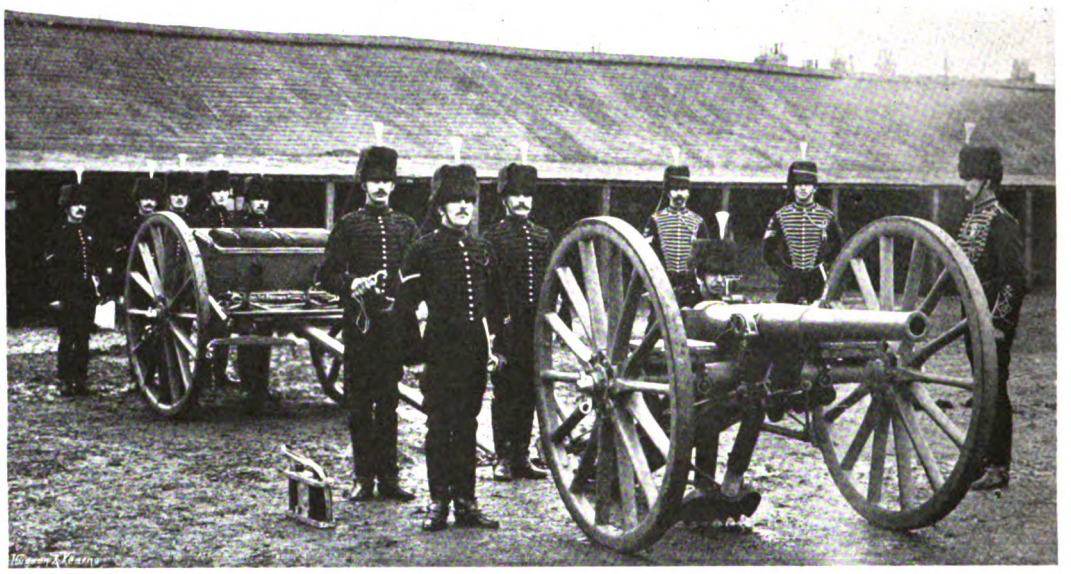


Photo. Copyright. *Mason.*

A GERMAN 14-POUNDER FIELD GUN.



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AN ENGLISH 15-POUNDER FIELD GUN.

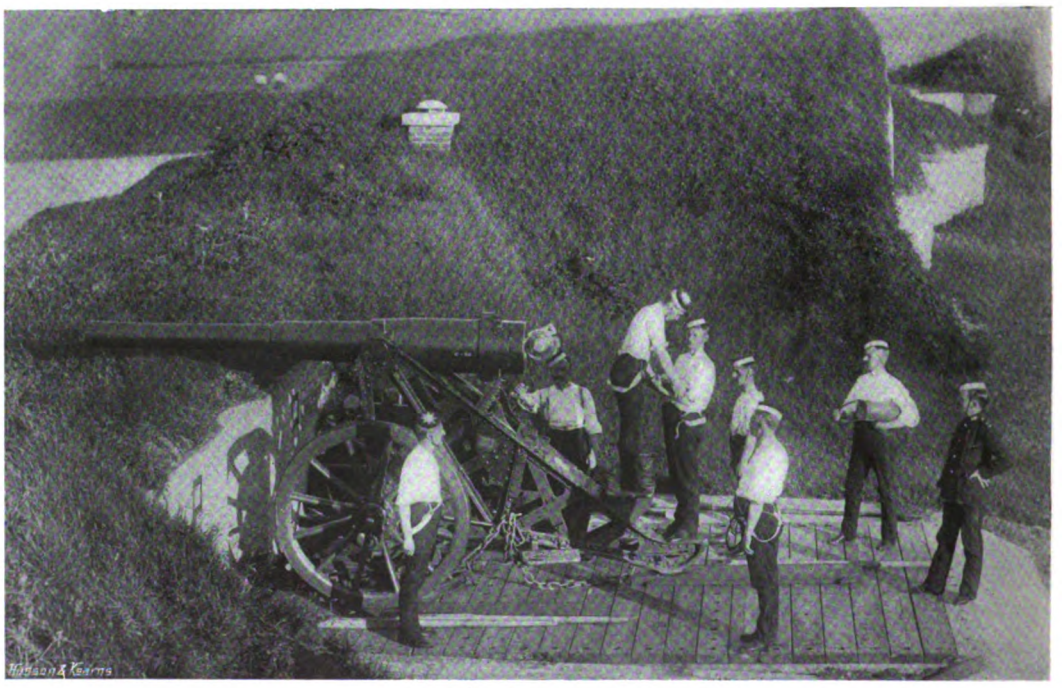

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

A 5-INCH B.L. GUN ON FORTRESS MOUNTING.

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constructed will prevent its being pushed in and out; others have asserted that the steel axle-trees crack in travelling, and that the comparatively small diameter of the wheels, which causes the under-gear to come near the ground, may in manœuvring over a rough country inflict damage to important portions of the mechanism, or even overturn the weapon. Time alone can show whether these criticisms are well founded or not; but the gun has already given proof of one excellent quality, namely, great accuracy of fire.

The wealth of romantic glory enveloping the achievements of the 4·7-in. gun has had rather the effect of discounting the less sensational, but none the less excellent, work performed by other of our heavy ordnance. No gun has acquitted itself better than the 5-in. breech-loading gun of position which went out with the siege train. This was the weapon that effectually silenced the Boer "Long Toms" on the Cape Frontier, and shelled the Pretoria forts into speedy submission. It throws a 50-lb. projectile to a range of 8,700-yds., and has a muzzle velocity of 1,750-ft. per second.

The 5-in. gun is to be found in most of our coast fortifications, where it is mounted either on a Vavasseur carriage and slide or on a parapet carriage. There are two patterns of the latter—first, a 6-ft. parapet carriage, constructed to allow of the piece being fired over a 6-ft. parapet, with 25-deg. elevation and 5-deg. depression. This carriage is also fitted with trunnion bearings and housing brackets for travelling with troops across country. The second carriage is a disappearing one, constructed to raise the gun by means of compressed air to fire over an 8-ft. parapet at angles varying from 16-deg. elevation to 10-deg. depression. The gun is fired by means of electrical tubes, or by percussion if the electric gear breaks down.

Another very excellent weapon, of which, however, little is known, for it was seldom used during the war, is the 12-pounder 8-cwt. Naval gun. This gun, which is frequently confused with the 12-pounder 12-cwt. Naval weapon, is really a quick-firing field-piece, carried by His Majesty's ships to accompany landing parties, when it, together with its limber, is hauled by the men themselves. The 12-pounder 12-cwt. quick-firing gun was mounted upon Captain Scott's improvised carriages, and accompanied the Naval Brigade to Ladysmith, where it was used as a gun of position.

The 8-cwt. weapon is 87·6-in. long, or 36-in. shorter than the other. Its calibre is the same as that of the Horse and Field Artillery guns, namely, 3-in., but it is a more powerful, though less mobile, weapon than either, since its muzzle velocity is 1,607-ft. per second, and its maximum range with common shell exceeds 6,000-yds.

THE NEW CAMP ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

A SPECIMEN OF MILITARY PRECISION

A View of One of the Roads in the Camp.

Photos. Copyright. *Miell & Miell.*

THE GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CAMP.

Illustrating the Characteristic Flatness of the Country.

It has long been evident that Aldershot did not provide sufficient accommodation for the needs of the Army. With the augmented power of modern weapons, and the further necessity for greater manœuvring space, an increase of the area under military control became absolutely necessary, and the War Office acted wisely in securing this on Salisbury Plain. Our pictures give a good idea of the appearance and surroundings of the new camp which has been recently built for housing the soldiers when under training.

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ONE OF DEVONPORT'S TRAINING-SHIPS.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

The "Lion," an old wooden two-decker, is one of the ships at Devonport in which boys are trained for the Royal Navy. The lads who are to be the seamen of the future are taken in hand at an early age, and, as readers of the NAVY AND ARMY are aware, are carefully taught the art and practice of their chosen calling. Our picture shows the boys manning the yards in old-time fashion on the occasion of a recent visit of the Lords of the Admiralty.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

SCANDINAVIA.

ALTHOUGH perhaps out of the reach of the ordinary Naval officer on active service, Scandinavia offers sport of the highest order to those fortunate individuals who, either on duty or on half-pay, are able to wend their steps in that direction.

During the occasional visits of the Channel or Training Squadrons to the Norwegian fjords, the officers are sometimes able to get a little fishing, but that is all, and it is reserved for the veterans on half-pay to participate in the higher branches of sport in that glorious country—such as elk shooting in the forests, reindeer stalking on the high fjelds, or "still" hunting for red deer, which abound on the island of Hilteren, and are still to be found on some parts of the mainland. Owing to the grasping demands of the proprietors of Scotch shootings and fishings, and the exorbitant rent charged, that country is almost closed to the average sportsman, or its sport can only be indulged in by millionaires; consequently their poorer brethren have of late years turned their thoughts to Scandinavia, where good all-round sport may still be obtained at a moderate rate if one knows where to go; for already the Norwegian agents, alive to their own interests, have bought up many of the best shooting and fishing rights, and sublet them at double and treble the price that they could have been got some twenty years ago.

NORWEGIAN ELK'S ANTLERS OF 16 POINTS.

Tip to Tip Span, 39-in.; Length of Antler, 22-in.; Brow Antler, 14-in. Circumference at Base, 7-in.

Moreover, the Norwegian Government have, with short-sighted policy, so restricted the game laws as almost to have excluded British sportsmen from ryper shooting in that country, and in consequence many men are crossing the border into Sweden, where the laws are not so prohibitory. This narrow-minded policy is not calculated to improve the condition of the Norwegian farmers, who have largely benefited by the influx of English sportsmen of late years; but the salmon rivers in Norway still maintain their reputation, and large rents, almost as high as those in Scotland, still rule, and they will always command large rents, whereas the Swedish rivers are of no use for salmon fishing, being generally blocked by "fosses" at no great distance from the sea. Added to which the Swedish salmon, for some reason not yet explained, have not been educated to the fly, and refuse to take it. On the other hand, the Swedish lakes abound with gigantic trout, which afford grand sport with fly or minnow, spoor, or dead spinning bait.

A BIT OF FISKUM FOS, NAMDALEN, NORWAY.

(Reproduced by Permission from "Norwegian Anglings and other Sportings.")

Having had the good fortune to have enjoyed every kind of sport with rod, rifle, and gun in both Norway and Sweden, a few remarks on the same will, I hope, be acceptable.

To begin with elk, the noblest animal of the deer tribe. Elk shooting begins on September 1 in Norway, and is limited to three weeks; in Sweden, to one week only. The season has been reduced in consequence of the wholesale destruction of elk by the farmers, who are not particular as to sex, age, or season; but the order presses hardly on the true sportsman, who, scorning cows and calves, seeks only the lordly bull elk for the grand trophy adorning his head.

The Norwegian elk is, I believe, identical with the moose of Canada, although some sportsmen maintain that he is not. An adult male, standing 17-h. at the withers, weighs as much as 1,000-lb. to 1,200-lb., and is a noble, though ungainly-looking animal.

In the forests of Canada and Nova Scotia the moose is hunted and killed by "calling," an accomplishment well known to Indians, but which few Englishmen possess. In Norway and Sweden, calling has never to my knowledge been attempted, and the elk is hunted by well-trained dogs in a leash. Having entered the forest on the lee side, the hunter walks quietly up wind looking for fresh spoor till the dog shows signs of winding a beast, when he will take the hunter direct to the quarry; the dog is never loosed, but when he shows by his excitement that the game is close, the sportsman must move silently forward, until he either gets a shot or puts the elk away.

But to relate my own experience. Starting one morning from our shooting-box, with Christian Fiskum, a smart young Norwegian, and his dog Bismarck, we proceeded down wind for a couple of hours or so, and then turned up wind and entered the forest. We had not gone far when Bismarck showed signs of winding something; the bristles on his back were erect, and he struggled violently at the leash. We followed cautiously, till at length the old dog laid down, and, sniffing about, told us as plainly as he could that an elk was near, but we could not exactly place him. Fiskum was now greatly excited, and wanted me to make a detour, so as to give the dog the wind, but I

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objected. Whilst we were arguing the point in whispers, I saw an elk's horn rise from the bracken not 50-yds. off. Fiskum also saw it, but it disappeared, and nothing more could be seen for several moments. I cocked the rifle and waited. Presently the horn reappeared, and again mysteriously vanished. I made up my mind, if it again showed, to chance a shot, fearing that the beast would get our wind and bolt, as frequently happens, when the opportunity is lost. For the third time that horn showed itself, and I fired, aiming a little below, where I thought the body might be. As I pulled the trigger, up rose a gigantic beast as big as a horse, and, twisting round like lightning, gave me a glimpse of his broadside. I fired again, and, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a magnificent bull elk standing stern on. Cramming in another cartridge, I aimed at the back of his head, which just showed clear of his rump. The bullet went true, and the elk fell dead to the shot. We found that the first bullet had struck him in a vital spot; the second had evidently missed, having probably glanced off a tree. The elk was stone dead, a splendid trophy, with a grand head of sixteen points and a heavy body, giving Christian and myself all we could do to turn him over to gralloch him.

Bismarck was frantic, and rushed in to receive his share of the spoil. Highly pleased with our success, we returned to the Jact Hus, and so ended my first experience of elk hunting in Norway. I believe I am not exaggerating in estimating the weight of a full-grown bull elk at 80-st.; indeed, I have the authority of Sir Henry Pottinger for saying so. Sir Henry is one of the oldest sportsmen in Norway, and has probably killed more elk than any man. It is, however, difficult to calculate the exact weight of a beast, as the carcase has to be brought in in sections. The day after my adventure we sent a horse and sleigh, which made two trips, and the head was brought in separately. My hunter assured me he got 600-lb. of meat off this elk.

But let no one suppose that elk shooting is always as easy as on this occasion; a man may go out for days together and not see a beast, and if it be calm, as it often is in those dense forests, it is very difficult to get a shot, as elks lie down in the heat of the day in the depths of the forest, and hearing the slightest sound make silently away. Moreover, their scent is so acute, and the currents of air so variable, they are very apt to get a man's wind long before he is anywhere near them.

If an elk be wounded badly, it is sometimes advisable to let loose the dog to bring him to bay, but this should not be done if it can be avoided, as unless very badly wounded an elk will travel for miles, and never be seen again. A good elk dog is worth a lot of money to his owner, and often cannot be bought at any price. Wolves are very destructive to both elk and reindeer, killing the calves and driving the old ones out of the country.

In Sweden, where, as already stated, the law only permits elk hunting during the first week in September, elk ought to be increasing, but I am not sure if such is the case, as the law is difficult to enforce in remote districts.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 16, *April* 13, *May* 18, *June* 1, *and June* 15.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"DORAN."—There is no name of Syne in the active list of the Royal Navy during the years 1878 or 1879. The names of J. T. Syme, paymaster since February 24, 1870, and Aaron H. Symes, engineer since July 25, 1867, both appear in the Navy Lists of 1878 and 1879. As the Royal Navy List was first published in 1877, I also consulted this publication as to the names on the *retired* list of the Navy. The name of Syne does not appear, but that of Syme and Symes both figure as retired commanders, viz., George Syme and Aaron Symes.

* * * *

G. D'ARINIERE.—Military decorations and medals are worn with the tunic or dress-jacket only, and on the left breast. They are worn in a horizontal line suspended from a single bar of which the buckle is not seen. The bar is placed between the first and second buttons from the bottom of the collar; in Hussar regiments immediately below the top bar of lace on the left breast. The riband does not exceed 1-in. in length unless the number of clasps require it to be longer. The buckles attached to the Orders of the Bath and of St. Michael and St. George are shown. When the decorations and medals cannot, on account of their number, be suspended from the bar so as to be fully shown, they are worn overlapping. They are worn over the sash and under the pouch-belt. Medals are worn in the order of the dates of the campaigns for which they were conferred, the first obtained being placed furthest from the left shoulder. English decorations come before medals, and then come foreign decorations and foreign medals. The Victoria Cross is worn after orders and before medals. The Queen's Jubilee Medal is worn after English decorations. The Volunteer Officer's Decoration is worn immediately after the English medals and before the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

* * * *

"PORTSMOUTH."—As a fact there have been several "Victorias" from time to time on the Navy List. The first of all apparently was a little 24-gun ship that did service against the French in the time of William III. The first "Victoria" of the modern series was ordered in November, 1833, to be laid down at Pembroke Dockyard as a 110-gun first-rate under the style of the "Royal Victoria." She was not, however, begun until 1844, and when the time came for launching her, in 1858, it was thought fit to change her name to "Windsor Castle" and transfer the name Victoria to a larger ship of more dignified proportions, a big 131-gun ship then building at Portsmouth. This ship, launched in 1859, was flag-ship in the Mediterranean about 1867, and remained a hulk in Portsmouth Harbour until quite recently. To her succeeded Admiral Tryon's ill-fated flag-ship, lost on June 22, 1893, off the coast of Syria.

* * * *

"MUSICIAN."—You should consult "Sword and Song" (Simpkin, Marshall), by R. Mounteney-Jephson. It is beyond doubt that some verses of what is known as Wolfe's song were sung before he was born. Besides, the hero of Quebec was not at all the sort of man to have written:

"How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys.
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound," etc.

He did, however, write a few lines of poetry which have been preserved, and they were addressed to the "girl he left behind him" when embarking at Portsmouth for Quebec, never to return. They were much more in keeping with Wolfe's character, and ran as follows:

"I go where glory leads me,
And dangers point the way,
Though coward love upbraids me,
Stern honour bids obey."

"C. N."—It is not always easy to trace what became of old ships previous to 1868. The ship you enquire for, the "Powerful," which was Sir Charles Napier's flag-ship at Acre in 1840, was, I have been able to discover, between 1860 and 1863 shot to pieces in Portsmouth Harbour, where, during those years, she served as target-ship for testing the new—as they then were—iron armour plates. In 1863 the old "Powerful" was superseded by the "Thunderer," renamed "Nettle," which acted as target-ship for experimental firing at Portsmouth until a few months ago. Before the "Powerful" several old Trafalgar men-of-war were used as target-ships, the old "Swiftsure" and the "Leviathan" being two that I remember, and so ended their days under fire, if not exactly in the way national sentiment would have preferred, perhaps.

* * * *

"WREXHAM."—No sensible man nowadays sneers at the Army Service Corps, for the worth of the corps is generally recognised. The old "Control," which was instituted by Mr. Cardwell in 1870, only lived for five years, and was succeeded by the Commissariat and Transport Department, which ultimately was organised and constituted in December, 1888, as the Army Service Corps. It was then laid down in the regulations that all appointments to the corps were to be from officers of some years' service in other combatant branches, whilst their pay, promotion, and pensions were fixed on the lines of those of the Royal Engineers. On first joining the corps every officer is sent to Aldershot on probation to undergo a complete course of theoretical and practical instruction. The Army Service Corps has certainly proved its value in South Africa.

* * * *

"ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, HASLAR."—The following is what you ask for: "To the King's most excellent Majesty, the Memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., and a Rear-Admiral in your Majesty's Fleet. That, during the present war, your memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, in three actions with frigates, in six engagements against batteries, in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore with the Army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi. That during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels; and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times*. In which service your memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body. All of which services and wounds your memorialist most humbly submits to your Majesty's most gracious consideration. October, 1797. (Signed) Nelson." A grateful nation gave him a pension of £1,000 per annum.

* * * *

"WALLACE" (Kent).—That the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge served as a private in the Army is an undoubted fact. He was at Jesus College, Cambridge, and, owing to a disappointment in a love affair, he suddenly left and proceeded to London. After wandering about the streets for some time and giving his last penny to a beggar, he enlisted in the 15th Light Dragoons (now 15th Hussars) as "Silas Tomkyn Comberback." The name preserved his initials, "S. T. C.," but was ill-chosen enough to make him the victim of much chaff of a nature that wounded him terribly. It is recorded of him that "he rode his horse ill and groomed him worse." Indeed, he said of himself, in a letter to his brother, that he was "a very indocile equestrian." He was completely unfitted for the life of a soldier, and having no one to whom to pour out his heart, found relief in scribbling a Latin inscription on the stable door. An officer who understood Latin discovered it, and this led to the poet's discharge.

THE EDITOR.

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THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT DEVONPORT.

THE COMMISSIONED STAFF AND CIVIL SURGEONS.

From Left to Right the Names are—Standing: Major J. G. Black, Lieut. H. E. Weston, Civil Surgeon R. N. De Beauvais, Lieut. H. A. J. E. Howley, and Capt. T. Connor. Sitting: Civil Surgeon J. H. Dawe, Civil Surgeon A. S. Sieger, Major G. Tuke (Medical Officer in Charge), Lieut. J. Conway, Civil Surgeon P. Johnson, and Civil Surgeon T. Wilson

A GROUP OF THE NURSING SISTERS.

From Left to Right the Names are—Standing: Sisters L. Stevenson, F. A. Harding, E. Murray, A. McGivney, and A. Thornton. Sitting on Chairs: Sisters A. L. Stewart, M. A. Warner, Superintending Sister S. L. Wishaw. Sisters M. L. T. Babb, and F. Abraham. Sitting on Rug: Sisters A. O'Flaherty and F. A. Davis.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS.

From the Nature of the Buildings this is Necessarily Incomplete.

Photos. Copyright.

BACK FROM THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Group of Wounded from Many Regiments.

"Navy & Army."

A PORTION OF THE STAFF AND ASSISTANTS.

Non commissioned Officers and Civilian Helpers.

From Photos. by a Surgeon o the Hospital.

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THE "NAVAL ANNUAL."

THE publication of the "Naval Annual," Griffin, Portsmouth, is always a subject of congratulation. That excellent volume never fails to bring us up to date in our knowledge, and always enables us to see exactly where we stand. The new issue is the fifteenth in the series, and a greal deal is due to Lord Brassey for the practical interest he has always shown in the work. After an interval of six years, released from his duties as Governor of Victoria, he has been able to take up his pen once more to write in its pages. Political avocations have prevented the Hon. T. A. Brassey from taking any very active part in the work this year, and for the second time the volume has been very capably edited by Mr. John Leyland.

The "Annual" has not changed, nor has needed to be changed, in its broad characteristics, but in certain of its contents it may be said that the issue for 1901 is even more interesting than some of its predecessors. There are the customary chapters on the progress of the British and foreign Navies, respectively by Commander C. N. Robinson and the editor; there is the well-known analysis of comparative strength, for which Mr. Leyland is responsible; Mr. J. R. Thursfield again describes and elucidates the Naval Manœuvres; Mr. G. R. Dunell writes at a very important time upon the subject of "Marine Engineering"; and there is a review of the past five years' war-ship-building by Mr. A. S. Hurd, who adopts, perhaps, too strong a tone in his attack upon the Admiralty for delay, and some of his points are open to question. The tables of British and foreign ships are as good as ever, and the plans, which have been supervised by Mr. S. W. Barnaby, show progressive improvement in excellence, and are increased in number. There has been a change in the section devoted to "Armour and Ordnance," owing to the lamented death of Captain Orde Browne, and for an unexplained reason the name of his successor is not disclosed, though that successor is evidently a writer of very great competence and knowledge. Finally, in regard to these features, let us say that those who want official particulars of the expenditure of our own or foreign Governments on Naval preparations will find all they seek in Part IV. But, outside and beyond these "permanent" features, are very valuable chapters by Sir John Hopkins on the need of Fleet Auxiliaries, by Sir Cyprian Bridge on "The Chief Lessons of War," and by Captain R. H. S. Bacon on "Naval Strategy," and particularly upon the vital importance of coal strategy, with many related questions; and Lord Brassey's contribution on "The Manning of the Navy and Mercantile Marine" is also special to the present issue.

The true teaching of the "Naval Annual" is perhaps to be read between the lines. The book is always temperate in its methods, and apart from Mr. Hurd's somewhat trenchant remarks, there is very little that is aggressive in its pages. It is, therefore, the more interesting to note that, without despondency, there is a suggestion that all is not as it should be with the Navy, and, from such a quarter, this is a matter that should be laid to heart by all who hold our national welfare dear. Lord Brassey, in an excellent introductory chapter, rightly says that the Fleet is England's right arm, without which she would be a cypher in the councils of Europe, might be denuded of her colonies, and could not hold the Indian Empire a year; and he adds, what is equally true, that the Navy is the surest guarantee for the maintenance of peace. His lordship does not consider our expenditure inadequate but he points out the disadvantages imposed upon a Power compelled to exercise a blockade of an enemy's coast. It is worthy of note that Mr. Leyland also, in discussing comparative strength, while he gives us a superiority in first-class battle-ships, is not content that the modernising of the French ships should be without a counterpoise in our own Navy. Lord Brassey suggests that such counterpoise should be reached by the modernising of our own older vessels, and he cites the opinion of Lieutenant Dawson, who has supported that argument with considerable weight and force. There is also the question of the boiler efficiency of our ships, and Lord Brassey says that we made too great a rush in introducing the Belleville, without taking time to provide a fully-trained engine-room personnel. It cannot, indeed, be too soon realised that the boiler question is largely a personal question. This is a matter which Mr. Dunell also refers to in his very suggestive chapter on engineering.

Turning now to the personal aspect of the Naval situation, we find some thoughtful remarks by Lord Brassey in relation to manning and training, both questions upon which diverse views may reasonably be held, as well as the very remarkable chapter which has been alluded to by Sir Cyprian Bridge, now Commander-in-Chief in China, which is offered as a "Study at the Beginning of a New Century." Although there is no reference in it to the war in South Africa, there is an apparent allusion to the fact that the self-confidence of a trained force was somewhat shaken by its encounter with a force deemed to be untrained, or at least unready. For Sir Cyprian Bridge shows by the teachings of history that there has been frequent recurrence of defeats and disasters inflicted on armed forces by antagonists whose power had not previously been suspected. It is the training of peace-time that he questions, and professional self-satisfaction and formalism that he impeaches. Human thought has a tendency to run in grooves, and in Military and Naval institutions the grooves are purposely made deep, and departure from them is rigorously forbidden. There is unremitting eagerness to extol the special qualities developed by long-continued Service habits and methods, and members of the Services are unsleepingly apprehensive of the possibility of credit being given to fighting bodies more loosely organised, and less precisely trained in peace-time, than the body to which they themselves belong. This tendency grows stronger with the increase of specialism, and the "canker of a long peace" attaches the fetters of pedantry to the limbs that should above all things else be free to move. Let it not be supposed that in this argument Sir Cyprian Bridge depreciates the value of training. On the contrary, he strongly advocates it, but the training he desires is not that of the schools. He insists that changes have been stupendous and revolutionary beyond all previous experience in all Naval affairs, and that we shall, in future, wage war under conditions dissimilar from any hitherto known. "In this very fact, there lies the making of a great surprise. It will have appeared from the historical statement how serious a surprise sometimes turns out to be. Its consequences, always significant, are not unfrequently far-reaching.

The question of practical moment is: How are we to guard ourselves against such a surprise? To this a satisfactory answer can be given, though it may be a long one. It might be summarised in the admonition: Abolish over-centralisation; give proper scope to individual capacity and initiative; eschew professional self-sufficiency." The essence of this most important chapter is that a question of urgent nature and something of doubt in regard to efficiency and readiness has suggested itself to one of the best known of our sea officers, and one who now holds a very important command. There are lessons of the same kind to be drawn from Captain Bacon's remarkable chapter upon strategy, for he bids us, from the study of Naval and Military history, and from the point of view of change necessitating change, to note the frequency of the failure to forecast. In a like manner, at the conclusion of his chapter upon the Naval Manœuvres, Mr. Thursfield draws attention to the fact that systematic study and intelligent forethought are not in fashion in this country. He is speaking of the imperfect co-operation of the Naval and Military authorities during the operations he describes. "Our faith is rather in the make-shift and the make-believe, in the improvised and the ill co-ordinated. It is a very costly faith, and withal a very dangerous one. We squander millions where pence would be thrown away, and even the pence we wisely spend are often wasted for lack of knowledge."

We may now turn to other points, some of them of personal and some of material interest. Commander Robinson narrates the operations of the Naval forces in South Africa and China, and Mr. Leyland deals at length with the transport operations, being generally pleased with what was done, but showing in several ways how things might have been done better. So much has latterly been said about the necessity for Fleet Auxiliaries, that Sir John Hopkins's chapter on that subject will be read with the great interest to which, indeed, his high professional repute entitles it. He advocates the building, after sufficient test, of quite a fleet of colliers, store-ships, hospital-ships, and ammunition, condensing, and repairing vessels, and shows how it may be done. A particularly interesting part of the Armour and Ordnance Section is that which deals with the change made in the respective value of new and comparatively recent war-ships by the introduction of more powerful guns and of superior armour plating, and it is pointed out that even the ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class would be no match, for want of better protection, for smaller vessels like the Japanese "Asama" or the Italian "Varese."

We have endeavoured to draw from the "Naval Annual" some few of its especially interesting points, but the whole volume is replete with interest to the Naval officer and the Naval student, as a record of progress and an encyclopædia of information. We are very glad to draw attention to the new issue, and to the excellent character that has been given to it. Much credit is due to Mr. Mitchell and to Captain Gray for some admirable illustrations.

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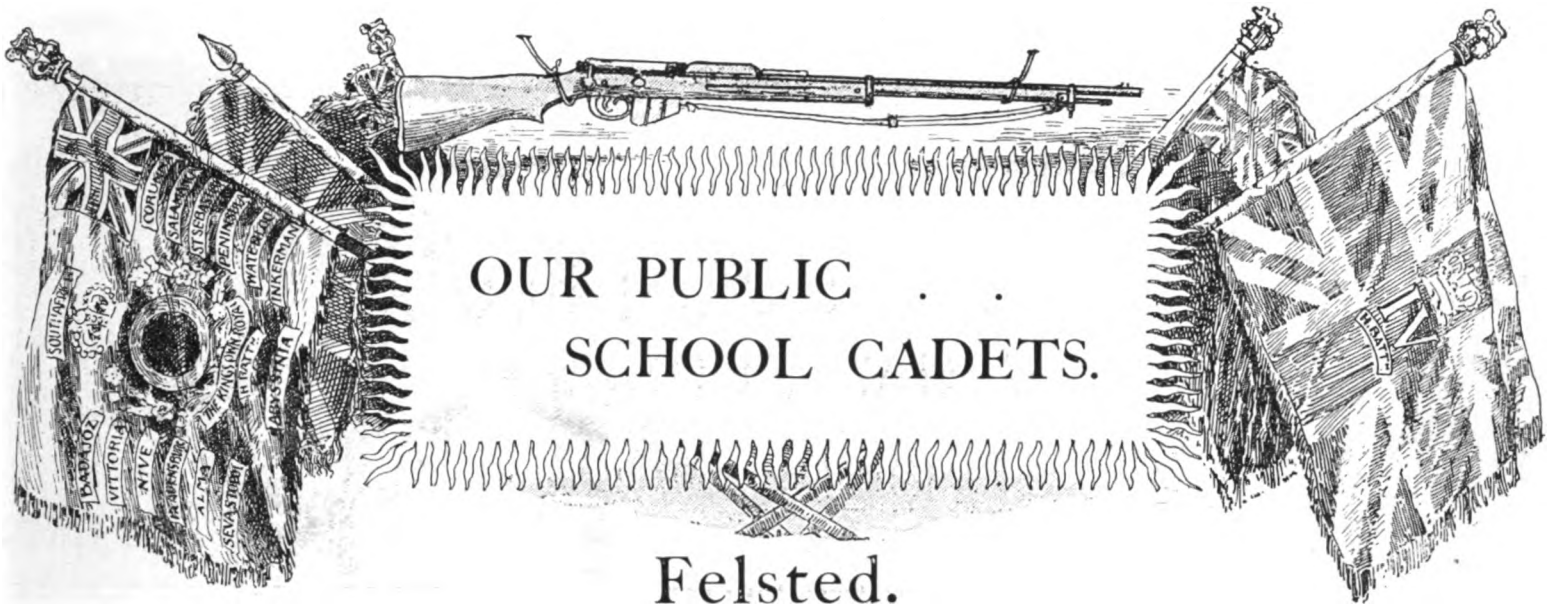

Felsted.

By CALLUM BEG.

THE Felsted School Cadet Corps claims to be the oldest school corps in existence, formed as it was in 1859, when Mr. Grignon was head-master. The following year its formation received official sanction on the part of the War Office, and a grey uniform with narrow red facings was adopted. The corps was at first commanded by the head-boy, Douglas Round, who is now a Governor of the school. Mr. Rowe, one of the masters, afterwards succeeded to the command, and he, in turn, was followed by the head-master

Referring to Mr. Grignon's term of office, the present officer commanding writes: "Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Grignon for his energy and hard work in connection with the corps, and the school justly looks up to him as the father of the corps."

After the head-master's retirement and until 1886 the corps was under the command of various boys, but in that year Mr. D. S. Ingram, the new head-master, took over the command, which he held until 1890. He was then succeeded by Mr. J. E. S. Moore, who continued to preside over the corps' doings until 1898. His command was a most successful one, and under him the corps increased both in numbers and efficiency. Mr. Longland was the next commanding officer, and he was closely associated with the corps until this year.

CAPTAIN LONGLAND.
Commanded Corps July, 1897—December, 1900.

In 1894 Mr. Moore devised a scheme which provided for each boy who subscribed to the Amalgamated Games Fund joining the corps with a payment of 5s. a term for the use of uniform. This had the effect of greatly increasing the numbers, and whereas the strength of all ranks was in 1891 only about forty, it is now no less than 160 out of 200 boys in the school.

The uniform of the corps is now that of the battalion to which it is attached (2nd V.B. Essex Regiment), viz., black with

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THE OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Felsted School Cadet Corps.

Lance-Corporal Ram. Corporal Turner. Lance-Corporal Mills. Lance-Corporal Phipps. Lance-Corporal Deck. Lance-Corporal Phillips. Sergeant-Drummer Hawkes. Corporal-Bugler Baker. Sergeant Bird. Colour-Sergeant Beard. Sergeant Irvin. Corporal Douglas. Sergeant-Drummer Tamplin. Lance-Corporal Westmacott. Lance-Corporal-Bugler McLearon. Sergeant-Bugler Peel. Corporal-Bugler Malborough. Second Lieut. Ashcroft. Lieut. Cooper. Capt. Thorp. Lieut. Hornsby Wright. Sergeant-Major Mooty. Sergeant Gibson. Sergeant Walker.

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green facings. The corps is divided into two companies, and each section is formed from the boys in one House. The system answers well, for it promotes rivalry between sections. Once a year a House Competition takes place, and includes company drill, physical drill, and manual and firing exercises. This year two of the squads that competed were so evenly matched that it was found impossible to allot one a greater number of marks than the other, and consequently both were bracketed "first." A parade takes place every Tuesday, but for this, uniform is seldom worn.

The Felsted corps attends four or five field days in the year. These are usually held in the neighbourhood of Hitchin or Hertford. The other corps that take part are usually those of Cambridge University, Haileybury, St. Paul's, Highgate, and Forest Schools, and the Hertfordshire Volunteers. Last year Felsted sent a detachment of sixty to the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot, and much useful work was performed by the boys. No difficulty is experienced at Felsted in obtaining sufficient recruits; in fact, so popular is the corps with the boys that it has been decided to fix a standard of height for the rank and file.

Like so many other units of our Citizen Army, the Felsted cadets are unfortunately situated as regards their range. That at Dunmow is placed at their disposal for one day a week, but the range being four miles away, the boys do not make as much use of it as they would do were it within a reasonable distance of the school. There is, however, in the school grounds a Morris-tube range recently opened, and although it can never act as a substitute for an open range, it serves to "teach the young idea how to shoot." It is hoped that sooner or later the school may succeed in securing a range of its own, but at present the corps' funds are not in a sufficiently flourishing condition to warrant the expense.

Notwithstanding the want of range accommodation, shooting is not neglected at Felsted, and the school sends a team to Bisley. Shooting competitions are also arranged at headquarters, and a House Challenge Shield is competed for yearly at the end of the summer term.

The band consists of ten drums and twenty bugles, bass drum, triangle, and cymbals. It practices three times a week, and is thoroughly efficient. It formerly consisted principally of fifes, but bugles were substituted some four years ago. To Sergeant-Major Moody, formerly drum-major in the Essex Regiment, belongs much of the credit for the excellent state in which the band now is. He was appointed school instructor three years ago, and has in every way identified himself with the corps. One of the latest additions to the band is a magnificent new bass drum. For the past ten years Sergeant-Drummer Tamplin has carried off the prize for the drumming competition at Aldershot, and last year Felsted men took first and second places.

SOLDIER MUSICIANS.

"Our Dreadful Marches to Delightful Measures."

The cyclist detachment is another popular section of the corps, and one which is ever increasing in numbers. The condition laid down for those joining is that they shall provide their own cycles.

The armament of the corps consists partly of Martini carbines and partly of Lee-Enfield rifles, but the members are anxious that ere long the whole corps shall have Lee-Enfield rifles. There are two armouries at headquarters. In one are kept rifles, accoutrements, and band instruments, and in the other the uniforms. The corps will be inspected this summer by the officer commanding the district. It was recently inspected by Major Adams, 2nd V.B. Essex Regiment, who expressed himself satisfied with all he saw.

There are now in the ranks no members enrolled as Volunteers. Formerly members of the corps who were old enough were enrolled, but this had to be discontinued owing to the increase in the battalion. The Felsted corps is thoroughly up to date. Last year it went to Aldershot in khaki, which was found to be such suitable and serviceable material that the corps will probably wear the popular material again this year. There is a strong feeling of comradeship among the members, and quite a considerable proportion of the Felsted cadets on leaving school join one of the University or other Volunteer corps. Captain Thorp is at present in command, and takes a lively interest in the welfare of the corps. He throws himself heart and soul into all its doings, and to him we are indebted for much valuable information touching the present position and history of the corps.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, and Marlborough on June 15.*]

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A FULL-DRESS PARADE

Of the Felsted School Cadet Corps.

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THE RACES OF A TORPEDO FLOTILLA.

IT would be difficult to find in any part of the world a British squadron in which there has not always been a certain amount of competition between ship and ship. In the old days, there was not only a competition for being the smartest ship in the squadron, but there was a struggle also between the three masts of each ship. Those who could "cross royal yards" or "reef topsails" — whether they wanted reefing or not—more rapidly than another, looked upon the men of the defeated ships as "a lot of blooming dairymaids," and innumerable have been the rows that have been caused ashore in consequence.

And then there were rowing matches between ship and ship and sailing matches, not only between ships, but between officer and officer. Those were days when all the tricks of sailing had to be properly learned, because there were no steam launches, and going ashore when lying some distance off the land meant pulling the distance or doing it under sail.

The application of steam to boats led for a time to the decadence of boat sailing in the British Navy; and, on the last visit of a French squadron to Portsmouth, it was humiliating to see the French boats coming ashore under canvas in a whole-sail breeze, and sufficiently acquainted with the pilotage to make the best of their course, while there was hardly a British boat under sail, and every communication between Spithead and the Harbour was carried on by steam vessels. That, however, is now a long time ago, and adepts in boat sailing are again to be found in the British Navy.

On the other hand, boat pulling—except for racing purposes and when a commander or first lieutenant takes an interest in the matter — has perhaps not improved as much as has the sister art.

THE OFFICERS' RACE.

The Commander-in-Chief Watches the Struggle.

THE ADAPTATION OF A MODERN APPLIANCE.

A Berthon Boat being Lowered Ready for the Race.

In every squadron there is a regatta, provided that a sufficient number of ships can be brought together, and it is perhaps surprising that with a torpedo flotilla attached to each of the three great Naval ports, it has never occurred to anyone to start a regatta for the boats of these flotillas.

Portsmouth has now taken the initiative, and our pictures show some of the incidents of the first regatta. The idea originated with Admiral Sir C. F. Hotham, the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, who offered a challenge shield to the destroyer whose boats obtained the greatest number of points during the racing. A most enjoyable regatta was the result.

There was in it a certain amount of "fun"—which might perhaps be better described as skylarking—but this will probably be absent on a future occasion; and, in the main, the matter was treated as a serious competition between the boats of these little ships. One of the features was the rowing match between the officers of each destroyer, and of this event we give an illustration. Eventually, the prize presented by Mrs. Napier, the wife of the commodore of the flotilla, fell to the officers of the "Electra."

The flotilla was moored in two lines about the Ryde Middle—one of the shoals in the Solent—and the races rowed in their vicinity. The day was fine, and as the destroyers kept practically open house, it was to all intents and purposes an "At Home" day in the flotilla. The sport was good, and the "Brazen," with one first, two seconds, and a third, won the commander-in-chief's Challenge Shield.

But there is one question which necessarily presents itself. Portsmouth has set a good example. Is this to be an isolated instance, or will the torpedo flotillas of other ports fall into line?

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MOMENTS OF PUNTING ANXIETY.

The Competitors being Towed to the Starting Point.

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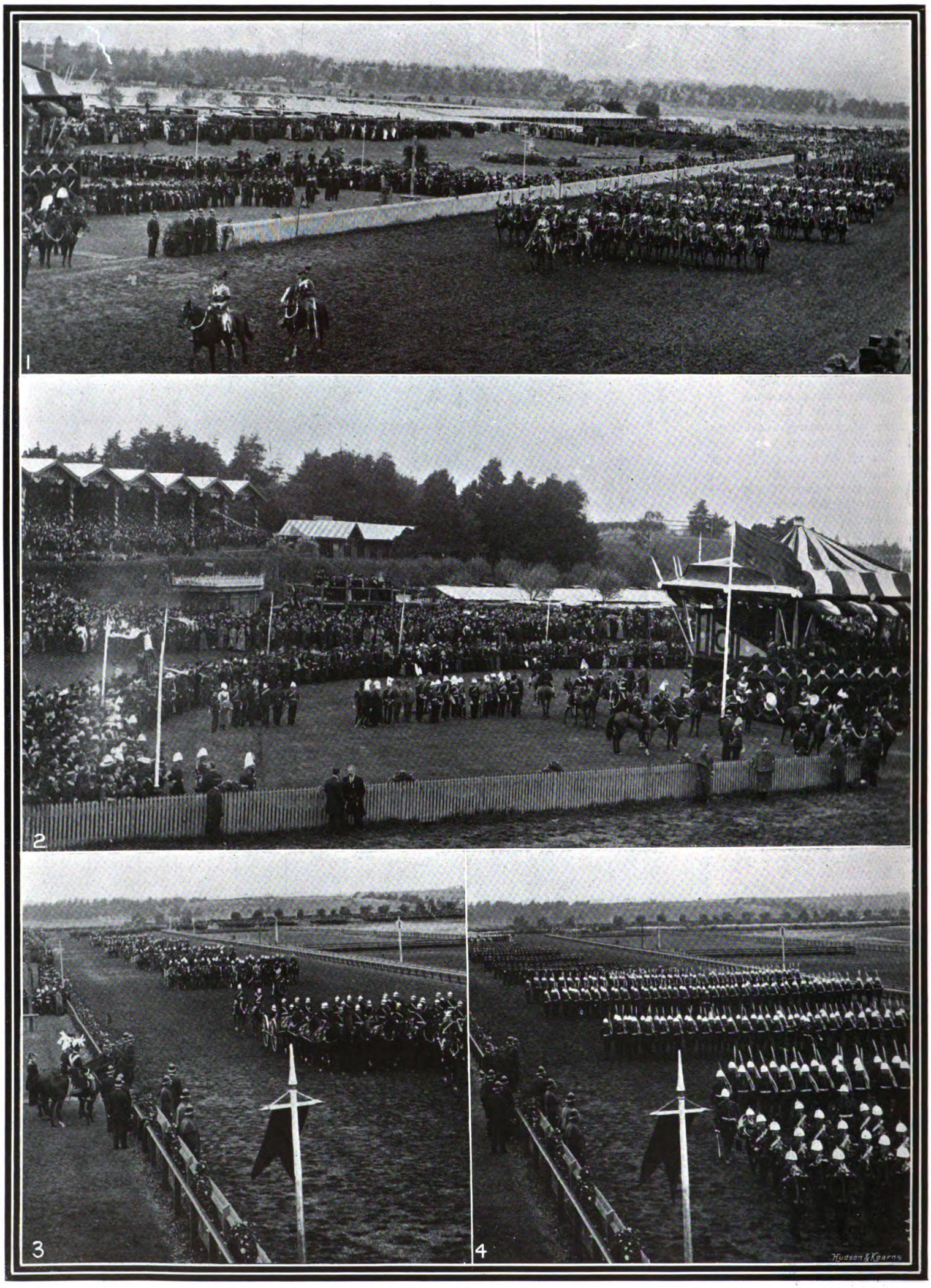
THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TOUR.

REVIEW OF AUSTRALASIAN TROOPS AT MELBOURNE.



Photos. Copyright. *R. V. Webster.*

1. The New South Wale. Lancers Attract Attention. 2. The Royal Pavilion on Flemington Race-course. 3. The Victorian Artillery Pass the Saluting Point. 4. The Royal Marine Detachment Salutes the Duke.

The march past before the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on Flemington Race-course, Melbourne, was a magnificent display. Australasia contributed about 14,500 troops, men well qualified to do good service. The significance of the display from an Imperial standpoint cannot be overrated. It was another endorsement of the idea of a union between the Mother Country and her daughter realms, and another evidence to foreign Powers of the solidarity of the British Empire.

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LORD SELBORNE AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Cozens.*

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE MEN IN THE DEPOT.

During the Admiralty visit last week to the Naval establishments at Portsmouth, Lord Selborne's initial visit with his colleagues since he became First Lord, the seamen, stokers, and marines in the depôt sh ps were as usual paraded for inspection. The circumstance that 4,000 men were under arms for this function argues that there is little foundation for the assertion so frequently made in the Press that the authorities are at their wits' end to find men to man vessels for the Manœuvres. The fact is, of course, that as their Lordships decide how many ships from the reserve are to hoist the pennant, there never can be any such hitch, for they are not likely to do otherwise than cut their coat according to their cloth.

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HOME FROM THE WAR.

Photo. Copyright. *Munro*

THE 3RD BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS: ROSS-SHIRE MILITIA.

On Parade at Dingwall Prior to being Disembodied.

Photo. Copyright. *H. M. Cooper.*

THE 25TH COMPANY (WEST SOMERSET) IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

A Maxim Gun has just been Presented to them. Lieutenant Howell, D.S.O., in Private Clothes, Stands by the Wheel of the Gun.

The 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, the Ross-shire Militia, arrived and was disembodied in Dingwall recently. The event was one of no little importance, the men receiving an enthusiastic welcome. It is the first time for thirty-four years that the battalion has been in Dingwall, where the depôt of the regiment is located, and where, when not training, the staff is stationed. When the call came for volunteers about eighteen months ago, the commanding officer was able to report to the War Office that the 3rd Seaforths were ready to go to the front for active service if required, or on garrison duty at home or at any station abroad at which they might be wanted. The West Somerset Imperial Yeomanry shown above arrived at Taunton last week, where their fellow-townsmen gave them a hearty welcome.

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THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

IN the course of the struggle with the Boer rebellion in South Africa, nothing has been more remarkable than the way in which the resources of our slender Regular Army have been supplemented by various contingents who have done good work.

This is what might have been expected from the Militia by anyone who is acquainted with the sterling value of the "Old Constitutional Force"; but the way in which the Colonies responded must have come as a revelation to the majority of Englishmen, who had no idea of this source of Imperial strength. Although, too, it would be easy to overrate the general level of efficiency, it is certain that both the Volunteers—whom some critics regarded as being absolutely devoid of military value—and the Yeomanry—the cheap butt of every would-be wit in the House of Commons—have proved themselves possessed of valuable fighting qualities. It is as desirable, therefore, as it is natural, that on their return from the front they should be greeted with that enthusiastic public welcome with which we are all now familiar. Our pictures are essentially typical. In one we see the return home of the shipload of war-worn warriors. The spot is Southampton Docks, the scene, since Kruger's insolent ultimatum, of so much general enthusiasm and of so many heart-broken partings. It is easy for those of us who are not bidding farewell to a dear relative to feel lightly on the subject. It is comparatively easy for the man himself, with the joy of prospecting battle in his heart, to bear himself jauntily. The burden rests on those who are left behind.

And then comes the return, and the men on board the ship are eager to hear the latest home news from those whose loving eyes give them so warm a welcome. Where is Jeanie: Dead—or married—or——? Sh! There she is; and the man's heart gives a mightier thump than when his bullet ran true against a foe's breastbone. It will be thus as long as human nature endures, and, after all, it is well it should be so.

Another of our pictures deals with a more prosaic scene. The men of the Cheshire Imperial Yeomanry have come home, and they are being formally received by the Mayor and Sheriff, together with many members of the Corporation and magistracy and clergy. It is nearly a year and a-half since Cheshire and Chester furnished 250 men for the Imperial Yeomanry, and the men, of course, lived the life of the soldier on active service, with all its fatigues, with all its privations, with all its toils, and with all its perils.

Finally, a third picture portrays a scene which Dublin will long remember. It represents the 2nd Dublin Company of the Imperial Yeomanry passing over O'Connell Bridge on its way to Dublin Castle, and it bears eloquent tribute to the popularity of the force in the Irish capital.

Photo. Copyright. Cook.

A GREAT RECEPTION IN AN HISTORIC CITY.

Photo. Copyright. Parsons.

HOME NEWS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Photo. Copyright. Chancellor.

IRELAND'S CAPITAL DOES ITSELF JUSTICE.

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NAVAL OFFICERS AS DIPLOMATISTS.

By H. G. Archer.

THE wonderful versatility of the British Naval officer, as deduced from recent South African and Chinese war experiences, forms a theme over which writers have been waxing eloquent; however, in this paper we wish to draw attention to another, but hitherto unsung, characteristic of his, namely, the aptitude he so frequently displays for diplomacy. There can be little doubt that one or more volumes could be compiled upon this subject, but here we must content ourselves with a *résumé* of only the most prominent diplomatic triumphs achieved by the Navy. Not to look farther back than the last century, we may commence by noting an incident in Collingwood's career.

In 1807 Great Britain was on the brink of war with Turkey, but diplomacy demanded that an open rupture should be avoided at all hazards. Accordingly, Collingwood, with his fleet, was ordered to the Dardanelles, "not so much to threaten an open war against the Turks as to conciliate them, and give the ambassadors of Russia and England an opportunity of making a peace which ought never to have been broken." Collingwood fulfilled the object of his mission in the most satisfactory manner possible, and it was immediately recognised that his diplomatic talent had saved the country from adding an extra burden to its then already overtaxed resources.

Several of our most famous admirals, however, have proved themselves to be as much at home in the hostile, intrigue-laden atmosphere of foreign courts as on the quarter-deck of their battle-ships. The career of Vice-Admiral Edmund, Lord Lyons, furnishes an excellent example in point. This officer may be said to have commenced his distinguished Naval-cum-diplomatic career in 1833, when he escorted King Otho and the Bavarian Regency from Trieste to Athens, and was subsequently rewarded by being appointed first British Minister at the Court of Athens. Here he remained from 1835 to 1849, his valuable services being further recognised by the bestowal of a baronetcy in 1840, and a nomination to a civil G.C.B. in 1844. From 1849 to 1851 he filled the post of British Minister to the Swiss Confederation at Geneva, was then promoted to the Court of Sweden, and was resident in Stockholm until the strained relations between this country and Russia in the year 1853 caused him to be recalled, in order that he might take up the appointment of second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet.

Referring to this sudden change in his plans, Professor Laughton, writing in "The Dictionary of National Biography," states that "at the moment it would seem probable the new appointment was considered as much diplomatic as Naval, owing to Lyons's intimate knowledge of Eastern affairs." Certain it is that, while his energy became a dominant influence among the officers and men of the British fleet despatched to the Black Sea, his skill as a linguist, his diplomatic tact, and his general *savoir faire*, was also of great assistance to his superior, Dundas, in all the negotiations and councils of war which took place at the headquarters staff of the allied Naval and Military forces.

Few Naval men, however, have had such splendid opportunities granted them for the exercise of diplomatic ability as had Sir Charles Napier. During the years 1832 and 1833 Napier resigned his commission in the Royal Navy, while he took over the command of the Portuguese Fleet, fitted out by the adherents of the young daughter of Dom Pedro, with the object of placing this lady—the rightful claimant—on the throne usurped by Dom Miguel. Napier's Naval successes were unequivocal, inasmuch that he speedily destroyed the usurper's fleet; but when the gallant sailor attempted to guide the diplomacy of the Government, which he had been instrumental in restoring, the jealous hostility that he encountered nullified his efforts and compelled him to return home, where he was at once reinstated to his former rank and honours.

Sir Charles Napier's great diplomatic coup, however, was his unauthorised convention with Mohammed Ali which paved the way to the final settlement of the Turco-Egyptian crisis of sixty years ago. Arriving at Alexandria in November, 1840, and understanding from a private note of the Home Government to Lord Ponsonby, our Ambassador at Constantinople, that the former were willing to recognise Mohammed Ali as hereditary Pasha of Egypt, provided that he restored the Turkish Fleet and evacuated Syria, Napier forthwith proposed a convention upon these terms. The Pasha enquired as to his credentials, to which the impetuous sailor replied, "that the double-shotted guns of the 'Powerful,' with the squadron under his command to back him, his honour as an Englishman, and the knowledge he had of the desire of the four great Powers of Europe for peace, were all the credentials he possessed." The crafty Pasha was fairly bluffed by this statement, and without more ado signed the convention Napier laid before him. Unfortunately, the Porte, directly that they had got back their fleet, protested against the convention as being unauthorised, and in this they were backed up by the foreign Ministers of the European Concert then assembled at Constantinople. The British Government, however, stuck by Napier, and after some further negotiations it was ultimately agreed to recognise Mohammed Ali as Pasha of Egypt, but to deny any guarantee of succession to his adopted son. There can be no doubt that Sir Charles, by his prompt if rather high-handed action, saved Europe from universal conflagration, and certainly no Englishman grudged him his favourite boast of having "settled the Eastern Question with six sail-of-the-line."

Another Naval officer of this same period famous for his diplomatic ability, was Admiral Sir William Parker. While Napier was in the Portuguese service, the former was entrusted with the delicate duty of guarding British interests at the mouth of the Tagus, a task that he fulfilled with conspicuous tact and success. Again, in 1841, when commanding the British Fleet in Chinese waters, he cleverly terminated the unsatisfactory state of affairs then existing between the two nations by summarily closing the Grand Canal, for this expedient soon had the effect of bringing the shifty Mandarins to their senses. Lastly, in 1848, when Europe was in the throes of revolution and unrest, the Admiral, as commander of the Mediterranean Fleet, successfully smoothed the way over countless little crises, any one of which might have served to let loose the dogs of war.

With the introduction of submarine cables, however, opportunities for the exercise of diplomatic qualities on the part of Naval officers commenced to wane. Then occurred a long spell of peace, so that the latter, combined with the great growth of the cable system, caused the next—the present generation of Naval commanders to be regarded as mere marine policemen, and to be treated as such. Quite recently, though, the recrudescence of international complications has thrown a great weight of responsibility upon those entrusted with the command of our squadrons, and right well have they acquitted themselves, thanks mainly to their tactful diplomacy.

Take, for example, the splendid results achieved by Admiral Sir Gerard Noel's vigorous action in the Cretan imbroglio of three years ago. As the *Times* said of him: "He successfully dealt with problems which the European Concert failed utterly to bring to a satisfactory solution." Lord Salisbury, however, when paying the Admiral a richly-deserved tribute in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet of 1898, showed ignorance by referring to what he termed "the display of unexpected diplomatic qualities in a British admiral." Why unexpected? It is only that the opportunity had been lacking for so many years. Doubtless, when the true history of the South African War comes to be written, it will be surprisingly revealed how efficiently the contingency of international complications was guarded against by the clever diplomacy of the commanders of the vessels entrusted with the delicate task of preventing contraband cargoes from being landed in Delagoa Bay. Captain Fisher, on whom fell the burden of this disagreeable and heavy blockade work, is fully entitled to the C.B. awarded him for his labours in this respect. Lastly, in the Chinese crisis, none will grudge Sir Edward Seymour the G.C.B. which he has received for the truly admirable manner in which he conducted warlike operations amid a veritable Babel of jealous admirals and generals; while, again, Rear-Admiral Bruce, the second in command, well deserves his Knight Commandership of St. Michael and St. George for his tactful dealings with the foreign admirals, and making things work smoothly at Taku and off the Peiho. In short, the events of the last three years fully go to prove that the British Navy can boast successors to Lyons, Napier, and Parker where diplomatic ability is concerned.

It will be noted that the majority of the diplomatic successes achieved by our Naval officers have taken place either in Near or Far Eastern waters. This fact testifies to the truth of Kinglake's experiences, recorded in "Eothen," to the effect that "a downright manner amounting to brusqueness is more effective than any other with the Orientals, and that amongst the English of all ranks and classes there is no man so attractive to the Orientals, no man who can negotiate half so effectively, as a good, honest, open-hearted, and positive Naval officer of the old school." It is to be hoped, therefore, that in the future the hereditary diplomatic aptitude possessed by the Navy may be better recognised, and that no attempt will be made to restrict our admirals in their political dealings to cut and dried policies formulated by stay-at-home statesmen.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII—No. 231.] SATURDAY, JULY 6th. 1901.

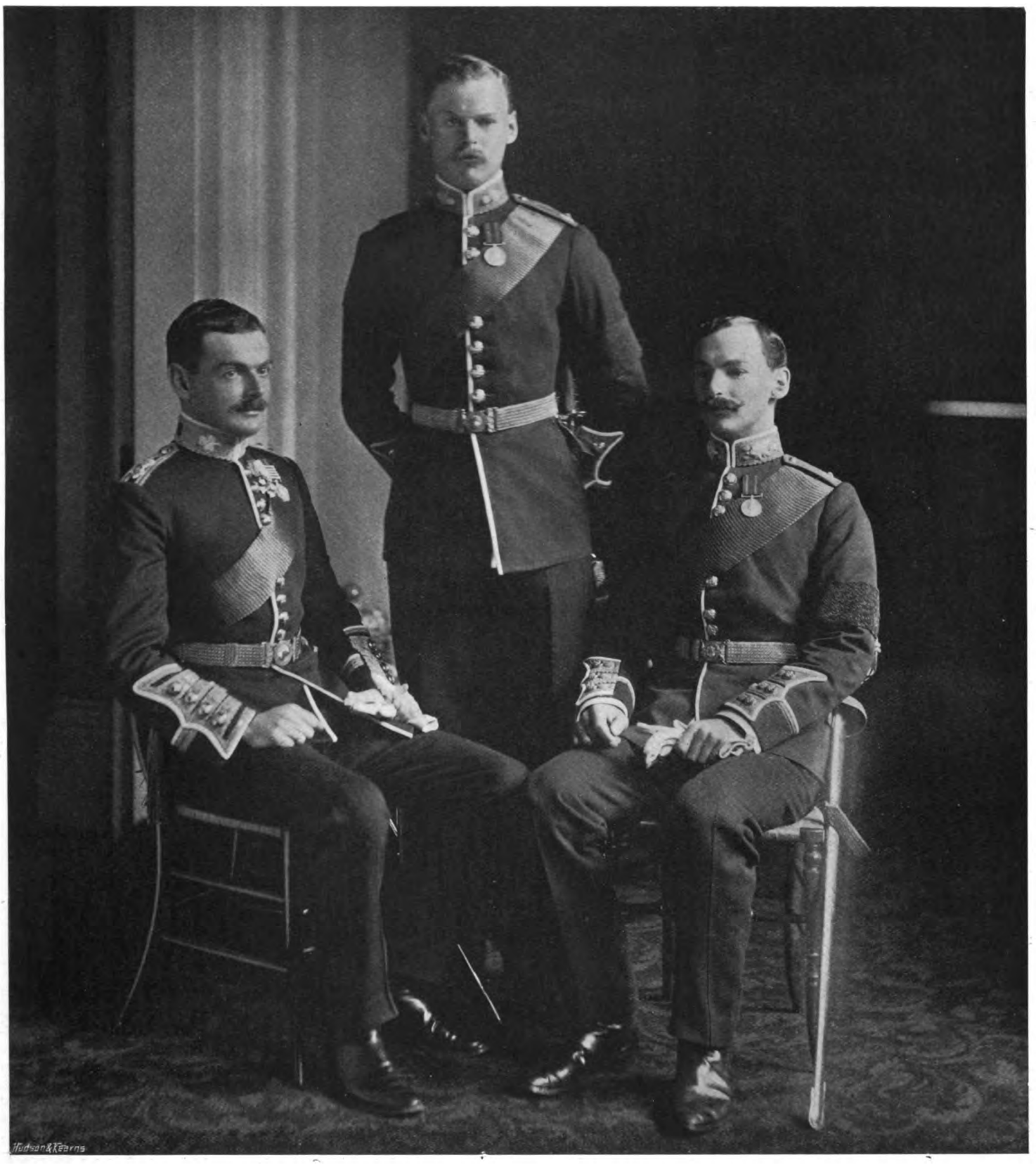

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

GALLANT SCIONS OF A NOBLE HOUSE.

That "noblesse oblige" is not a forgotten tradition amongst the British aristocracy is eloquently illustrated by the photograph which is here reproduced. Gallant scions of a noble house—they are the grandsons of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and the sons of the Earl of March—they have worthily upheld the best qualities of their race, and each received the South African War Medal at the recent grand presentation by the King. The portraits are those of Captain Lord C. H. Settrington, D.S.O., Irish Guards: Lieutenant Hon. E. C. Gordon-Lennox, Scots Guards; and Lieutenant Hon. B. C. Gordon-Lennox, Grenadier Guards.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Double Summer Number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *will be issued next week, and will be a companion volume to "The Queen's Navy," issued on June 25, 1897. It will be an illustrated record of the services of the Army during Queen Victoria's reign. It will also contain all the usual features of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The Impossibility of War.

SOME three years ago an amiable Russian named de Bloch amused himself by writing a book in which he proved conclusively that there would be no more wars. It was a harmless occupation, and not more useless than the occupations in which Gulliver found the professors engaged at the academy of Lagado—attempting to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, for instance, or making plans to soften marble so that it could be used for pillows and pin-cushions, or mixing up chemical compounds that should induce sheep to be born without wool. So far as we know, nobody but the Czar took Mr. de Bloch seriously at all. The result of the Czar's interest in his lucubrations was the calling together of the Hague Conference, of which the labours may be compared to those of the courtiers described by Rabelais, who "in a large grass plat exactly measured how far fleas could go at a hop, a step, and a jump, and told us that this was exceeding useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths." It was an unfortunate moment that Mr. de Bloch chose for the abolition of war, for scarcely had his book appeared than the fighting in South Africa began, and it has, as we know to our cost, been going on ever since. This unkind fate seems always to befall the theories of well-meaning humanitarians. You will remember that the Russian War broke out just after it had solemnly been declared impossible that nations which had met in the friendly rivalry of commerce at the Great Exhibition should ever face one another again in the bloody arbitrament of battle.

It might have been supposed that Mr. de Bloch, after this staggering reversal of his prophecies, would have hesitated to obtrude his theories a second time upon a scoffing world. But your hardened theorist is never to be put out of court by mere facts. If the actual declines to square with his view of the ideal, he waves it aside in the manner of Mr. Podsnap. A Scottish minister, preaching upon the nature of Doubt and its sovereign antidote, advised his hearers, when they saw a doubt in their path, to look it bravely in the face and pass by on the other side. This is exactly what Mr. de Bloch has done. He courageously examines the nature and the conditions of the South African War, and then proceeds to ignore them altogether. His lecture at the Royal United Service Institution last week showed in a striking manner how your theorist can shut his eyes and seal his ears against anything that runs counter to his pet opinions. One can only say of it, in the hackneyed but useful phrase, that what in it was true was not new, and all that was new was not true.

Mr. de Bloch told us, for instance, that long-range quick-firing rifles and smokeless powder had very largely changed the conditions of warfare. We seem to have had a glimmering idea of this ourselves. He announced with the air of a discoverer that artillery fire could have little effect against troops disposed in well-planned entrenchments. Of this truth, too, even our dull minds had already managed to obtain some grasp. Yet again, he informed an ignorant and undiscerning world that the difficulties of tactical movements were greatly increased by the fact that an enemy could now remain invisible, and that German methods of attack could not safely be carried out exactly according to book. We hope we shall not be thought boastful if we venture to remark, with all due respect, that these reflections had occurred also to us. But it was not merely to enunciate such profound results of his study of the war that Mr. de Bloch stood up before the members of the Royal United Service Institution. Stupid and brutal as all soldiers must be, in Mr. de Bloch's view of them, even they know something of their trade. What he wanted to do was to show them how to draw the just conclusions from the truisms that he glibly recited, and he proceeded to show them this with a vengeance.

His principal conclusion takes one's breath away. It is that the conditions which have prevailed in South Africa will prevail equally in European warfare. In the face of such an amazing pronouncement, the plain man who tries to look at things as they are, not as they appear to the distorted vision of a doctrinarian, feels helpless to reply. His state of mind approximates to that of the North Country navvy who attended an evening school kept by a well-meaning metaphysician. Exasperated by dialectical subtleties, the navvy at last responded to the question, "Whether he felt certain of his own existence?" by striking the metaphysician a severe blow in the eye, and remarking with some embroideries of language not suitable to be reproduced here, "I'll mäake thee certain of my fist, thou owd argle-bargler." We would not for a moment advocate similar treatment of the amiable Mr. de Bloch by the distinguished admirals and generals of the Royal United Service Institution. But we do mean to imply that it is waste of time to argue seriously with anyone who can take up a position so ludicrously out of harmony with facts as they present themselves to the ordinarily intelligent mind.

Mr. de Bloch seems incapable of perceiving that, however much the alteration of the engines of war may affect tactics, it cannot change the essential rules of warlike strategy. These rules have remained the same through all the ages. They have survived the changes from the javelin and the broad sword to the bow and arrow and the long sword, from the bow and arrow to Brown Bess and the Martini-Henry, from the Martini-Henry to the Lee-Metford and the Männlicher and the Krag-Jorgensen. They have equally survived the development of artillery from the catapulta and the battering-ram to the Pom-pom and the Long Tom, and they will continue to survive, not only any further changes in the material conditions of war, but also the minatory decree of abolition which Mr. de Bloch has pronounced against them.

Take only one point in the Russian theorist's argument, and see, even when he deals with tactics, how wide of the mark his shots fall. He states boldly that frontal attacks are altogether out of date, and he bases this upon the unfortunate results of such attacks at Modder River and Magersfontein and Colenso. But he totally misses the real reason of the British failure on these occasions (if Modder River can be called a failure), which was the anxiety of the generals not to lose too many men. If the frontal attack had been pressed home, as the German regulations intend it to be, we should have won at Magersfontein, and we should have won at Colenso. To hurl mass upon mass of men at a strong position must necessarily entail severe losses, but it may quite well prove to be the cheapest method in the end. All through this war in South Africa our commanders have been hampered by a desire not to be obliged to send home long casualty lists. This is, of course, a most humane desire, but it flavours unpleasantly of the sentimental, and the sentimental has no place whatever on a battle-field. If at the outset we had decided to adopt frontal tactics, and to carry the idea through, we should in all probability have settled the matter very much sooner, and we should have lost in the end no more men than we have lost now, and all the suffering to women and children that has made our hearts bleed lately would have been spared. If Mr. de Bloch had got up and told us that, as omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs, so war cannot be made successfully without sacrificing life, he would have had our entire sympathy. As it is, we are at a loss to understand why any attention should be paid to him at all.

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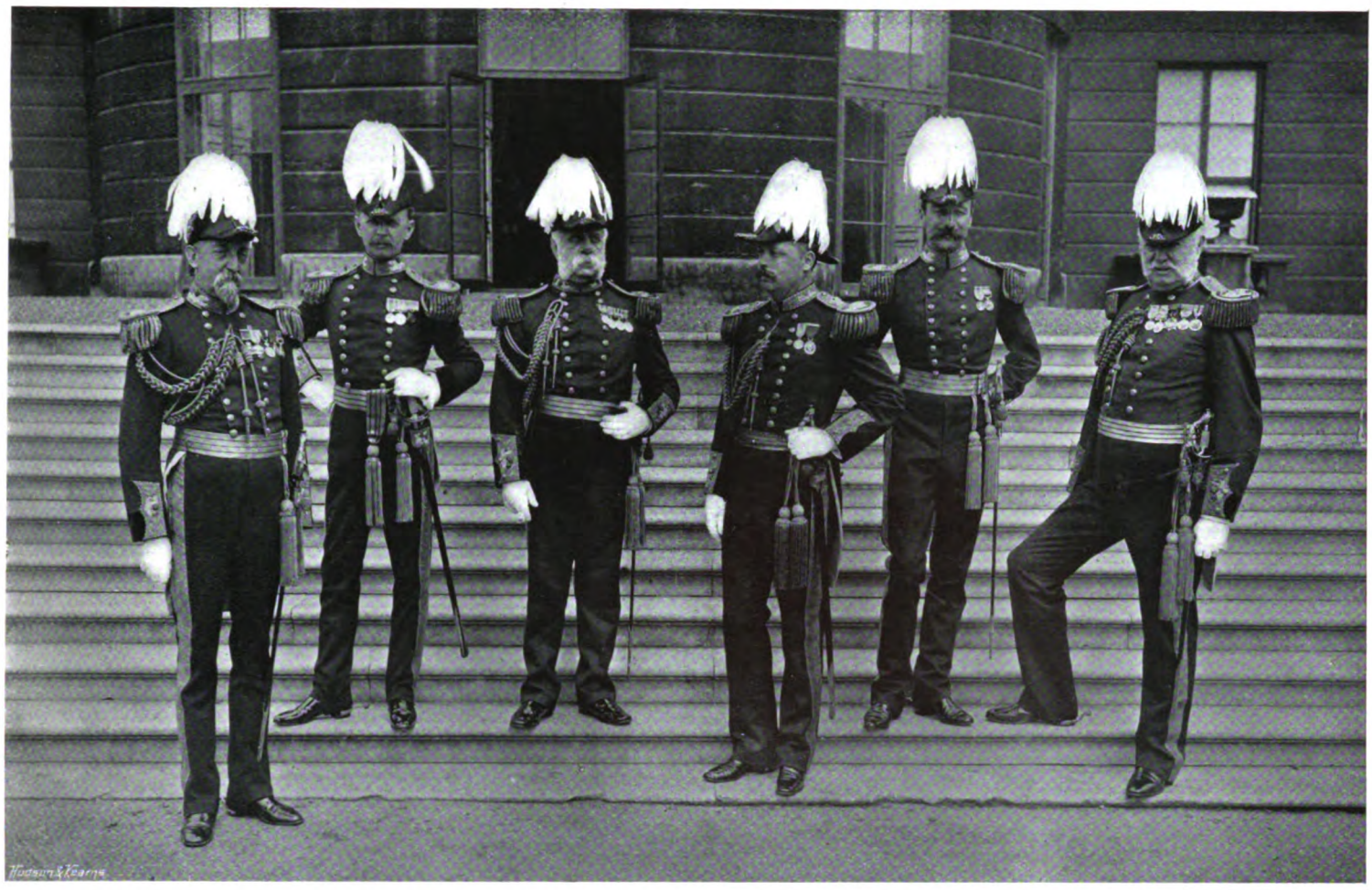
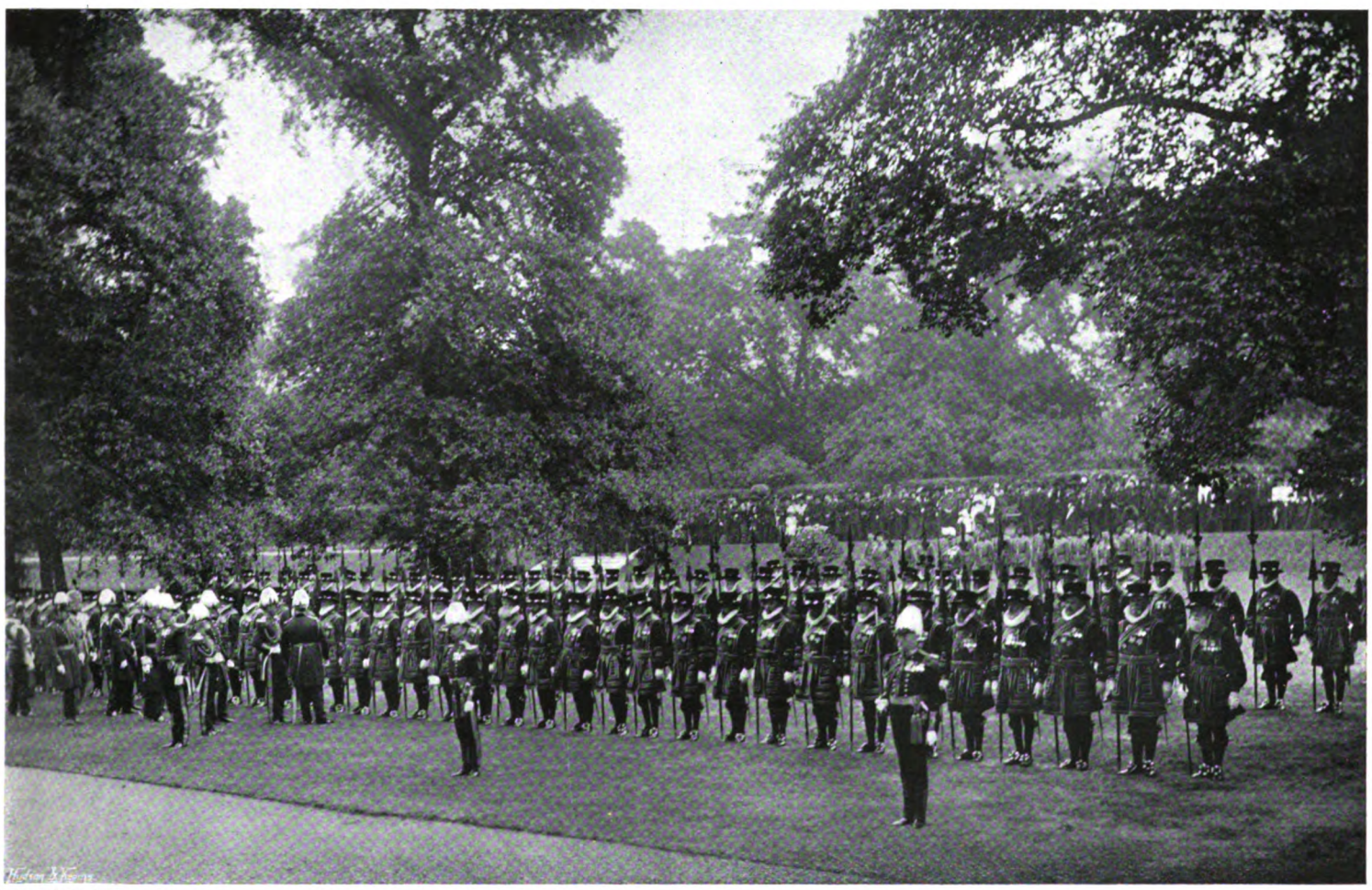
THE KING AND THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.



THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

Colonel Hennell, D.S.O. *Captain French.* *Colonel Sir Horatio Vance.* *Lord Waldegrave, V.D. (Captain of the Corps.)* *Major Elliott.* *Colonel Ellison.*



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THE INSPECTION BY THE KING.

Officers and Men of the 2nd Battalion Central Africa Regiment in the Background.

"His Majesty the King inspected the Royal Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, under the command of the Earl Waldegrave, the Captain, in the garden of Marlborough House, this being the 416th year of the Guards' institution. His Majesty presented the medal for the Ashanti Expedition of 1900, and for the Gambia Expedition of 1901, to Colonel Sir James Willcocks, and Major A. Plunkett, 2nd Battalion Central Africa Regiment. The King subsequently presented the medal for the same expeditions to the officer, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 2nd Battalion Central Africa Regiment now in England, and the medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field to Sergeant-Major Slattery, of the above battalion."—*Court Circular.*

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THE NAVAL ATHLETIC SPORTS AT CHATHAM.

NAVAL and Military athletic sports are in the nature of things somewhat different from those which are confined exclusively to the civilian element. In addition to the ordinary contests, there are usually a number of competitions which partake of a Service character, and the Naval sports at Chatham on June 19—of which we give three illustrations—were no exception to the rule. There was a competition for 9-pounder field guns, open to the Services. This was contested by eight teams, and the Marines fought hard to win, but eventually the prize went to the Sheerness Gunnery School, with the "Sans Pareil" second, and the "Pembroke" occupying the third place. An amusing contest was a boot race over 200-yds., the struggle for the boots being very exciting. This was won by Second Signalman W. Beckwith, with Leading Seaman A. Mart a good second. Perhaps, though, the most generally interesting contest was the obstacle race.

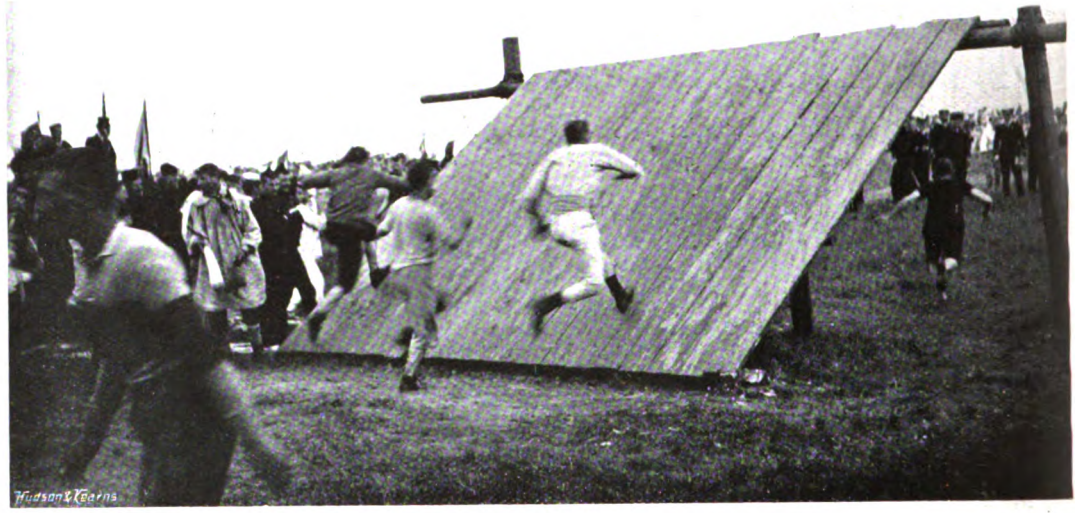
This is the sort of race which always arouses the enthusiasm of the spectators, and, moreover, it is nearly always certain of a good entry. A man may be painfully conscious of the fact that he cannot go fast enough to win a 100-yds. or a Quarter, or stay long enough to win a Mile, but he will enter for the obstacle race—and, what is more, he will start for it—and trust to the chapter of accidents or to the hope that his skill in surmounting some particular difficulty may atone for his lack of speed or insufficiency of staying power. The difficulty is nowadays to devise new obstacles, and at Chatham the competitors had to negotiate at least one obstacle which would hardly present itself at an ordinary civilian meeting. A number of canvas windsails were placed on the ground, and each man had to crawl or wriggle a distance of about 50-ft. through his own particular bit of tubing. Other difficulties which confronted the competitors were passing under a spar about 9-in. from the ground, and then through life-buoys fixed about 6-ft. high. Then came suspended barrels, and, finally, the ascent of the well-greased inclined plane which is shown in one of our pictures. Truly Private Lawler, R.M.L.I., who won, well deserved the spoils of victory.

Putting the shot, which forms the subject of our third picture, is a contest in which success depends upon strength and a certain amount of knack. It has sometimes a tendency to become wearisome, but this can hardly be the case among men with whom, from the nature of their avocation, sheer muscular strength counts for so much. Our illustration, which shows the shot in the air, was taken just as it had been "put" by Leading Stoker Richer, who was successful in the competition.

That prettiest of all races, the quarter-mile, brought out a good field, and was won by W. J. Jennings, writer, with Second-class Petty Officer W. Wood second.

THE FINISH OF THE MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Able Seaman Clements, the Winner, is on the Left.



BOTH AWKWARD AND DIFFICULT.

The Winner in the Obstacle Race Negotiating a Well-greased Inclined Plane.

Photos. Copyright. *J. Fuller.*

A DISPLAY OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Leading Stoker Richer Putting the Shot.

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GERMAN SAILORS ON PARADE.

A SPAHI OFFICER.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

THE great "barbarous methods" debate goes on, and is not likely to end shortly. Like most other public discussions, it is fertile in false analogies and irrelevant illustrations. A correspondent of the *Daily News* has quoted a passage in one of Dr. Arnold's lectures on modern history, in which that distinguished scholar severely condemns Massena for starving the inhabitants of Genoa when the town was besieged by the Austrians on land and blockaded by Lord Keith at sea. The correspondent thinks that the doctor's judgment applies to the camps in South Africa. But where is the similarity between the two cases? Dr. Arnold condemned Massena for an act of barbarity performed in order to prolong his defence of the town. Except in so far as his condemnation affects all displays of cruelty, it does not apply in the least to the case of the camps. Massena was defending a foreign town which he held, not for its protection but as a military position. The object was to detain as large a proportion of the Austrian Army as possible before the walls, so that they should be of no service against the French force which was known to be about to take the field in Lombardy under command of Napoleon. In order to achieve this purpose the better, he took all the provisions in the place for the use of the garrison, and left both the townsmen and some Austrian prisoners he had to starve. There is a terrible account of their sufferings in Marbot's "Memoirs." In the end thousands perished. Massena did what he meant to do. Though he had to surrender at last, he held out for a very long time, and he did indirectly help Napoleon to win the battle of Marengo.

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It was a fine example of pitiless resolution, and an extreme instance of the use of what is called the right of war. Being extreme, it would have justified the utmost retaliation. The Austrian general would have been perfectly justified in putting the whole French garrison to the sword and hanging Massena. He ought to have stormed the place when he knew that the defenders were reduced to the last stage of weakness by hunger, for they too endured much, and might then have refused quarter. Soldiers who defend to the last, and with no regard for the misery they inflict, may fairly be attacked to the last, which includes the refusal of quarter. *Do ut des* is the rule in war, and those who will not give may justly be held not entitled to receive. There is a rather shocking, but very good, story told of the famous Scotch judge, Lord Braxfield, which sets out the doctrine excellently well. A political prisoner, who was being tried for disloyal agitation, defended himself by saying that he was a reformer, and that our Lord had been a reformer. Hereupon Braxfield leant over to one of the judges on the bench beside him, and muttered, "Aye, and muckle good it did him; he was hanget." He spoke indecently but with sound sense. If a man wants the glory of martyrdom, he must take the pains. But how on earth does the inhumanity of Massena in the defence of Genoa compare with our behaviour to the "reconcentrated" Boers in South Africa? There is no similarity in the cases. We can only bring them together by showing that our generals in South Africa are taking all the food in the country for their troops, and are deliberately allowing the inhabitants to starve, which is notoriously the contrary of the truth. I confess that there was something contemptible in making a distinction between the families of Boers who were in the field and those who were not in the distribution of rations. With all due respect to the better half of mankind, it was "womanish"—the sort of thing one would expect from Miss Miggs in authority. British authorities, whether civil or military, ought to be above inflicting petty torments, which can only exasperate.

Lord Hugh Cecil is not much more to the point when he quotes the hard usage inflicted on the non-military part of the population of a besieged town as an excuse for the camps. They need no such excuse, and the analogy, as Lord Crewe has argued, is as false as possible. When a town is besieged it is summoned, and can escape the consequences of resistance by surrendering. That is what the besieger wants it to do. He has no wish to spend ammunition and lose men in bombardments and assaults, neither does he desire to be engaged for months, perhaps, in reducing the place by starvation. The sooner it is all over the better he will be pleased, and then his measures of coercion are stopped. While they last, the harm they do to non-combatants is what logicians call an inseparable accident of a siege. The non-military suffer because the military are there. It is quite another thing to collect people by your own act in camps. Then you may be said to make yourself responsible for them. If we want to justify our camps by military examples, and as operations of war, the comparison is not with any siege. It is with such actions as that of Suchet, when he collected the women and children at Lérida, and drove them under the guns of the citadel in order to force the Spanish general, Garcia Conde, to surrender. I do not know that the Boers have done anything of the kind in the present war. Of course there is no reason why we should not, if we like to follow old military examples, and think that they will help us to hasten the end of the fighting. But is that what we are doing? I do not understand Lord Hugh Cecil to say that it is. But if this collecting together of the Boer families is not an operation of war meant to subdue the Boers by the sight of suffering inflicted on their families, it has no analogy with sieges. If it is, the true comparison is Suchet's barbarity at Lérida. The only difference is that his was effective and achieved its end, while ours seems to be chiefly fruitful of trouble to ourselves.

* * * *

The fact is that those who wish to defend the Government and the soldiers from the charge of inhumanity, give their own side away when they talk as Lord Hugh Cecil does. The proper answer to critics is that if the camps are unprecedented in war, it is because we are the first conquerors who have ever attempted to feed the people they are subduing. General Weyler did nothing for the Cubans he "reconcentrated" in the towns. In old wars the desolation of the country was a very common method of coercion to apply. But nobody ever heard of an attempt to support the inhabitants. It would have been thought a childishly contradictory thing to do. The very object of "ruining the country" was to reduce it, and all who lived on it, to such misery that they must needs yield. To take charge of them would have been counted an act of downright folly calculated to defeat the conqueror's purpose, and would have been greeted with contemptuous laughter. Such measures as Marlborough's desolation of Bavaria were always known to be terrible. They were committed as acts of deliberate vengeance, or for a military end, and both would have been missed if the maximum of suffering had not been inflicted.

* * * *

There is an example in the Peninsular War of excessive cruelty to prisoners. At the risk of supplying the enemy with a little information, I will quote the story. It cannot do much harm, because it has only to be looked at to show the most prejudiced reader the vast difference between real barbarity and our treatment of prisoners and non-combatants in South Africa. The story is that of the soldiers of Dupont's army, which surrendered at Baylen. The Spaniards violated the convention by which the French were to be sent home, and confined them all on the barren island of Cabrera. Here they were practically left to starve, for the food supplied

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them, with the greatest irregularity, was just enough to keep them all from dying of pure hunger. They had nothing else. A large proportion of them perished in the most horrible circumstances. Our friends the French, who still harp on the pontoons on which they were imprisoned in English ports, do not say much about the horrors of Cabrera. The occasion would be a good one, however, for when the British Government did at last take the withered and miserable wretches off the island, and bring them here, they found our much-abused prisons a paradise by comparison with what they had left. I do not know that the Spaniards were wholly to blame. Poverty had as much to do as deliberate ferocity with the maltreatment of the French prisoners at Cabrera. And this poverty was the direct consequence of the presence of from 300,000 to 400,000 of Napoleon's soldiers, who were burning, shooting, and living on the country in all parts of the Peninsula. If the Spaniards did want to pay out every Frenchman they could lay hands on, this was not perhaps very magnanimous or Christian on their part, but it was very human. Still, when every allowance is made, the slow torture inflicted on the remains of Dupont's army makes one of the most revolting chapters in the dreadful history of war. Yet I doubt if it was blamed one-tenth as much as our policy in South Africa, where we are actually feeding, with infinite trouble, the families of our enemies. It is monstrous to speak as the opponents of the war do; but party spirit and humanitarian excitement will make good people whose hearts have overflowed into their heads say anything.

DAVID HANNAY.

A TYPICAL GROUP AT EASTNEY.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY.

The headquarters of that distinguished corps, the Royal Marine Artillery, are at what is officially described as Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth. Really, as every visitor to Southsea knows, the barracks face the sea some little distance to the eastward of Southsea Castle. No words of praise that could be uttered would be excessive for the discipline of this branch of the Royal Marines, or for the good work which it has done ashore and afloat. "Soldier and sailor too," the Artilleryman—familiarly known as the "Blue Marine"—like his red-coated brother-in-arms—the Light Infantryman—is ready "to go anywhere and to do anything." In the group which forms our picture are included Major-General J. I. Morris, D.A.G., Colonel-Commandant W. G. Tucker, Second Colonel-Commandant W. Campbell, A.D.C., and a number of the officers of the corps.

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ON THE BURMESE FRONTIER.

ROUND THE WORLD.

SKETCHES WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

MADRAS LIGHT CAVALRY.

DOMINION DAY was celebrated in England by the dinner at the Hotel Cecil on Monday at which Lord Strathcona presided, and at which many Canadians in this country, and many who are specially interested in Canadian and Colonial affairs, were present. The occasion was a memorable one, because it is the first celebration of the constitution of the Dominion since the return of the gallant Canadian troops to their homes. There were many references to their good service and to the spirit that inspired them, which is so strong a factor in the Imperial bond. The Canadians have done well, indeed, but they are modest men, content to have executed their duty, and not caring for the loud utterance of Imperial praise. Lord Strathcona himself has rendered yeoman's service, and to him the gratitude of England is due, and his well-chosen words have aroused a responsive note in the breasts of many among us. One effect of the war has been to make Canadians familiar with the idea of active Imperialism, and they have learned to look for a larger participation in the world's affairs. The spirit of Canadianism has also been strengthened, and, we may feel sure, with wise statesmanship, will never become opposed to the spirit of British Imperialism. The month of July is memorable in Canadian history. It was on July 1, 1867, by Royal proclamation, that the Act came into force which gave Canada a constitution similar to that of the United Kingdom. It was in July three years later that Manitoba was admitted into the confederation, in the next July that the province of British Columbia followed, and on July 1, 1873, that Prince Edward Island entered the Dominion. These are memorable dates worthy to be commemorated in every succeeding July.

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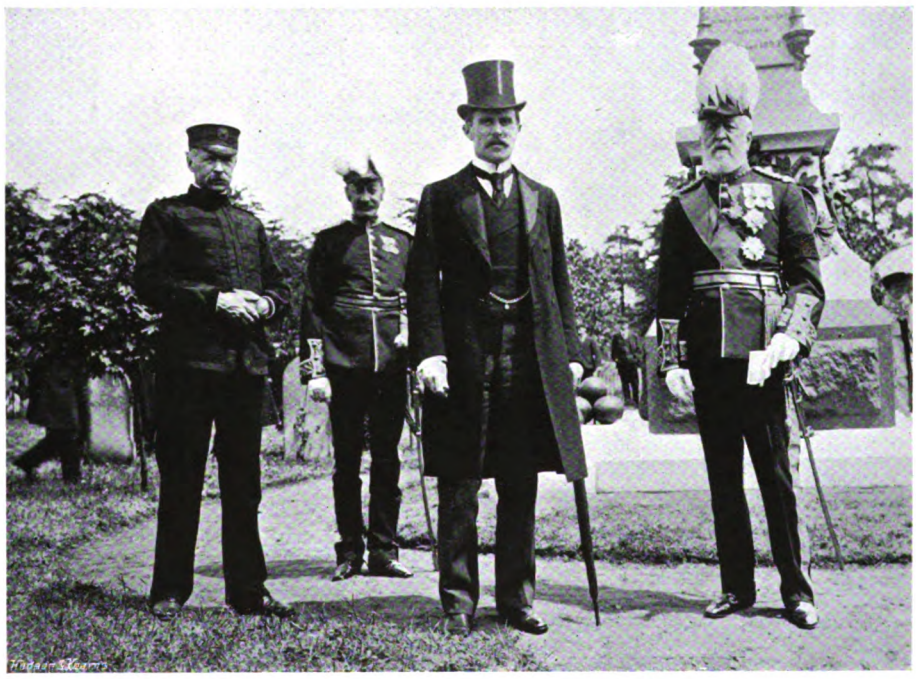
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. G. MAXWELL, K.C.B., D.S.O.,

Holds the Important Post of Military Governor of Pretoria. He has a Brilliant Record of Egyptian Service, where he Won his D.S.O. and Brevets of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel. His K.C.B. was Gained during the Present Campaign. He is not yet Forty-two Years of Age.

THE Evening Fête at Stafford House last week, which was the great event of the London season, was an occurrence that will long live in the memories of those privileged to be present at it. It was a notable society triumph, and a very splendid entertainment, which had been organised with the admirable purpose of aiding the Life-boat Saturday Fund; and it is most gratifying to know that the fund has benefited very largely through the efforts of the great ladies who organised and carried the fête to success. The papers have been full of accounts of the brilliant scenes, and there is still, fortunately, a way in which those who were not present at the fête can aid the fund, and further help the National Life-boat Institution. They should welcome the artistic souvenir which contains portraits of many of the ladies interested in the fête, as well as a history of Stafford House and many illustrations of the principal rooms and objects of interest. It is sold at only half a guinea, and by the generosity of Messrs. Langfier, the well-known photographers of London and Glasgow, it contains a coupon entitling the purchaser to be photographed, and to receive three copies gratis. Arrangements are also being made with the leading photographers throughout the country to carry out the idea. The souvenir should sell in thousands, and we must warmly commend it to our readers, for the duties undertaken by the National Life-boat Institution deserve both profound gratitude and unstinted support.



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DOING HONOUR TO ARMY VETERANS.

General Sir Henry Norman Unveiled the Memorial in Brompton Cemetery to Chelsea Pensioners there Buried between 1856 and 1893. Sir Henry, who is on the Right, is Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Next to him is Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, and behind the Latter is Major-General G. Salis-Schwabe, Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The Figure on the Left is the Rev. J. H. S. Moxley, Chaplain to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

THE formal entry of Prince Eitel Friedrich, second son of the Emperor William, into the 1st Foot Guards, stationed at Potsdam, takes place this week, the Prince reaching his eighteenth year on the 7th. Like his elder brother, the Crown Prince, he becomes a soldier, while his younger brother, Prince Adalbert, is intended to be a sailor. The Emperor is himself chief of the distinguished and aristocratic regiment of Foot Guards which his son joins, and which is distinguished by its

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white facings, and its white cap, similar to that of the old grenadiers. The uniform is thus characteristic, and gives picturesqueness to many Court functions. All the officers are princes or of noble blood, and the young prince has his right place among them.

WE may hope that the voice of those who have been so ready to attack Sir William White, because of errors of calculation made in regard to the Royal yacht, will now be stilled. Granting that the eminent Chief Constructor was responsible for the design, it is not established, nor probably could be, that the calculations were his own, but he has loyally borne the brunt of the attack, and it is not a worthy thing to malign the professional reputation of a public servant who has rendered such good service, and who, as Admiral FitzGerald said in a recent letter, has evolved the modern first-class battle-ship, a type the fundamental principles of which have been copied by all the great Powers, and who, in so doing, has sacrificed health and probably wealth in the service of his country. Allowance must always be made for the element of human error, and fortunately, in this case, the error may be corrected, and the Royal yacht become a vessel well adapted for the purpose for which she was built.

NOW that the troops are returned or returning from China, it is seasonable to point out that the operations have been in the nature of an International school of war. The troops of all the Powers have been represented, and have been able to observe one another, and to draw lessons of efficiency which should be very valuable to them. Our own troops have done justice to their reputation, and are understood to have favourably impressed the representatives of the Powers. The Germans have shown the solid qualities that distinguish them, and the French have displayed the alertness for which they are famous, while the Russians are believed to have shown strong but not brilliant military qualities. The Americans have watched their troops with some eagerness, because this is the first time that American soldiers have been engaged in hostilities abroad under the eye of expert foreigners, and they have come brilliantly out of the trial. The Japanese may be said to have been the observed of all observers, and have won golden opinions for their military fitness and excellent organisation, while their hospital arrangements have been admirable. All these troops must go home much wiser than they went out, and it may be hoped that they have learned to respect and value one another. Some of the continental troops will have things to remember that would be better blotted out, for it is unfortunately impossible to doubt that much looting and some outrage have occurred. These things are not inevitable in military operations, though they are frequently their accompaniments. Here again something has been learned, though we cannot look for rose-water war, especially in China.

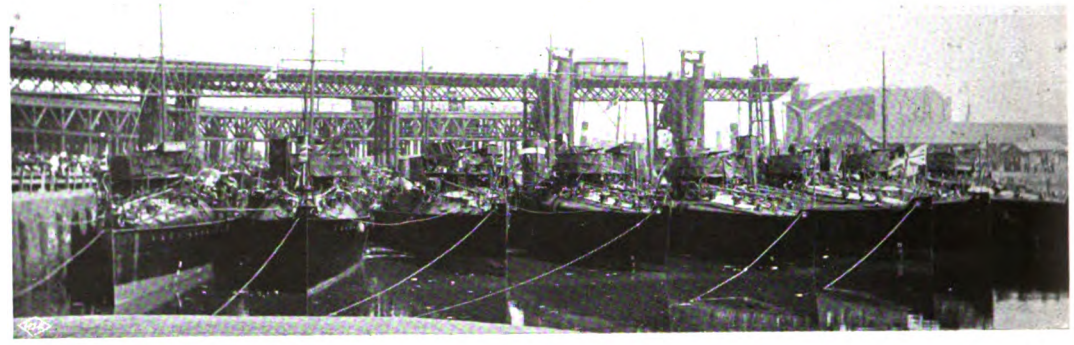

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS AT SUNDERLAND.

Our Picture shows the Torpedo-boat Destroyers of the Chatham Instructional Flotilla on the Occasion of their Recent Visit to Sunderland. The Boats, Eight in Number, Comprised the "Mallard," "Bittern," "Cynthia," "Desperate," "Lee," "Mermaid," "Porcupine," and "Snapper." The Cruising Ground of this Flotilla is in the Stormy North Sea.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A CROWD AGAPE WITH WONDER.

The Visit of the Boats to Sunderland Drew Crowds of Visitors to the Hendon Docks, where the Destroyer Flotilla was Accommodated during its Stay. The "Choosers of the Slain," as Kipling Calls them, are always the Most Interesting of Craft to Land Folk, and the Black-hulled Destroyers and their Crews were made Most Welcome at the Durham Sea-port.

Photo. Copyright. *Renard*

BRITISH DESTROYERS IN A GERMAN WAR-PORT.

The Destroyers of the Portsmouth Flotilla went Far Afield in their Last Cruise, for they Visited the German Naval Headquarters at Kiel, Passing from the Elbe Estuary through the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. Here they were Royally Entertained, First to a "Beer Evening" at the Naval Officers' Club, by their German Comrades, and the Next Day to a Banquet at the Castle by Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia.

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BUGLER, WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

A REGIMENT WITH A LONG AND FAMOUS HISTORY.

BUGLER, WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY

THE Warwickshire Imperial Yeomanry Cavalry rank second in the order of precedence among Imperial Yeomanry regiments (the Royal Wiltshire being the first), and date from the year 1797, when the regiment was formed and embodied under the command of the Earl of Aylesford. As a matter of fact, however, the nucleus of such a corps had been in existence three years previously. In the year 1794 a meeting was held in the County Hall at Warwick, resulting in the raising of a fund for the increase of the Militia, and the formation of four troops of eighty men each, to be called the Warwickshire Fencible Cavalry. This force was raised forthwith, and adopted the training and uniform of Light Dragoons, at the suggestion of its first colonel, the Earl of Warwick. It appears to have served in various parts of the country, relieving the regulars, which distinction so "enthused" the martial ardour of the county at large, that it was suggested that four more troops should be raised under Captains the Earl of Aylesford, Heneage Legge, Simon Adams, and Evelyn Shirley. These troops were organised in 1797, and became the Warwickshire Yeomanry proper, and quite distinct from the Fencible Cavalry. In those stirring days, however, when the country was dreading invasion, bodies of provisional cavalry sprang into existence all over the place. Warwickshire could boast many such, notably the Forest of Arden Gentlemen and Yeomanry, the Warwick Borough and County Troop, the Loyal Birmingham Corps, the Nuneaton, the Edgehill, the Atherstone, the Coventry, and the Coleshill Troop, etc. Most of these troops were disbanded by the year 1803, but some continued until 1812, and two until 1828, when the majority of their members transferred their services to the county regiment.

It is not surprising to find that in their early days the Warwickshire Yeomanry were called out many times to fulfil the soldier's most distasteful duty, namely, to aid the civil power in suppressing civil disturbances. Not many miles from their headquarters at Warwick stands the capital of the Midlands, and in the early days of the last century Birmingham was not only the principal manufacturing city in the country, but a hotbed of strife between employers and employed. In 1800 the city was the scene of a serious riot, which eventually was suppressed by the opportune arrival of the Warwickshire Yeomanry; and during the following twenty years several other affairs of the same kind occurred necessitating their services. It is worthy of notice that the authorities by utilising the Yeomanry as police incurred the odium of Radical politicians, who taught the disaffected classes to believe the Yeomanry capable of all manner of brutality. In 1819, when undergoing its training at Warwick, the regiment was hooted in the streets, and vituperated as "Manchester Butchers" and "Manchester Bloodhounds." These terms of reproach had reference to the unfortunate affair at Manchester in August, 1819, when the Cheshire Yeomanry charged a meeting of reformers, killing eleven and wounding 600. But Warwickshire yeomen had nothing to do with the "field of Peterloo," as it was called. In 1839, when the regiment was pronounced to be in a high state of efficiency, it was again actively engaged in aid of the civil power, in and around Birmingham, during the Chartist riots. Its services in scouring the country and patrolling the roads proved to

Photo. Copyright. J. T. Cumming.

THE "CABINET" OF THE REGIMENT.

Captain and Adjutant R. C. Stephen. The Marquess of Hertford. Major the Earl of Warwick.

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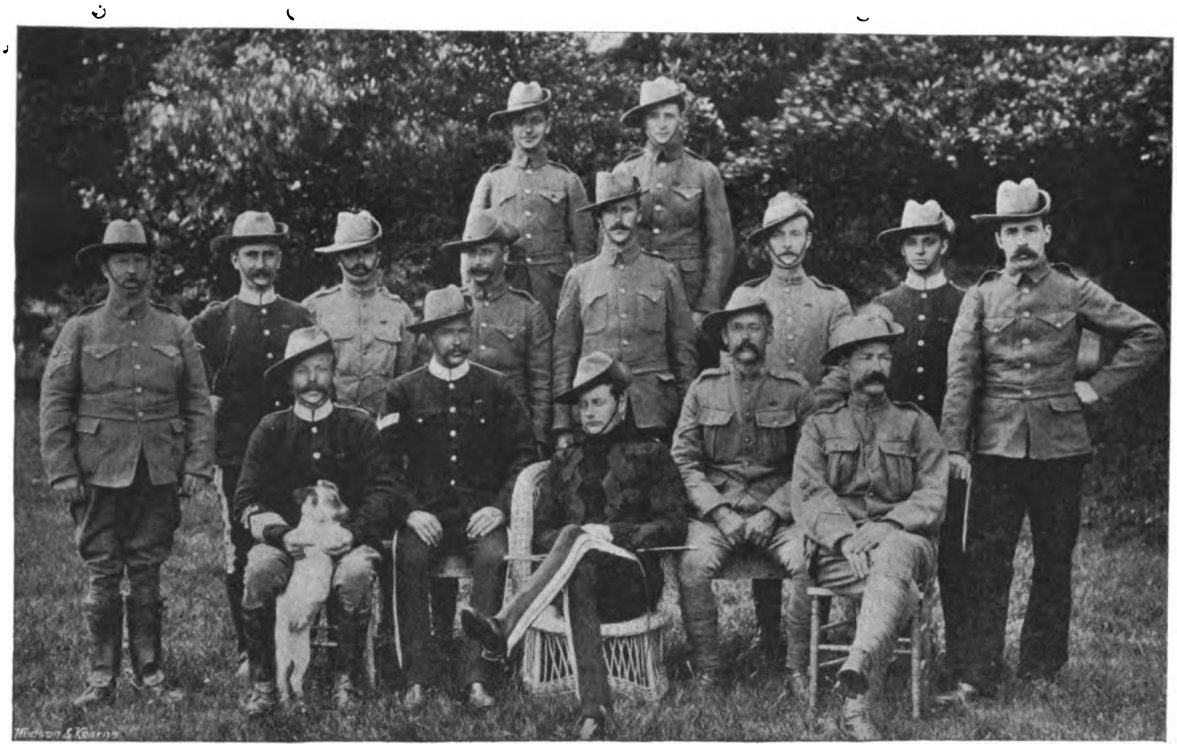


FIGHTERS FOR THE LOVE OF IT.

Warwickshire Yeomanry from South Africa.

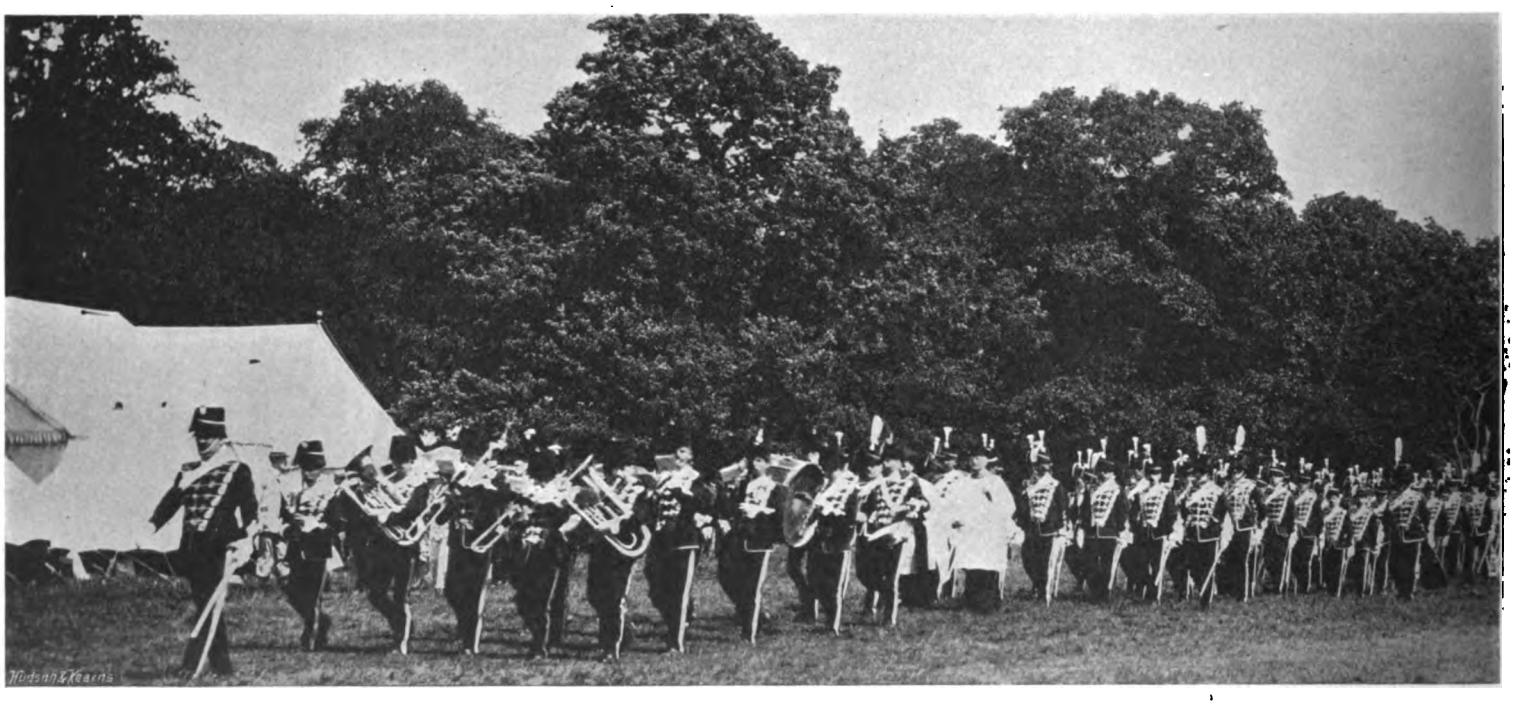
Lte. C. D. Moore. Pte. Holmes.
Sergt. G. Cook. Pte. W. H. Whiteh use. Pte. Horobin. Pte. Hunt. Pte. Harrison. Pte. McRae. Pte. Daulman. Sergt. F. E. Willoughby.
Corpl.-Trumpeter Robbins. Pte. J. Golby. Lieut. R. Charteris. Corpl. Hughes. Farrier-Sergt. Broadist.

be of the greatest value, and the regiment received public thanks for the same. The regiment was last called out for the purpose of quelling civil disturbance in the years 1842 and 1848—the rioting taking place at Coventry and Birmingham—and was thanked by the Horse Guards for its services on both occasions.

At the Peace of Amiens in 1802 the Fencible Cavalry was broken up, but the county regiment continued, the latter then raising a fourth troop, which it may be assumed was composed of those belonging to the former, who yearned for more soldiering. In the year 1812 the Earl of Aylesford, who had commanded the regiment from the commencement, died, and was succeeded in the command by Lieutenant-Colonel Heneage Legge, until Heneage, fifth Earl of Aylesford, could be gazetted colonel in his father's place in 1814. At the peace that was declared after the battle of Waterloo, the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and two independent troops, which have been mentioned as surviving until 1828, were maintained on the establishment. In 1831 the various local corps of Yeomanry were disbanded or amalgamated, and the establishment of each county was fixed, that of Warwickshire being 427 officers and men.

In 1848 Lord Aylesford, who had been in command of the corps ever since 1814, a period of over thirty-three years, resigned, and was succeeded by Lord Brooke, afterwards Earl of Warwick. The same year saw the regiment receive new standards at the hands of Lady Aylesford. In 1854 the interest in military matters aroused by the outbreak of the Russian War was reflected by the fact that the regiment then took unto itself another company, making eight in all. The late Earl of Warwick held his command from 1848 to 1878, when he was succeeded by the late Colonel C. W. Paulet, formerly of the 7th Hussars and 9th Lancers. On Colonel Paulet's retirement in 1891 he was succeeded by Lord Willoughby de Broke, who had previously served in the subordinate ranks for a period of twenty years. Owing to failing health, Lord Willoughby was compelled to relinquish the lieutenant-colonelcy during the autumn of 1900, whereupon the command was given to his immediate subordinate, the Marquess of Hertford, who now enjoys it.

Of all the forces in the United Kingdom, the Yeomanry have hitherto been the most conservative in their traditions. Created at a period when extravagance in uniform was at its height, and with its officers drawn from the ranks of the great landowners, their motto is still substantially the same—"Very county of very county." Nothing can exceed the gorgeousness of the jacket and overalls and the splendour of the saddlery affected by some of the corps, and it is said of certain of them that the whole equipment is so costly that it descends from father to son. However, in the future the Yeomanry are to be attired in a plain and serviceable khaki kit, this being one of the many changes decided upon from the experiences of the South African War. The Warwickshire Yeomanry, however, appear to have been less gorgeously attired than other regiments. Full details of their original uniform are lacking, but some idea may be gleaned from the particulars published in 1833, when it was decided to change from light blue to scarlet, while blue overalls for full dress and white for undress were also substituted for the old leather breeches and gaiters, and a new head-dress was a shako with plume. In 1857 the uniform was again altered, the Hussar pattern being adopted—blue with white facings, and busby with white bag and plume—and this has remained substantially the same ever since. The revolutionary change now impending is to be spread over a period of two years, which accounts for the



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RETURNING FROM CHURCH PARADE.

The Observed of all Observers.

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THE OFFICERS OF THE WARWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

In Mess Dress, Outside the Mess Tent.

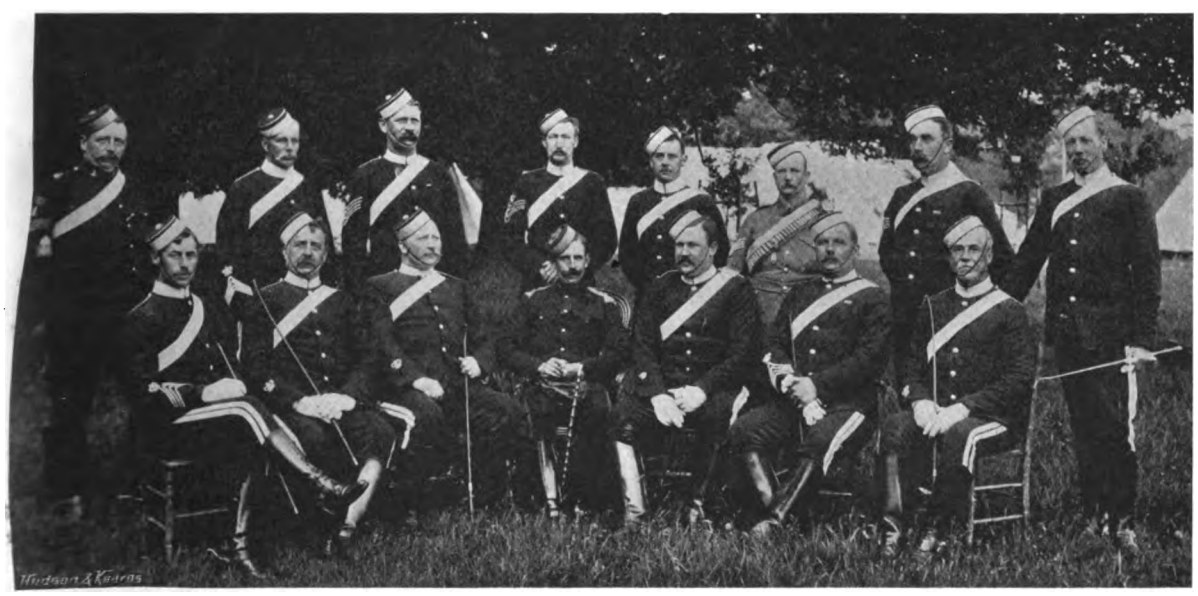
Lieut. Hon. R. G. Verney. Maj. F. Dugdale. Capt. Hanbury. Capt. Hon. A. Greville. Vet. Lieut. Horton. Second Lieut. Phillips. Second Lieut. Lakin. Surg.-Capt. Bullock. Lieut. Richardson. Capt. Petre. Second Lieut. Houghton Leigh. Maj. Hon. F. D. Leigh. Maj. Earl of Warwick. Col. Marquess of Hertford. Capt. R. C. Stephen. Maj. Berch.

disparity of attire to be seen in the accompanying photographs. When in the gloomy days of January, 1900, the Government called for Yeomanry contingents, the Warwickshire yeomen hastened to respond. Their contingent, consisting of five officers and 116 non-commissioned officers and men, was one of the first to be raised, and left Warwick by special train in the early hours of Tuesday morning, January 30, for Liverpool.

Having arrived at the front, it was not long before the Company found themselves in touch with the enemy. In fact, their baptism of fire, which they received on May 28, at Kheis, on the boundary between Griqualand West and Gordinia, turned out a highly-successful engagement. The Warwickshires formed part of Colonel Adye's column, despatched in pursuit of the Griqualand rebels. The 44th Battery shelled the enemy from the left bank of the Orange River, while Colonel Adye took his mounted troops across a drift, and got in rear of the rebels by a wide turning movement. The enemy, taken unawares, were completely defeated; but they fought bravely, under the leadership of a German Jew named Herman, who was killed after he had treacherously used the white flag. Many hundred head of stock were captured, and 100 prisoners were brought in. The Warwickshire Company, however, lost heavily in this brilliant little action. Their gallant commander, Major Orr-Ewing, was killed, as was Lance-Corporal A. Baxter, while five non-commissioned officers and men were wounded, four of them severely. It would be impossible to follow the 5th Company throughout the long-drawn-out campaign; suffice to say, therefore, that they have played a conspicuous part in the guerilla warfare of the past twelve months. Another promising officer, namely, Second-Lieutenant Flower, was killed at Haman's Kraal, on August 20.

At home the regiment has always maintained its reputation for efficiency, while it has also excelled in shooting. Six years ago, when for purposes of mobilisation the Yeomanry corps throughout the kingdom were reorganised by brigades, the Warwickshire and Staffordshire Regiments were brigaded. The present brigade adjutant is Captain R. C. Stephen, 14th Hussars, whose "office" is at Lichfield.

The late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., who joined the regiment in 1860, used to tell many amusing stories of the discipline then in vogue. One day the sergeant-major, who was wearing a shabby old tunic that had been through the Russian War, addressed a prosperous yeoman farmer in the ranks with a sharp "Dress up, Mr. ——." The man who had received the word of command replied: "Dress up! You be d——d; I am a great deal better dressed than you are." Another good story of his was about a young cornet, on the occasion of a mounted troop drill, when the word of command, "Right shoulders up!" was given. Whereupon the officer actually put his right shoulder up, and kept it so until he was so tired that he said: "Sergeant-major, do you think I might be allowed to put my right shoulder down?"



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RESPONSIBLE FOR GENERAL EFFICIENCY.

The Non-commissioned Officers

Sergt-Maj. Corderey. Sergt.-Maj. Harris. Sergt.-Maj. Clarrett. Sergt.-Maj. Meates. Quartermaster-Sergt. James. Sergt.-Maj. Cook. Sergt.-Maj. Ridgway. Sergt.-Maj. Lowden. Sergt. Pridmore. Quartermaster-Sergt. Rollason. Sergt.-Maj. Davis. Sergt.-Maj. Johnston. Capt. and Adjt. Stephen. Sergt.-Maj. Foley. Sergt.-Maj. Tippett.

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THE LUCK OF THE DIVER.

HIS PAY, PROSPECTS, AND PERILS.

By a Naval Expert.

NAVAL divers are specially selected men of good character and physique. They are generally chosen from amongst the men who are qualifying at one or other of the gunnery schools, and regular classes are constantly under instruction. There are, comparatively speaking, very few people who have ever put on a diving dress, and divers are not much met with in every-day life. Perhaps this is the reason why there is to be generally found a certain curiosity concerning the feelings and experiences of those who work under water.

At first it is a very strange experience, that of a diver, but its novelty soon wears off. The diver is for the most part a healthy, phlegmatic individual, with no nerves and no imagination, otherwise he should never take to diving as a trade. After the first three or four dips he gets into his diving dress as naturally as any ordinary man does into a suit of flannels. In spite of this, however, as I have said, diving is a very strange first experience for every man. The course starts with a preliminary lecture on the dress and the pumping apparatus. Perhaps some of the class may don the dress to show how each thing should be adjusted. The actual instruction begins the next day. All are first medically examined to make certain that they are physically fit, and it is recommended that no food should be taken for at least three hours beforehand. Suppose now it is your turn. The outer garments are stripped off, trousers, boots, and jacket, and a thick woollen sweater is put on, followed by ditto drawers and socks. Then you struggle into the dress, which is all in one piece, having a sufficiently large opening at the neck to admit the body. Three or four of the class will assist, and by dint of some exertion you shake yourself down into it. On your feet now are fastened huge leather boots with lead soles weighing 10-lb. or 12-lb. apiece, and round your waist is fastened a belt containing a knife. Over your head goes a brass collar, which rests on your shoulders, and to this the neck of the dress is fastened by strips of brass and butterfly nuts, making a water-tight joint. Over your shoulders are placed a pair of braces, which are heavily weighted with lead, and by this time, if the weather is at all warm, you are beginning to feel thoroughly hot and uncomfortable. Also nervous. I do not believe that any man ever took his first dip in a diving dress without some private and inward qualms, whatever he may profess to the contrary. I have often seen men looking very pale, and decidedly nervous, in spite of the jests they may be passing with the rest of the class.

Now you are all ready except for the helmet, and this is the worst part. The shape of it can be easily gathered from the illustrations. It is made of thin copper, with a glass window in front which screws in. At the sides are other smaller windows. At the back is the air tube attachment and the valve for regulating the supply of air. In later pattern helmets there is also the telephone attachment, shown in the third picture, which is so convenient as a means of communication between those above and the diver at his work below. The men who are dressing you now hold up the helmet, and slip it carefully over your head. There is not much room to spare as a rule, and many a nose or chin has suffered abrasion in the preliminary attempt. You now hold on to the brass collar of your dress with both hands, and your friends screw the helmet on to it with a bayonet joint connection. Then the air pipe and breast rope are attached in place, and secured under one arm. You now feel about as helpless and uncomfortable as it is possible to imagine, though the front glass is open and you are still breathing the air as usual. You now have to get to the side of the boat or stage you have been dressed on, and climb upon the ladder that leads down to the depths below. At the same time the officer in charge gives the order "Heave round the pump,"

Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

THE DIVING TANK AT WHALE ISLAND.

(Originally Used at the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea.)

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and you hear, and feel, the "Hiss-hiss" of the air as it is forced into the helmet at the back of your head After a bit of a struggle with your feet (which feel as if they did not belong to you) you manage to get on the ladder and stand in the position shown in the second illustration. Now, barring the screwing in of the face plate, you are all ready. The instructor comes to give you a few final instructions. "Take it quite easy," he says, "and don't move about more than you can help at first, or you'll get blown and think the air supply is failing! We'll look after you up here and see you don't come to any harm. Just go quietly down to the bottom rung of the ladder, and hold on there till you get accustomed to the sensation. When you feel sufficient confidence, you can let go the ladder and get hold of the bottom line" (the bottom line is a rope with a sinker on it, which divers use to go up and down on, and also as a means of locating their position with regard to the boat overhead when down on the bottom.) "Work your valve, and find out for yourself what happens. If it is too slack, you'll find that the water runs in; if it is too tight, you'll blow out like a balloon! And don't forget the signals. Now then, are you all right?" "Yes, thanks," you reply, "Go on." Then the face plate is screwed on, and you seem utterly cut off from the outside world. You can feel the water lapping about your legs, and hear the hiss of the air coming into the helmet, which air, by the way, has very often a more than slight flavour of oil and indiarubber piping. Two friendly pats on the head, which tell you all is ready for your descent, and then down you go, slowly, step by step, feeling probably very queer and wondering whether it is quite safe! Supposing this or supposing that should happen! However nothing does happen, and your head is now on a level with the water—still on, down the ladder, till you get to the bottom of it, with a foot or two of green water above your head.

A pull on the breastline! Ah! That means, "Are you all right?" "Yes," you reply, in the same manner. Now you will probably try experiments with your air valve, and by degrees confidence in all the apparatus will come and you'll begin to enjoy yourself.

The first two or three times you go down you will be oppressed with a sense of loneliness and the dead silence. It is so utterly still, except for the monotonous hiss of the air as it pants into the helmet at each stroke of the pump.

But it is very fascinating for all that, and, given about four fathoms of nice clear water and a sandy bottom, it is quite easy to spend an hour or more strolling about and examining marine life at home. You must go slow at first, that is all; take it easy and learn to regulate the air supply, or you'll find your breath coming short, and your heart beginning to beat so alarmingly that you hastily make the signal to come up in sudden terror of unknown possibilities. Most men could go as far as this, viz., four fathoms, without any inconvenience, but after this depth every fathom adds to the difficulty. Ten fathoms is as much as any man who is not a regular diver can do in comfort, and at thirteen or fourteen fathoms noses and ears will often begin to bleed. With practice, and practice is essential to safety, a good diver will go on to twenty and twenty-five fathoms, but the pressure at that depth is very great, and any work becomes very slow and tedious.

THE DESCENT INTO THE SEA.

The Man in the Water is Trying his Air Valve.

Away on active service, especially in deep water, there are often considerable risks involved. Men have to go down in twenty fathoms or more without the necessary practice. Of course, no man is ever forced to go down if he does not feel up to it, but divers are like other men, and do not like to give in. It is a very unpleasant sensation, deep water diving. As you go down it gradually gets darker and darker, till you can scarcely see your hand before your face. As the pressure increases your dress clings more closely, and a weight oppresses your head. Your eyes begin to start, and an agonising pain is in your ears. These feelings go off by degrees, but progress is very slow, a foot or two at a time, and thankful is no word for it when at last you touch the bottom.

Naval divers get extra pay whilst at work, at the following rates: In one to six fathoms, 4s. the first hour and 2s. an hour afterwards, rising by regular sums till the maximum is reached, which is, at from twenty to twenty-five fathoms, 6s. the first hour and 5s. an hour afterwards.

The tank shown in the illustration is a new institution at the Gunnery School, and in it elementary instruction can be carried out with a minimum of risk.

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"HELLO; ARE YOU THERE?"

Telephoning to the Diver Below.

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

By MURPHY.

AN EXCITING DAY.

THE slaying of the tigress depicted in the accompanying photograph was the climax to a most exciting day. We had been tying up buffaloes in one or two likely places, and had had a kill, but the corpse was dragged so near a high road through the forest that, at the critical moment, when the tigress was expected to appear on the kill—we actually heard her close by—a party of home-returning woodcutters, jabbering as loud as their lungs would let them, came along the road and frightened "stripes" away. If only those unsuspecting yokels could have known that a tigress was within 20-yds. of them, they would have been silent enough, and one would not have been able to see them for the dust disturbed by their endeavours to be first home Anyhow, the tigress did not turn up, but slunk away to return during the still dark night. Two or three days after the above episode another tempting morsel was tied near the same spot. This was killed and dragged in a different direction. We went out on one of the elephants for a prowl after sambur and cheetal. We looked up the buffalo *en route*, and found, sure enough, as our trackers had said, that it had been killed and dragged. We decided not to disturb the kill then (6.30 a.m.), so went on our way for our prowl, returning by the same road about 10 a.m. As we came into the vicinity of the kill, we heard a great commotion amongst the monkeys, and a timid khakur (barking deer) was calling loudly in evident terror. This, to us, seemed to point to the tigress being about, so we had the machan taken down from the old place (the place of the episode above related), and had it tied up in a convenient tree over the new kill. The machan was well screened, but the tree was rather devoid of foliage, so we had to supplement it with cut boughs. Up we scrambled, and sent the elephant home to bring out our breakfast. We sat there alert, all eyes and ears. The commotion amongst the monkeys had ceased whilst the machan was being prepared, but we had not sat for ten minutes when the chorus started again. Of course the tigress was scouting round to see that all was well. We sat on, and presently the elephant returned with our food, which was placed in the machan, untouched, as we thought every moment the tigress would require all our attention. Another hour passed, still no "mistress stripes" appeared. Again the chorus of chattering began. Presently a fine old sambur stag gave a bellow about 50-yds. off—how it made one jump—Then all was still. Then we heard the stealthy tread of some heavy animal approaching.

THE TIGRESS SHOT BY THE WRITER.

January 26, 1901. Length, 8-ft. 6-in.

"Now for it," we thought; "the big cat has at last made up her mind to have another meal." Rifles full cock and at the "ready," eyes strained and ears prepared to catch the slightest sound. On came the stealthy enemy, on and on, nearer and nearer. At last, there was the grass moving. Yes, and the low branches of the trees in front of us were bending and swaying! "Surely this can't be a tiger; if it is, it must be on stilts," thought we. Would the suspense never end. Be quick and show yourself, whatever you are. And it did, too, within 10-yds. of our tree! A fine wild elephant—a tusker—with ivories at least 5-ft. long and thick in proportion. Yes, there he was, large as life. How grand he looked! Whilst we were admiring him, he stretched up his trunk and plucked a *little* branch off the mother stem of a tree—not to eat, oh, dear, no, only to fan himself with. The *fan* was about 6-in. in diameter (at the handle), and he had plucked it as if he had been tearing wet tissue paper. Then we thought of our poor little tree: Would this noble creature take a fancy to lay it low, just to show his independence? I was brought out of my thoughts of these possibilities by my companion whispering "Can't you snap-shot him?" I always wear a pocket kodak on my belt; hence the remark. The snap-shot was taken. (No picture resulted, as there was too much shade.) We both felt that we had admired this huge denizen of the forest long enough. He, however, evidently liked this locality, for he stayed round about us for two hours. All this time he was roaming at will, now to his right and now to his left, then turning about and arguing with a clump of bamboos, and so on. All this was most engaging and exciting; but where was our mutual friend the tigress? There we sat like statues, not moving a muscle. My readers, have you ever sat up in a machan over a tiger kill? If you have you will know the feeling: One's limbs go to sleep, then pins and needles run up one leg, along the ribs, and so on, up and down the arms to the finger tips. A fly settles at the corner of one's mouth, or, worse still, just at the corner of one's nostril, the two most sensitive places in one's anatomy to the ticklesome feeling of a fly's toes. Then a dry, chokey feeling comes in one's throat, making one's eyes stream with involuntary tears; and a hundred and one other sensations that all tend to try to make one move. I have said nothing about the well-beloved mosquito or of red or white ants, but these, I am thankful to say, were absent from our machan this day. Now the gold orb is sinking to its rest, the shadows lengthen, and still no tigress. The crows are flighting to some large bamboo clumps not far off, but one of the band stays near the kill and gives a croak at intervals, just to keep himself company in the growing dusk. At length daylight is gone, and every shadow and tree trunk and clump of grass takes the form of the creature that is "wanted." Why, what's that? A twig cracked, yes; and now we can hear heavy breathing. Ah, there she is, broadside on; we can just see her outline. Slowly, very slowly, the rifle is raised; it is halfway up to the shoulder; higher, higher it goes, then the butt-plate nestles in its place; but, alas! it is too dark to see the sights, so the alignment has to be taken roughly. Still she stands and listens; and then—the hills resound to the report of the implement of destruction. All is still; not a rustle, no sound of a large animal making off. We wait in suspense to hear some angry growl, or groan of pain; but no—no sound reaches the ear. We decide to whistle for our elephant to take us home.

Now that the excitement is over for the day, we are reminded that we have not eaten since that piece of toast and cup of tea at 5.30 a.m. It is now 6.30 p.m. Let's home to the fire and some food, and let us hope for what the morning light has in store for us. Owing to the darkness, we did not think that the tigress was hit, and she gave no sign. As a rule, wounded carnivora do give vent to some, if only a slight growl or grunt. My companion was sure he had missed, and was not for taking the trouble of going to the spot in the morning. But better counsels prevailed in the morning. Still, one of us was certain that it was a case for recording a "clean miss," and was only going to the spot to see the tracks of the beast when it had returned at midnight to have its postponed meal. We went out to the machan at about 8 a.m. The machan was taken down, the kill examined, and found to have been untouched, and we were on the point of moving off, when that feeling of hoping against hope that the bullet had struck its mark came over us, and made us almost involuntarily go and inspect the spot where the tigress had stood when fired at. There are the deep marks of her claws as she had turned after the shot; and there, what's that? Blood, by all that's red! Another step—more blood—and more—and so on for

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15-yds. or 20-yds., and then we stand and feel inclined to shout "Well done," but are awed into silence at the sight of the royal beast that has bitten the dust. There she lies, stone dead, with a tell-tale hole behind the shoulder. The eye and hand that had held so true for nearly half a century in the light of day, when the sights can be seen, did not fail, even in the dark, when the much-loved D.B. ·500 Magnum Express, balanced so truly and brought up to its right place, was called upon to do its part in the slaying of yet one more royal. To conclude, I may here say that the tigress measured 8-ft. 6-in., and had a grand winter coat. There were signs that a half-grown cub accompanied its mother out hunting. The morning after the triumphant bringing home of our trophy (padded on an elephant) we found tracks of a fair-sized cub near our servants' quarters. Curiosity made us "take up" the tracks. We followed them for about one and a-half miles, and eventually we reached the spot where the tigress had breathed her last. The cub's tracks followed the footprints of the elephant that had brought home our bag. Did the cub follow the elephant's tracks knowing that its mother had been taken away by this big ship, or did it scent its mother the whole way? Rather an interesting point this.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"A. C. S."—A flag of the ill-fated battle-ship "Captain" is in existence at this moment. In April, 1872, it was presented by the Admiralty as a memento to Lord Northbrook, who lost his second son in the disaster, and was by him hung in the parish church at Micheldever, in Hampshire, over one of the Baring family monuments there. There is a brass plate by the flag which has engraved on it the following inscription: "Flag belonging to H.M.S. 'Captain,' which went down off the coast of Portugal on September 7, 1870, the Hon. Arthur N. T. Baring, R.N., being a midshipman serving on board."

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"B.A., OXON."—The present Army Chaplains' Department was formed in November, 1858. It then consisted of twenty staff chaplains and thirty-five assistant chaplains, who all belonged to the Church of England. A little later the chaplains were divided into four classes under a chaplain-general. Chaplains of the first class were made to rank as colonels, of the second class as lieutenant-colonels, of the third class as majors, and of the fourth class as captains. At the same time nineteen Roman Catholic priests and five Presbyterian ministers were appointed on the establishment of the Army. Roman Catholics and Presbyterians had since 1836 served as assistant chaplains, but it was not until 1858 that they obtained commissions. There are now some eighty-six commissioned chaplains, including thirteen Roman Catholics and six Presbyterians.

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"E. T."—Consult "Brassey's Annual." As a strict fact the Shah's Navy does actually exist, in the shape of one commissioned vessel. She is called the "Persepolis," a small ship of some 1,200 tons and 10 knots speed. She was built at Bremen in 1885, and was purchased by the Persian Government. The "Persepolis" is an iron vessel, single screw, schooner rigged, and armed with four 2·7-in. Krupp breech-loaders and two small Maxims. She is generally to be found at anchor off Bushire, under the command of the Persian Derya Begi, or "Admiral of the Seas." The Shah possesses also one armed steam-launch attached to the "Persepolis," named "Susa," built in 1885, of 7 knots extreme speed, and armed with a 2·7-in. gun.

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"BLACKHEATHEN."—The German Army Corps is a real organisation, and exists in peace (of course, on peace establishment). Each corps has its permanent head responsible for the efficiency of every detail. With us, at present, brigades, divisions, and army corps do not exist in peace-time, but have to be organised for active service. The result is that generals are often put to command men to whom they are strangers. As regards infantry and artillery there is little difference between the army corps of the two countries, but in cavalry we are much inferior. The German corps has two complete regiments of four squadrons each, or about one sabre to twenty rifles, whereas we are content with about one sabre to thirty rifles.

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"H. M."—When the boats of the "Beaulieu" and "Doris" cut out the corvette "Chevrette," lying in Brest Roads, they had to row over six miles. The gallant commander, Lieutenant Keith Maxwell, of the "Beaulieu," so arranged his party that each man was told off to do some special work on boarding, in order that the proposed capture should be got under way even whilst the fighting was going on. Here we have an account of one of the finest seamen who ever trod the deck of a British battle-ship. He was a quartermaster of the "Beaulieu," named Henry Wallis. He was told off to take charge of the "Chevrette's" helm, if he reached the deck alive. The Frenchmen were on the alert, so the surprise failed, but, nothing daunted, the boats pulled on and the boarders scrambled up her sides, those who were ordered aloft quickly gained the shrouds, and, springing on the yards, loosed the sails. Wallis, severely wounded, fought his way to the helm, and there remained. In three minutes topsails were set, and, the cable having been cut by those appointed beforehand to do so, the corvette was under way whilst the fight for possession of the ship still continued. Wallis had been seven years in the "Beaulieu," and it was said of him that never a man fell overboard but Wallis was somewhere "handy," saving at least a dozen lives in his cruises, sometimes in a gale of wind or in a high sea.

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"TAFFY."—No fewer than a dozen British regiments have the Prince of Wales's plume as a badge or part of a badge. These are the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment), the Cheshire Regiment, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire Regiment), the Welsh Regiment, the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment), the Prince of Wales's (North Staffordshire Regiment), the Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers), and the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians). In the Indian Army three regiments bear the Prince of Wales's plume, viz., the 6th (Prince of Wales's) Bengal Cavalry, the 11th (Prince of Wales's Own) Bengal Lancers, and the 2nd (Prince of Wales's Own) Gurkha Regiment. The 2nd Bombay Infantry is styled the Prince of Wales's Own, but it does not bear the plume.

"R. A."—The "Achilles," which has just been sent to Malta to replace the old "Hibernia" as Admiral-Superintendent's flag-ship, is one of our earliest ironclads, and was actually the very first of all built at a Royal dockyard. She was built at Chatham as an "ironclad frigate" in 1863, and saw pretty well continuous service at sea from September, 1864, to May, 1885—in the Mediterranean and in the Channel, and, finally, in the Reserve Squadron. Since 1885, she lay in Portsmouth Fleet Reserve under the designation of a first-class cruiser. She was placed on the non-effective list some time ago, and on being prepared for Malta had all her old guns lifted out and underwent a thorough refit for her new service.

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DUGALD GRAEME.—The oldest existing light infantry corps in the British Army is the 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the old 52nd Foot, which was converted into light infantry in January, 1803. In July of the same year the 1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry, the old 43rd, was made into a light infantry corps. But although the Oxfordshire Light Infantry is the oldest corps, so styled, it must be remembered that the 2nd Battalion of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) was raised in 1794 as a light infantry corps by Mr. Thomas Graham of Balnagron, afterwards Lord Lynedoch. This corps, which was then called the Perthshire Volunteers, was at the time the only light infantry corps in the Army, though it did not receive the official title of light infantry until some years later. This fact explains why the question of which is the oldest corps of light infantry is such a matter of dispute.

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"TOAST-MASTER."—With regard to your query as to the authority for the present usage of putting the Navy before the Army in the toast of the Services at public dinners, the following are the facts. The toast was for ages—as far back as there is any record at all—"The Navy and the Army," down to the beginning of the present century. Then, when George III.'s son, the Duke of York, became Commander-in-Chief, out of a personal compliment to a Royal personage when at public dinners, the custom crept in of reversing the order of the toast and putting the Army first. Even then, though, it was not the accepted usage until after Waterloo, when the Prince Regent, who cared little for the Navy, put his seal on the innovation. Throughout Wellington's time the Great Duke's personality made the practice universal. Finally, after the Russian War, on another Royal Prince, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, assuming the command of the Army, it became the regular thing. The present usage, which dates back some half-dozen years, of putting the Navy in its proper place, first, is thus only a return to the earlier order, and is absolutely correct. It was instituted by the King, when he was Prince of Wales, and on the first occasion was given at a Trinity House banquet at which the Duke of Cambridge as an Elder Brother returned thanks.

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"GREEN HOWARD."—The first time Indian troops were ever employed by us out of their own country was at the battle of Alexandria, in 1801. Then, Allison says, "for the first time in the history of the world, the sable Hindoos from the banks of the Ganges, the swarthy Asiatics from the banks of the Euphrates, and the blue-eyed English from the shores of the Thames met in arms at the foot of the Pyramids." The Indian contingent was under the command of Sir David Baird. It consisted of five British regiments and 2,800 native troops. It sailed from Bombay towards the end of December, 1800, but owing to contrary winds did not arrive in the Red Sea until July, 1801. It was landed at Kossier, and thence had a march across the desert, 140 miles long, which it accomplished in nine days, in spite of severe sufferings from heat and thirst. The brigade arrived at Rosetta on August 30, but, to the great disappointment of all concerned, it was there found that the French garrison of Alexandria had already sent in a flag of truce to treat for surrender. The Indian troops returned to India in the following summer.

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APROPOS of the paragraph on the sea term "Kissing the Gunner's Daughter," a correspondent, Mr. Douglas White, writes: "Unfortunately I have witnessed a good many men flogged, and also boys, as I joined the Navy in 1862. All men were flogged across the back, and were tied up to a grating that was lashed to the main rigging and to ring bolts on the quarter-deck, and were naked to the waist. The chief boatswain's mate gave the first dozen and the other boatswain's mates according to seniority. It was called 'facing the Carpenter's looking-glass,' as the carpenters rigged the gratings. Boys were the only ones that were flogged over the breech of a gun. The boys' cats had only five tails instead of nine. Before a man was made a boatswain's mate, or as soon as he was, he had to practise flogging in the boatswains' store-room over a hammock lashed up. I saw flogging on board the 'Fisguard,' the 'Wellesley,' and any amount of men and boys in the 'Conqueror' in the years 1862-63-64-65. The 'Conqueror' was paid off at Sheerness at the end of February or the beginning of March, 1866, and I never saw anyone flogged after that. I may also say that the term 'Introduced to the Blacksmith's Daughter' meant being put in irons. I left the Navy in 1887, and was a captain of the maintop and a seaman gunner."

THE EDITOR.

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THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Cozens, Southsea.*

THE GUN—AND THE MAN BEHIND IT.

The increased attention which, during the last few years, has been devoted to accurate shooting is one of the features of modern Naval life. We have had our great fight between guns and armour—between penetration on the one hand, and the power to resist it on the other—and we are at last—and somewhat tardily—beginning to recognise that, after all, the human factor is of primary importance, that it is only shots which hit that count, and that, in the main, hitting depends on the effective training of the man behind the gun. Who was it that said that we ought to go a step further back, and look to the girl behind the man behind the gun? At any rate, our picture shows a couple of good shots—men of the type to whom the actual working of the guns will be entrusted in the next great Naval war.

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COXSWAIN WOOD.

ARRIVING AT THE SCENE OF THE WRECK.

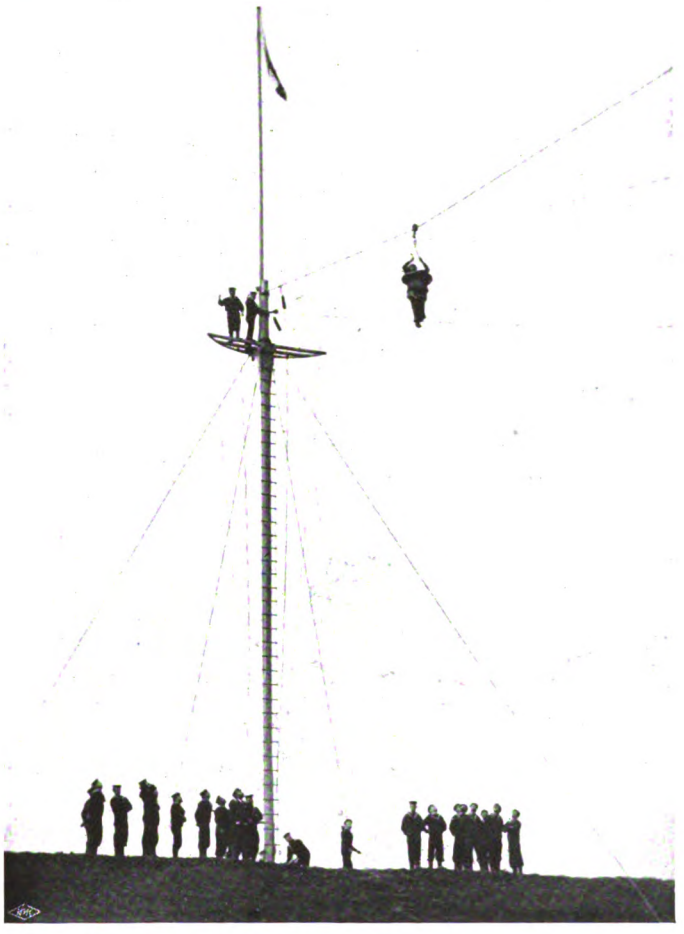
"FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA."

LIFE-SAVING BY COASTGUARDSMEN.

By COMMANDER THE HON. H. N. SHORE, R.N.

THE various appliances and organisations for the saving of life on the coasts of the United Kingdom owe their origin, like most great and useful institutions in these realms, to private initiative and enterprise; and they have only attained to their present state of approximate perfection by the exercise of much ingenuity, and as the result of practical experience, experiment, and painstaking organisation. The somewhat heterogeneous collection of appliances with which private enterprise provided us in the first instance, has resolved itself, in course of time, and by the natural working of the law of the survival of the fittest, into two distinct systems, each with its clearly-defined sphere of action. Thus the one known to the world as the Royal National Life-boat Institution exists for the purpose of saving life afloat, while the other, which is used in connection with shipping disasters that occur within a short distance of the shore, is called the Rocket Life-saving Apparatus. The first is an institution of which Britons are justly proud, seeing that it is a voluntary organisation supported entirely by the contributions of the public, while its methods and the splendid services it renders to the cause of humanity are tolerably familiar to us all, from the fact of its work being necessarily somewhat widely advertised with a view to stimulating the public charity on which the society depends. The life-boats owned and managed by this noble institution are stationed at almost every point of our extensive seaboard where loss of life through shipwreck is most to be feared; while the services performed by their crews every year, unostentatiously, and in the ordinary course of duty, are such as would do honour to any age or nation. At the head of this article we have the pleasure of presenting a portrait of the coxswain of the "Mark Lane" life-boat, of Gorleston, Mr. E. W. Wood, as a fine type of the men who fill this responsible post in connection with the saving of life. This gallant fellow has been the recipient of a special distinction awarded to him by the institution he has served so well, in the shape of a silver medal, which was presented to him for his splendid services on the occasion of the wreck of the ketch "Ada," of Portsmouth, on October 14, 1891, when, with great difficulty, he got a crew together, and, in the teeth of a fierce gale and terrible sea, went off through the surf to the wreck and succeeded in bringing back safely the entire crew. The value of the services rendered by this brave man, in his capacity as coxswain, may be gauged from the fact of his having assisted in the rescue of between three and four hundred lives. The readiness with which men of this type come forward year after year to risk their lives in gallant attempts to save their fellow-creatures from a watery grave, affords the best answer to the pessimists who lament the supposed decadence of our race. May our life-boats never want for a plentiful supply of noble fellows such as the one whose portrait heads this article.

The sister service, on the other hand, since the year 1855, when Government took the various life-saving apparatuses under its control, has been owned and managed by the Board of Trade, though the practical working of the apparatus is entrusted to the Coastguard. The idea of communicating with a wreck from the shore, by means of throwing a rope over it, originated with Captain Manby, F.R.S., on witnessing a shipwreck in 1807, and took practical shape in the following year, when, by means of a mortar, a line was successfully thrown over a vessel and seven lives saved. The plan was so well thought of that, in a short time, forty-five mortar stations were established along the coast. In the same year, however, that Captain Manby devised the mortar, another brain, working independently, hit on the idea of a rocket. This notion originated with a Mr. Trengrouse, of Helston, in Cornwall, who also proposed the use of a kite and lead-line as a means of effecting communication. His rocket, however, proved too small for its purpose, and the first person to use the idea with success was Mr. John Dennett, of Newport, Isle of Wight, who developed the system without any knowledge of Mr. Trengrouse's efforts in the same direction. To Mr. Dennett, therefore, belongs the credit of having given practical shape to the idea of effecting communication with a rocket, and in the year 1826 four places in the Isle of Wight were supplied with Dennett's rockets, while by 1853 the number had increased to 120. But the mortar still continued in favour, and the two appliances were supplied in about equal proportions, many stations having both systems in use. As time went on, however, the superiority of the rocket apparatus became manifest, though this superiority was not officially recognised nor acted upon till Colonel Boxer, the well-known expert, had devised an entirely new form of projectile—practically a double rocket contained in a single case, by means of which the range was enormously extended, and its superiority over the mortar system clearly established. The value of Colonel Boxer's improvement will be appreciated when it is stated that his rocket has continued in use up to the present time. So much for the history of the system. Of the extent to which it has been brought into use, suffice to say that there are now 297 stations round the coasts of the United Kingdom supplied with the rocket



INSTRUCTIONAL EXERCISE FOR COASTGUARDSMEN.
Travelling in the "Breeches Buoy."

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Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE CREW OF THE ROCKET LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.

With all the Appliances for Use.

life-saving apparatus, and that, during the last thirty years, these have been the means of rescuing over 7,000 lives. Besides the rocket stations, over 360 minor stations are supplied with life-belts and lines. It may be mentioned that an interesting little brochure, containing full particulars of the services rendered by the various life-saving appliances, as also of the many acts of gallantry performed in connection with them, is published every year by the Board of Trade, though for want of advertising the book is scarcely known to the public.

The rocket life-saving apparatus, as already stated, is worked by the Coastguard, assisted by local volunteer companies. For the benefit of such of our readers as may not be acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the appliance, we give a few pictures illustrative of its working.

The first shows the apparatus being dragged by its crew to the scene of the wreck; the entire appliance is stowed in a light cart supplied for the purpose, so that it may be run over rough ground where horse traction is unavailable.

In the next illustration we have a view of the practical working of the appliance; and at this point it may be as well to explain the general principle of the rocket life-saving apparatus. The main object, in aiming the rocket, which carries a very light line made of cocoanut fibre, is to ensure it passing just above and slightly to windward of the wreck, so that the line may fall across it. The men on board instantly seize the line and haul off the block of an endless whip, which they make fast as high up as they conveniently can; and, as soon as this is done, the people on shore, by means of the whip, haul off a hawser, the end of which is also made fast on board, just above the whip-block. That done, the people on shore, using the whip again, and after first tautening the hawser by means of a purchase, so as to raise it above the breakers, haul off the "travelling life-buoy," or, as it is usually called, the "breeches buoy," into which one of the shipwrecked crew places himself, and is immediately hauled ashore, the operation being repeated till all are landed. It is this stage of the performance that is shown in our second illustration, but the men in this case are at an instructional drill instead of on real service.

Another picture shows the crew, under their officer, with all the component parts that go to make up the complete apparatus spread out for inspection.

But all this, the reader may object, presupposes some knowledge of the apparatus on the part of shipwrecked crews. Quite true, and to this end the Board of Trade issue printed instructions for fixing in conspicuous positions in ships of the Mercantile Marine, and require their officers to understand the working of the apparatus, while amongst the first things sent off to a wreck, by means of the rocket-line, is a set of instructions printed in several languages.

It may be some comfort to those who have friends at sea to know that from sunset to day-break, throughout the year, the coasts of these islands are carefully watched by the Coastguard, a body of trustworthy and experienced seamen, who have previously served for several years in the Royal Navy, or in the Naval Reserve, numbering between 4,000 and 5,000 men, who form an almost uninterrupted chain of patrols round the seaboard, for the purpose of discovering disasters to shipping and rendering immediate assistance. How well and successfully these duties are performed, the little book already mentioned bears ample testimony.

TO THE RESCUE.

Launching the Lifeboat for Exercise.

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IN THE RANKS.

THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN a previous article on "Military Life in the Eighteenth Century" the writer disclaimed any special knowledge of the inner existence of the Army at the period referred to, and took leave to doubt whether the assumption of such knowledge could ever be altogether justified. By the magic of romance, no doubt, very interesting and, occasionally, very pretty pen pictures can be drawn in which the salient features of contemporary soldiering are more or less faithfully reproduced. But between this and an attempt to describe in detail, and with scrupulous accuracy, the daily round, the common task of the private in the ranks three or four generations back, there is a distinction with a difference. The writer, therefore, hopes he may be excused for generalising somewhat freely on the text afforded by the two pretty pictures which accompany this article.

It is, perhaps, a little ungracious, but it is almost necessary, to commence by saying that pictures such as these are very poor guides to a fair estimate of what soldiers had to go through in that long period of heavy fighting which culminated in the Peninsular War and the eventual smash-up of the Napoleonic tyranny at Waterloo. As a matter of fact, it is only in work such as Hogarth's that the seamy side of eighteenth century soldiering could be properly rendered. You see something of its minor disreputability in the pictures of the caricaturists, but the squalor, the suffering, the utter inhumanity of it all, as judged by modern ideas, could never have been reproduced with real fidelity by any artist save, perhaps, the painter of "The Rake's Progress" and those other lurid scenes of contemporary life and immorality. To depict the soldier of those days as bright and prosperous, well cared for and happy, even to the extent of domestic bliss, is in reality but a parody of the fact. But artistic as well as poetic licence is easily forgiven, and, moreover, it was perhaps doubly necessary from the contemporary standpoint as an aid to recruiting!

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

From an Engraving by Bartolozzi after Bunbury

Probably at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century the soldier's happiest time was when he was on active service. He suffered horribly, it is true, was shamefully fed, shockingly tended, and often died miserably of wounds and ailments from which under modern conditions he would recover in a fortnight. But he led the life of a full-blooded man, he had his fill of "sumpshuous fightin'," and he lived in a constant atmosphere of change. Now and then he came in for something pretty handsome in the way of loot, and he was naturally not hampered by many scruples as to laying his hands on anything in the way of "portable property" or temporary refreshment. Opportunities for personal distinction were pretty frequent, and a really brave soldier would probably be spared many of the discomforts and much of the bullying which less bold spirits had to endure without a murmur.

It must be remembered, too, that the conditions under which men fought in those days, although sufficiently hard tests of a man's courage and capacity to "stand pounding," were, perhaps, not quite so harassing as the conditions of latter-day warfare. It was trying, of course, to have to stand up constantly and exchange shots with an enemy perhaps not more than 150-yds. off, and the repeated assaults on fortified posts must have been a great and perpetual strain on the nerves. But as a compensation there was much less of that calculated deadliness which makes modern war such a terrific pastime. No sudden advent of big shells filled with a ghastly explosive from an enemy several miles off, the very smoke of whose guns is invisible; no Pom-poms nor Maxims, and very little, if any, casual "sniping." War is seldom a comfortable process, but there was a certain amount of stately deliberation and a gratifying absence of "jumpiness" about it in those days when armies marched and countermarched for months within a stone's-throw of each other, and then, to quote a well-known saying, "went into winter quarters."

In the piping times of peace the private soldier of the eighteenth century must have had few opportunities of enjoyment, reasonable or otherwise, and more often than not must have led rather a wretched life. It was not until 1792 that barracks, as we understand them, became an institution, Parliament having consistently refused to provide them, "on the ground that it would lead the Crown to retain an unnecessary number of troops." The theory was that an army should be raised when a war broke out, and disbanded when peace was proclaimed, and we may be very certain that when at last barracks came to be built, they were sadly deficient in everything calculated to assist the moral and physical welfare of the private soldier.

Such regiments as were retained at home in the intervals of war must, barracks or no barracks, have provided anything but a luxurious and even decent livelihood for the non-commissioned ranks. During the time that recruiting parties

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were sent out into the country to gather yokels and other easily-duped youngsters into the King's glorious but arduous service, no doubt the sergeants and some of the older soldiers enjoyed themselves fairly well, and had grand carouses in the village beershops at the expense of their captain, whose interest it was to squander a certain amount of money in this way. But when drill and other duties were proceeding, the average private, if of anything like a sensitive nature, must have suffered horribly. His rations were miserably insufficient, his clothing, with the possible exception of his parade dress, shamefully meagre, and he was liable to terrific punishment for offences which, nowadays, would hardly be considered as necessitating cells. For the slightest mistake on parade he might receive a cruel blow from an officer's stick, while for a dereliction of duty he could be flogged unmercifully. As lately as 1825 a man was sentenced to 1,900 lashes, and actually received 1,200!

It must be admitted that severity of punishment was not wholly unjustified by the character of a large proportion of the men in the ranks. Some of the latter were veritably the scum of the earth, for the simple reason that at times of pressure it was more or less impossible to get decent men to join the Service in sufficient quantities. The shameful alternative was then adopted of passing into the Army bad characters from the criminal and vagabond classes, the result being that some companies must have been perfect cesspools of iniquity, with the added disadvantage that reform was out of the question.

What made military life additionally hard was its utter uncertainty. A regiment was in no sense a home, as it commonly is nowadays, for a man could always be drafted to it from any other regiment for foreign service, and so be forced to change, perhaps, the society of old and trusted comrades for that of a strange and, possibly, very blackguardly company.

Most of these drawbacks arose from the essentially faulty nature of the regimental system in those days, a system which paved the way to fraud and scandals of a most serious and far-reaching character. Until the later years of the eighteenth century the regiment "was recruited, paid, and kept up by a sort of contract between the Crown and the colonel," and so complete was the recognition of this system that, prior to the institution of numbers, regiments were habitually known by their colonel's names. The colonel received from the regimental agent the pay and allowances for the establishment, and, as was explained in a previous article, made his own arrangements for recruiting. It goes without saying that under such a system false returns were by no means uncommon, the Government was defrauded, and the private soldier was harshly treated. The natural result was a feeling of bitterness against the Army on the part of those who, under a more benignant system, would have been the first to uphold it as the finest profession in the whole world. A service unpopular with those actually serving could have but a poor chance of winning the esteem and respect of the general public, and so the poor soldier of those days, apart from the absolute need of him "when the band began to play," was a person who enjoyed little consideration at anyone's hands.

Of the domestic life of a soldier in those days, perhaps the less said the better. Even in the memory of men now serving, the existence of the average "married family"—to use a fine old crusted Service term—was not marked by any decency or comfort, and it is painful to attempt to conjure up any idea of the state of things that prevailed three generations back. Here and there, possibly, an officer might be found who, in the intervals of frequent fighting, found pleasure in such charming domestic environment as is here depicted. But for the average married private life must have, indeed, been a queer parody of ordinary matrimonial happiness. To be "married off the strength" is nowadays looked upon as a "poor look-out" for a soldier's wife, as well as for the soldier himself, but in few cases can there be the slightest approach to the conditions of squalor, of privation, of bitter continuous hardship, which surrounded the life of a married private a century ago.

A SOLDIER'S RETURN.

From an Engraving by Ward after Wheatley.

This is but a meagre sketch, dealing with a large and deeply interesting, if difficult, subject. But perhaps enough has been said to show that the soldier of a century back had a very hard time of it, and that the lot of the private, at any rate, is very much better to-day than it ever was then, even in the most favourable circumstances.

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THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY FETE.

"WON'T YOU BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?"

Miss Currie as a Grenadier Officer.

ARISTOCRACY ON THE ROUNDABOUTS.

All Ready for a Wild Ride.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE OPENS THE FETE ON THE THIRD DAY.

Assisted by General and Lady Buller.

The Aldershot Military Fête held last week was organised with a view to helping the soldiers' and sailors' charitable institutions. Amongst those who attended during the "run" of the fête were the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Helen Stewart, Sir Redvers and Lady Buller, and others. General Buller, in the course of his remarks on the second day of the fête, said Mr. Brodrick certainly could do nothing that could help him more in the duties of his office than to go among soldiers and make acquaintance with the Army.

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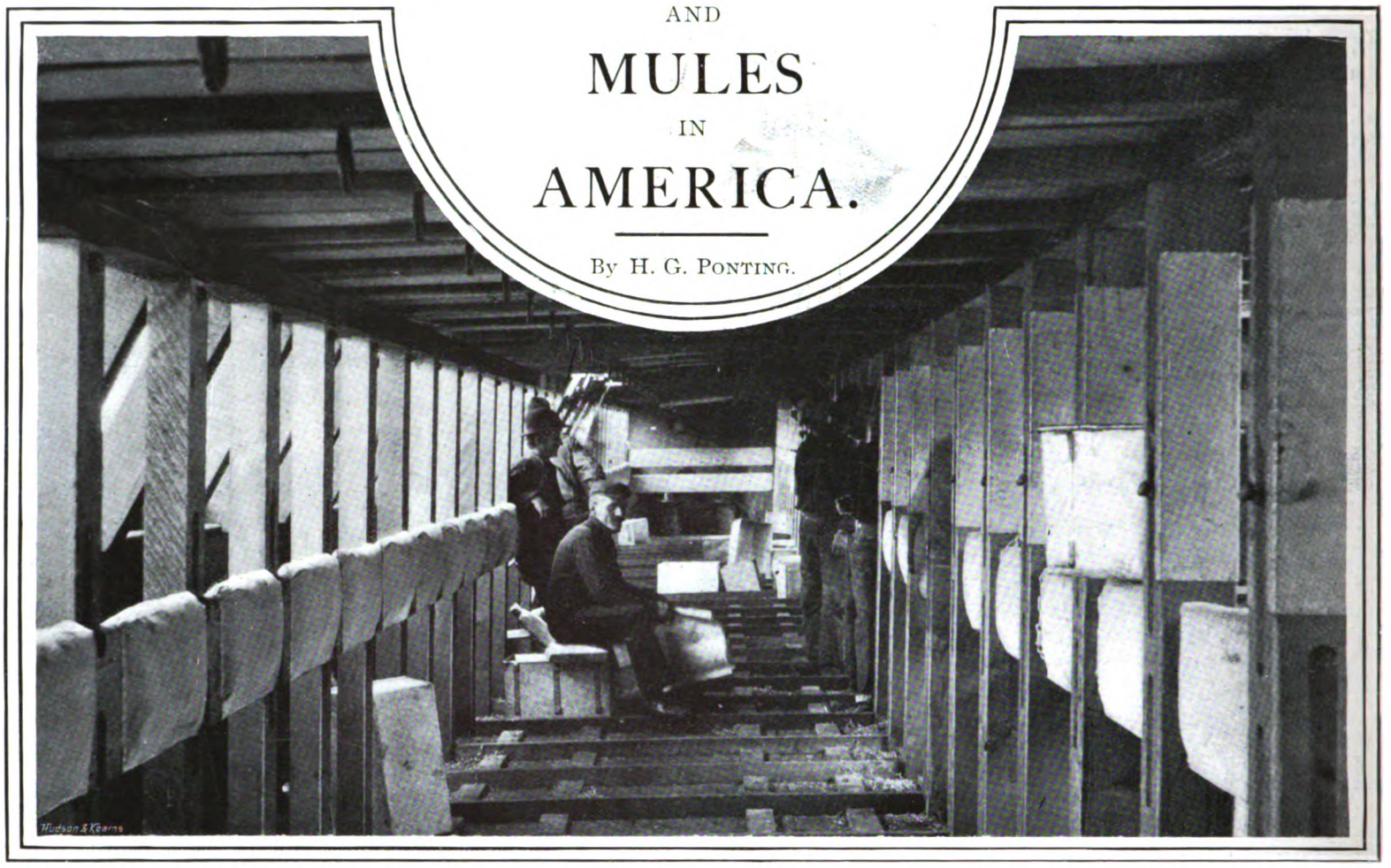
THE SHIPPING OF ARMY HORSES AND MULES IN AMERICA.

By H. G. Ponting.



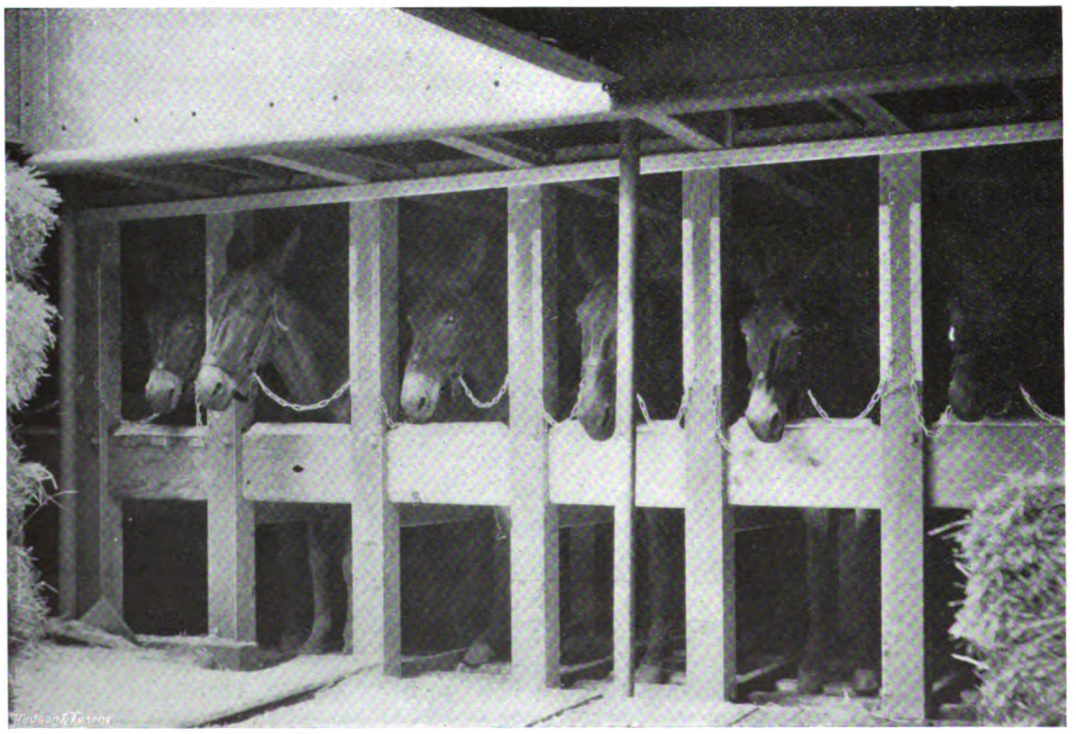
THE STALLS BELOW DECKS READY FOR THE ANIMALS.

Each Stall is about 3-ft. 6-in. Wide, and Padded All Round.

IN view of the enormous business that has of late been done in the United States in the matter of supplying horses and mules, for military purposes, to the different armies of the world, in addition to the home government, a short account of how they are shipped and handled on board the transports should be of general interest, seeing that it is only at a few points, even in America, where the work is being carried on, and few, outside of those immediately concerned, know how our equine friends travel on the ocean.

It has been my lot to be situated in San Francisco during one of the busiest periods in the military history of that city, and there has been ample opportunity during some months past to study the subject of shipping horses and mules, for the operations have been on an immense scale, many thousands of animals having been despatched from that port for use by the American troops in the Philippine Islands and China, and also for the German army in China. No animals have been sent from this point for British use, but the method of handling them is precisely the same as at New Orleans and other places where large numbers of horses and mules have been supplied to the British army in South Africa.

The United States is admittedly the finest country for raising mules. The American mule is said to be without its equal on earth, and after seeing some thousands of them I can imagine this to be true. They are much more used in this country than in England, and constitute Uncle Sam's warm friends in both peace and war. In time of peace, what more constant friend has the farmer than a lusty mule? He can discount the horse hollow on many points, and for staying and tractive power he is far ahead. He can thrive on food that would speedily reduce a horse to emaciation, and his feet do not require anything like as much attention as do those of his more aristocratic associate. Also, when well and thoroughly broken, he is fully the equal of the horse in intelligence, and the way in which a good muleteer makes his charges understand exactly what it is he requires of them is wonderful.



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OFF TO THE WAR.

The Mules in their Berths.

In time of war, where would America be were it not for her mules? Almost might I say, where would England be were it not for these self-same animals? What better friends in South Africa have our own "Tommies" had than the American mules? Have they not shared with the traction engine and the railroad the honour of bringing sustenance to man and beast in every part of the land? And have we not been dependent almost entirely on the United States both for

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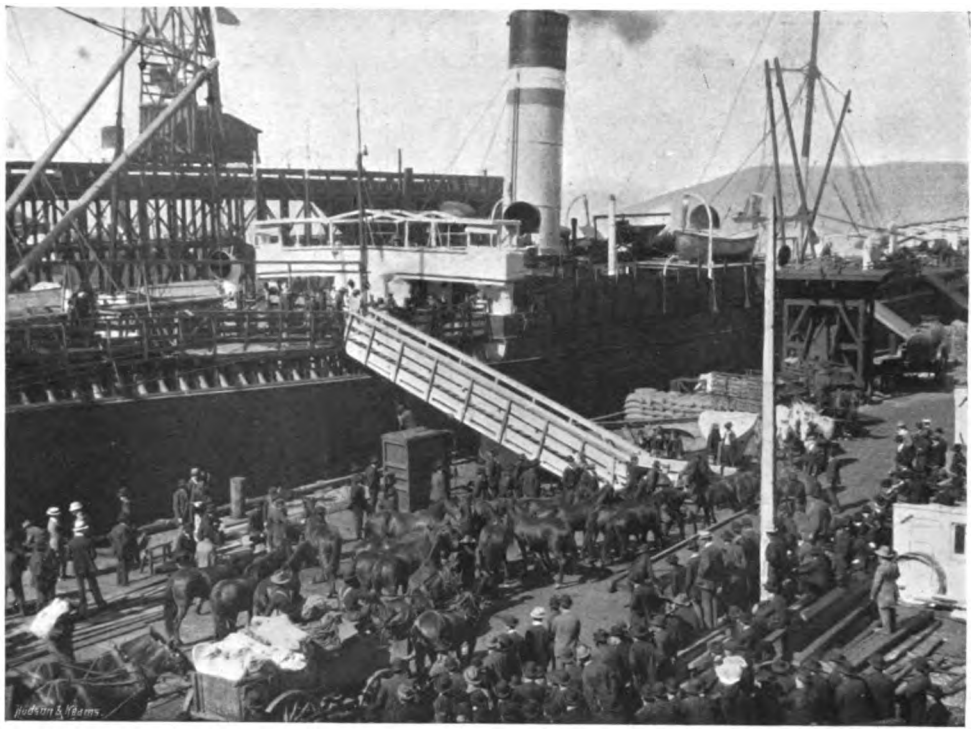
the animals and the men to successfully manage them; and if the supply had not been equal to the demand, should we not have found ourselves hard pressed for a substitute? True we have had horses by the thousand from the Argentine and elsewhere, good ones too, but horses are not mules, nor can they accomplish what the latter do; so let us give the mule the honour that is justly his due, instead of relegating him to a back place, and regarding him, as so many do, as a beast to be in a kind of way pitied for being neither "flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," but a sort of freak animal, half horse and half donkey.

In San Francisco, the majority of the animals sent out for the United States troops have been already in service for some time, whilst those sent out for the German army have been almost entirely the newly-broken-in product. They are brought down to the wharf from the breaking ground at Baden by cowboys, or from the military post at the "Presidio" by troopers, the cowboys driving the newly-broken-in herds, whilst each trooper leads half-a-dozen head.

Up to quite recently, the old way of hoisting the animals on board in a sort of cage was used, but this method has been entirely superseded as being much too slow, and, moreover, accidents from its use were not infrequent.



ON THE POINT OF DEPARTURE.

The Crowd Watching the Horses go On Board.

The gang-plank is now used, the animals being run up on to the upper deck and thence by gangways down through the hatches to the decks below. The berthing of a large number of horses is thus accomplished with a great saving of time and labour.

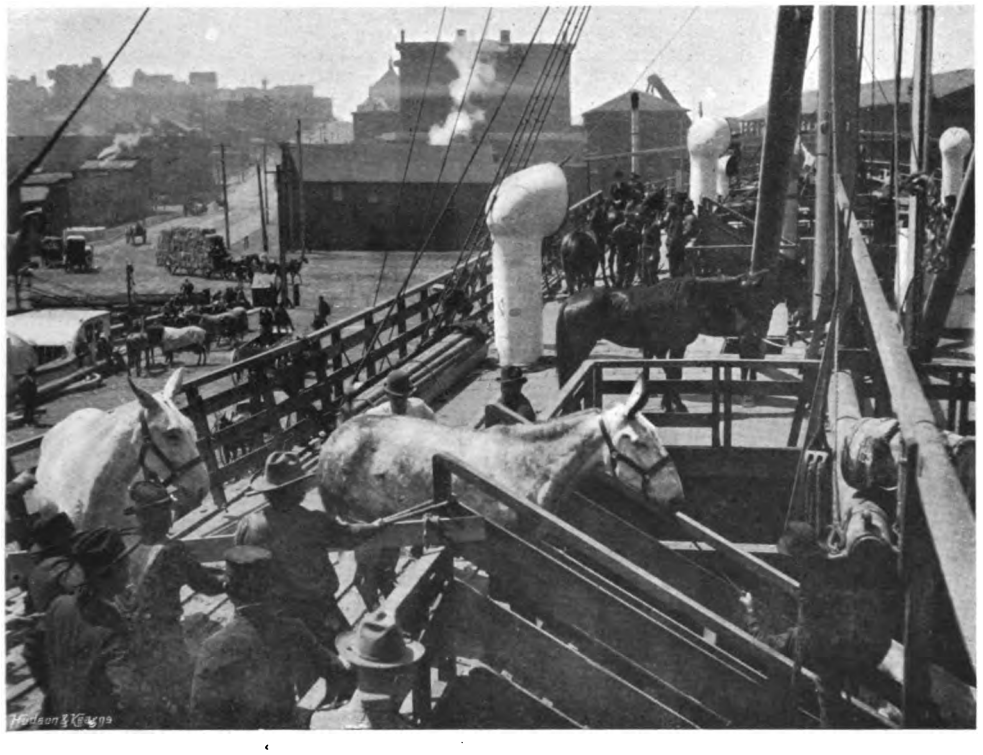
All of the transports used here had a superstructure deck built from the hurricane deck to the bow and stern, making the hurricane deck continuous from end to end of the ship, and thus allowing of sufficient accommodation being built on the deck beneath, or upper deck, for a large number of animals. They are stowed on four decks—upper, main, orlop, and lower—and a most elaborate system of ventilation is always provided, to ensure comfort even if found necessary to close hatches, the experience of the "Siam," one of the first horse transports, proving the vital necessity of this. She ran into a hurricane in the China Sea, and closed all the hatchways. When the storm abated and they were opened again, every man on board was kept busy getting the poor brutes out of their stalls by means of a rope round the neck and a derrick to hoist them over the vessel's side, for almost every horse on board had died from suffocation. The lesson was an expensive one, and pointed a moral which was not disregarded. Since that time each horse-ship has been ventilated so as to make a recurrence of such a misfortune most unlikely, though naturally no system of ventilation can equal that of open hatchways.

It is an easy enough matter to get the horses up the gang-plank going into the ship, but on deck it is quite another matter to induce them to go *down* the runway through the main hatches, fore or aft, to the decks below. Going down a slope presents much greater difficulty to a horse than going up one, and when to this is added the entirely novel look of a dim hatchway, with a right-about-turn in the runway, the prospect is anything but inviting, and in this respect is the only drawback that I can see to this system. If, however, a horse resists too much—and the mules are by far the greater offenders—he is persuaded to change his mind by the application of a rope round his neck and another round his haunches, with a score of brawny cattlemen to pull him down. This convincing argument speedily induces him to move in the required direction. As a rule, example works much better than so forcible a precept, and many a young animal that would otherwise resist goes quietly down, feeling easy in his mind from seeing several of his companions immediately in front of him.

The accommodation is, considering the large numbers carried, very comfortable. Each stall is about 3-ft. 6-in. wide, with ample pads both before and behind to prevent chafing should the ship roll. Once the occupant is in place with the divisions slipped into position, he must manage without lying down until the end of the voyage. This is not, however, such a hardship as at first appears. Many horses sleep standing from choice, and but seldom lie down on board ship; however, it is a case of Hobson's choice, though should the horse desire to relieve his legs the means are provided, in the shape of two iron rings overhead, both in front and behind, to which are attached slings passing under his belly, on which he can allow the weight of his body comfortably to rest, an arrangement that must be an immense source of comfort to the animals.

Each cattleman who accompanies them has ten head to care for; thus the men are not overworked, but are able to give the necessary care and attention the horse at sea naturally demands, with the result that the mortality, which ran high in the earlier stages of the traffic, is now, thanks to better care and ventilation, almost reduced to *nil*, or at any rate so as to cut but a small figure.

Of the thousands of horses and mules sent from this port, not one in a hundred will ever return from China, the Philippine Islands, or wherever the animals are shipped to. At the conclusion of a campaign, spare horses or mules are either sold by auction or destroyed. The great majority sent abroad die before it is time to return.



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IN NEED OF A LITTLE COAXING.

Getting a Mule Down Below.

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THE WORLD AS A PLAYGROUND.

ONE of the many things in which the nineteenth century differed from its predecessors, and in which the twentieth century will differ from them still more, was in the far greater extent to which the Englishman and Englishwoman learned to travel abroad. The stay-at-home personage is now almost a relic of the past. The wonders, beauties, and interests of the fjords of Norway, of the mountains and lakes of Switzerland and Italy, the old cities and churches of Germany, the romantic valleys of the Pyrenees, the Oriental charms of Tunis and Egypt, and the glories, indeed, of all the continents, have tempted many to forsake insular retirement; and thus the spirit of cosmopolitanism, based upon a larger patriotism, has grown from more to more. At home also it is gratifying to see how many are the visitants to the mountains of Wales, the attractive dales of Derbyshire, the fascinating country of Shakespeare, the glorious region of the Lakes, and other beautiful districts of England, and not less to scenes of grandeur in the Scottish Highlands, and to fair resorts amid the sweeter charms of Killarney and many delightful parts of Ireland, as well as to the abbeys, castles, and churches spread broadcast throughout our native land. The railway, with increasing comforts, the steam-boat, the coach, the cycle, and now the motor, have provided facilities that even our fathers never dreamed of, and it is curious to reflect that the very word "travel" recalls, as a form of "travail," the toil of travelling in olden days.

The vast interests of holiday-makers and holiday-making have created a demand for information, and for a fuller knowledge of the places best worth visiting, the scenes to be enjoyed, the things to be investigated, the amusements not to be overlooked, the many matters to be arranged, and a hundred other things that concern the voyager on the eve of his departure. "Bradshaw" could no longer suffice. His dry bones of figures and miles and fares needed to be clothed with the flesh and blood of copious information. It was to meet a conspicuous want that that beautiful and attractive weekly, the *Traveller*, written for those "for whom all the world is a playground," was established, and already three goodly volumes, veritable treasures of beauty, attest the reality of the need, for the issue has been a triumphant success. Its illustrations alone are a revelation of delight, and its articles and notes invest with far larger and richer interest the entrancing scenes depicted. It has been said that, in these days of railroads, people rush through countries and see nothing. This may be so, but the fault is not with the railways. They confer upon us the inestimable advantage of being able, with little fatigue, to visit countries that were much less accessible to our ancestors. What a blessing, then, that not only our own island, our smiling fields and rich woods, the mountains full of peace and the rivers of joy, the lakes, and heaths, and hills, castles and cathedrals, and many a spot immortalised in history and poetry—not these only, but the sun and scenery of the South, the Alps, those palaces of Nature, the blue Mediterranean, and the cities of Europe, with all their memories and treasures, are brought within a few hours of us. They are brought by the *Traveller*, in one sense, within our own doors. There has been no stint in the provision of illustrations for the paper, and already the world seems to have been ransacked for many of its charms.

It is impossible even to suggest the immense variety of subjects treated in these most suggestive pages, which are as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the tourist. In the first place, there is an abundance of matter touching railways and steam-ships, and the many facilities they give for visiting various places. Then nothing is neglected that could facilitate the preliminary arrangements. There are particulars as to equipment and outfit for journeying in different countries, instructions as to dress, what to wear abroad, shooting and fishing requirements, photographic outfit, and all travelling arrangements. But, after all, perhaps the greatest value of the book is in its revelation of possibilities. We learn of the existence of many beauties of Nature and Art of which we have scarcely heard before. Their characteristics, history, and associations are brought before us in a completely satisfactory way, and whether we are seeking the majestic scenery of the North, or the blessing and delight of the southern sun, these pages are full of exactly the information that is called for. The requirements of every season appear to be considered. There is an article, for example, upon the health and pleasure to be derived from a stay at Arcachon in the winter. The Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem are described, and, as the spring approaches, the careful editor has many notes concerning the attractions of the Riviera. When summer comes he takes us to the Tyrol, the Alps and the Apennines, the spas of Germany, the mountains of Norway, and to many attractive scenes in such places as Trouville, Homburg, and gay Ostend. Those who look for out-of-the way places will find many hints in these pages, and will discover many delightful by-ways of European travel.

There is a great deal of amusement in the book also, and Mr. Raven Hill has contributed some extremely clever cartoons, at which it is impossible not to laugh. He is not alone in giving these lighter touches to the fascinating pages, while many particulars relating to the favourites of foreign operas and the gaieties of popular resorts add a great deal to the brightness of this most charming *Traveller*. The ladies find fashions described and pictured to a marvel, and suitable gowns for particular resorts are satisfactorily illustrated. Every new book that deals with travel seems to find an expositor.

But it is not possible to exhaust the various interest of the issue. We can only recommend those who contemplate holiday-making, either at home or abroad, to order the publication from their newsvendors. They will find therein a very picturesque *mélange* of everything that concerns their particular quests, while new avenues will be opened out which they will be tempted to traverse. Even if they should be seeking sport far afield, or should contemplate a visit to Atlantic City, where 50,000 people bathe together, they will not find the *Traveller* wanting. To those whose opportunities do not enable them to go so far, the paper will be a constant delight, because it depicts with extreme beauty the places brought before them, invested almost with the force of reality. As Sir John Lubbock says, in his charming essay on "Travel," good descriptions and pictures help us to see much more than we should perhaps perceive for ourselves. He might have had these illustrations of the *Traveller* in his mind when he added that it might even be doubted whether some persons do not derive a more correct impression from a good picture or description, which brings out the salient points, than they would from actual unaided inspection. We are disposed to use his words in describing the *Traveller*, where he says that for those who cannot journey these descriptions and pictures have an immense interest; while to those who have travelled they will afford an inexhaustible delight in reviving the memories of beautiful scenes and interesting expeditions.

THE forage caps of the cavalry rank and file are confusing, and not always sufficiently distinctive, but the following table will help to an understanding of them. The colours in the first column are those of the caps, and in the second those of the cap-bands:

Blue	...	Scarlet	...	Household Cavalry.
Blue	...	Scarlet	...	9th Lancers.
Blue	...	White	...	13th Hussars.
Blue	...	White (Vandyked)		2nd Dragoons.
Blue	...	White	...	2nd and 6th Dragoon Guards.
Blue	...	White	...	17th Lancers.
Blue	...	Yellow	...	All Hussars, except 11th, 13th, and 15th.
Blue	...	Yellow	...	1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 7th Dragoon Guards.
Blue	...	Yellow	...	1st and 6th Dragoons.
Blue	...	Yellow	...	5th, 12th, and 16th Lancers.
Crimson	...	Yellow	...	11th Hussars.
Scarlet	...	Yellow	...	15th Hussars.
Scarlet	...	Yellow	...	19th Lancers.
Scarlet	...	Blue	...	Military Police.

The Lancers, the Dragoon Guards, and the 1st and 6th Dragoons wear lace bands instead of cloth.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 232.] SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE CHAMPION SHOTS OF THE ARMY.

The Army Sixty Rifle Meeting terminated last Saturday at Bisley, when the names of the winners of the Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals, the makers of the three highest scores in the Army shooting, were announced. Captain Etches, Hythe Staff, who is seated in the middle of the group, carried off the Gold Medal with 568 points, Staff-Sergeant Wallingford, who is on his right, took the Silver Medal with 563 points, and Sergeant-Instructor Churcher, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the remaining figure in the group, won the Bronze Medal with 559 points.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

*** *Owing to pressure of space, the second instalment of the Cricklewood Rifle Trials result has been postponed until next week.*

The Truth About the Navy.

WHAT is the truth about the Navy? Are we so prepared that we can face unmoved any enemy or combination of enemies? We know that our seamen can still say truly:

> "As in their pride our fathers died,
> If need be, so die we,"

but can we say, and, if we say it, can we make our words good:

> "So wield we still, gainsay who will,
> The sceptre of the sea"?

The Navy League says we have lost "the sceptre of the sea." But then, you will say, perhaps the Navy League is rather an old-womanish society, ready to break out into tearful outcry on very small provocation. Let us see, however, what the Navy League can allege in support of its view that, after ruling the waves for the better part of a century, we have now ceased to hold the command which has so long been Britain's pride. It offers us five reasons. We have lost command of the sea, it declares, because—

(1) Our recent Naval programmes for men, ships, and material have been insufficient.

(2) The programmes proposed by the responsible Minister and sanctioned by Parliament as the least compatible with safety have not been carried out.

(3) The ships that were included in our Naval Estimates, although laid down, have been delayed on the stocks, or are under equipment, until some of them will be half obsolete before they are complete, and a large number of the promised battle-ships are not yet included on the strength of the Navy.

(4) Other nations have ostentatiously and successfully increased their programmes of Naval construction, thus still further diminishing our relative strength.

(5) A new and resolute claimant for sea power has arisen.

Now this was what the Navy League said some time ago—to be exact, in October last year. Most people recognised a good deal of truth in the five reasons for its alarming opinion, even though the alarming opinion did not seem to follow as a matter of logic upon the reasons. Most people felt that we had some leeway to make up, and that steady determination was needed to put us into a secure state. Most people imagined that we should make a quiet and unostentatious, but none the less resolute, effort to strengthen the Navy in those places where it was dangerously weak, and that we should devote to this end all the money that could be spared for National Defence purposes.

What has happened since October last year? Have we made this effort? Has there been any evidence of a steady determination? Yes, we believe that everything possible has been done to complete the ships that are in the dockyards. So far, so good. But then comes a third question: Have we spent on the Navy all the defence money we could afford? To this the answer must be in the negative. Nor is it merely a negative folly that we have committed. We have run into a very positive piece of madness as well. We are about to spend an enormous sum on the Army, not only upon the Regular Army, but upon the Auxiliary Forces—the Militia and the Yeomanry and the Volunteers—and we are doing this at a time when our fleet in the Mediterranean is, by the admission of the Admiralty, below the strength at which it ought to be maintained.

Now we of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have no fondness for panics. We do not believe that a panic is ever a good thing. Even if it leads to something useful being done, it is invariably followed by a reaction, and then we slip back again, and another outcry has to be made before anything further can be got out of the taxpayer. And the result is that the taxpayer gets into the habit of thinking that nothing ever need be done save in response to a cry of panic, which is a very dangerous as well as a very uncomfortable and inconvenient state for a nation to fall into. Therefore, we are not at all inclined to beat the breast and make lamentations at street corners over the supposed treachery of our rulers and the supposed dangerous condition of the Fleet. But, at the same time, we cannot help expressing surprise at Mr. Arnold-Forster's speech in the House of Commons last week. Mr. Arnold-Forster admitted the truth of so much which Admiralty critics have said, that his calmness in face of the situation was remarkable and rather disquieting. Nothing that the Secretary to the Admiralty admitted was new to those who keep themselves acquainted with Naval matters. He allowed that the Mediterranean Fleet had not enough of the newest class of battle-ships, had not enough cruisers, had not enough torpedo-boat destroyers. This we all knew. But what followed? Merely the remark that to reinforce the fleet in the Mediterranean at once would mean weakening the fleet in the Channel. Well, the question of distributing our Naval resources must be the Admiralty's business, and for outsiders to interfere with advice would be silly and impertinent. But is it not also the business of the Admiralty, when they find that there are not enough resources to distribute satisfactorily, to insist that the Government shall either increase those resources, or take some other steps to put our safety as an Empire beyond doubt?

We believe that while the Mediterranean Fleet is under its proper strength for the moment yet the Admiralty know that the political conditions are such as to remove for the moment the possibility of danger. If this be so, it would have been much better for Mr. Arnold-Forster not to have admitted quite so much, or else, if it was thought necessary to make admissions, for him to have announced some move that would have quieted the public mind and at the same time have made assurance doubly sure. Such a move would have been the junction of the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets for joint manœuvres and training. This would be a capital step to take at once. Mr. Arnold-Forster said it was in contemplation, but he did not say when it was likely to be taken. Or, again, if there really were danger, we could buy up some battle-ships and cruisers ready-made. South American Republics generally have a few such on hand, and even Spain might have agreed to strike a bargain for such a vessel as the "Carlos V." The thing which produces such a bad impression is to admit weakness and not to say that anything will be done at once to remedy it.

It is not as if money were lacking. The nation is willing to provide as much money as the Government like to ask for. It is even too willing to give any quantity of rope that is demanded for any purpose connected with Navy or Army. There would have been no harm, for example, if it had thought a little more about finding the immense sum asked for by the War Office for its "cocked hat and new brick" scheme. The Government, therefore, could obtain whatever amount is required for the Navy without any difficulty at all; or, better still, they could divert to the needs of the Navy the money already voted for the million and a-half which the Auxiliary Forces are to absorb annually in future. As a letter in the *Times* forcibly put it a few days ago, "To squander money upon Auxiliary Forces at a time when the Fleet is in want of men and of ships implies national insanity." Will nothing arouse the Government to a sense of the reality of things? Can nothing disturb the indolent, sham philosophical self-satisfaction of one-half of our administrators, the fussy handling of the wrong ends of sticks in which the other half indulge? Will the leaders of the nation sing for ever, like the lotus-eaters:

> "Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave? . . .
> Let what is broken so remain.
> The Gods are hard to reconcile:
> 'Tis hard to settle order once again."

When will Britain escape from the lethargy that clouds her mind and paralyses her once strong and active arm?

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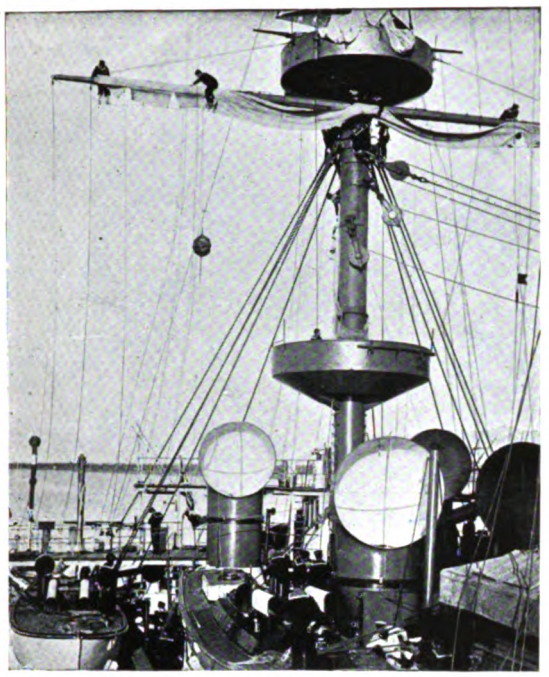


A WAR-SHIP PREPARING FOR SEA.
Getting on the Canvas Coverings for Boats.

The Forthcoming Naval Manœuvres.

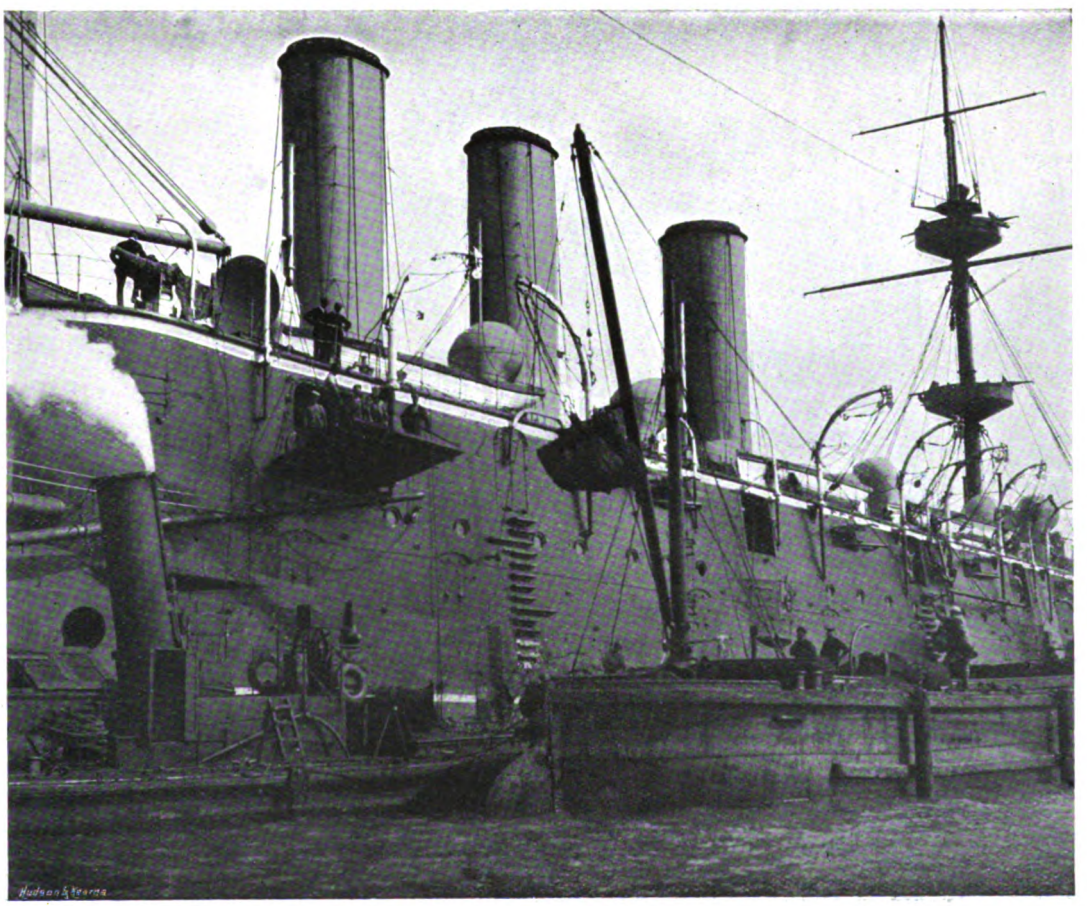
ACTIVE PREPARATIONS IN PROGRESS AT THE DOCKYARDS.

THE NECESSARY FOOD FOR THE GUNS.
Taking 9·2-in. Ammunition on Board.

THE Naval Manœuvres which are to begin next week are likely to attract more attention than some of their recent predecessors, in which there has been an element of incompleteness. The important debate in the House of Commons, the magnitude of the French manœuvres in the Mediterranean, and a general movement of public opinion, stirred by some apprehension as to the sufficiency and efficiency of the Fleet, should all combine to rivet the attention of the people upon the mimic war. Moreover, the Manœuvres themselves promise to be more than usually interesting, and there is a scheme for the operations which offers opportunities of many kinds, both strategical and tactical, and not less for the training of officers and men, while the new features may be regarded as an advance upon some with which we have been familiar.

At all the ports the greatest activity prevails in making ready for the operations. We may suppose, for the purpose of the Manœuvres, that we are now in that interesting state of ferment in which international relations are strained, and public opinion throughout Europe is agitated by the imminence of war. With the utmost activity the work goes on, but there is no confusion, and progress is steady and methodical. The due supply of ammunition, of stores of all conceivable sorts, the taking in of coal—a matter in which some of the Channel ships have recently been making an excellent record—the drafting of men from the depôts to the ships mobilised—these and a thousand and one other matters of lesser importance are the preliminaries of the Manoeuvres. This, therefore, is the time in which, in some measure, our readiness is being tested, and when there is some probing of the national armour. Let it not be supposed, however, that the test is thorough, nor perhaps that, even in its moderate degree, it is adequate. To mobilise the Fleet, in the full meaning of the word, is a much larger operation, which would throw a great strain upon every defensive resource in the Kingdom and Empire, with the result that commerce would be dislocated, and the course of affairs be given a completely new direction. Such a test can scarcely be made; but the mobilisation for the Manœuvres, as far as it goes, is, after all, a true test, and is an exemplification of the completeness of a system which supplies every necessity to the ships and despatches men for each of whom a place is ready. These men are told off on the day of mobilisation, provided with complete information in the plainest form as to what ship they shall join, and what duty in her they shall perform.

This year an interesting change which has recently been made is likely to show its value. Hitherto the coastguard ships, which constituted the Home or Reserve Squadron, have remained through the year at their local stations, and have had no opportunity of working together except during the Manoeuvres. Now that the squadron is permanently under an admiral, with full complements, and assembles several times in the year, the necessity for a long preliminary period in the Manoeuvres partly disappears. So altered is the squadron in its organisation by recent changes that the term Reserve Squadron" is no longer truly applicable to it. As to the efficiency of the Channel Squadron we are assured, and the two are about to enter upon most valuable Manœuvres.



A VITAL ELEMENT IN MODERN VESSELS.
Busy Work in Coaling Ship.

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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT BRISBANE

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES LANDING AT KENNEDY'S WHARF.

Prior to the Triumphant Procession through the Streets.

Photos. Copyright. *P. C. Poulsen, Brisbane.*

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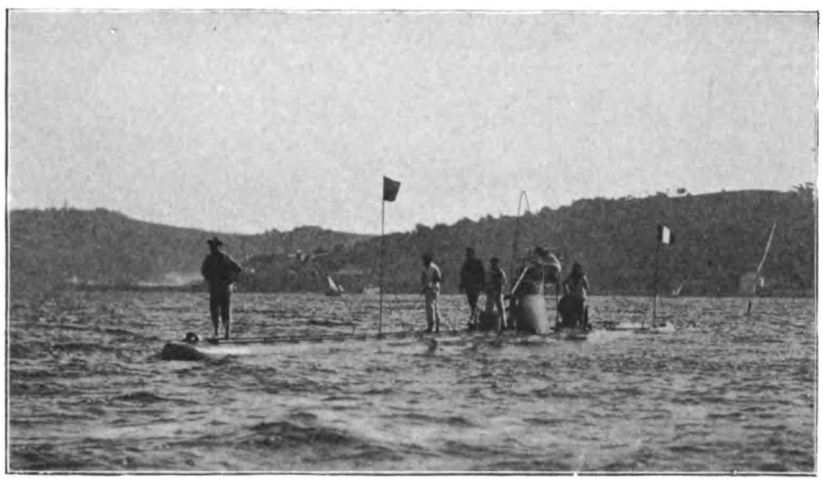
A PORTUGUESE BIVOUAC.



A FRENCH SUBMARINE.

SOME ITALIAN OFFICERS

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

THE two lectures on War by M. Jean de Bloch, read at the Royal United Service Institution, ought to be spoken of with respect. M. de Bloch has taken a vast amount of trouble, and his intentions are no doubt excellent; and for these reasons, as well as because he is a foreigner, who has done us the honour to come here to explain his opinions, we ought not to pooh-pooh his arguments. Yet one cannot read the newspaper reports of them without feeling rather sorry that an ingenious foreign gentleman should have toiled so hard to arrive at such extraordinary, and extraordinarily futile, results. Take, for instance, the lecturer's amazing deduction that the magazine rifle and smokeless powder have destroyed the superiority of the disciplined soldier over the civilian. No wilder deduction was ever drawn. Why should the fact that we have a weapon which kills at a distance better than any hitherto invented render greater skill of no avail? For that is really what M. de Bloch is maintaining. What is, or ever was, or ever will be, the trained soldier? The man who has been taught to act with others, and to use arms. He can be nothing else. He must have an advantage over the less skilled man, just as trained men must have in every kind of work. No change in weapons can ever alter a superiority which arises from the nature of things. Of course, a new weapon may make it necessary to modify the teaching given to the soldier, but that is an entirely different matter.

* * * *

M. de Bloch, like a good many other people, seems rather to have lost his head over the South African War. He speaks of it as if it proved that the citizen soldier has in some way become equal to the professional soldier. Of course it shows no such thing. The Boers are not untrained men at all. They bear no sort of resemblance to the artisans, agricultural labourers, clerks, and so forth of a European State. Quite the contrary. They were in their fashion very effectually prepared for war. To begin with, they had a military organisation, rough no doubt, but simple, effective, and familiar to them all. In the Transvaal, at least, if not in the Orange Free State, the older men among them had known what it was to live in a chronic state of war. The younger may have lacked experience, but they had the guidance and example of their superiors. Then they were familiar with the use of weapons. It is very likely that not many of them were the marvellous shots we used to hear about, but none were ignorant, and the general average of skill in shooting was fairly good—certainly it was far higher than could be expected among the citizens of a closely-populated industrial European people. Their rough ways of life had prepared them for campaigning, while their solitary and nomadic habits had fitted them to endure the hardships of war. So far from being a citizen army in the sense that a multitude of Europeans would be, they formed an army of a kind—and of a kind by no means ill-adapted to the country and the circumstances. It is because they are not a citizen army in the sense the phrase would have in Europe that they have made such a long fight. Their example proves, and does not disprove, the value of military organisation and training.

* * * *

When M. de Bloch talks of France as being able to carry on a guerrilla against a German invasion, he is misled by false analogies. At least, he is if he means that this could be their only resource, and would be effectual. As an addition to a regular army, guerrilleros have their value, and have been commonly used. The Croats of the Imperial armies in the Thirty Years' War, the Tolpatches, and Hungarian "Insurrection" of the War of the Austrian Succession, and the partisans who are mentioned in the correspondence of Marlborough, were guerrilleros. A guerrilla is nothing but what was called in the old French military term *la petite guerre*—that is to say, the capturing of an enemy's convoys, the interrupting of his communications, and the useful work of keeping down his reconnoitring and foraging parties. It can be very effective when the invader is also faced by a regular army which compels him to keep his forces concentrated. There have been occasions in the history of war when active partisans operating as subordinates to regular troops have turned the scale in a campaign. The Peninsular War is full of examples. But M. de Bloch has to prove that guerrilla warfare can succeed by itself, and that he will find difficult. It will also be hard for him to show that a rich industrial country can stand the disorganisation and the general misery of such warfare. Russia did in 1812, because it was poor and thinly inhabited. Spain did for years together, both in the resistance to the French and in civil conflicts. For the same reason the Boers are doing it to-day. But change the conditions, and the thing ceases to be possible.

* * * *

His laborious argument to prove that great wars are becoming impossible, because the defensive is now too strong and offensive war too costly, is really of no more value than his advocacy of the citizen soldier. When we look at it closely, what does his contention amount to? In reality to no more than this—that, given equality, or a close approach to equality, in numbers, armament, spirit, and intelligence, an invader can make little way, and the war will be indecisive. No doubt he is right; but when was this not the case? An invader has always won by virtue of some superiority he had, either in material force, or morally, or intellectually. Even M. de Bloch will hardly maintain that the Germans would fail if the French Government were threatened by a revolt of all the country south of the Loire, or if its generals were either utterly incapable or were unscrupulous persons who intrigued against one another. But to say, as he does, that where the contending forces are equally balanced, the result must be indecisive, is no better than a platitude. As for the economic strain of which he speaks, it is as bad for the defender as for the assailant; and even worse, if he has to allow a part of his territory to be occupied. It is for the present true that the great Powers are so nearly equal in strength for one reason or another, that no one of them, and no probable combination of them, could hope to overcome any other, or combination of others, rapidly. This is the chief reason for believing that there will be no European war yet awhile; but it surely does not prove that war would be impossible if one side had cause to believe itself distinctly superior in strength. There is just now a real balance of power, and therefore we may fairly hope for a long peace. But suppose that the often-predicted dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were to take place, what would become of the balance and the peace it secures?

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Until evidence to the contrary is produced, nobody will believe that a gentleman in the great position of a British admiral in active command has been carrying on an agitation in the Press. He cannot do it openly, even though it is his patriotic purpose to warn the country of danger threatening its safety. To take refuge in underground devices, such as getting other people to commit indiscretions with his letters, is emphatically the kind of thing that a gentleman cannot do. Something of the sort was done once by an admiral of much noisy reputation for a brief space, and the Admiralty then made a precedent which it is to be hoped would be followed again if ever the necessity arose. Admiral Vernon, of Porto Bello renown, who was a member of the House of Commons, and a very fluent one, was the offender. He came back from the West Indies in no pleasant humour with My Lords, and had some tart correspondence with them — in fact, he wrote very insolent letters — on a matter of promotion. In spite of these jars, however, he was put in command in the Channel during the crisis of the '45. Vernon went in the sulks, and continued in that frame of mind. He was confirmed in his ill-temper by the secret, but as it turned out very unfounded, conviction that the King would not allow an old admiral to be snubbed by young Ministers. Walking up and down his quarter-deck in contemplation of his wrongs, and his glory, quite unchecked by criticism from awe-struck subordinates, he fumed himself to the point at which he took to publishing anonymous pamphlets against the Ministry. When called upon to say whether they were his, he refused to answer, and was there and then struck off the list of the Navy. The Navy always was a disciplined body, and nobody was ever allowed to suppose that he could belong to it and also be a law unto himself, even though he had an estate and was a member of Parliament and a person well known in Society. When that ceases to be the case, something will have happened to it which is a great deal worse than want of destroyers.

DAVID HANNAY.

OUR SQUADRON IN THE FAR EAST.

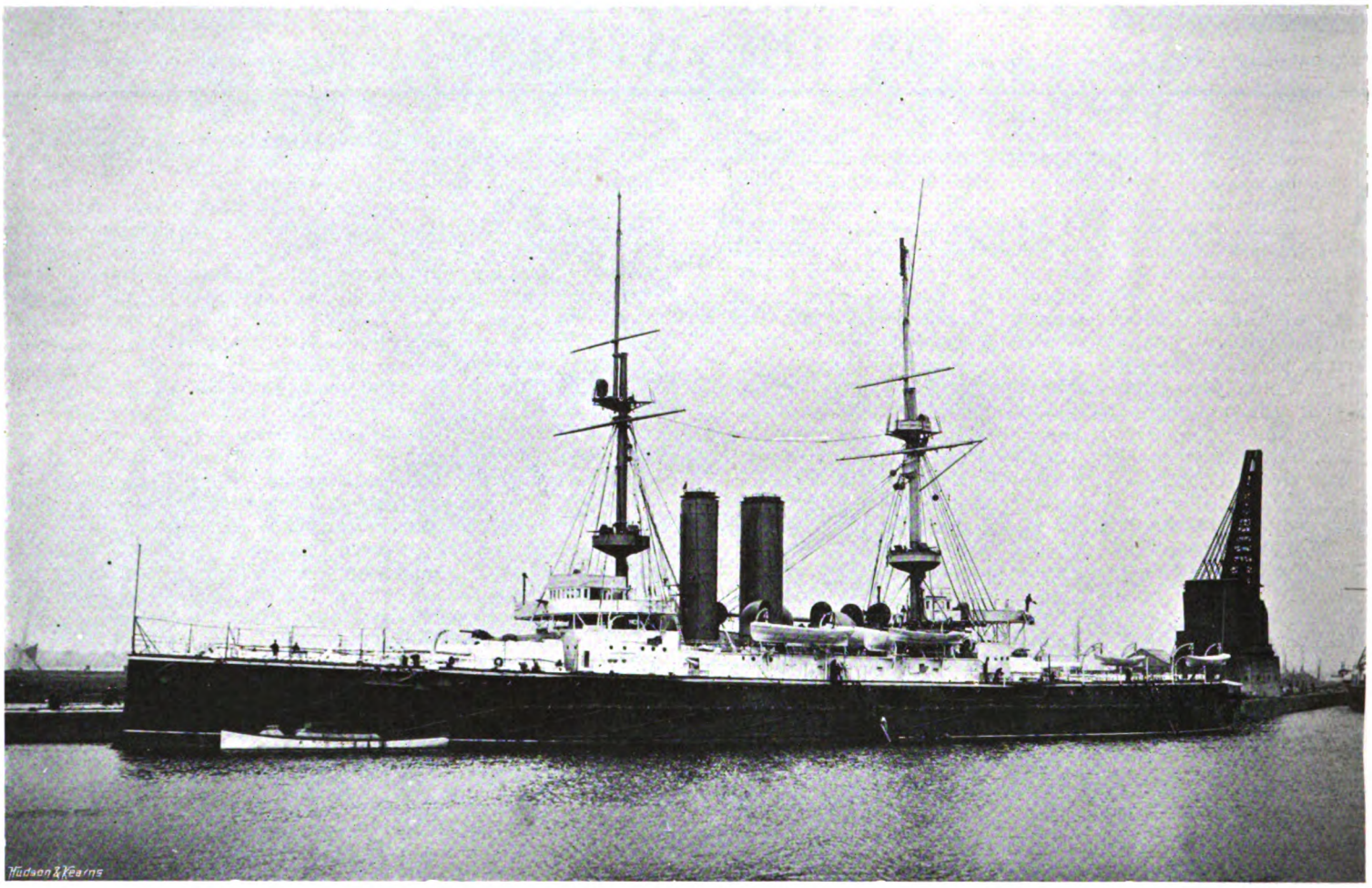

Photo. Copyright. THE "ALBION," A NEW FLAG-SHIP FOR THE CHINA SEAS. *Johnson & Logan.*

THE strength of all our Naval squadrons both at home and abroad has been very materially increased during the last few years, but nowhere has this increase been more in evidence than in the waters of the Far East. If we look back but as far as the winter of 1897-98 we find that the squadron Sir E. H. Seymour then had under his command comprised three battle-ships (one lent from the Mediterranean), five first-class, three second-class, and one third-class cruisers, three sloops, six sea-going gun-boats, and four torpedo-boat destroyers.

To-day the squadron Sir Edward has just handed over to Sir Cyprian Bridge comprises no less than four battle-ships, all of modern type; seven first-class cruisers (including that superb ship, the "Cressy," now outward bound), seven second-class and one third-class cruisers; ten sloops and gun-vessels; and four destroyers; to say nothing of some half-dozen shallow-draught river gun-boats. It is no exaggeration to say that the powerful force we have in the China Seas went a very long way in saving the situation during the recent troublous times, for it enabled a large Naval Brigade to be landed for service on shore at the very moment it was most urgently needed, that is to say, before reinforcements could arrive from India. Sir Cyprian Bridge may, indeed, be proud of the squadron of which he has now assumed command, and should trouble arise, we have in those waters a superb fleet, and one of our ablest sea-commanders to handle it. It is not Sir Cyprian's first foreign command, for from January, 1895, to November, 1897, he was Commander-in-Chief on the Australasian station. We illustrate here what will be the latest addition to his fleet, the "Albion," which has just been commissioned by Captain W. W. Hewett to replace the "Barfleur" as the flag-ship of Sir Cyprian Bridge's second in command. She will prove a very powerful addition of strength to his fleet, for she is a finer vessel in every way than the "Barfleur," and is the last completed of a new class of battle-ship, of which three are already on the station. These are the "Ocean," "Glory," and "Goliath," whilst other sisters are the "Canopus," in the Mediterranean, and the "Vengeance," not yet flying the pennant. They are not the largest of our battle-ships, as they are only of 12,950 tons displacement, but their armament is equal to that of the largest battle-ships, and they are very powerfully protected. They have been purposely kept to a comparatively small draught and displacement, so as to be able to make without difficulty the passage of the Suez Canal. The "Albion" has a reputation to live up to, for her immediate predecessor, a two-decked line of battle-ship carrying ninety guns, which was launched in 1842 as a sailing vessel, and afterwards converted for the screw propeller, figured at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and a still earlier "Albion," a 74-gun ship, was with Lord Exmouth at Algiers in 1816, and eleven years later shared in the victory of Navarino. The new flag-ship carries a complement of 779 officers and men.

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YEOMAN KELLS, V.C.

ROUND THE WORLD.

SKETCHES WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

SERGEANT-MAJOR RULE.

OUR military operations in South Africa still seem piecemeal and sporadic, and possess nothing of dash or surface brilliancy. It is by the slow wearing away of resistance that the countries will be subjected, and by a steady and constant pressure exerted over a vast area. It is not possible to conceive a situation more trying to soldiers, or operations demanding greater endurance and fortitude. Captain Slocum, the American Military Attaché, describes how he saw our officers and men literally "brave to a fault," showing a coolness and even carelessness of danger that astonished him. Most of the newspaper correspondents have returned, and now we are left to picture for ourselves the indomitable courage and uncomplaining endurance of the men who are engaged in the country's cause at a time when the glamour of war is brushed away, and when the shout of victory, as it was heard in the dramatic advance of Lord Roberts, can be heard no more. All honour, then, to the soldiers in South Africa, and when the Englishman hears the voice of calumny raised against them, how shall he control his indignation? There are those who traduce our soldiers even in this country, while foul slanders are in the papers of Germany and France, and no story is too vile or too palpably absurd to become the current coin of a venal Press. And yet there are thousands of Boer men and women who owe safety and comfort to our troops, and who are so well provided for and safeguarded, indeed, that it has become a saying in South Africa, that it would now "pay" better to be a conciliated Boer than a fighting Englishman.

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AT his first inspection of the Yeomen of the Guard His Majesty the King conferred the Royal Victorian Medal on two veterans of this splendid old corps, whose portraits head these pages. The one is Sergeant-Major Arthur Rule, the senior Yeoman Messenger of the corps, who was formerly Sergeant-Major in the old 20th (East Devon) Foot, now the Lancashire Fusiliers. This fine old veteran bears the Queen's commission, for he was the first Sergeant-Major of the 24th Middlesex (Post Office) Volunteers, and in that regiment rose to the rank of Major. The French Legion of Honour was conferred on him for gallantry at Inkerman. Yeoman Robert Kells, who also received the medal, was formerly trumpet-major in the 9th Lancers and 19th Hussars. He is a veteran of the second Sikh War, and fought at Chillianwallah and Goojrat. He wears the only V.C. in the corps, which he earned as a lance-corporal of the 9th during the Indian Mutiny, which he won for gallantiy defending a wounded officer against a number of rebels, and so saving his life.

THE LATE MR. T. H. M. POULTON,

Who Died at the Early Age of Forty-two, was an Admiralty Official of Marked Ability, who was for Long Private Secretary to Lord Goschen when he was First Lord o the Admiralty.

THE TOMB OF THE LATE MR. T. H. M. POULTON.

This Beauti ul Memorial was Erected by his Colleagues of the Admiralty to a Comrade who had won both their Esteem and Affection as an Arduous ficial and a Christian Gentleman.

Photo. by Permission of the City Memorial Works.

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THE subject of our illustration was no doubt well known to a great many of our readers as a most capable and courteous official of the Admiralty, whose loss has been keenly felt not only in that office, but by many of the outside public who were brought into contact with the department. The late Thomas Hill Mortimer Poulton, younger son of Major-General H. B. A. Poulton, Bengal Staff Corps, was born on December 8, 1856, at Simla, in the East Indies, where he passed through the Indian Mutiny. In 1860 he came to England, and in 1864 was placed at a private school in St. John's Wood, until 1870, and after two years of further private tuition went to King's College School, whence he entered the Accountant-General's department of the Admiralty. In 1878 he was transferred to the Secretary's department, where he remained, serving in turn in nearly every branch of that department. For five years he filled the post of librarian, from which position he was promoted to a Higher Division clerkship—the first promotion of its kind in the Admiralty—in 1892. In November, 1895, Lord (then Mr.) Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, appointed him to be one of his assistant private secretaries. This position he held up to the date of his unexpected and somewhat sudden death on July 6, 1899, in connection with which event Mr. Goschen wrote: "I personally feel the loss I have sustained, in losing an excellent

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secretary, very deeply," and added, "I valued his services very highly, and considered him most efficient and loyal. He was always ready for any work I might put upon him, and never spared himself." The Secretary of the Admiralty—Sir Evan MacGregor—also wrote: "I had the pleasure of being at one time closely connected with him in the same branch at the Admiralty, and had special opportunities for seeing and appreciating his excellent work, always admirably performed with so much thought and intelligence, and I could not be insensible to his beautiful character, which no amount of worry could ever for a moment alter." The affectionate regard in which Mr. Poulton was held by his colleagues of all ranks at the Admiralty is shown by the memorial stone which they have erected over his grave at Wimbledon Cemetery. While throwing himself heartily into his official work at the Admiralty, he was equally zealous in responding to calls for another service, and being in great request as a preacher, he was not infrequently bespoken for more than a year ahead, for every Sunday, and for two or three evenings every week. His natural inclinations had led him in boyhood to become proficient in athletic sports. A daring gymnast, an elegant skater, and a good oarsman and swimmer, he cheerfully relinquished these amusements to devote his spare hours to the task of helping his fellow-creatures—for he was "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

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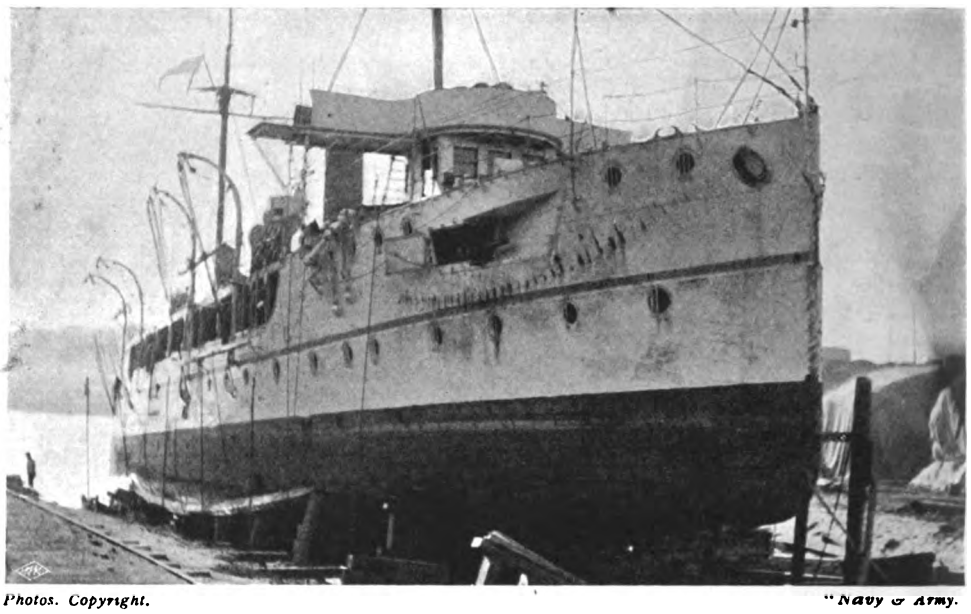
ON the whole, we must credit Sultan Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz of Morocco with being a very discreet ruler. His embassy to this country was one of much importance, as we have explained, owing to the high position of the officers who composed it, and we may trust that it will have the effect of opening friendly and commercially advantageous relations with this country. But, with an equal balance, so that no susceptibility might be wounded, the Sherifian ruler despatched a mission also to France, where Si Abd-el Kerim and his fellow-envoys conveyed polite messages to President Loubet. Inasmuch as France has oftentimes cast an envious eye upon the Sultan's dominions, this embassy has been received with expressions of great warmth, betokening happy expectation. Something more than a year ago the Moorish representative for foreign affairs at Tangier was protesting to the Powers against French aggression in Twat and Igli. Now, of course, Frenchmen would be delighted to assume the position of superior friend or "big brother" to the Sultan of Morocco. That potentate, however, doubtless discerns danger that way, and so his envoys, to adjust the balance, visited the German capital. The traders of the Fatherland hope great things from this token of friendship, and Baron von Mentzingen, German Minister at Tangier, summoned for the purpose, was on the spot to lend his aid in cementing a closer relationship. The Germans have already large commercial interests in Morocco, and have been displaying great energy in pushing the sale of their products. The Sultan of Morocco is, however, extremely cautious in encouraging the growth of any foreign interests in his country, which he properly wishes to keep out of all embroilments. Considering the highly-important strategical situation of Morocco, this diplomatic coquetting on the part of Sultan Mulai is hugely interesting. He has discerned that there is a future for his country, and, though the mission to England was certainly much more important than that which visited Paris and Berlin, he is evidently taking discreet steps to check any preponderance or uncontrolled development of particular influence at his court. Sultan Mulai is evidently very fully aware of the advantages to be gained by maintaining amicable relations with this country.

THE 4·7-IN. AS A FIELD ARTILLERY GUN.

The 4·7-in. here shown is a Gun Christened "Lady White," and is Pictured as it was Horsed and Used at Volksrust. The 4·7-in. was Originally Drawn by Oxen, but by the Arrangement here shown, the Clever Design of Major Ducrot, R.F.A., Horses can be Used for Traction, with, of course, a Great Increase in Rapid Mobility. A Team of Eight or Sixteen, According to the Difficulties of the Ground, can be Hooked in in a Couple of Minutes. An Ordinary Cape Cart, Drawn by Mules, is the Ammunition Waggon and can Carry Forty Rounds for the Gun.



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THE FIRST WAR-SHIP TO DOCK AT EAST LONDON, SOUTH AFRICA.

This Distinction Belongs to a New and very Smart Gun-boat, Built Last Year on the Clyde, and now Serving on the Cape of Good Hope Station, under the Command of Lieutenant-Commander Hastings Shakespear. The Ship is seen in our Picture "High and Dry" on the Slip Belonging to the Harbour. She is a Small Craft, as she has only a Length of 180-ft., and a Beam of 33-ft., but is a Powerful Little Ship for her Size, as she Carries Half-a-dozen Quick-firers and Ten Maxims.

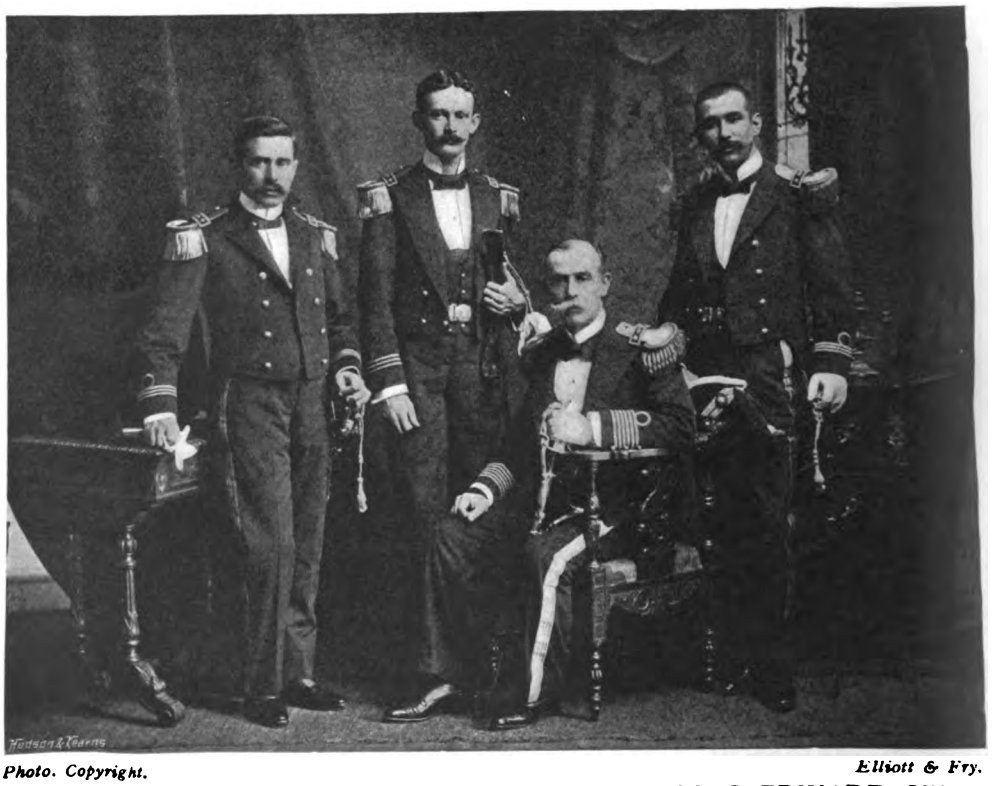

Photo. Copyright. *Elliott & Fry.*

BRAZIL'S DEPUTATION TO CONGRATULATE KING EDWARD VII.

The Deputation which Conveyed the Congratulations of the President of Brazil to the King on his Accession were Captain Bacellus, Seated in the Centre, Lieutenant Arthur Thompson, Standing on the Commodore's Right, Lieutenant de Procuca, on the Left, and Lieutenant Gomes Braga, on the Right of the Picture. After being Received by the King, the Deputation Proceeded to Westminster Abbey to Place Wreaths on the Tomb of Lord Cochrane (Earl of Dundonald), the First Brazilian Admiral, and the Man who Created the Navy that Won for them their Independence. Brazilian Seamen from the "Floriano" Formed a Guard of Honour during the Ceremony.

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WARS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.
(Field-Marshal, 1805—1820.)

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWING HER TROOPS.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR.
(Now Duke of Connaught.)

FEW greater illusions are shared by foreigners than that which assumes that since the battle of Waterloo the British Army has never—with the exception of the Russian and present South African Campaigns—crossed swords with any but a poorly armed or savage enemy. The truth is, that during the glorious reign of Queen Victoria hardly a year passed which did not find us engaged in some arduous military operation; while it is no exaggeration to state, that if in many instances we had not to encounter an enemy as well armed as ourselves, the balance was always more than restored by his great superiority in numbers, or by the topographical and climatic difficulties to which our troops were exposed. Within twelve months of her accession to the throne, the first of the Victorian wars broke out in the wild mountains of Central Asia. Under evil counsel Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India, resolved to send an army into Afghanistan to dethrone Dost Mahommed and reinstate Shah Soojah, who since 1809 had been a fugitive and an exile. Candahar was captured in April, 1839, and Cabul in the following August; whereupon Dost Mahommed surrendered, and was sent prisoner to Calcutta, and Shah Soojah reascended the throne. The army remained at Cabul during 1840 and 1841, but during that period no precautions were taken against a possible rising. The catastrophe that followed may be told in a few lines. In November, 1841, an insurrection broke out in the streets of Cabul, and it soon became manifest that the whole Afghan nation had risen. The British commanders appear to have become paralysed, for they foolishly negotiated with the leaders to permit of the army retreating to Jellalabad, the Sirdars solemnly engaging to supply it with transports and provisions, in return for promises of large sums of money. In January, 1842, in bitter weather, the British began their retreat, followed by a large army of Afghans. Then ensued a horrible series of treacheries and massacres, which reached their climax in the Khyber Pass, where thousands of British troops and camp followers were carried off by successive volleys, or fell down in the snow from wounds or fatigue and were butchered by the enemy. Thus perished a force which left Cabul with 4,000 fighting men and 12,000 followers. Out of all this number only a solitary individual, a surgeon named

REVIEW AT MOAT PARK, MAIDSTONE, MAY 26, 1837.

The East and West Kent Yeomanry Passing in Review before the Princess Victoria.
(After G. B. Campion.)

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Brydon, managed to escape to Jellalabad. In India an avenging army under General Pollock was speedily assembled, which force advanced to the relief of Sale at Jellalabad, and smashed the Afghan Army at Tezeen. In September, 1842, Cabul was again in our hands; but a month later the force turned its back on Afghanistan, which, indeed, was not again the objective of British troops until forty more years had elapsed.

The accession of Queen Victoria had witnessed an important trade boom in the Far East, but soon friction sprang up between the British merchants and the Chinese mandarins. In 1839 it was thought necessary to give the latter a lesson, so an expedition was ordered to set out from England. Several successful engagements took place in the course of 1840, and at the battle before Canton in 1841 the whole Chinese Army was put to flight.

The first act of Lord Ellenborough, after the first Afghan War, was the conquest of Sind. During the early part of the British occupation of Afghanistan the Sind ameers had rendered good service to the British Government, but after the loss of prestige occasioned by the disastrous retreat from Cabul some swerved from their treaty obligations. The result was a war, which was triumphantly conducted by Sir Charles Napier. In February, 1843, Napier won the battle of Meanee, and in the following March the enemy were again defeated near their capital of Hyderabad. The war was then brought to a close by the annexation of Sind to the British Empire. The last days of the same year witnessed the Gwalior Campaign with the mutinous Mahratta Army, the bully of Northern India. Our troops were operating in two columns, and by a curious coincidence fought the two decisive battles of Maharajpore and Punniar, twenty-four miles apart, on the same day, December 29, 1843. Since all the fighting that occurred took place within the space of twenty-four hours, the Gwalior Campaign is known as the "One Day's War."

In November, 1845, the Sikh Army of the Khálsa crossed the Sutlej, to the number of 60,000, with 150 guns, and invested General Littler's army of 10,000 men at Ferozepore. Sir Hugh Gough came up with reinforcements, and on December 18 fought the indecisive battle of Moodkee. Two days later the Commander-in-Chief effected a junction with Littler's force, and drove the Sikhs from their entrenchments at Ferozeshah. In January, 1846, both sides were reinforced, and the Sikhs again invaded British territory, but were defeated by Sir Harry Smith at Aliwal. Meanwhile their main body had entrenched itself at Sobraon, which was attacked by Gough and Hardinge on February 10. Sobraon proved to be the hardest-fought battle in the history of British India, for the Sikhs fought with the valour of heroes. At last they gave way, but the victory was dearly purchased, since in two hours we had lost 2,383 killed and wounded. Thus ended the first Sikh War, and the British frontier was extended from the Sutlej to the Ravi.

After his victory at Aliwal, Sir Harry Smith was rewarded with the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope. He arrived there in 1846, and speedily terminated a desultory war with the Kaffirs. His proclamation extending British sovereignty over the country between the Vaal and Orange Rivers was, however, objected to by the Boer leader, Pretorius, who raised a commando, but was completely defeated at Boomplaatz on August 21, 1848. After this many of the Boer farmers crossed the Vaal, and founded the Transvaal Republic.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CORONATION REVIEW, HYDE PARK, JULY 9, 1838.

Attended by the Duke of Wellington and the Foreign Princes and Ambassadors then in England.

(After W. Heath.)

Owing to the atrocious murder of two English officers, a second Sikh War broke out in 1848. In October a British army under Lord Gough assembled at Ferozepore, and on the following January 13 charged the Sikh entrenchments at Chillianwallah, held by 30,000 men with sixty guns. A most sanguinary encounter ensued, resulting in our losing 2,400 killed and wounded. The terrible losses at Chillianwallah aroused great indignation at home, and Napier was despatched to supersede Gough; in the meantime, however, the latter fought and won the battle of Guzerat (February 22, 1849). This engagement is known as "The Battle of the Guns," for the infantry hardly fired a shot. The Sikh resistance was now completely broken, and the brave warriors of the Khálsa enlisted under British banners, speedily proving themselves to be the most loyal, high-spirited, and valorous "Soldiers of the Crown."

In 1852 it was found necessary to send an expedition under General Godwin to teach the Burmese better manners. Martaban, Prome, and Pegu were captured that year, but hostilities dragged on until 1854, when Lower Burma was annexed.

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As every schoolboy knows, the year 1854 saw the outbreak of the great war with Russia—the first European conflict in which we found ourselves engaged since Waterloo. The allied armies landed in the Crimea on September 19, and on the following day turned the Russians out of their supposed impregnable entrenchments on the heights of Alma. Practically only the British force, 25,000 strong, was engaged, and our loss was 362 killed and 1,640 wounded. After Alma, the allies advanced upon Sebastopol, which might have fallen at once had not the generalship been at fault. On October 25 about 12,000 Russians took some redoubts in the vicinity, garrisoned by 250 Turks, and next assaulted the British, by whom they were compelled to retire, mainly through the stand made by the 93rd Highlanders—the original of "The Thin Red Line"—and the charge of the heavy cavalry led by Brigadier Scarlett. After this, from an unfortunate misconception of Lord Raglan's order, Lord Lucan ordered Lord Cardigan with the light cavalry to charge the Russian Army, which had reformed on its own ground, with its artillery in front. The order was most gallantly, superbly obeyed, and great havoc was made on the enemy; but of 670 horsemen taking part in this immortal achievement only 198 returned from the "Valley of Death." The bombardment of Sebastopol commenced on October 17, but it was soon discovered that we had thought too meanly of our antagonist. On November 5 the Russian Army made a sortie with 40,000 men, attacking the British lines at Inkerman at daybreak. For six hours 8,000 British soldiers kept at bay the vastly superior Russian force, until the latter was finally repulsed by the arrival of French reinforcements. "The Soldiers' Battle," as it is termed, cost us dear, for of the officers, forty-three were killed, including Generals Sir George Cathcart, Strangeways, Goldie, and Torrens, and 102 wounded; while the loss in men amounted to 419 killed, 1,850 wounded, and 198 missing. The Russian casualties were estimated at 9,000. On November 14 an awful storm did irreparable damage to our transports and store-ships; but this, alas! was but the commencement of further troubles.

However, the whole miserable story of the breakdown of our transports, gradual failure of our commissariat, and mismanagement of the medical stores is too well known to need recapitulation. In January, 1855, there were only 250 men available for duty in the trenches. Yet every foot of the ground was maintained, and the great siege continued, accompanied by many sanguinary encounters. With the arrival of the spring a change for the better took place, and the bombardment was rendered more terrible by the use of heavy Naval ordnance. On June 18 we suffered a repulse in an attempt to storm the Redan, a reverse which broke the heart of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan; but the tide was on the turn. September 8 witnessed the last grand combined attack by the British and French. Our gallant allies captured the Malakoff, while we suffered a second reverse at

FIRST AFGHAN WAR. LAST STAND OF THE 44TH AT GUNDAMUK, JAN. 12, 1842.

An Heroic Episode of the Retreat from Cabul, when a British Force was Annihilated in the Khyber Pass.
(After W. B. Wollen, R.I.)
By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London.

FIRST CHINA WAR. CAPTURE OF CHIN-KIANG-FOO, JULY 21, 1842.

The City, which Commanded the Entrance to the Grand Canal, was Stormed by the Forces under Sir Hugh Gough.
(After H. Warren.)

CONQUEST OF SIND. THE BATTLE OF MEANEE, FEBRUARY 17, 1843.

Sir Charles Napier Completely Routed the Baluchis, who Left 6,000 Dead on the Field.
(After E. Armitage, in Royal Collection.)

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the Redan. But that same night the Russians began to evacuate the fortress they had so skilfully defended under Todleben. In March, 1856, a treaty of peace was signed at Paris, by which Russia lost all she had gained, or attempted to gain. The maladministration of the Russian War was a national reproach, but the magnificent endurance exhibited by our soldiers could never be forgotten. No one better realised the last-named state of affairs than the Queen, who was indefatigable in visiting the various hospitals, where she cheered the wounded by kindly and grateful words, and in presenting medals with her own hand to the returned troops. "Noble fellows," wrote Her Majesty, "I feel as if they were my own children, and my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest."

On December 10, 1856, war broke out with Persia, owing to her occupation of Herat. The British expedition was commanded by Generals Outram and Havelock, who by the end of March, 1857, had trounced the levies of the Shah into a more humble state of mind. Hardly had the campaign been brought to a conclusion ere the two victorious generals were summoned post-haste to India, there to confront a crisis the dimensions of which appalled even the most phlegmatic mind. After some isolated mutinies among the Bengal Sepoy regiments during the early part of 1857, the native portion of the Meerut garrison marched in revolt to Delhi on May 10, and proclaimed the restoration of the Mogul Empire. This event was immediately followed by the revolt of almost the whole Bengal Army—who for the most part murdered their European officers—amounting to 90,000 men. Pending the arrival of reinforcements, the disasters at Cawnpore and elsewhere were partially retrieved by the Meerut and Umballa Brigades, who marched against Delhi, and captured it on September 20, after a siege of twelve weeks. Reinforcements were now arriving fast, and native troops being raised in the loyal Punjab, in place of the Pandies. Lucknow, besieged by the rebels on June 29, and whose defence forms one of the most glorious pages in our military history, was relieved by Havelock and Outram, with a mere handful of troops, on September 26. Of the operations that followed under that splendid soldier, Lord Clyde, limited space prohibits even the barest outline. Within six months of the outbreak, however, the Imperial danger was surmounted, though troubles lasted here and there, entailing much stiff fighting, and the embers smouldered for over a year, especially in the hilly parts of the central regions.

From 1859 to 1878 there occurred a succession of small wars. In June, 1859, we suffered an exasperating reverse at the hands of the Chinese before the Taku Forts; but in the following year an allied British and French army marched in triumph into the Imperial City. The Maori Rebellion in the north island of New Zealand lasted from 1863 till 1869, and included the unfortunate Gate Pah affair of April 27, 1864. The Abyssinian Expedition of 1867-68, prompted by no lust of conquest, but solely for the sake of humanity, greatly enhanced the glory and honour of England. Then came the Red River Expedition in North-West Canada (1870), by which Colonel, subsequently Lord, Wolseley established his reputation, and the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-74, culminating in the occupation of Kumassi by the same general. South Africa was the scene of sustained fighting during 1878-79-80. First, the Zulu War, in which the terrible disaster at Isandhlwana on January 22, 1879, possessed a silver lining by reason of the heroic defence at Rorke's Drift on the same night, and was ultimately retrieved by the victory of Ulundi six months later. The humiliating result of the Boer War of 1880-81, with the defeats which we suffered at Laing's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba Hill, has been wiped off the slate only within the last twelve months. The decision of the British Government to send a mission to Cabul in 1878, and the contumely with which the envoys were treated,

FIRST SIKH WAR. THE BATTLE OF ALIWAL, JANUARY 28, 1846.

The Incident Depicted is the Charge of the 16th (Queen's Own) Lancers. The British were Commanded by Sir Harry Smith.
(After M. Martens.)

FIRST SIKH WAR. THE BATTLE OF FEROZESHAH, DECEMBER 21-22, 1845.

The British, under Sir Harry Smith, Captured the Entrenched Camp of the Sikhs, after a Two Days' Battle.
(After M. Martens.)

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THE GREAT MILITARY CAMP AT CHOBHAM, JUNE-AUGUST, 1853.

The Troops are Effecting the Passage of Virginia Water by Means of a Pontoon Bridge.
(After a Contemporary Lithograph.)

caused a second occupation of Afghanistan; but peace was short-lived. The treacherous attack on the British Residency at Cabul in September, 1879, and the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari and other officers, led to retaliation, Lord Roberts defeating the Afghans at Charasiah, and retaking the city in the following month. In June, 1880, Ayub Khan, younger brother of the ex-Ameer, Ya Kub, proclaimed a *Ghaza*, and defeated General Burrows, with a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded, at Maiwand. To avenge this mishap Lord Roberts made his wonderful march from Cabul to Candahar, 303 miles, accomplished in the last twenty days of August, and then, with his army of 10,000 men, fought on September 1 the battle in which Ayub's hordes were utterly defeated.

The check to our arms in South Africa gave rise to the fear that the short-service system had already caused the decadence of the British soldier. That this was an entire misconception, however, was proved by the brilliant Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when, from the time of landing an army of 30,000 men, six weeks sufficed for the overthrow of Arabi's usurpership. After Tel-el-Kebir (September 13) had been won, Egypt was placed under British control, but ere many months had elapsed a new and terrible danger threatened from the Soudan, which the Mahdi claimed for his fanatical hosts. In February, 1884, the Anglo-Egyptian Army came into collision with the fierce desert tribes at El Teb, after which General Gordon went up to Khartoum, where he was besieged by the enemy. A rescue expedition, under Lord Wolseley, having been organised, the advance began in September, but progress was painfully slow. The force encountered vigorous opposition in January, 1885, fighting the battles of Abu-Klea and Gubat. Unfortunately the lustre of these victories was quickly dimmed by the intelligence that Khartoum had fallen on January 26 and that the gallant Gordon had been slain.

Another war broke out with Burma in October, 1885. A British force under Macpherson ascended the Irrawaddy, and the capture of Mandalay on November 28 was followed by the annexation of the whole country.

The spring of 1895 witnessed the commencement of what was destined to be a formidable campaign with the wild tribesmen on the North-West Frontier of our Indian Empire. In March of that year the British Resident and a small body of troops were surrounded and besieged in Chitral Fort by Umra Khan. The consequence was that an expedition of relief had to be sent, which after some sharp fighting advanced triumphantly through the most difficult country, relieved the besieged, and annihilated all opposition. The decision of the Government to retain Chitral, however, caused a widespread rising of the Indian tribes all along the frontier, and in the autumn of 1897 the authorities had to put in the field a stronger force than had ever been employed since the Mutiny. At Dargai, on October 20, a brilliant action was fought, in which the Gordon Highlanders specially distinguished themselves. Meanwhile, in the winter of 1896-97 there had been another successful expedition to Ashanti; but this little campaign deprived the nation of the services of Her Majesty's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died of fever.

In the summer of 1896 a commencement was made with the comprehensive military scheme for smashing the power of the Khalifa, and thus ridding the Soudan of a sore incubus. Dongola was reached in the course of that year; 1897 was spent in strengthening the lines of communication; and in 1898 all preparations for the final blow were carried out with admirable foresight and thoroughness. On September 2 was fought the great battle of Omdurman; Gordon was at last avenged, and the cruel Mahdist power for ever shattered.

Of the events which led up to the outbreak of the great struggle with the two South African Republics it will be unnecessary for us to speak; neither need we attempt even the barest outline of the progress of hostilities. The dark months of 1899 and 1900, however, were really the consummation of the British Empire. The Diamond Jubilee festivities had witnessed such a pageant as the world had never before seen, and now the true inwardness of the motley files contained in the long procession was to be made manifest. Throughout the war Her Majesty's one absorbing thought was with her soldiers. Can it be wondered, therefore, that Queen Victoria, whose name stands for the greatness of the British Empire, and who always took the deepest interest in her soldiers, should have desired the funeral of a "soldier's daughter"?

SECOND SIKH WAR. CHILLIANWALLAH, JAN. 13, 1849.

The Charge of the 3rd (King's Own) Light Dragoons. The British were under Lord Gough.
(After a Contemporary Engraving.)

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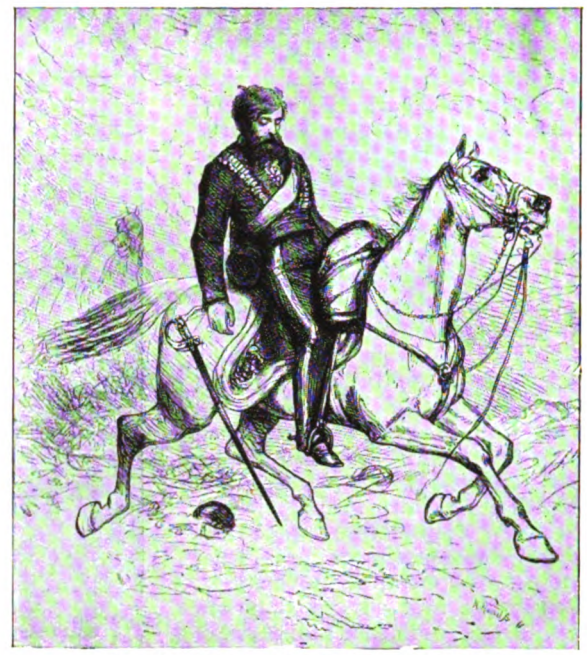
TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1837-53.

"INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH."
(By G. Thomas.)

SIXTY YEARS OF ARMY LIFE.



"BACK FROM THE MOUTH OF HELL."
(By G. Thomas.)

Changes of Administration, Equipment, Costume, etc., during the Victorian Era.

DOWN to the year 1854 there were a Secretary for War and the Colonies and a Secretary at War, who divided between them the political, financial, and administrative concerns of the country in reference to the Army and our hostile relations with other nations; a Commander-in-Chief, to whom was entrusted all the details of Army economy as regards the Cavalry and Infantry; a Board of Ordnance, which had separate control over the Artillery and Engineers; a Board of General Officers, which regulated the clothing; a Commissariat Department, which took orders from the Treasury; a Medical Department; and a Clerical Establishment. Nothing but confusion and delay could come out of such a state of things, and soon after the outbreak of the war with Russia the whole cumbersome, irresponsible system broke down. In the emergency the office of Secretary of State for War was separated from the Colonies and given to the Duke of Newcastle, who thereupon formed a small office, called the War Department, which assumed some control over the other departments at the Horse Guards. In February, 1855, the Government resigned, and Lord Panmure became Secretary of State for War, combining the appointment with that of Secretary at War, whose duties he administered by deputy. In 1857 this Secretary of State severed his connection with the Horse Guards, and took up new quarters at Buckingham House, Pall Mall, christening the same the War Office, prior to which no official building had been thus designated. Here then commenced a new dual system of military government. With the Secretary of State originated all the measures which were to render the force valuable to the country, while the duties of the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards were limited to the regulation of promotions and appointments, and the establishment of a drill system. Not a soldier could be moved, not an alteration effected, nor a comfort administered which involved the expenditure of one shilling, unless it so pleased the Secretary of State.

In 1870 Mr., subsequently Lord, Cardwell passed his epoch-making War Office Act, which divided the office into three great departments under as many officers, namely, Commander-in-Chief, responsible for discipline and personnel; Surveyor-General of Ordnance, responsible for the production and supply of all arms, maintenance of fortifications and barracks, etc.; and a Financial Secretary, responsible for the due appropriation of all moneys voted by Parliament. In 1888 the Commander-in-Chief's responsibility for the efficiency of the soldier was increased, and the post of Surveyor-General of Ordnance abolished. Further important changes in the organisation of the War Office were effected in 1895, concurrent with H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge relinquishing the post of Commander-in-Chief. His successor, Lord Wolseley, was to become the principal adviser of the Secretary of State on all military questions, and to be assisted in the technical administration of the Army by three principal officers — an Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and Inspector-General of Fortification.

RUSSIAN WAR. THE SCOTS GUARDS CHEERING THE QUEEN.

Queen Victoria and the Royal Family Witnessed the Departure of the Fusiliers, February 28, 1854, from a Balcony of Buckingham Palace.

(After a Contemporary Engraving.)

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These so-called reforms had the effect of making the Secretary of State, a civilian, the absolute head of the national military affairs; and, judging from the experiences of the South African War, the results have been of a most unsatisfactory nature. At any rate, a Royal Commission has just reported adversely upon the same, and strongly advocated that a clean sweep of the existing War Office, as an administrative body, be made. To Lord Cardwell, also, is due in the first instance the introduction of the principle of localisation of the military forces, the linking of the battalions, and the admission of short as well as long service—the first step towards the creation of an efficient reserve.

Another measure for which he was mainly responsible was the "abolition of purchase," or the system up to that time governing practically the first commissions of officers, their promotion, and retirement. This system was operative in the Cavalry and Infantry, though not in the Artillery and Engineers. The system itself may be summed up as one that brought money considerations to bear on the question of obtaining distinction and preferment in a profession of honour. As Lord Cardwell expressed it in the House of Commons, it was found that the Army was "in pledge" to its officers. The selection—or, at least, sifting out—of officers for higher regimental command, and the necessity of having one list for promotion in a linked battalion system—both imperious necessities—were impeded at every turn by the vested right of money sunk in the regulation, and, worse still, gambling over regulation, prices of commissions in expectation of its return. In addition to these evils, it was found that the purchase system encouraged habits of expense and dissipation, was injurious to discipline, and embarrassing to the poorer officers. In 1871, therefore, Mr. Gladstone, in the face of strong Parliamentary opposition, abolished the system of purchase, and the localisation scheme was initiated by the establishment of seventy brigade depôts, afterwards called regimental districts and renumbered. The Military Forces Localisation Act of 1872, which inaugurated the system of territorial regimental nomenclature at the expense of sinking the old numbers, was vehemently assailed for many years afterwards, and, indeed, the comparative extinction of the numbers was a terrible severance of time-honoured ties and associations.

The changes that have taken place in the equipment of the soldier during the Victorian era next deserve attention, for 1837 saw him principally armed with the old "Brown Bess," a weapon not to be relied upon at a range exceeding 200-yds. The first rifle ever issued to our Army was the Baker, which in the year 1800 had been placed in the hands of the Rifle Brigade only. In 1835 the Baker rifle commenced to be superseded by the Brunswick, and this weapon was the first small arm in the British Service possessing a percussion lock. Again, the issue of the Brunswick rifle was common to all infantry regiments, so from that date the term rifle regiment

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, OCTOBER 25, 1854.

"Plunged in the battery-smoke, right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd."

(After W. Simpson.)

A HOT DAY IN THE BATTERIES.

The Siege of Sebastopol Lasted nearly a Year. In all there were Six Heavy Bombardments.
(After W. Simpson.)

A RUSSIAN RIFLE PIT.

The Russian Rifle Pits when Taken used to Form Part of the British Advanced Trenches.
(After W. Simpson.)

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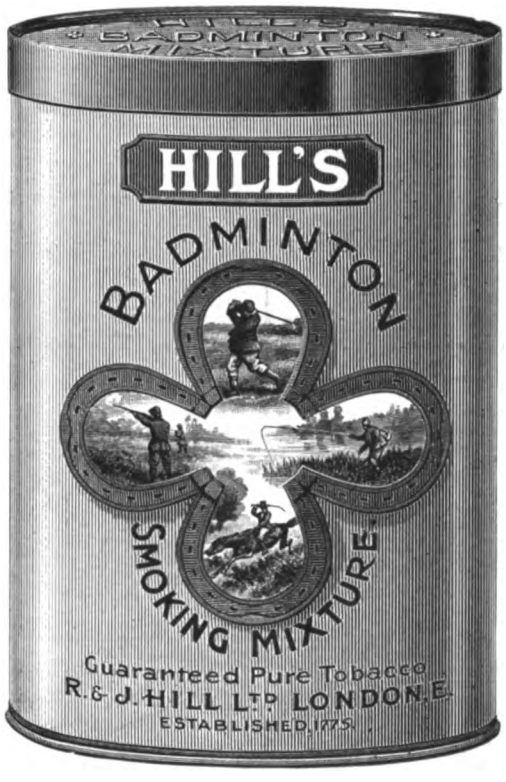

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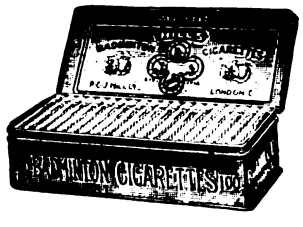

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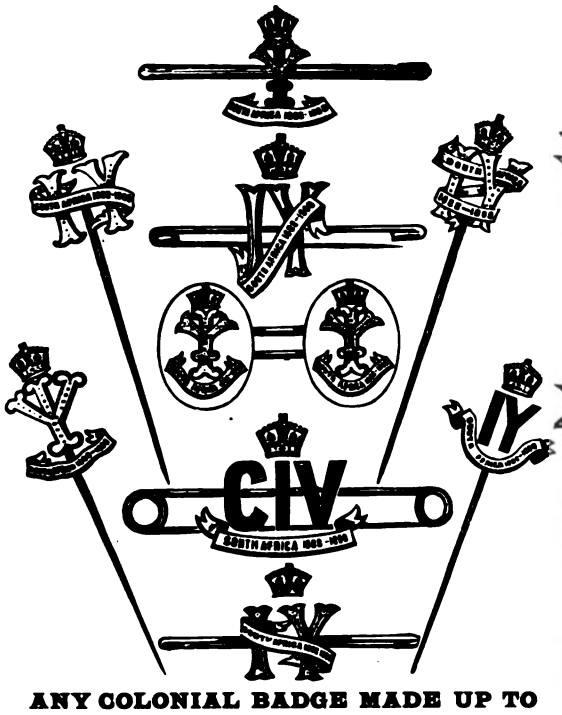

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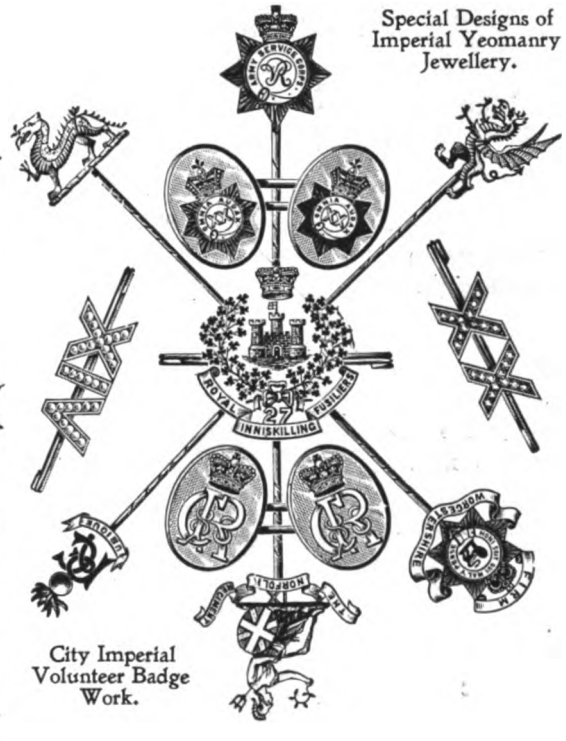

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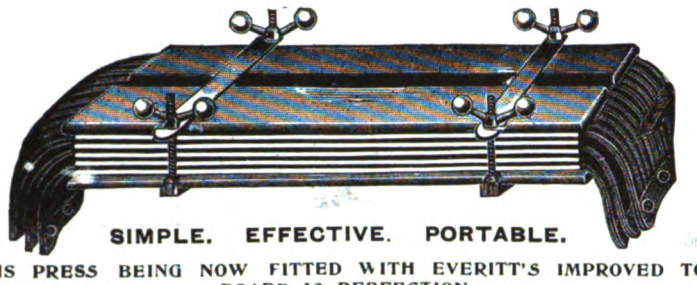

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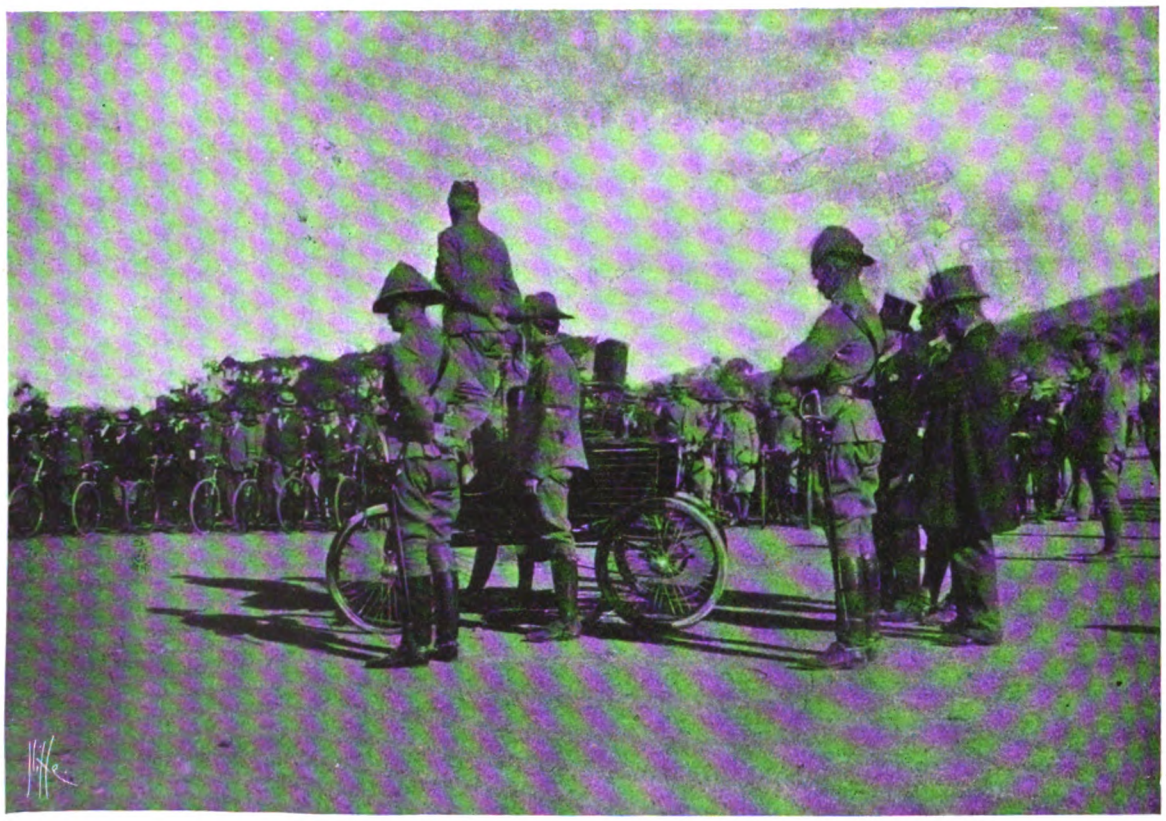

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was deprived of its original significance. In 1849 Captain Minié, of the French Army, invented the greatly-improved weapon bearing his name, and one that discarded the spherical bullet for a projectile of cylindro-conoidal shape. The Minié rifle was adopted for our Army, but its issue, which commenced in 1851, never went farther than the first batch of troops despatched to the Crimea, who with it, however, won the battles of Alma and Inkerman. The year 1852 had witnessed the invention of the Enfield rifle, firing a conical-shaped, lubricated projectile, designed by Mr. Pritchett; and during the two following years exhaustive trials with the Minié, Enfield, and Lancaster rifles were carried out, the result being that the Enfield was pronounced the superior. Accordingly, in 1855, the general issue of the Enfield was commenced, and completed in time for the closing engagements of the Russian War.

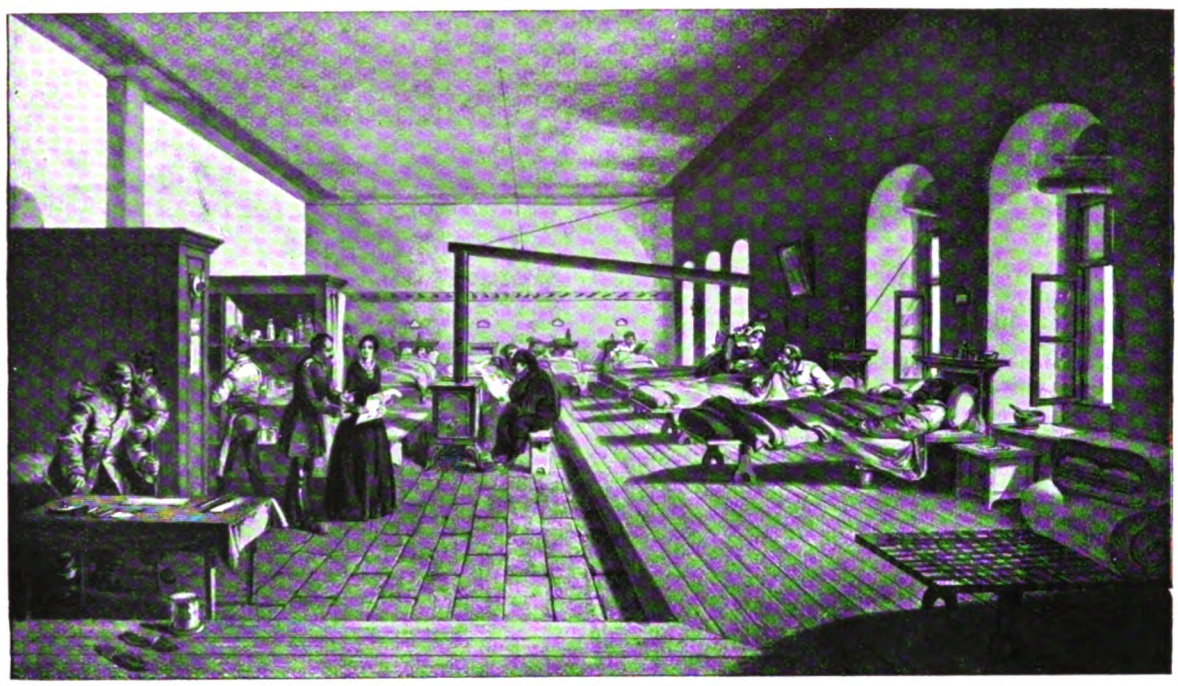
It may be added that in 1854 Mr. Whitworth had urged the claims of a rifle of his own manufacture, with a calibre of ·45-in., and having instead of grooves and lands a hexagonal system of rifling. The Government, however, while recognising the superiority of the Whitworth rifle in many respects, conceived the idea that it would be impossible to manufacture a sufficient stock of rifles for the equipment of an army all mechanically accurate; hence it was that the Enfield had no rival as the Service weapon until the introduction of the breech-loader. The Whitworth rifle, however, was generally used for match shooting, and it was with a Whitworth that Queen Victoria fired the opening shot at the first Wimbledon Meeting in 1860.

The Schleswig-Holstein Campaign of 1864 testified to the vast superiority of the breech-loader over the muzzle-loader; consequently, in 1866 the conversion of the Enfield into a breech-loader, on the Snider principle, was put in hand. But it was recognised at the time that the Snider was only a stop-gap until a more perfect weapon could be devised. In 1871 the Martini-Henry was unanimously recommended for adoption by the Service, and troops began to receive this arm in 1874. As early as 1879 magazine rifles had attracted the attention of the War Office, but it was not until 1889 that the Lee-Metford magazine weapon was finally approved. The Lee magazine system is still with us, but owing to the manner in which cordite powder wore out the grooves of the Metford rifle barrel, it was found necessary about eighteen months ago to supersede the latter with an Enfield barrel, in which the grooves are fewer but deeper.

The introduction of a magazine rifle was accompanied by a change from a triangular-bladed sword-bayonet to one of trowel shape, nicknamed the "butter-knife," which can be used as an entrenching tool when unfixed.

During the early years of Queen Victoria's reign the artillery, in common with other branches of the British Army, was kept down to the lowest state, and the *matériel* itself neglected. At the time of the Russian War the field artillery consisted of position batteries of 18-pounders and 8-in. howitzers; field batteries of 9-pounders and 24-pounder howitzers; and of horse artillery troops armed with 6-pounders and 12-pounder howitzers. All of the weapons enumerated were smooth-bore, muzzle-loading ones. Rifled guns were first used by the British artillery at the siege of Sebastopol, but with no great effect, owing to defective construction. A few years later the introduction of the Armstrong breech-loading rifled gun—first used in the China Campaign of 1860—caused a great alteration in the equipment of the British artillery. The 7-in. gun of 82-cwt. was introduced for garrison and siege service; 40-pounders, on block trail travelling carriages, for batteries of position; and 12-pounders of 8-cwt. for the armament of the field, and the 9-pounder of 6-cwt. for horse artillery.

The Armstrong breech-loading system, which was but little tested in the field, was in 1873 entirely superseded by muzzle-loading rifled guns—7-pounder for mountain, 9-pounder for horse, and 16-pounder for field batteries. Breech-loading artillery came into vogue again in the early "eighties," when fortress and other heavy ordnance were constructed on this principle, and in or about the year 1887 the horse and field artillery batteries commenced to receive breech-loading guns of greatly increased power, accuracy, and mobility. In 1896 the field artillery equipment of the British Army underwent further improvements. In that year the horse batteries received a new 12-pounder wire-wound gun, which could then claim to be superior to any foreign gun of similar size and weight, and the field batteries received the 12-pounders discarded by the horse, which were then converted into 15-pounders. As early as 1896 private firms were ready to supply the Government with quick-firing field equipments, but after a series of experiments at Okehampton in 1897 and 1898 the choice fell upon one devised by Sir G. S. Clarke. Sir George Clarke's apparatus has since been greatly improved, and is fitted to the field guns recently constructed in our home arsenals. After having been in disuse for over forty years, field howitzers made their reappearance at Omdurman in 1898, where their success was such as to make one wonder why they had ever been allowed to fall into neglect. Machine guns made their first appearance in 1879, in the shape of the two-barrel Gardner and the three-barrel Nordenfeldt. Until the invention of the Maxim gun in 1884, all machine guns consisted of a series of barrels, either arranged horizontally or about a central axis. This gun, however, consists of two portions—the recoiling and non-recoiling—and is entirely automatic. The Maxim machine gun of rifle calibre has superseded all others in our land service; while the recent adoption of the "pom-pom," or high velocity Maxim gun, on the same mechanical principles as the former, but throwing a small explosive shell just over one pound in weight, is the last of the many interesting developments in field armament to be recorded of the sixty-three years' reign.



IN THE BRITISH HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

Florence Nightingale Arrived at Scutari, November 5, 1854. Her Name has Become a Household Word to our Race. (After W. Simpson.)

The South African War has clearly proved one pleasing circumstance, namely, that the old reproach of the ambulance arrangements of the British Army never reaching the degree of completeness attained in Continental armies is no longer justified. Ambulance waggons did not exist in the British Army during the Russian Campaign, nor were there any trained stretcherbearers, field hospitals, or hospital ships. In the first battles of the war, bandsmen alone were available to carry away their wounded comrades, and the regimental surgeons dressed their wounds on the field. An ambulance corps of military pensioners was then hastily raised in, and despatched from, England, but failed, from the intemperate habits and enfeebled constitutions of the men. It was succeeded by a corps of civilians, unused to the customs of military life and discipline, which likewise failed. Fortunately, our troops were stationary, so that in default of a proper corps and appliances, the sick and wounded could be carried to the rear by the sailors from the fleet in hammocks, in ordinary transport waggons, and in ambulances borrowed from the French. Towards the close of the war, several forms of home-made sick transport vehicles were tried, but only indifferently answered their intended purposes. The terrible condition of the overcrowded hospitals at Scutari, and the horrors that were witnessed within their walls,

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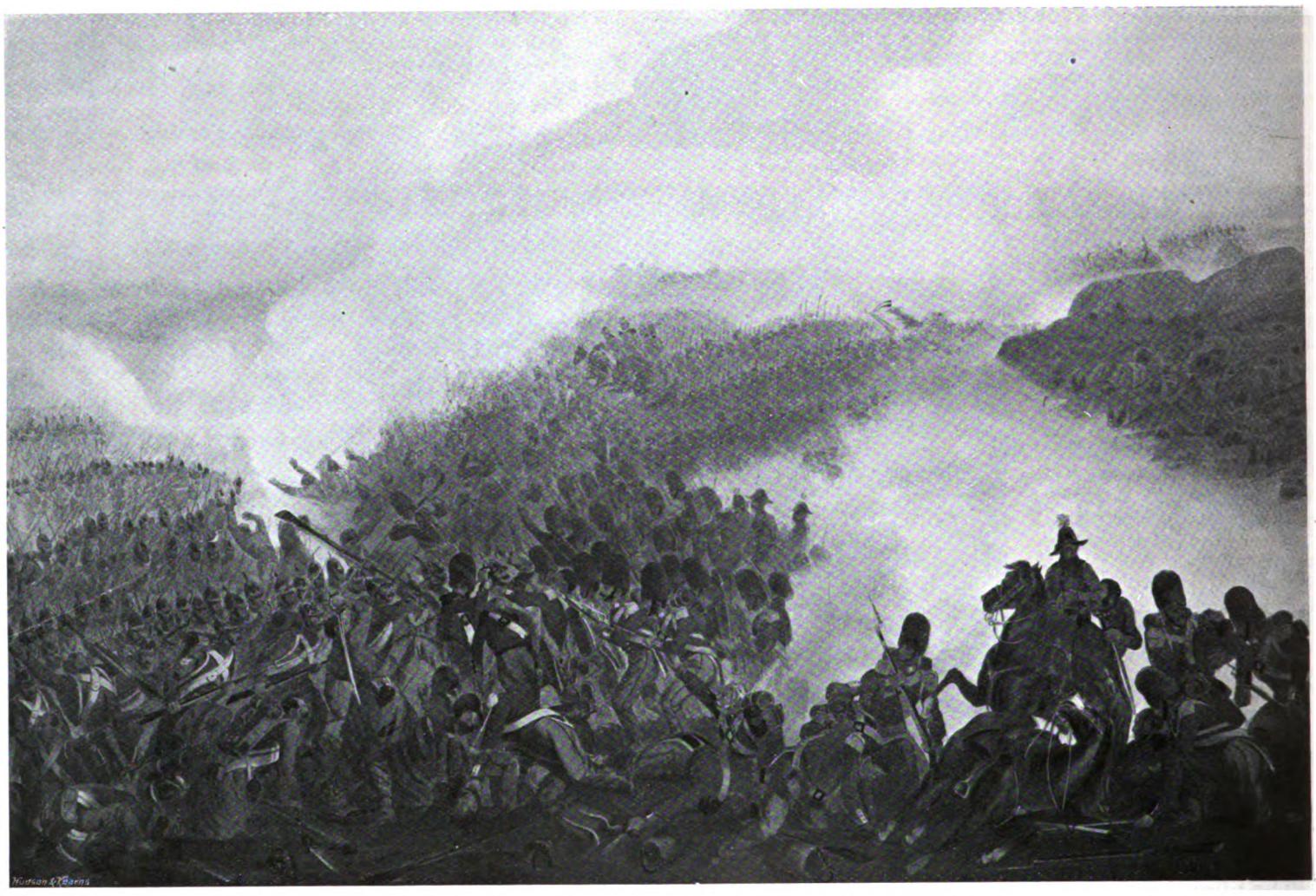
have been described by many writers; while the noble work achieved by Miss Nightingale in those pesthouses of disease and filth has been immortalised in history. "I wish some one of the thousands who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of routine who devised and projected her going," wrote Mr. Gladstone at the time. "The man of routine" was Sydney Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Lea, who was the mainspring of the Royal Commission on the sanitary condition of the Army, which assembled in 1857. This Commission revealed a terrible state of affairs in the general hospitals at home: Beds crowded together, wards ill-ventilated, lavatory accommodation on a par with pigs' troughs, no glasses for taking medicine, no kitchen ranges, only coppers, and no change or variety in the preparation of poor sick Tommy Atkins's food—in short, insufficient accommodation and supply pervad ng every branch of the establishment. The finding of this Commission resulted in the inauguration of many important reforms. Ambulance waggons were built for the Army, Netley Hospital was erected, and a higher standard of efficiency for the Army Medical Department instituted. Then when in 1859 Lord Herbert came into office as Secretary of State for War, he decided upon constructing yet another military hospital, the plans for which were submitted to Miss Nightingale, whose practical experience was of great assistance in the design. The site chosen was on the western slope of Shooter's Hill, and when completed the nation possessed in the Herbert Hospital a building embodying all the best points in the best existing civil and military hospitals, both at home and abroad. The memory of Lord Herbert, whose statue stands in front of the War Office, should ever be cherished by the British soldier. This talented and public-spirited nobleman died from overwork in 1861, while busy with further schemes for the reform of our military organisation. It was not until 1868, though, that the Army was given a definite and single system of ambulance arrangements, bearer companies, etc.

At the close of the Russian War a new British military decoration was instituted by Her Majesty, to reward any single act of valour performed by soldiers and sailors of any rank in the presence of the enemy. This, the famed Victoria Cross, is a little Maltese cross of bronze, intrinsically worth fourpence-halfpenny, cast from cannon taken at Sebastopol. It is the proudest decoration a British soldier or seaman can wear, but when instituted the inscription "For Valour" provoked criticism on the part of officers of the old school. "Why," expostulated Sir Colin Campbell, "you might as well decorate a woman for being chaste as a British soldier for being brave!" The first presentation of the cross was made to the heroes of the Crimean and Baltic Campaigns by Her Majesty on Friday, June 26, 1857. At seven o'clock on a lovely summer's morning the little *compagnie d'élite* marched down to the Park and drew up opposite Grosvenor Gate, where a representative body of troops were awaiting them. Her Majesty, who wore a military garb in honour of the day, remained on horseback, and as each name of the gallant "sixty-two" was called she received a cross from Lord Panmure, and, bending from the saddle, pinned it to the loop of cord with her own hand. In 1886 another much-coveted distinction was instituted. This is the Distinguished Service Order, for the purpose of rewarding individual instances of meritorious and distinguished service in war. Like the Victoria Cross, the institution of the decoration was almost entirely due to Her Majesty's personal anxiety to adequately reward the distinguished services of officers and men in her Military forces who had been honourably mentioned in despatches, and for which the means had hitherto been limited.



RUSSIAN WAR. THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN, NOVEMBER 6, 1854.

In Repulsing the Russian Sortie the British Bore the Brunt until near the Close of the Action. Our Losses were 2,612 Killed and Wounded.
(*After Barker.*)

When speaking of decorations, it is pleasing to note that practically all of the old degrading punishments to which the private soldier was once liable disappeared during the Victorian *régime*. Chief among these was flogging, abolished in 1881 after prolonged controversy and prognostication of evil, which has, happily, in no way been realised, either in peace or during active service.

As may be seen from the accompanying illustrations, little real change has taken place in the uniform of the British Army during the last sixty years, with the exception, of course, of a difference in cut, changes in facings, and alterations of buttons. Taken as a whole, the most important revolution has occurred within the last decade or so, since which time, owing to all our wars taking place in hot countries, the showy home uniforms have been left at home, and an active service kit of khaki, or some other thin substance, has replaced them. It now seems almost incredible to believe that in India, the Crimea, China, and elsewhere, men were sent to fight in thick scarlet tunics, with high, stiff leather stocks that hindered respiration. There have, however, been many changes where head-dress is concerned The shako, as the full head-dress of all infantry except the

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SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.
(Afterwards Lord Clyde.)

HAVELOCK'S HIGHLANDERS AT CAWNPORE.

GENERAL HAVELOCK.
(The Saviour of Lucknow.)

Guards, had been worn for seventy years when in 1866 it was reported upon as unsuitable. Nevertheless, several more years elapsed before it was discarded for a helmet of cork or pith. In 1854, on their despatch to the East, the Guards' bearskins were docked in height by 2-in., to their present proportions, and in 1873 the Royal Horse Artillery, who also wore bearskin caps, changed to sealskin busbies. For use in India and other hot climates, the earliest kind of tropical head-covering—worn by both cavalry and infantry—was a peaked hat, or low shako, encased in white linen, with sun blinds of the same material. This was worn all through the Mutiny and in the Chinese War. About twenty years ago this hat was superseded by a white pith helmet, and within the last few years the white exterior has given place to the drab-coloured covering of khaki. Lastly, many of the old distinctive, costly, and in many cases, it must be owned, useless trappings of the cavalry officer have been regulated out of existence. The pelisse worn by Hussars and the Royal Horse Artillery disappeared many years ago, and 1897 saw the extinction of the shabracque.

Lastly, a few lines may be devoted to a brief sketch of the Army Service Corps, which, like many other refinements of our military system, had its birth in the past reign. Although a corps called the Royal Waggon Train, organised in 1812, had been present at Waterloo, and actually survived in a semi-civilian character until 1833, when, proving defective, it was then broken up. At the outbreak of the Russian War the mere idea of military transport, with the exception of that hired from contractors when needed, had long been lost sight of. The train which should have been organised in anticipation of the struggle, and which should have accompanied our army to the East, did not exist. Consequently, during the terrible winter of 1854-55 the scum of the Levant had to be pressed into our service to act as drivers and porters of carts hired from the inhabitants, with the result that the transport service was not only a farce from the military point of view, but was made the excuse for disgraceful scenes of disorder and brutality. A military corps was created by Royal Warrant on January 24, 1855, and called the Land Transport Corps; and at the termination of the war, which found it equipped with 28,000 waggons, 1,100 carts, and 14,000 English and native drivers, another warrant, dated August 14, 1856, ordered it to be reduced on its return to England, renamed the Military Train, and equipped and armed like cavalry. During the Mutiny the Military Train actually acted as cavalry, and in that capacity did good service on April 15, 1858, by pursuing and cutting up Koer Singh's army.

After this, and similar exploits in China, however, the Train began to return to its real character; transport work became a secondary consideration to cavalry drill, and the corps attracted moneyed men, who found that in it they could purchase promotion quickly, and then leave the Army to pose as ex-cavalry officers of high rank. In 1870 the Military Train was abolished, and a Control Department substituted, which included a Purveyor's Department, a Commissariat Department, a Commissariat Staff Corps, a Military Store Department, and a Military Store Staff Corps. Four years later these sub-departments and staff corps were all grouped together, and renamed the Army Commissariat and Transport Corps, subsequently rechristened the Army Service Corps. This corps, which has done splendid work in South Africa, is now classed as combatant, and its officers are regimental officers, available as such for the usual roster of garrison duties.

INDIAN MUTINY. THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, NOVEMBER 16, 1857.

The Meeting of Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell on the Day that Lucknow was Finally Relieved.
(After Barker.)

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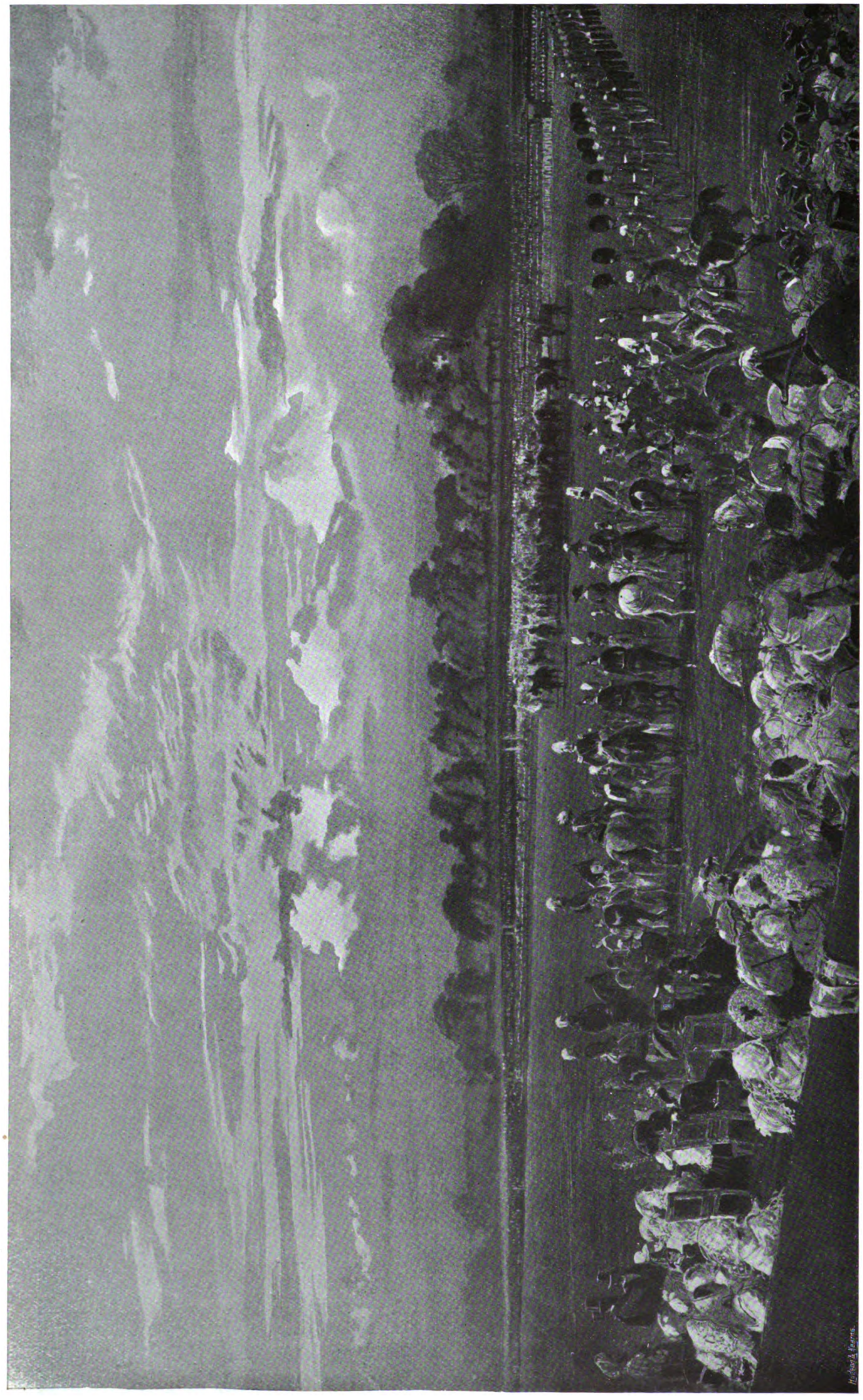

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE V.C., HYDE PARK, JUNE 26, 1857.

The Victoria Cross, the most honourable war decoration of the British soldier and seaman, was instituted February 5, 1856, and the first investiture by Her Majesty of recipients who had gained the distinction was the one above depicted. Sixty-two heroes of the Russian War passed in file before Her Majesty, who was on horseback, and wore a military costume. She pinned the Cross on the breast of each recipient personally, those of the Navy, the senior service, leading the line. The Queen was in the centre of a brilliant circle, and the troops on parade, which included Bluejackets and Marines, were under Sir Colin Cam bell. The first man to win the V.C. was Lieutenant Lucas, R.N., who was decorated fourth in order, the first man to actually receive the glorious award from the Queen's hand being Commander Raby, R.N.

(After G. Thomas.)

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THE KING'S INDIAN AND COLONIAL FORCES.

A TUG-OF-WAR.
17th Bengal Infantry.

A PATIALA LANCER.
Imperial Service Troops.

AT PHYSICAL DRILL.
17th Bengal Infantry.

WHEN King Edward VII. succeeded to the throne, he found himself the nominal head of an Army which, ceasing to be Royal, had become an Imperial one, an Army of well on to 1,000,000 fighting men of all kinds—apart from the 100,000 magnificent officers and men manning the British Navy. Of this colossal land force of Imperial fencibles, more than a third was contributed by the native soldiers of India and by the King's various colonial troops, from Toronto to Tasmania and from Halifax to Hong Kong.

The allied march on Peking in the summer of 1900 did more than save the Legations there from a second Cawnpore. It also opened the eyes of the Powers to the fact that in her native Indian troops England possessed military material inferior to none. As the Boer War had astonished the world with the revelation of our recruiting grounds among our own Anglo-Saxon over-sea "Sons of the Empire," so the troubles in China enabled Europe to realise more vividly than it had ever done before the truth that the Sovereign of Great Britain, as Kaiser-i-Hind, was served in her Eastern Dominion by a Native Army of about 168,000 of the finest troops in the world, apart from the 73,000 British troops garrisoned up and down Hindustan, and the additional force of about 25,000 Anglo-Indian Volunteers. At the beginning of the Queen's reign, and up to the great Mutiny, India had been held by only about 40,000 British soldiers, viz., 10,000 in the pay of "John" Company, and 30,000 "Queen's troops," in addition to the huge force of native Sepoys. But on January 1, 1859, the authority of "John" Company was supplanted by the direct rule of the Queen all over India, and this implied the assumption of new responsibilities of the military kind. The local European forces were disbanded, and our garrison in India, forming an integral part of the British Home Army, was gradually raised till, in 1886, it reached its present figure of about 73,000 men, all in the very highest state of physique and efficiency, and forming the very cream of our fighting force.

But in this article we are more immediately concerned with the native and local levies of India, which must have now reached a grand total something like 200,000, apart from the very large number of men who have served their time and may be regarded as reserves. Up to 1881, the Native Army, on the new or post-Mutiny system, only consisted of 110,000 men of all arms, but the steady advance of Russia in Central Asia, and her contact with the States on our North-West Frontier, rendered necessary additional precautions of defence, and by 1891 the native figure had been raised to 149,000, apart from which the feudatory princes had offered contingents of "Imperial Service Troops" aggregating 19,000, while the Anglo-India and Eurasian Volunteers numbered 23,000, and must now be close on 25,000 or 30,000. It is interesting to note that as the regular Native Army numbers about 149,000, while the strength of the permanent British garrison is 73,000, the former is to the latter as two to one, though, per contra, by way of precaution, all the artillery may be said to be in our own hands; and then, too, it must be remembered that the native regiments are mainly officered by Europeans. As for their material in men, it is one of the finest, as, indeed, it could not well be otherwise under our recruiting system, which has a population of about 288,000,000—spread over an area of 1,500,000 square miles—from which to select, say, 150,000 soldiers. And India is a country where there is no lack of classes whose almost hereditary profession it has been to serve the State as fighting men. "To go away from home," says a military writer on the subject, "to serve and save money, while retaining hold on the land in the native village to which they return when their service has earned them the coveted pension, or the hour of retirement has arrived, is as much an ingrained custom in India as it is in Europe among the Swiss, and, generally speaking, the Indian native deserves a similar reputation for keeping good faith."

With the object of securing the best men of the most warlike classes, recruiting depôts were established at certain stations throughout India, the more important of these being in the Punjab, as the northern races incontestably supply the best fighting material—Pathans, Mahomedans, Sikhs, Dogras, Jâts, Hindus, Gurkhas, and others. As the result of one of the lessons taught by the Mutiny, it was decided that the Native Army should be composed of different nationalities and castes, and, as a rule, be mixed

THE QUEEN REVIEWING VOLUNTEERS AT HOLYROOD.

On August 7, 1860, the Queen Reviewed the Scottish Volunteers in the Park of Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh.
(After Bough, in the Scottish National Gallery.)

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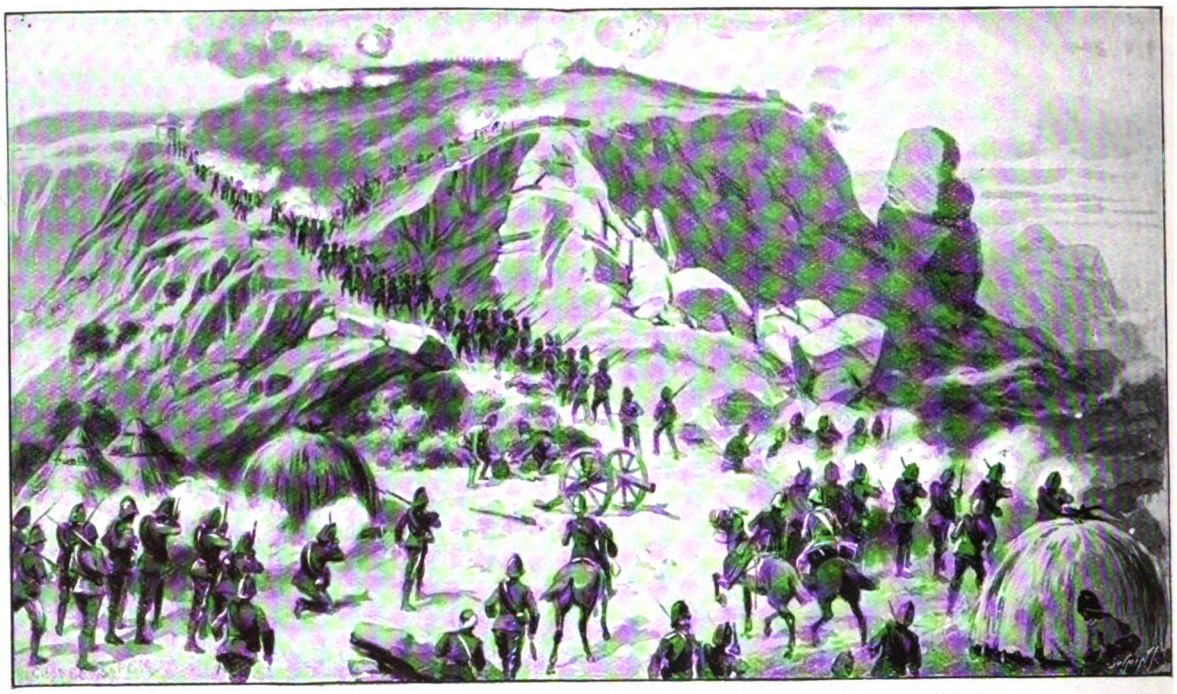
promiscuously through each regiment. An exception was made in favour of the Gurkhas, who are a people distinct from the natives of India, and have their own customs, to which they tenaciously cling, albeit plial le enough to have adopted the bagpipe of their fellow-mountaineers from Scotland as their instrument of military music. Natives of Nepal, they are men of small stature and not over-handsome faces, though as light infantry material they are unsurpassed. Each Gurkha regiment is composed of sturdy little Gurkhas only, but the so-called Sikh regiments have a larger proportion of other races in their ranks.

For the practical purposes of the Native Army India is divided into three Presidencies—Bengal, Madras, and Bombay—in each of which there is a local commander-in-chief.



ABYSSINIAN WAR. THE CAPTURE OF MAGDALA, APRIL 13, 1868.

The Attack on, and Capture of, Magdala was made by the British under Sir Robert Napier.
(After a Contemporary Drawing.)

SECOND AFGHAN WAR. CAPTURE OF ALI MUSJID, NOV. 21, 1878.

The Capture of Ali Musjid by Sir Sam Browne, V.C., was made on the Day War was Declared against the Ameer Shere Ali.
(After a Contemporary Drawing.)

ASHANTI WAR. BUSH FIGHTING ON THE ROAD TO KUMASSI.

The War, which lasted from June 9, 1873, to February 4, 1874, was Ended by the Entry into Kumassi after Five Days' Hard Fighting.
(After a Contemporary Drawing.)

Bengal itself is garrisoned by about 77,000 native troops, Madras by about 31,000, and Bombay by about 28,000; while, apart from these, there is a corps of about 14,000 under the immediate orders of the Government of India, including the Hyderabad contingent, the Central India Horse, and various other local bodies. Formerly the Punjab Frontier Force was also included under this heading, but after the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, when Lord Roberts made his famous march from Cabul to Candahar, it was placed under the Commander-in-Chief in India. The Native Army is particularly strong in cavalry, which is admitted to be the finest of its kind in existence, the Bengal Army having thirty regiments of various sorts, Madras three, and Bengal seven; while the three Presidencies have an aggregate of 133 battalions of infantry, in addition to twenty-one companies of sappers and miners. Apart from about a dozen mountain batteries, all the field artillery of the Indian Army is in the hands of British troops, as well as the arsenals, while the armament of the King's soldiers is also superior to that of the natives. In each regiment of native cavalry, of four squadrons, there are eight British officers, with 625 natives of all ranks; while the infantry regiment, of eight companies, comprising from 800 to 900 natives of all ranks, has also as many British officers.

Like our own British Army, that of India is based on the voluntary system. The physique and bearing of these splendid native troops leaves nothing to be desired.

But in addition to the Native Army of India proper there is another class of soldiers who have now become an indirect support of the Empire—the so-called Imperial Service Troops. It is perhaps not generally realised that, in addition to the Indo-British Native Army proper of Hindustan, there are over 120 native States throughout the length and breadth of the land which continue to maintain small armies of their own as a manifestation of their sovereignty—under the British Raj. For long the toleration of this military *imperium in imperio* was held to be questionable policy on our part. But just as Chatham converted the hostility of the Highland clans into loyalty by forming them into regiments in the service of the Crown, so Lord Dufferin, during his Vice-royalty in 1889, made bold to accept the principle that the feudatory princes of India and their armies were no longer to be regarded as a source of danger, but rather as a reserve of force, and this substitution of an attitude of watchful confidence for one of

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1858. *Light Dragoon.* 1858. *Lancer.* 1860. *Royal Horse Artillery, Officer.* 1870. *Lifeguardsman.* 1870. *Hussar.*

1855. *Linesman* 1857. *Gunner, Royal Artillery.* 1861. *Royal Engineers. Officer.* 1861. *Rifle Brigade. Officer.* 1861. *Infantry of the Line. Officer.* 1860. *Queen's Westminster and Victoria Rifle Volunteers.* 1870. *Line, Bandsman.* 1870. *Coldstream Guard.* 1870. *Linesman.*

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1854-70.

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THE ZULU WAR. THE DISASTER AT ISANDHLWANA, JANUARY 22, 1879.

In this Terrible Disaster a Battalion (Seven Companies) of the 24th Foot and Seventy Royal Artillery were Annihilated.
(After a Contemporary Drawing.)

SECOND AFGHAN WAR. SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND, JULY 27, 1880.

The Gallant Saving of Four Horse Artillery Guns was One of the Heroic Deeds of this Disastrous Day.
(After G. D. Giles. By Permission of Mr. T. Turner.)

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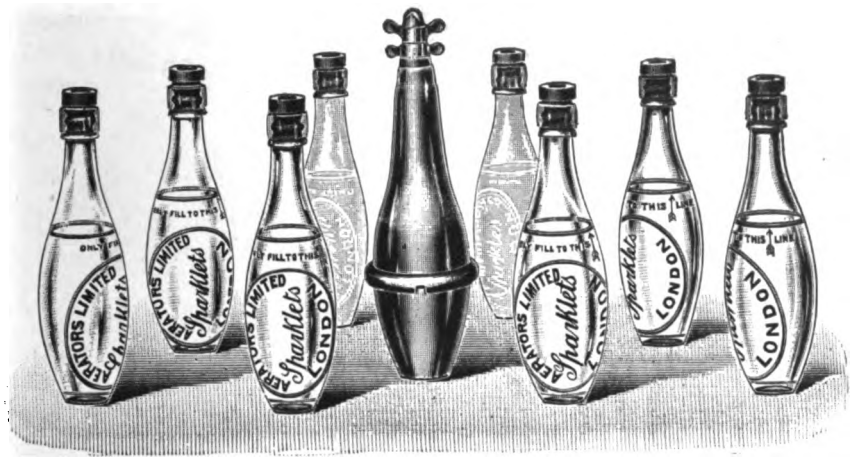

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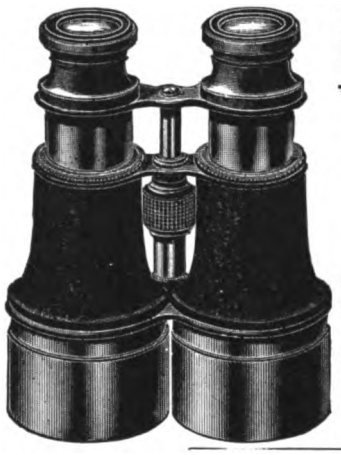

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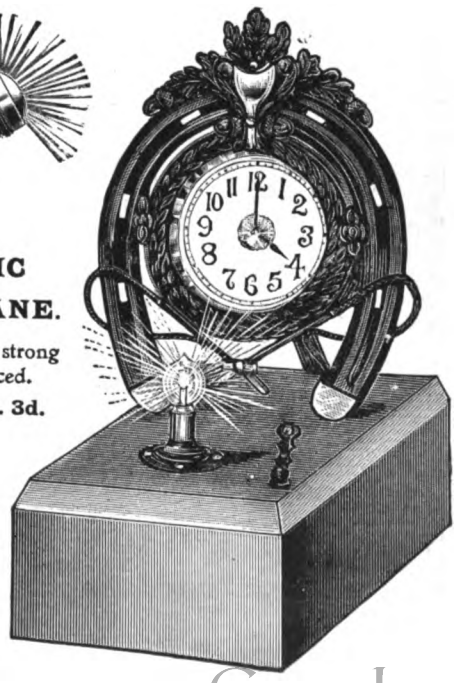

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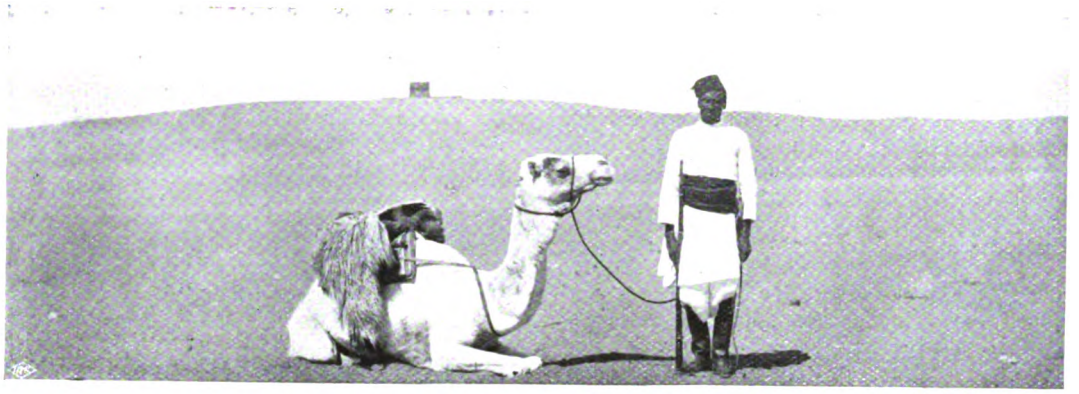

A CAMEL CONVOY IN THE DESERT.

KHEDIVE'S BRONZE STAR.
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Granted Oct. 17, 1882.

uneasy mistrust has been fully justified by results. Briefly expressed, the new scheme accepted military service instead of money-contributions from the feudatory States for the purposes of Imperial defence, and within ten years the change has been adopted by twenty States, so that the Imperial Service Troops at our disposal must now, at least, number 20,000 well-organised men. It will be remembered that on the outbreak of the Boer War, several Indian princes at once offered to place their forces at our service.

But the Native Army and the Imperial Service Troops do not complete the sum of our military resources in India. Apart from these and the British garrison of 73,000 men, there is also a force of from 25,000 to 30,000 volunteers, raised from the European and Eurasian communities. The service rendered by the volunteer corps rapidly raised during the Mutiny is matter of history. In addition to artillery, cavalry or light horse, and rifle regiments (fifty-four) in the three Presidencies, there are now three Naval volunteer corps at Calcutta, Karáchi, and Aden respectively. More than once since the Mutiny have the Anglo-Indian volunteers been called out for active service. In 1855 a mounted rifle company of Rangoon volunteers was present at the taking of Mandalay, while the Pioneer Company of the 1st Calcutta Rifles took part in the expedition to Manipur, and the exploits, among others, of Lumsden's Horse in the Boer War proved that the British volunteers in India were not behind their comrades of the same kind in other parts of the world in respect of patriotism and pluck.

It was a sad disappointment to the Native Army of India that it was debarred by considerations of race from contributing its quota to the British army of South Africa. It may be mentioned that enlistments for the Native Army are made to include service beyond sea—beyond that Kála Páni, or "black water," of which the people of India, who are no sailors, have a superstitious dread, and that they have already had frequent opportunities of overcoming their natural horror of salt water. So long ago as 1801 Indian troops were brought to co-operate in Abercromby's expedition to Egypt; in 1810 they took part in the expedition to Mauritius and Java; in 1842, and again in 1860, they were sent to China; in 1856-57 to Persia; in 1867 to Abyssinia; to Perak in 1872; to Malta (as a measure of precaution against Russia) in 1878; to Egypt in 1882, when their brigade, under Macpherson, took part in the advance on Tel-el-Kebir; to Suakim in 1885; and to China again in 1900.

It was at Suakim that our dusky fellow-subjects in India for the first time met and marched to battle with our other soldier-sons of the Empire from over-sea. This singular meeting on the Red Sea shore between home-born Britons, swarthy warriors from the slopes of the Himalayas, and fair-haired Anglo-Saxons from the prairies of the Southern Cross, was in truth in the nature of an epoch-marking event. It was then that the British Empire might be said to have been federated, if not by blood and iron, at least by brotherhood-in-arms. It was now for the first time that Europe began to realise the meaning of the phrase "Greater Britain." At this date old Mother England was rather down on her luck. Khartoum had fallen, and her secret foes—she had but few declared friends—were filled with *Schadenfreude*, or malicious pleasure. But her own far-away children were not unmindful of her in her moment of military humiliation and need. From the people of New South Wales, at the other side of the world, came flashing over the deep-sea cables the offer of two batteries and a battalion of infantry to assist in re-asserting the supremacy of our arms. It was gratefully accepted; but this was not the first offer of its kind. In 1878, when Indian troops were brought to Malta, during the apprehension of a war with Russia, both Canada and Australia had offered to furnish us with contingents; while as early as the Russian War the Canadians of their own free will, and at their own cost, fitted out a regiment for service in the East, and in return for this favour merely begged that the Queen would visit their country—a request which the Prince of Wales graciously complied with in 1860. At first defended by Imperial troops, the colonies had ended by being able not only to defend themselves, but also to succour their Motherland when in distress.

About the time of the Queen's accession, a great part of our regular Army was engaged in garrisoning her colonies. The Duke of Wellington had sent it there in order to save it from the reforming zeal of infatuated economists like Joseph Hume, who would have reformed it out of existence altogether. But gradually the time came when it was no longer necessary to take these precautions, at once of economy and defence. The colonies rapidly increased in population and power to such an extent that, in 1862, the House of Commons resolved that "colonies exercising the right of self-government ought to undertake the main responsibility of providing for

EGYPTIAN WAR. THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE AT KASSASSIN, AUGUST 24, 1882.
The Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry was Led by Colonel Ewart and Annihilated the Opposing Infantry.
(After J. Richards. From the Collection of Sir Henry Ewart.)

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their own internal order and security, and ought to assist in their own external defence." Since 1870, therefore, the Imperial troops have been gradually withdrawn from all the self-governing colonies, apart from Halifax and Cape Town; so that their defence rests entirely with their own local forces. These are of three kinds—permanent corps, militia (active and reserve), and volunteers. These colonial forces are under Imperial officers—commandant and staff—while the discipline, as far as possible, is assimilated to the King's Regulations and the customs of the Imperial Service. It will be remembered that, the better to bring about this result, a squadron of the New South Wales Lancers—typical examples of Australian troops—came to this country a year or two since to undergo six months' regular training at Aldershot with the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers), and then returned home, after taking part in the Boer War on their way back, to leaven their comrades in the lessons they had learned in England. As for the duties of the local colonial levies, what is primarily required of them is to man their coast defences, maintain internal order, and meet the minor land attacks that alone seem probable in their case, the Imperial Navy doing the rest.

It is difficult to arrive at a true numerical estimate of our colonial forces, as they have been increasing rapidly from year to year, but they must now be very considerably over 100,000 men, including armed police, seeing that the fencible force of the Commonwealth of Australia alone, apart from New Zealand, is returned at over 61,000, with 15,000 cadets, or boy soldiers, while the Canadian Militia supplies about 35,000. Nothing has been a greater surprise to the Duke of Cornwall in the course of his Antipodean tour than the frequent reviews of splendid colonial troops which he has been invited to witness among the vigorous young nations "where," as one correspondent wrote, "it is almost a disgrace for a young man not to wear the King's uniform. . . . Young and old, men and women, the colonials display the strenuous qualities of a race proud in its right and capacity to bear arms for the defence of its honour and the vindication of its claims before the world." The permanent military force maintained by each of the self-governing colonies is in most cases a small one—in Canada, for example, it only numbers 1,000 men of all arms, being officered from the military college at Kingston, from which numerous cadets have also been gazetted to the Imperial Service. But these small permanent forces serve as the nucleus of their national defence, seeing that the aforesaid colonies have now all risen to the dignity of new Anglo-Saxon states, grown-up children of old Mother England. Their military material is unrivalled, and the Boer War has shown that the raw material can very soon be converted into the finished article.

SOUDAN CAMPAIGN. THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA, JANUARY 17, 1885.

The Khartoum Relief Force, under General Stewart, Defeated the Arabs in a Heavy Hand-to-hand Fight.

By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, London.

In his farewell general order to the army of the Soudan in 1885, Lord Wolseley said, with reference to the New South Wales troops who had volunteered for the war: "They have borne themselves well, both in action and in camp, and I trust that, should any serious war be forced on our Empire, we may again find ourselves shoulder to shoulder with Australian troops facing a common enemy." These words were prophetic, for even before the clouds of war burst upon Natal in 1899 Queensland and Tasmania had made haste to offer us contingents of mounted infantry, while the New South Wales Lancers in training at Aldershot, already referred to, also volunteered for the front. The other Australasian colonies followed suit, while Canada also hastened to despatch a battalion of infantry 1,000 strong—Canada, who had otherwise testified her undying devotion to the Empire by petitioning the Home Government for the repatriation of the 100th Foot, known as the Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment, but originally raised in the Dominion (1853) as the Royal Canadians.

Within five months after the outbreak of the Boer War—not to speak of later contributions—our various colonies had added no fewer than 26,000 men to the army of South Africa, a figure larger by 1,000 than the force which we first landed in the Crimea, and by about 2,000 larger than the contingent of purely British troops in Wellington's allied army of 68,000 at Waterloo. And of those 26,000 "Sons of the Empire," "Soldiers of the Queen," no fewer than 20,000 had been raised in South Africa itself in the shape of more than five-and-thirty various kinds of corps, from whom Lord Roberts, tactful as ever, was complimentary enough to select his personal bodyguard of forty picked men—Lord Roberts, who, on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, had been honoured with the command of the colonial troops, or "Sons of the Empire," and who figured so conspicuously in Her Majesty's memorable procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's.

It was only then for the first time that the British people were enabled to realise the magnitude of the Empire, with its 277,000,000 subjects over which the Queen ruled, and the manifold character of the fighting men, who, after the Navy, were its main support. Indeed, the representative sections of our home-raised Army itself, which figured in the Jubilee pageant, seemed almost lost in the multitude of our legionaries and auxiliaries from beyond the sea—from the burning plains of India, with all its picturesquely warlike costumes, the prairies of the Southern Cross, the snow-clad forests of Canada, and all the outposts and outlying portions of our world-wide domains—from Hong Kong to British Guiana, from Ceylon to Jamaica, and from Malta to Manitoba: a bewildering but pride-engendering stream of variegated warriors, all owning allegiance to the Union Jack.

Prominent among our colonial troops is the fine West India Regiment of blacks, of which one battalion serves in the West Indies (Jamaica), and the other on the West Coast of Africa, with headquarters at Sierra Leone; and with this fine corps may now be ranked the lately-raised Central African Regiment. Then there is the Hong Kong Regiment, organised as a battalion of native infantry of the Indian Army (mostly Sikhs); and to this has lately been added a "Chinese Regiment," recruited from among the Celestials, and officered by Britishers, at Wei-hai-Wei. Apart, also, from the self-governing colonies, the military interests of the Crown are served by local militia and volunteers of various kinds at places like Malta with its Royal Malta Artillery and Militia; Ceylon with its Volunteer Artillery, Infantry, and Mounted Infantry (which latter sent a fine body of men to the Boer War); the Straits Settlements with their Volunteer Artillery at Singapore, and British Guiana with its Volunteer Militia. Indeed, there are but few of our over-sea communities of British blood that do not in one shape or another contribute their quota, however small, to the sum total of Imperial defence; and as far as our Indian and colonial "Soldiers of the King" are concerned, the present measure of that defence can scarcely fall short of the figure of 325,000 men—as thus: Native Indian Army 149,000, Imperial Service Troops 19,000, Indo-European Volunteers, 25,000, Australia 61,000 (apart from 15,000 cadets), Canada 40,000, South Africa—say, 25,000, New Zealand and other minor Colonies and settlements, etc., say, 6,000: total, 325,000, at a moderate estimate, though it must be remembered that in these times of war and military re-organisation, our war footing figure is an everchanging quantity. These are the men who serve us over-sea, and the source of their supply is as the widow's, say the "widow of Windsor's," cruse.

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1871. Dragoon Guard.
1875. Lancer.
1882. Dragoon Guard, Egyptian Kit.
1882. Bengal Lancer.
1885. Trooper, Camel Corps, Gordon Relief Expedition.

1871. Rifle Brigade. Private.
1871. Highlander. Private.
1871. Infantry of the Line. Private.
1884. Fusilier, Officer.
1884. Line Officer.
1885. Bengal Infantry. Sepoys, Indian Native Army.
1885. Gurkha.
1885. Sikh.
1887. Infantry of the Line. Private.
1887. Commissariat and Transport Corps. Driver.

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1871-87.

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THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT OF 1859.
From a caricature by J. Leech

VOLUNTEER LONG SERVICE MEDAL.
Granted May 26, 1894.

THE AUXILIARY FORCES.

Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers.

VOLUNTEER OFFICERS' DECORATION.
Instituted July 25, 1892

IN the year of grace 1837, when our late beloved Sovereign succeeded to the throne which she occupied for upwards of sixty years, England was, and had been for many years, at peace. After the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, all Europe settled down to a state of tranquillity hitherto unknown. Armaments were reduced, regiments disbanded, and all things military were at a discount. If this was the case with the regular forces, much more was it so with the auxiliaries.

The first Army List of Queen Victoria's reign—that for July, 1837—shows only "the commandants and staffs of the disembodied Militia, with their headquarters." Two or three pages suffice, for these mere skeletons of Militia cadres. How different is the state of affairs in the last List in which our late Queen's name appears—the first one for the new century. From this we gather that nearly sixty battalions were embodied, most of whom were actually serving at the seat of war.

The Militia, as is well known, is our oldest force, and dates back to the earliest periods, when every free man was bound to serve in the *fyrd*. But what, perhaps, is not so well known, or, at any rate, so well understood, is the fact that this general liability to service still remains, and could at any time be enforced. The Act authorising the Militia being raised by ballot of all able-bodied men between eighteen and thirty, is only annually suspended, and is thus ready to hand should the Government of the day see fit to put it into operation.

In the early days of Queen Victoria's reign, however, steps were taken to improve the Militia, and in 1852 an Act was passed authorising the voluntary enlistment of men for the force, a bounty not exceeding £6 being allowed, and the ballot was held in reserve to supply deficiencies; and this is, in the main, the system existing at present.

At the beginning of the reign the Militia was under the Home Office, and its character as a constitutional force was by many considered in jeopardy when, in 1854, it was transferred to the War Office. A further great change in the government of the force was effected in 1871. Prior to that the Militia had been under the control of the lords-lieutenants of counties, quite apart from the War Office, but since then all the powers possessed by these officers have been transferred to the Crown, and are exercised by the Secretary of State for War, and may be delegated to such officers as he advises. Thus the men of the Militia are now under the orders of general and other officers, under whom they may be serving as completely as any other troops; formerly they only came under these officers when embodied, and not during annual training.

A great difference exists between the officers now serving and those of sixty years ago. When the Queen ascended the throne, and for many years after, the officers were all local landowners, and were thus known to, and recognised as leaders by, the men under them; indeed, a property qualification in the county was necessary to hold a commission in the local regiment. This property qualification was first dispensed with in 1852 in the case of officers who had served in the regulars and who were captains or lieutenants of five years' standing; under the present regulations no property qualification whatever is needed. Very few of the officers are any longer territorially connected with the regiments in which they are serving; the junior officers merely accept commissions as passports to the regular Army, and have in most cases no connection whatever with the locality. One last remnant of the lord-lieutenant's former command of the Militia survives in his right to nominate gentlemen for first commissions; but this right lapses to the Crown if not exercised within thirty days. Another change in the status of the officers took place in 1877, when, by the Mutiny Act of that year, they were made subject to military law all the year round instead of only during training or embodiment.

Militia, now as always, are only liable to serve in the United Kingdom, unless they volunteer for service abroad; but at the beginning of the reign the area in which they were liable to serve was even more limited. The Crown can, however, accept

SOUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1885. THE AUSTRALIANS ON THE MARCH.
The New South Wales Troops, 800 Artillery and Infantry, Joined General Graham's Force at Suakim March 29 1885.
(After a Drawing by F. Fripp.)

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offers of service abroad, and two years ago a special service section of the Militia was created, consisting of regiments or individuals who register their names to thus serve abroad for a year at any time. In 1867 a Militia Reserve of 30,000 was formed of men who undertook to serve with the regulars in time of war.

It will thus be seen that during the late Queen's reign the Militia gradually changed from a purely local force to one much more at the disposal of the military authorities. True, a Militiaman still enlists for service in a certain county; but the Sovereign can form such men into corps, and the various Militia units now form integral parts of the different territorial regiments, wearing the same uniforms, and having the same territorial titles.

As the control of the force has thus been removed from the county authorities, so these authorities have been relieved of the expense of providing barracks, storehouses, arms, etc., all of which are now furnished by Government, and barracks for the permanent staff have been built at the various depôts, though in one or two cases the old county barracks remain, as at Hereford, Macclesfield, Tralee, and elsewhere.

The advance in military proficiency during the sixty years under consideration has been as marked as other changes. The effete permanent staff existing at the beginning of the period has been replaced by adjutants and sergeants of regulars, in most cases belonging to the territorial regiments. Schools of instruction for officers, camps of exercise, and participation in field manœuvres have all had their share in increasing the efficiency of the militia as a military body. The militia was embodied during the Crimea, and again at the time of the Mutiny; in 1885 some regiments were embodied during the Soudan War, and last year the whole force was again embodied, several regiments still remaining so.

Although the Yeomanry were in existence when the Queen came to the throne, having been raised early in the century, still they, in common with all our forces, were suffering from the neglect which John Bull always manifests towards anything military in the piping times of peace. At this time, and for some years later, the force was composed almost entirely of country gentlemen and yeoman farmers, who rode their own horses, many of them the same horses they rode in the hunting field, and did their short term of soldiering largely at their own expense. Nowadays, alas! owing to the continued depression in agriculture, this class has largely died out, and among those who remain, few find farming so remunerative as to allow them to indulge in such expensive exercise. Hence the yeoman of the present day must be induced to serve by an offer of pay and allowances, which will nearly, if not altogether, compensate him for the expenses of his training. Even so the force has in recent years shown a constant tendency to decrease, and one of the first Royal Warrants appearing under the sign manual of King Edward VII. is one to amend the organisation

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CHITRAL CAMPAIGN, 1895. BRIDGE OVER THE NIAG RIVER.

One of our most Notable North-West Frontier Wars, Carried on in a Country where Transport Difficulties were almost Insurmountable.

Photo. Copyright. *Lekegian.*

SOUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1896-98. CAMEL CORPS AT WADY HALFA.

This Campaign, which Restored the Soudan to Civilisation, Proved Sir Herbert Kitchener a Born Organiser and Leader of Men.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army.*

TIRAH CAMPAIGN, 1897-98. CAMP OF THE PESHAWUR COLUMN AT SWATKOI.

The Crushing of the Pathan Revolt on the North-West Frontier was the Toughest of our Many Frontier Wars.

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and establish it on a more satisfactory basis. Increased pay and allowances have been granted, and an extended period of training exacted, together with a higher standard of proficiency in musketry. The brigade organisation introduced some few years ago has been abolished.

While dealing with the Yeomanry, now styled by the King's command the Imperial Yeomanry, it will perhaps be permissible to say a few words about that other "Imperial Yeomanry" who came forward so readily in our hour of need, and who are still so gallantly maintaining the honour of the flag in South Africa. This force, however, is really part of the regular forces. The men enlist for a year, or for the duration of the war; they are formed into companies, four of which, with a machine-gun detachment, make up a battalion. They are trained, and work, as mounted infantry, and against a foe whose forces are almost entirely mounted their services have been invaluable. When first raised, in the dark days at the beginning of last year, the recruits came principally from the yeomanry cavalry of Great Britain, hence the name; but those recently enlisted have been civilians, attracted in many cases by the large pay offered, many of whom would probably under other circumstances have joined the regular Army as ordinary recruits.

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., The Commander-in-Chief in South Africa.

In the early days of the late Queen's reign some of the Yeomanry regiments had field guns attached to them, but these were withdrawn on the recommendation of a committee which sat in 1875, and the light cavalry organisation was maintained, a minimum establishment fixed for each regiment, and officers were required to obtain a certificate of proficiency at the School of Instruction. Fears have lately been expressed that the force was to be turned into mounted infantry, but the Commander-in-Chief, at a recent inspection, set these fears at rest, though he at the same time pointed out the importance of cavalry soldiers recognising the power of the modern rifle and seeking to perfect themselves in its use, rather than trusting altogether in the *arme blanche.*

The Yeomanry are liable to be called out for permanent service in case of invasion, or the appearance of an enemy off our coasts, while those who have enlisted since 1888 can be thus called out whenever the Militia are embodied. They can also, alone of all the auxiliaries, be called out in aid of the civil power, and several regiments thus rendered good service during the Queen's reign; notably the Staffordshire Yeomanry, who received their title of the "Queen's Own Royal Regiment" on the Queen's accession, and who were called out and did duty for six weeks during riots in 1842. The county presented the regiment with twelve silver trumpets in recognition of its services on this occasion. Another instance is that of the Royal Bucks, who in 1848 relieved the Life Guards at Windsor, and did duty there during the absence of the latter in anticipation of the Chartist riots.

But of all the branches of the auxiliary forces, the one which is most closely identified with the long reign of Queen Victoria is the vast citizen army which forms our Volunteers. It is practically true to state that at the commencement of her reign the Volunteers were non-existent. True it is that one or two remnants of the Volunteer organisation of 1803 existed in a moribund condition, but only one small corps continued an active existence — the Duke of Cumberland's Corps of Volunteer Sharpshooters. When the other corps were disbanded, this continued to drill and shoot at Wormwood Scrubs till 1835, when it obtained permission to change its name to the Royal Victoria Rifle Club, and in 1853 the Government authorised its enrolment as a Volunteer regiment, under the title of the Royal Victoria Rifle Corps. It appears now in the Army List as the 1st Middlesex (Victoria and St. George's) V.R.C.

After the Queen had reigned for some twenty years, the ill-feeling which manifested itself among our neighbours across the Channel, and the avowed hostility of the "French Colonels," rudely disturbed the tranquillity of these islands. The utter unsoundness of our military system, which the Russian War of a few years before had brought home to the minds of all, added to the general feeling of alarm, and a burst of patriotism similar to that which swept over the country a year ago led to the formation of the Volunteer force which has lasted to the present day.

Inspired by the words of the Laureate,

> "Form, form, riflemen form!
> Ready, be ready to meet the storm,"

corps sprang up in all directions. A similar rush to arms had occurred when the century was some fifty years younger, and when another and far greater Napoleon threatened the invasion of these shores. But the patriotism of Victoria's days was even greater than that of the days of her grandfather, for at that time many were ready to volunteer to escape the ballot, which might otherwise have forced them into the ranks. Now there was no such incentive, yet the enthusiasm was higher. Local magnates, peers, and merchant princes either raised corps, or gave large subscriptions; the Inns of Court and the Universities organised corps; artists exchanged their mahl sticks for rifles; doctors gave their services as surgeons; and the clergy became honorary chaplains. Amateur soldiering was everywhere the fashion, and hard-worked business men and clerks gave up their leisure to learning the goose step.

The birth of the force dates from the letter of service addressed by the Queen in Council on May 12, 1859, to lieutenants of counties, sanctioning the formation of corps of the various arms. The first Army List in which we find any notice of the force is that for August, 1859, in which appear a Devonian corps, the Victoria corps of Middlesex, already alluded to, four companies in Lancashire, two in Surrey, one each in Pembrokeshire and Derbyshire, and four at the University of Oxford. From this slight beginning has grown up the huge army which to-day numbers a quarter of a million.

But not in numbers alone has the value of this citizen force increased. In spite of ridicule and official neglect, the force has gone on steadily improving in efficiency till, in the latest scheme issued by the War Office for the organisation of our Home Army, no less than twenty-five Volunteer battalions have been deemed worthy of taking their place in line with regulars and militia who compose the six Army Corps; while for the first time in British history Volunteers have gone abroad to participate in a foreign war. Undoubtedly the discipline and general bearing of these amateur soldiers have left much to be desired, and professional critics may be excused for having looked with contempt on fellows who talked in the ranks, did not salute their superiors, and after a field day degenerated into a rabble. Many, too, after the first wave of patriotism had passed by, only joined to be able to appear at balls or in public in a picturesque uniform, or to be dubbed "major" or "captain." But

BOER WAR. THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

The Second Engagement of the War. The Boers were Routed, and their Camp, Equipment, and Baggage Captured.

(By Permission of Mr. T. Turner.)

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those days have long passed away, and the vast majority of the Volunteers are now as keen to learn their work—and to do it—as any professional soldier could be. And their steady sticking to their cause, through bad repute to good, has earned for them the respect of their comrades in the regular Army, and has forced the authorities to take them seriously. No longer does Mr. Punch aim his good-natured fun at them, or the small boy in the street shout, "Who shot the dog?" And the foreign officer who spoke of them as "a good-natured joke" has long ago learned that the laugh would not be all on his side if he tried conclusions with them.

When first started, the Volunteers were formed in corps of varying sizes—some small, some large, according to the populousness of the locality where they were raised. Subsequently the plan was adopted of grouping the smaller corps into administrative battalions, of which they each formed one or two companies. At the present time these administrative battalions have been changed into complete battalions, which have been attached to the territorial regiments throughout the country.

As with the Yeomanry, so with the Volunteers; the classes who now mainly fill their ranks are not those who did so at the outset. The original circular issued by lords-lieutenants was addressed to "persons who could provide their own arms and equipment and defray all expenses attending the corps." They were then practically self-supporting. Nowadays, except in the case of corps like the Inns of Court and those of the two Universities, the ranks are largely filled by young men of the working classes, and the contributions made by Government towards the expenses of the corps are annually becoming larger. Not only with money does the War Office now help the corps, but adjutants and sergeant-instructors are furnished from the regulars, facilities for range accommodation are granted, arrangements are made for training at camps of instruction, classes are formed for the instruction of officers and N.C.O.'s, and good service is rewarded by the Volunteer Officer's Decoration and the Volunteer Medal, both of which were instituted towards the end of our late Sovereign's reign.

A change has come over the organisation of the force since its formation. At one time twelve counties had light-horse corps, the last survivors of which have recently been converted into Yeomanry; fourteen had mounted rifles, all of whom have disappeared, to be in some measure revived as mounted infantry companies, which some of the larger and more complete units now possess. For many years the Artillery were all garrison artillery; but gradually some were armed with the discarded field guns of the regulars, and, finding their own horses and drivers, were, and are, organised as position batteries. We are promised that a modern field gun shall be substituted for these obsolete weapons of varying calibre, and that the force shall thus have, what it has long lacked, a proper field artillery. A Volunteer Medical Staff Corps has been added, and from this are formed bearer companies; but a thoroughly-organised transport and supply system, like the Army Service Corps of the regulars, is still wanting. Many of the brigades, into which a large proportion of the Volunteer infantry has been formed, do possess supply and transport detachments, and some few battalions have regimental transport, but much remains to be done in this respect.

One feature, which is naturally of recent development, is the cyclist section which many corps maintain; and one corps—the 26th Middlesex—consists entirely of wheelmen. Mention must just be made of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps, which, composed altogether of general managers of our great railways, or other engineering works in connection therewith, possesses an unrivalled experience in moving large bodies of troops, and would be invaluable in case of mobilisation. Probably even Volunteers do not recognise that the manager whose name they see in "Bradshaw" is a colonel in this corps.

No account of the Volunteer Movement would be complete without a few words about the National Rifle Association, which was formed about the same time, "to give permanence to Volunteer Corps, and to encourage rifle shooting throughout the Queen's dominions." This Association has held meetings every year from 1860 till the present time, and its growth may be estimated from the fact that, whereas in 1860 the number of prizes, including challenge cups, was only sixty-seven, last year they amounted to 3,946, exclusive of such cups; whilst the improvement in shooting is shown by comparing the score of twenty-four points out of a possible sixty at 800-yds., 900-yds., and 1,000-yds., made in 1860 by the first Gold Medallist, Private Ross, 7th North York, with the 130 out of 150 made at the same distances by last year's winner, Private Ward, 1st V.B. Devon Regiment.

This marks another improvement, viz., that of weapons. At the beginning of the last reign, all branches of the infantry were still armed with the old "Brown Bess" of Waterloo days. In the following year the arms were changed from flint to percussion locks, and "these muskets, deemed most efficient by the highest authorities," were in use till 1851, when the Minié rifle was somewhat doubtfully introduced. A general officer, who had been Clerk of the Ordnance, thought it "ridiculous to imagine that armies could ever fight at a distance of 500-yds. or 600-yds."! What would the gallant officer have thought of our experiences in the present war?

In dress, too, the changes have been, on the whole, in the right direction. The Militia have discarded their silver lace, and now wear the gold lace and gilt buttons of the regulars, distinguished only by the M. of the officer or the numeral of the private. Some of the Yeomanry still wear the slung jacket, which at the beginning of the reign was worn by all Hussar officers of the Army. The Volunteers, on their formation, especially the country corps, rejoiced in all the various shades of grey, drab, and green imaginable. Pictures of the period show them wearing enormous plumes in their head-dresses, and bloomer knickerbockers, with high leggings up to the knee. All this has, in most cases, given way to a less fanciful uniform, corresponding to that worn by the regular unit to which they are attached. Thus we see that during the long reign of our good Queen Victoria the auxiliary forces went on steadily improving, till at the present day the danger almost seems that the public may be tempted to rely too much on their undoubted worth, to the neglect of the regular forces.

BOER WAR. ATTACK ON A KOPJE.

The Word Kopje is now as Familiar to English as to African Ears Such an Attack is a Frequent Episode in this War.
(After a Sketch by R. Wymer.)

"R. M. A." (Eastney).—The next time your turn comes round for sea, you will find your prospects have been considerably bettered, as you will now be eligible for appointment as "captain of a gun." Every battle-ship and each cruiser (if a flag-ship) will carry a certain proportion of Marines as captains of guns, and even if you do not at once become captain, you can, if qualified, be appointed second captain of a gun, a new rating which carries a penny a day extra, and you can always join the Reserve of Marine when you wish to settle down in port and work at your handicraft of joiner. You will probably find that there will be plenty of berths on shore open to men of good character and skilled at a trade.

"TRAMP."—The length of an ordinary march for a force not stronger than one division moving by one road should be from 12 miles to 16 miles a day for five days out of six, or at most for six days out of seven. A march of 15 miles in fair weather on an average road should not occupy more than seven or eight hours. It is calculated that a division, with all its impedimenta, on a very good road, in good weather, and in a temperate climate, can march at the rate of 2½ miles an hour, but in ordinary conditions it is safest to reckon the rate at 2 miles an hour. Our quick time is at the rate of 116 paces in a minute, or 3 miles 520-yds. in an hour. At the double the rate is 165 paces in a minute, or 5 miles 275-yds. in an hour. Forced marches are avoided as much as possible, as it is a maxim that men and horses must be spared all unnecessary fatigue.

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1896. *Hussar.* — 1893. *21st Lancer, Soudan Kit.* — 1899. *New South Wales Lancer.* — 1899. *Natal Carbineer.* — 1900. *Imperial Yeoman.* — 1901. *Trooper, Strathcona's Horse.*

1891. *Rifleman, King's Royal Rifles.* — 1896. *Linesman* — 1898. *Linesman, Soudan Kit.* — 1900. *Gordon Highlander and Line, Officers, South African Field Kit.* — 1900. *West India Regiment. Private.* — 1900. *Sierra Leone Frontier Force. Haussa.* — 1900. *Victorian Ranger. Sergeant.* — 1900. *City Imperial Volunteer.* — 1900. *Linesman, South African Field Kit.*

TYPES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1888-1901.

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SOME REVIEWS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA.

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

THE QUEEN INSPECTING HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY LEAVING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

A Composite Regiment of the Household Cavalry did Yeoman's Service in South Africa under Colonel Neeld, 2nd Life Guards.

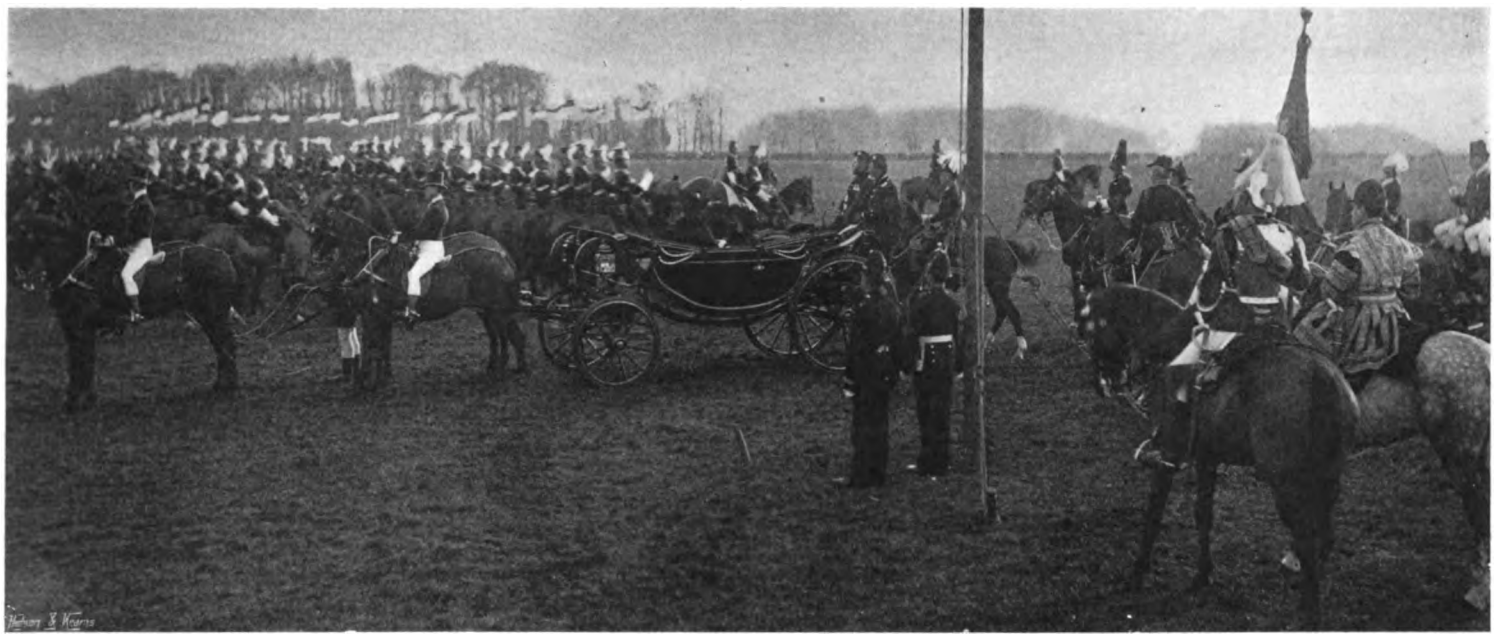

Photo. Copyright. *Lafayette.*

THE QUEEN'S LAST VISIT TO IRELAND. REVIEW IN THE PHŒNIX PARK, DUBLIN.

One of the Regiments that Marched Past Her Majesty on this Occasion was the 21st Lancers, the Heroes of Omdurman.

Photo Copyright. *Russell.*

RECEPTION BY THE QUEEN OF THE CANADIANS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

One of the Last Acts of Her Majesty was to Receive Returned Canadians at Windsor, and to Thank them for their Services.

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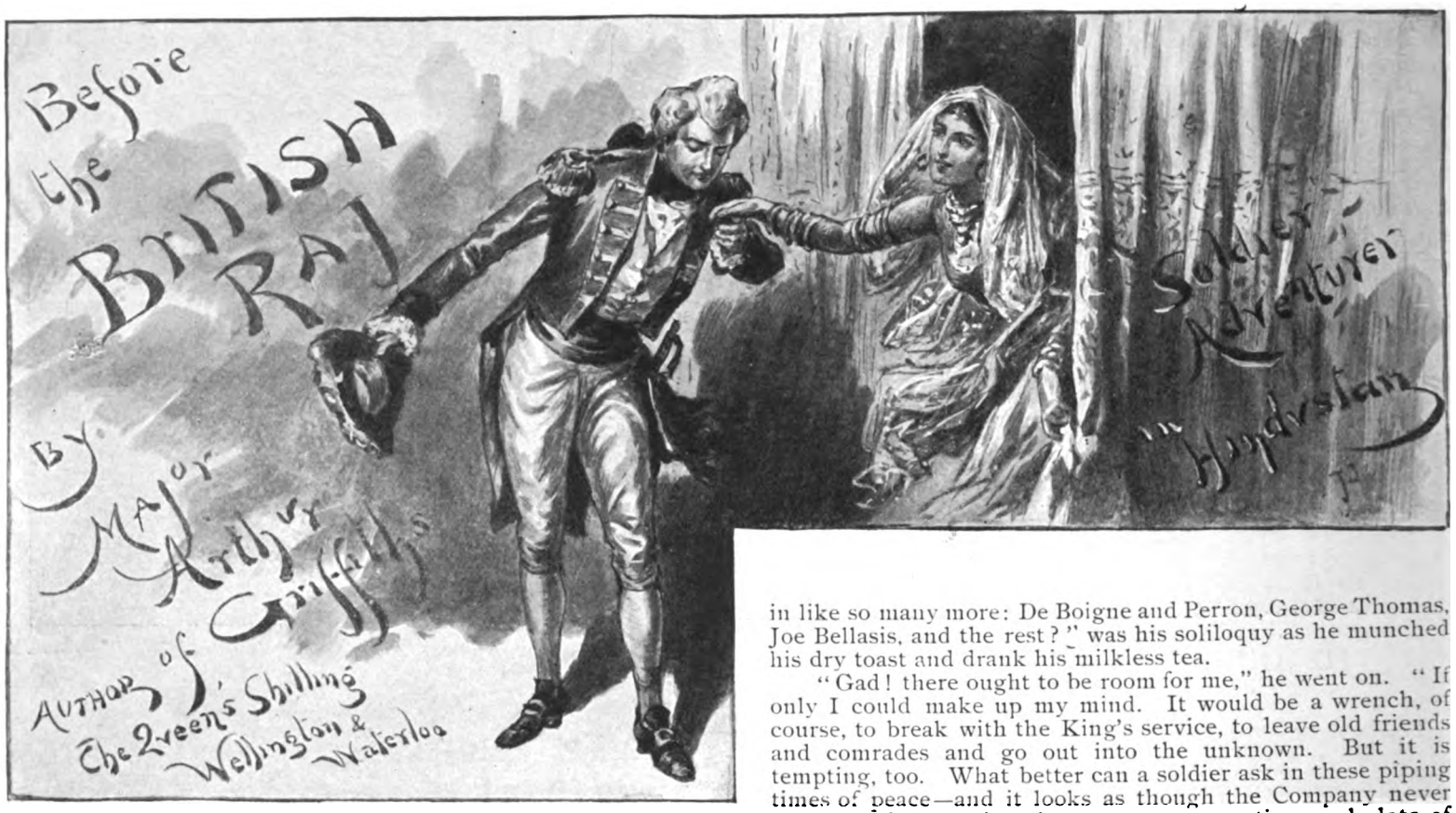

CHAPTER I.

Chicken Hazard.

A KING'S officer, Captain Alexander Latouche, of the 39th Dragoons, sprang from his bed just as the dawn was breaking over the island of Elephanta, opposite Bombay. It was towards the end of the eighteenth century, and he had been four years in the East. At this time we English occupied no more than a few strong posts and narrow strips of country upon the sea coast, and held much aloof from the interior.

Latouche lounged out on to the verandah of his bungalow just as he was, in loose pyjamas and feet quite bare, narrowly escaping the sting of a revengeful scorpion he had disturbed. Tyke, his Yorkshire terrier and inseparable companion, who was close at his heels, made a dart at the vanishing reptile, but missed it. Then, stretching out his arms with an irrepressible yawn Latouche apostrophised the rising sun in a very different spirit to the Parsee worshippers in the road below, who had plumped down on their knees in adoration directly the great fierce and effulgent orb had appeared.

"Good Lord! how I hate you and the whole infernal business. What wouldn't I give for just a morsel of cloud, a touch of mist, or drizzle of rain. We shall have another blazing day. The sea breeze has dropped, there's not a breath abroad. In an hour or two it will be stifling and intolerable. I must get my gallop. *Qui Hi?*"

He clapped his hands impatiently, and an obsequious bearer came out as if by magic, with hands humbly uplifted to receive his good lord's commands.

"My horse. Tell the sayce to have him round in five minutes," and by that time Latouche was ready, carelessly dressed, but workmanlike, and jumped into the saddle. Putting his beautiful Arab to his best speed he rode in the direction of Parel, and going fast through the air it felt fresher, while the long easy swinging pace soon cleared the cobwebs from his brain and put him in better humour. Tyke, too, half believing that he was once again on the Yorkshire wolds, raced, yelping joyously behind.

It was over too soon, this vigorous protest against the enervating influences of the climate, and when he got back to bathe and breakfast the old depression returned. Dulness and unutterable boredom must be again his portion in the increasing heat, in the listlessness and lassitude so difficult to combat in India.

Latouche was a gallant, good-looking youth, tall, slender, dark eyed, with close cut black hair on his small aristocratic head. In nature he was not unlike his terrier, strung on wires, consumed with restless energy, anxious always to be up and doing, hating inaction and idleness, and resenting bitterly the causes that drove him to them. He felt his strength on the wane for want of use, his wits, such as they were, failing, as he sweated and sweltered in the high temperature.

"I could meet it better if there was something to do, worth doing, that is to say. There's lots going on up yonder in Hindustan—fighting, real business—why should I not cut in like so many more: De Boigne and Perron, George Thomas, Joe Bellasis, and the rest?" was his soliloquy as he munched his dry toast and drank his milkless tea.

"Gad! there ought to be room for me," he went on. "If only I could make up my mind. It would be a wrench, of course, to break with the King's service, to leave old friends and comrades and go out into the unknown. But it is tempting, too. What better can a soldier ask in these piping times of peace—and it looks as though the Company never meant to fight again—than to get some active work, lots of it, the command of men, many men, a brigade, perhaps a division, an army even, while one is still young?"

He had, indeed, tried what came to his hand bravely, eagerly, had sought out work, had made a business even of pleasure till things palled or seemed not worth the candle.

At one time he resolved to improve himself in his profession. A keen soldier in his way, he wanted to get beyond the small round of regimental routine, attending stables, inspecting kits and accoutrements, drilling with half-a-dozen of troops of horse, or taking part in a solemn formal field-day under an ancient and effete general, who had studied but forgotten the methods of Turenne and Frederick the Great. Latouche read all the military books he could lay his hands upon, although the literature of the profession was limited enough in those days. Next he tried the practical side, and attached himself to other arms; he got a good sound knowledge of artillery matters as they were then (imperfectly) understood; a friend in the Bombay Sappers taught him all he could of military engineering, grounded him in the science of attacking and defending fortresses, of building entrenchments, and driving mines.

At another time the desire to master the native language possessed him strongly. He engaged a *moonshee* and studied hard. Being a man of parts, he became quickly proficient in Hindustani, that simplest of *lingua francas*, but passed on to acquire a smattering of Persian and some facility in Mahratta. His brother officers looked on amazed; they thought him half a lunatic. Why the mischief should he take so much trouble, learning things that he need not, dry stuff that would never be of the slightest use to him? Rallying him constantly they ended in winning him back to their own easy-going, light-hearted ways, and then Latouche, who could do nothing by halves, threw himself heart and soul into sport of all kinds.

He went in for "shikar," hunted great game and small, became a noted pigsticker, went far afield into the jungle after tiger and nilghai, sambhur and wild elephants. Racing attracted him greatly, his string was very successful, he was a first-class judge of a horse, bought wisely from the Afghan dealers who came down from the hills, trained for himself, and rode his mounts well into the first flight. There was some fun to be got out of the chances, too, he had never played much as yet, but he began to be bitten with the excitement of backing the winner.

The last sort of sport that claimed him was of a more serious and engrossing kind. He had never cared much for society such as he found it in the station. The few haggard coquettes and "garrison hacks" that composed the female element had no particular attractions for him, and he forebore to make one of the crowd of silly suppliants for passing favours. But just now, a little before the time at which we take him up, Latouche had been hit rather badly. One of the latest arrived "spins," the portionless and not always attractive maidens that were so often sent out in those days to find husbands in the Eastern marriage market, had taken his fancy greatly. It was, as he thought, love at first sight when he came upon sweet Gladys Peel, with her pretty face and something of the freshness of home on her still rosy

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cheek, with deep violet English eyes, and abundant flaxen hair. The court he proceeded to pay her attracted much attention, a court so marked that people pronounced it quite the real thing.

He was not her only admirer, however, and the matter was soon brought unpleasantly before him when tiffin time came and mounting his "tat" he rode at a sharp pace across the compound to the mess-house.

The table was full, the talk general, there was a loud hubbub of voices in the room, which was instantly stilled as Latouche entered.

"Talk of an angel and you will see his wing," someone whispered to his neighbour, and Latouche caught a few words of the phrase.

"What were you saying about me? Out with it, Jack," said Latouche, as he seated himself beside his particular friend Orme, also a captain in the regiment.

"Something you ought to hear; and shall, by and by. Try some of this prawn curry, it's not half bad, and the beer is almost cool."

There was less luxury in India then than now. Food was plainer, drink simpler. Curry, now generally despised, was a staple dish, and Hodgson's Pale Ale the favourite beverage; a time when whisky was little known beyond its native heather, when soda water had not been invented, and no ice to be had for love or money.

"Well, what have you to tell me?" Latouche said at length when lunch was over and he sat smoking with Orme in a cool corner of the ante-room.

"Simply this, Sandy; you're likely to wear the willow unless you put your best foot foremost. You'll lose her else."

"Miss Gladys Peel? Another rival in the field?"

Orme nodded.

"And a dangerous one," he added; "a dark horse coming up hand over hand and making all the running. You'll be distanced, beaten out of sight."

"May I ask his name?" Sandy spoke negligently, seeming to care little.

"You'll wake up when I tell you, my conceited young friend. What do you say to the chief himself, our Colonel, L'Estrange, Tiger Tom? And he means business too. He never left her side at the bandstand last evening—you weren't there—but some of us saw what was going on. What sort of chance would you have against him, a notorious lady-killer, rich, got his rank early and all the world before him? Your chances have run off; why the odds are all on his side."

"With all my heart. Let him go in and win. I withdraw. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Thus, Latouche, putting the best face on it; but in his secret heart he was sore. It was pique rather than deep feeling, for no man, not even a lukewarm and laggard lover, likes to be cut out, and he owed the more favoured swain a deep grudge. There was no doubt truth in the story.

Then followed coolness, estrangement between the two, so far as this was possible between a colonel commanding and one of his officers; but one night there was an open serious rupture. Latouche had taken to high play, not so much on the faith of the old adage as from the reckless craving for some new sensation. Cards were of course permitted in the mess, but only the more sober games, whist, ecarté, piquet, and so forth, while custom strictly limited the stakes. Gambling pure and simple, lansquenet, chicken hazard, faro, the games of pure chance then much in vogue, were absolutely forbidden. Yet Latouche set the rules and orders at defiance, and started the dice board after a late supper when all had drunk deep—and those were days of very deep drinking.

In the middle of the play, when much money had been lost and won, to judge by the "chits," the I O U's, that were passing to and fro, Colonel L'Estrange came in. He had been dining out where Miss Peel had been of the party, and his head was clear, which was more than any of the officers present and playing could have said.

"Who began this?" the Colonel asked, sternly. He was not in his first youth, but he carried his forty years bravely, stood erect and dignified, a very soldierlike and commanding figure.

No one for the moment answered; all were too much taken aback at the sudden interruption.

But Latouche quickly recovered himself, and refusing to be browbeaten by the superior officer he so cordially disliked, said:

"I believe I did, Colonel L'Estrange. At least I am ready to take the responsibility of it."

"You know perfectly well that I do not approve of hazard. I will have no gambling in my regiment. The game must cease now, this very instant. All bets are off, all money must be returned. Do you hear me, gentlemen? That is my order."

"You have no right to do that, sir," hotly and hastily retorted Latouche. "It implies that the play has not been fair."

"How much may you have won, Captain Latouche?" said the Colonel, ignoring the protest.

"I decline to tell you. Again I say you are exceeding your authority, and I will not give up a single anna. To do so would be to acknowledge what you insinuate, that the play has not been fair."

"I insist on my order being obeyed. One of you, Challoner or Mayfield, or any one who is not quite lost to decency and proper feeling, put all the 'chits' together and we will burn them here and now."

"I TELL YOU THAT YOU LIE, IN YOUR TEETH."

"Not mine. They shall not be touched, I swear. I will call anyone to strict account—anyone"—he looked his Colonel straight in the eyes—"anyone who interferes with my winnings."

"They are very large, I presume," said the Colonel, with a contemptuous sneer. "That is why you wish to hold on to them. But you cannot, Captain Latouche, if the others agree to wipe out the whole transaction. If you did you would be guilty of a blackguard action."

"Do you dare apply the word blackguard to me?" cried Latouche, now furious.

"I say it advisedly. To stand out now would be a blackguard action."

"And I say advisedly, Colonel L'Estrange, that in imputing evil motives to me, you forget yourself and take an unfair advantage of your superior rank. But, nevertheless, I tell you that you lie, in your teeth."

A shout of dismay went up from the assembled crowd. All sprang to their feet, and a hubbub of voices rose high. Some sought and surrounded Latouche, taking him sharply to task, others pleaded with the Colonel, urging forbearance, and striving to get him away.

But L'Estrange waved them off.

"This can only end one way. I am not the man to stand

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upon my rank. Here, in the mess, before you all, I am Colonel commanding the 39th Royal Dragoons, but I have a black coat at home in my bungalow, and, to-morrow, Mr. L'Estrange is ready to meet Mr. Latouche on the ground. Captain Challoner will you act for me? Arrange with the other side, and the sooner the meeting takes place the better."

They fought soon after daybreak. Neither side would yield. The Colonel would have accepted but declined to make any apologies, knowing that he had the right on his side. Latouche, who felt himself in the wrong, was too proud to admit it; only he had the good taste to step to the front just as they were taking their places, and, addressing his adversary's second, said:

"Captain Challoner, I wish your principal to know that I deeply appreciate the honour he pays me in meeting me, an officer under his command. But I desire to spare him any unpleasant consequences of this honourable concession. I am no longer an officer of the 39th Dragoons; my application to retire from the Service by the sale of my commission has been lodged with the adjutant this morning. We meet, therefore, to settle our differences as private gentlemen."

A few words passed between L'Estrange and Challoner, after which the latter, speaking to Orme, who was Latouche's second, said:

"My principal is very sensible of the generous step taken by Captain Latouche, and wishes me to express his lively regret that so promising an officer should be lost to the King's service."

After that the seconds placed their men, and shots were exchanged. It was generally believed that both had fired into the air, for neither adversary was touched.

"I beg to state that Colonel L'Estrange is perfectly satisfied, but he is quite willing to go on if Captain Latouche wishes another shot," said the first second.

"My man is also satisfied——" began Captain Orme.

"More," interrupted Latouche. "I desire to freely express my sorrow in having used such unwarrantable language to Colonel L'Estrange."

"Not another word, my dear fellow," hastily put in the Colonel, not to be outdone. "I provoked you to it. Shake hands."

Later that day the Colonel sent for Latouche to his quarters, and without preamble began frankly, in a very friendly tone:

"Of course you will withdraw your papers now? I do not wish to lose you. The regiment is entirely of the same mind."

"No, sir. I am deeply grateful to you, and to all the others, but I shall leave the Service. I have quite made up my mind."

"Are you afraid to remain under my command? Need I assure you that what has just happened will never make the slightest difference in my attitude towards you, which is most friendly—I may say affectionate."

"It is not that, indeed, sir. There are other reasons," faltered Latouche.

"You cannot mean——? Come man, surely you're not jealous? Yes? I know your sentiments towards a certain young lady; I know them better than you do. Surely they were never real; you were not in earnest. I was. I have found my fate, and God give me strength to merit the great prize I have won. Do not grudge her to me, Sandy; I love her purely, deeply, passionately—you will laugh at my rhapsodies—anyhow, a great deal more than you do. You'll get over it and find another. Come. Don't bear malice. Stay with us and be my best man."

"Indeed, sir, you are far more worthy of Miss Peel than I. I resign her, not without a pang, into better hands. It is not the fear of seeing your happiness, sir, that is driving me from Bombay. The real truth is that I cannot keep quiet. I am eating out my heart here, utterly sick of doing nothing. I see no chance of active work with my own people, and I mean to look for it yonder, up country. I shall offer my sword to one of the native princes. It has long been in my mind, but I could not bring myself to the irrevocable step. Circumstances unhappily arose to force me to it, but now that I have taken it I shall not draw back."

The Colonel was silent for a time, and when he spoke again, it was very gravely, very solemnly, but in no sense with disapproval.

"I ought, I suppose, to counsel you against this. But upon my soul, if I were your age, and had half your energy, I should be sorely tempted to do the same. It is a serious move, and for an uncertain gain, yet gain there may be: real soldiering, the command of men, many men, the opportunity of fighting battles when all one's faculties are freshest. Yet there is another side. You may win, but the odds are heavy, the risks are far greater than in that wretched game from which I wanted to save you."

Latouche nodded in gratitude.

"Either way you will have to encounter dangers—the worst," went on the Colonel after another pause. "If you fail—you go under; if you rise you will stir up the fiercest opposition, enemies who will stand at nothing to ruin you. Intrigue, corruption, treachery, are rampant in those native courts. Disgrace there is not the only penalty; poison or the knife may be your portion, even if you escape in the field; or you may be seized, imprisoned, maimed, blinded, done for. All that has to be thought of."

"All that I am prepared to face, sir," Latouche said, with quiet resolution. "I will trust to my wits, my luck, my own right hand. I am an Englishman, and that is at least something."

So the butterfly Dragoon changed into the soldier of fortune, and became a free lance, one of those military adventurers who revived memories of the old Italian *condottieri*.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"DESPATCHES" (The "Surprise," Mediterranean).—The practice used to be to throw overboard all despatches when they were likely otherwise to fall into the enemy's hands. Nowadays they would be taken down to the engine-room and either concealed amongst the coals in the bunkers or thrown into the fire. Throwing them overboard always was risky, for we have two authentic instances in which they were recovered after being so treated. General Kléber's celebrated letter to the Directory, stating the hazardous position in which Buonaparte had left the army at Alexandria, was recovered by a sailor, because the cannon-ball intended to sink them burst the silk handkerchief and the despatches remained floating on the surface of the water. And early in the same war, when the "Légère"—carrying despatches for Buonaparte from Paris—was captured off Alexandria by the frigate "Alemène," the Frenchmen threw overboard two packets of despatches just as the "Alemène" hove alongside. Two men, John Taylor and James Harding, seeing this, promptly jumped overboard, although their ship was going about five knots an hour, and preserved the despatches in their teeth by swimming until they were picked up. The Committee of Lloyds, to mark their appreciation of this bravery, awarded each of these gallant men a pension of £20 per annum.

* * * *

F. A. NEWTON.—The flash is now only worn by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. It consists of five black ribbons, one in the centre and two on each side, about 7 in. or 10-in. wide, and slit at the end like the points of a guidon. It is worn hanging down from the back of the collar. This silk facing was originally worn to protect the coat from the flour and grease used in plaiting the queue or pigtail, which was abolished by a General Order from the Horse Guards dated July 20, 1808. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers were abroad at the time, and Colonel Pearson retained the flash on the officers' coats until his battalion came home in 1834. His successor, Colonel Harrison, appealed through the Horse Guards to William IV. to be allowed to retain the flash permanently, and to have the regimental goat officially recognised. Both requests were granted. The regimental staff-sergeants and warrant officers (with the exception of the schoolmaster), as well as the officers, now wear the flash.

"STUDENT."—"The Naval War Code" of the United States was drawn up last year by Captain C. H. Stockton, the President of the United States Naval War College, and you are right in your surmise that there is not an official code setting forth the laws and usages of war at sea in any other Navy. The nearest approach to anything of the kind is the instructions issued to the French Navy in the war of 1870. "The Naval War Code" is therefore quite unique in setting forth clearly and concisely, during peace, for all time the rules which are to govern the conduct of American Naval officers in war. It is the outcome of the experience of the American-Spanish War, when it was found absolutely necessary to have such rules for the guidance of Naval officers. The same thing happened in the American Civil War, when in 1863 the "Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field" were drawn up by Professor Lieber. These rules have ever since exercised the greatest influence on International law, for they stated clearly and definitely what had been too often left to precedent or to the humanity of commanders.

* * * *

"GEOFFREY CHUBB."—The lines you quote:

"Oh, why the deuce should I repine,
An' be an ill-foreboder;
I'm twenty-three and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger"

are by Burns, who at one time certainly had leanings towards a martial life. He tells us himself that he "used to strut up and down after the recruiting drums and bagpipes and wish himself tall enough to be a soldier." When he was "tall enough" something turned him from his purpose, and his military enthusiasm carried him no farther than enlistment in the Dumfries Volunteers, of which he was a prominent and popular member. At a regimental banquet, however, he gave deep offence by the toast he proposed out of sheer mischief: "May we never see the French, and may the French never see us." He atoned for this by writing a war song for his corps, which began:

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, sir!
There are wooden walls upon our seas,
And Volunteers on shore, sir."

THE EDITOR.

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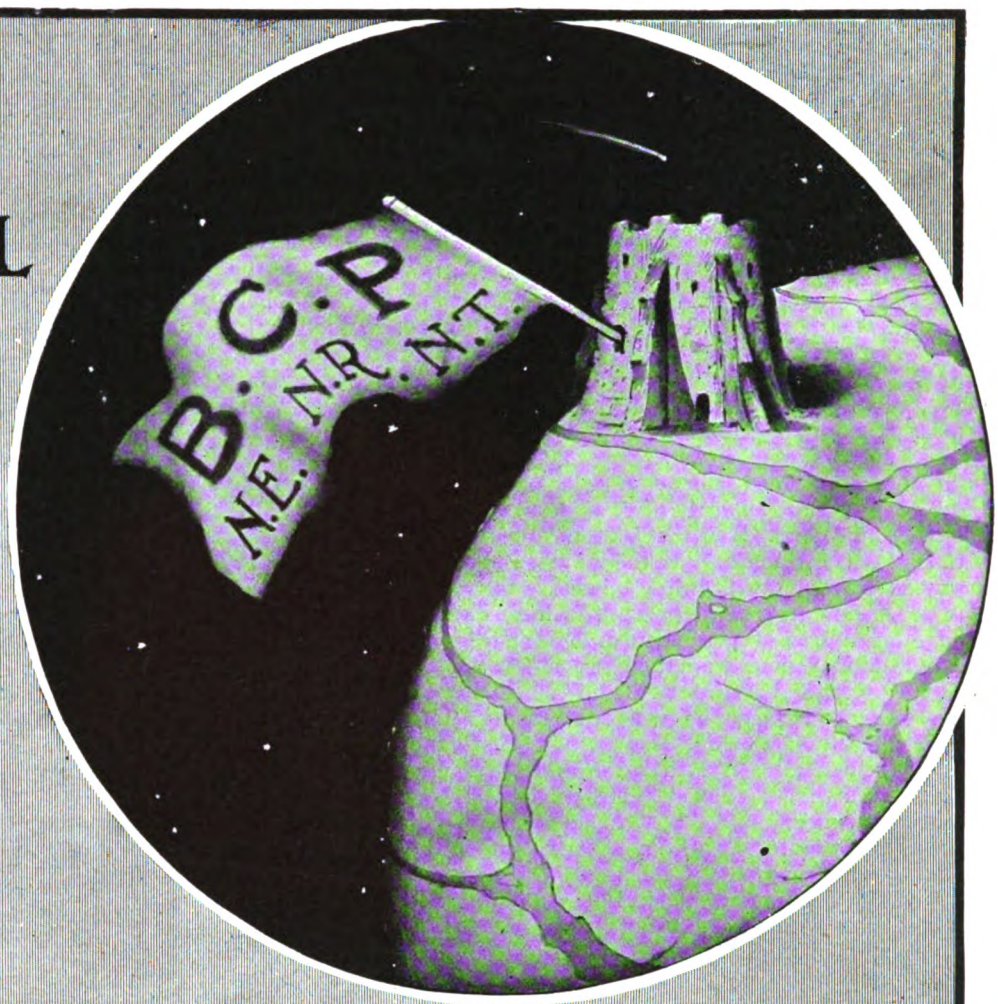
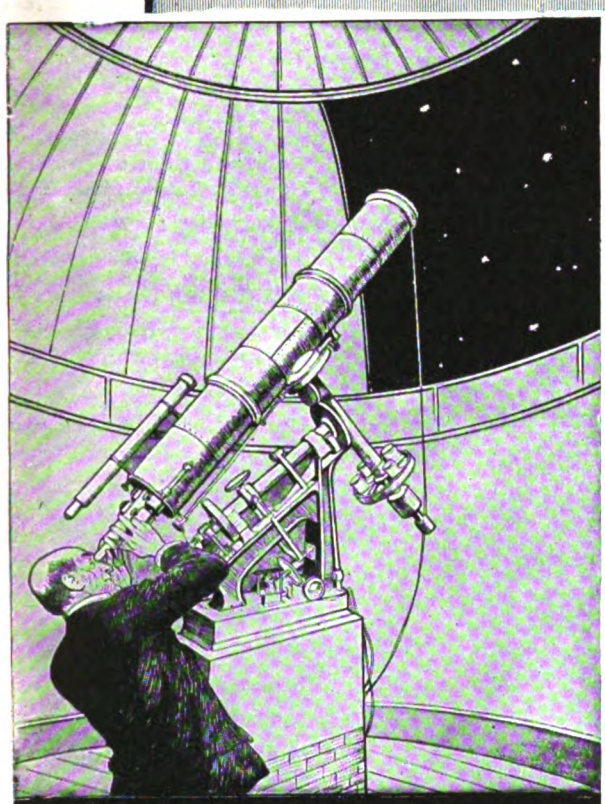
A SIGNAL FROM MARS





THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL

Code Interpretation :—

"B" = BIRD'S

"C" = CUSTARD

"P" = POWDER

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Even they know it!

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STOUTNESS AND SUMMER HEAT.

AMAZING SUCCESS OF THE 'RUSSELL' TREATMENT.

SUMMER is *not* an unmixed blessing—for the corpulent. When the sun pours down its glorious life-giving rays there are many who have scarce energy enough to think. The burden upon them is too great. They are exhausted and weakened by what to all of us should be a vitalising power, because either they do not know that there is a radical cure for obesity, or they have not had sufficient confidence to give it a trial. We allude, of course, to the now famous "Russell" treatment for the cure of corpulency, which alone amongst the many so-called reductive processes that have been advocated by medical men and others, permanently survives on its own undoubted merits. Why is this? Simply because, whilst being based on a scientific principle, it is harmless, pleasant, safe, easy and sure. The medicine (if it may be called a medicine, being so exceedingly pleasant) is a refreshing, cooling, and invigorating tonic, which allays thirst in a marvellous manner. Think of that in this hot, sweltering weather! It is purely vegetable, and can be taken by the most delicate person. It is neither laxative nor constipating, neither weakening nor sickly. Yet this wonderful tonic brings about a reduction of fat within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment—a reduction which amounts to 1lb. to 2lb. daily; more than that in cases of excessive stoutness! We have read Mr. F. C. Russell's admirable treatise on the causes and the cure of corpulency with the greatest interest, because he brings proofs to bear on everything he claims for his remarkable system. A thousand extracts are given from letters of grateful patients who have been *permanently* relieved of their distressing burden of fat, and a thousand extracts from the Press attest the practical value of the book, "Corpulency and the Cure," which any of our stout readers may procure by sending two penny stamps (to defray the postage under plain sealed envelope) to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. We can safely aver that it will well repay perusal. Reverting to the thirst-quenching merits and the extreme *pleasantness* of the preparation prescribed by Mr. Russell, a lady writes that she "was giving her guests good champagne, but really preferred Mr. R.'s mixture!" As a table drink with mineral waters or with weak whisky and water (for the treatment exacts no unreasonable restrictions as to food and drink) the "Russell" compound is in every way refreshing and agreeable as well as wholly beneficial—the greatest of boons in the hot months.

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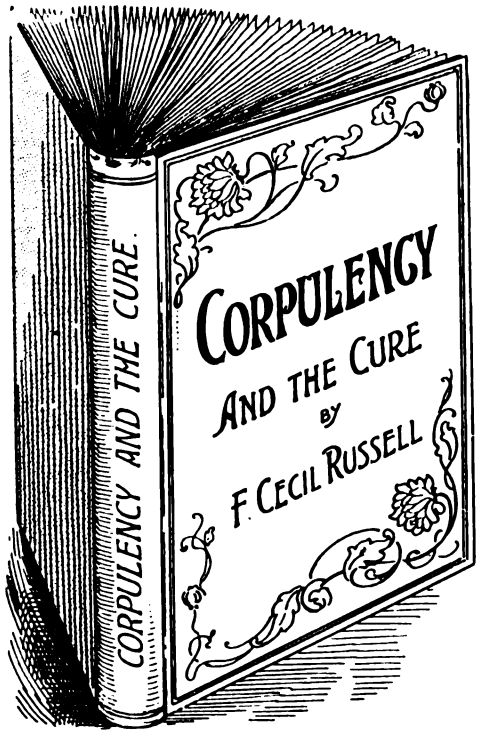

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("TATCHO" is a Romany word signifying "GENUINE," "GOOD," "TRUE.")

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,"

said **Mr. Geo. R. Sims** to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In 'Tatcho' I have discovered **a remedy capable of working wonders.**"

"I COULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED,"

avers **Major-General Keate,** "that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time. 'Tatcho' is excellent and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life."

"TATCHO IS INVALUABLE,"

writes **Princess Eugenie Cristoforos Palœologue.** "I would not be without it on any account."

"I USE ONLY TATCHO."

says **Mrs. Brown Potter,** whose beautiful hair is the envy of the feminine world.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair.

"TATCHO" acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the World, in Bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

'TATCHO'
Mr. Geo. R. Sims' Hair Renewer Grows Beautiful Bountiful Hair.

'TATCHO'
Positively Produces Hair.

'TATCHO'
Keeps the Hair its Natural Colour.

'TATCHO'
Prevents the Hair Going Grey.

'TATCHO'
Keeps the Hair from Falling Out.

'TATCHO'
Produces Hair.

'TATCHO'
Preserves Hair.

'TATCHO'
is a Delightful Tonic For the Hair.

'TATCHO'
Should Never be Absent From the Toilet Table.

81, Great Queen St., HOLBORN, LONDON, W.

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THE GUN ACCIDENT AT FRESHWATER.

IT would be useless to speculate as to the cause of the sad accident which occurred at Freshwater Redoubt, in the Isle of Wight, in the closing days of June. The 12-pounder quick-firer is considered by gunners a very safe weapon, and it is supposed that its mechanism is so arranged that the cartridge cannot be ignited if the breech is not properly locked. Nevertheless, at Freshwater Redoubt, a breech block and screw, roughly about 6-in. long and of approximately the same diameter, were blown out with most disastrous consequences. Judging by the position of those who were injured, the piece of metal, once it was seperated from the gun, must have taken a very eccentric course; but approximately it took the line indicated in our picture, which shows not only where it landed, but where it deposited itself, a part rebounding from the ground. With a piece of metal, indeed, propelled by so much power, flying about in this fashion, it is really wonderful that the loss of life was not more serious than was actually the case. As it was, Captain Arthur Le Mesurier Bray, who was standing on a mound about 12-yds. in rear of the gun, with his glasses up to watch the result of the firing, was struck full in the body and killed, as was also Gunner Charles Dornan, who was waiting behind the gun with the shell for the next charge, and Gunner Ricketts and Bombardier Macdonald succumbed to their injuries in the course of a few hours. A number of others were more or less seriously wounded; and General Stewart, who had only just moved from Captain Bray's position, had a narrow escape. In our first picture the third man from the left in the group who are standing up is Gunner McGlocland, who lost his right hand. Among those sitting down, the second is Gunner Malone, whose arm was blown off, while the third in the front row is Gunner Pratt, whose chest was hurt, and four men from him is Gunner Ricketts.

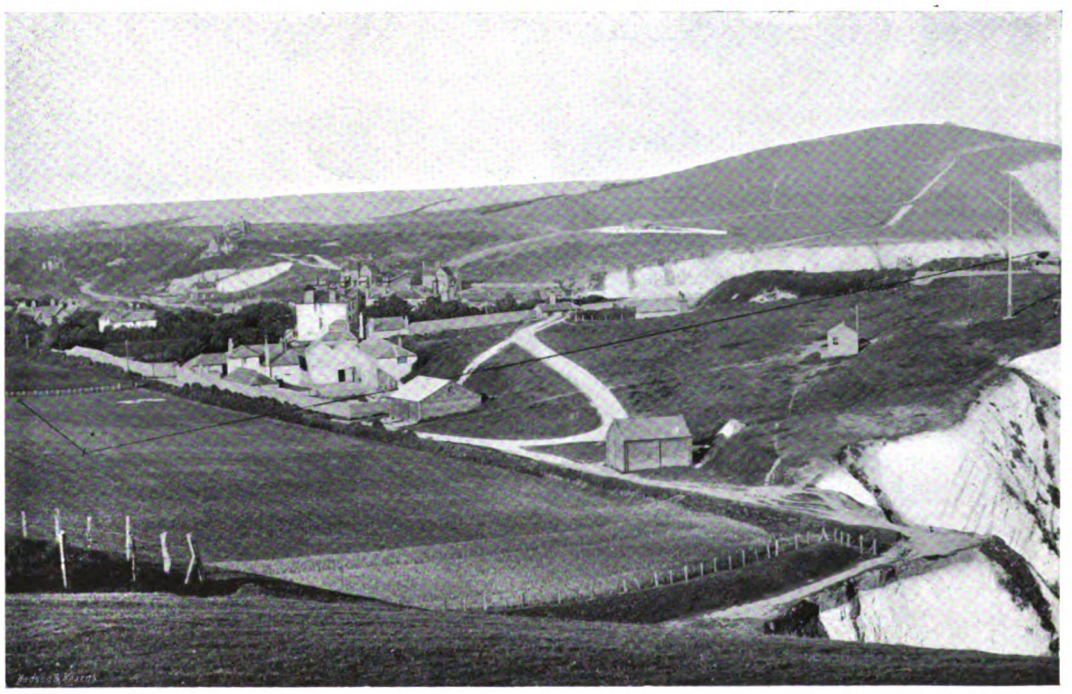
The verdict of "Accidental death" which was returned by the coroner's jury was of course the only one possible; but it seems evident from the condition of the threads of the screw that the breech block was not properly home at the moment that the cartridge was ignited, and this must necessarily be a matter for enquiry by the military authorities, as the theory is that the electrical current can be completed only when the breech block is in its place. The remains of Captain Bray and the other three victims of the disaster were laid to rest side by side in the parish churchyard of Freshwater. Full military honours were accorded, and the closing spectacle was as imposing and impressive as the tragedy was terrible. Some 1,500 troops and officers of the Southern District attended. There is something far more tragic in such a loss of life in a mere drill exercise during a time of peace than there would be in the loss of a much greater number of lives amid the rush and excitement of actual battle.

A GROUP OF GARRISON ARTILLERY.

In this Group are Included the Killed and Wounded in the Accident.

THE "DEAD MARCH" AND THE LAST SAD RITES.

The Coffins and Escort on their Way to the Cemetery.



Photos. Copyright. *M. H. Brown, Freshwater.*

A GENERAL VIEW OF FRESHWATER REDOUBT.

Showing Approximately the Course of the Breech Block from the Gun to the Place where it Landed.

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SPORTS AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE NAVY IN THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

Photos. Copyright. *Russell.*

1.—Obstacle Race. A Rope Entanglement. 2.—Tug-of-war. Officers of the "Vernon." 3.—Tug-of-war, Royal Naval College. 4.—200-yds. Handicap. Officers of the Royal Naval Depot.

Our pictures represent events at the recent Naval and Military sports held by the port and garrison at Portsmouth on the United Services Grounds. One shows the competitors in the obstacle race negotiating a very intricate rope entanglement. The most popular of all events at a Service athletic meeting is the tug-of-war, and the two teams in our pictures are those of the acting sub-lieutenants preparing for examination at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, and the officers of the "Vernon," the Torpedo School. The "Vernon's" team were the winners, but in the final they found the team of the 4th Lancashire Fusiliers too good for them. A fourth picture shows the start for the 200-yds. race for officers. In this event Lieut. Waller, R.M., and Capt. Morgan, R.M., were first and second respectively, while Com. Benson, R.N., was third.

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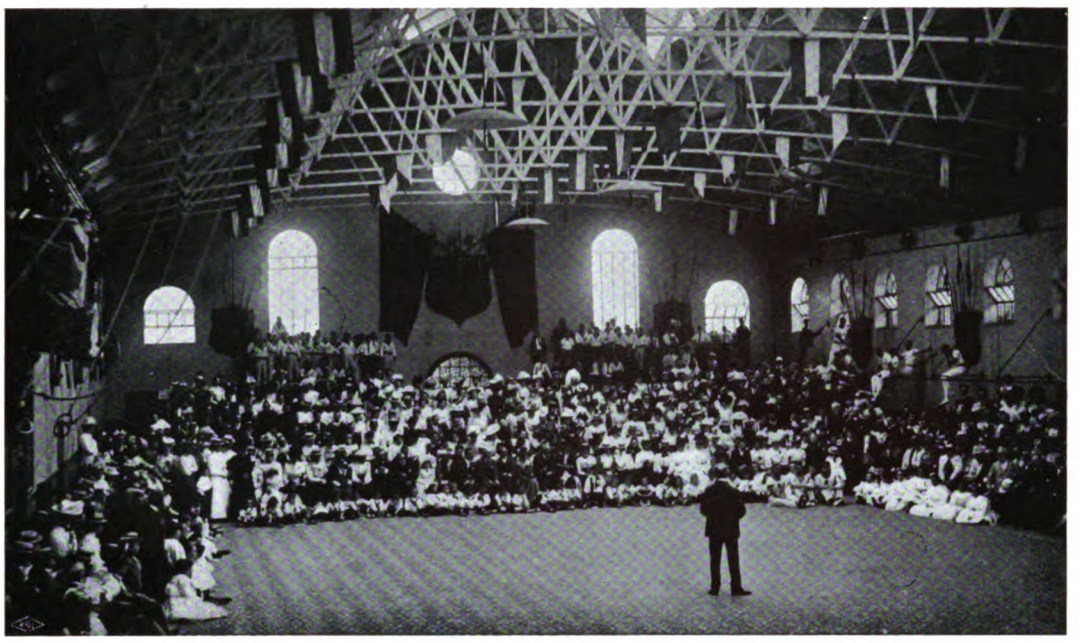
PHYSICAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN ON ARMY LINES.

THE Board of Education having lately adopted a system of physical training on the basis of that in use in the Army schools, Colonel Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia, at the request of Mr. Colvile, Inspector of Schools in Surrey and Sussex, recently invited some 700 teachers and inspectors, besides a large number of others interested in the movement, to witness a display at the Headquarter Gymnasium, Aldershot. The classes which took part in this exhibition were composed of children, both boys and girls, varying in ages from five to fifteen. The performance commenced with a series of exercises carried out by a mixed class of forty infants under the direction of Miss Catley, head-mistress of the Model School, Aldershot. This was followed by a class of forty older boys under Mr. Thomas, and that in turn by forty older girls, drilled by Mrs. Coghlan. The movements throughout were remarkable for the energy and precision with which they were performed, and Colonel Fox, in the course of his remarks, emphasised the following points:



A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE.

Colonel Fox Lecturing to School Masters and Mistresses.

A common, and an erroneous, impression exists that physical training merely strengthens the limbs and body; but, whilst obtaining these results, the brain also receives its full share of training, and is actually the leading factor.

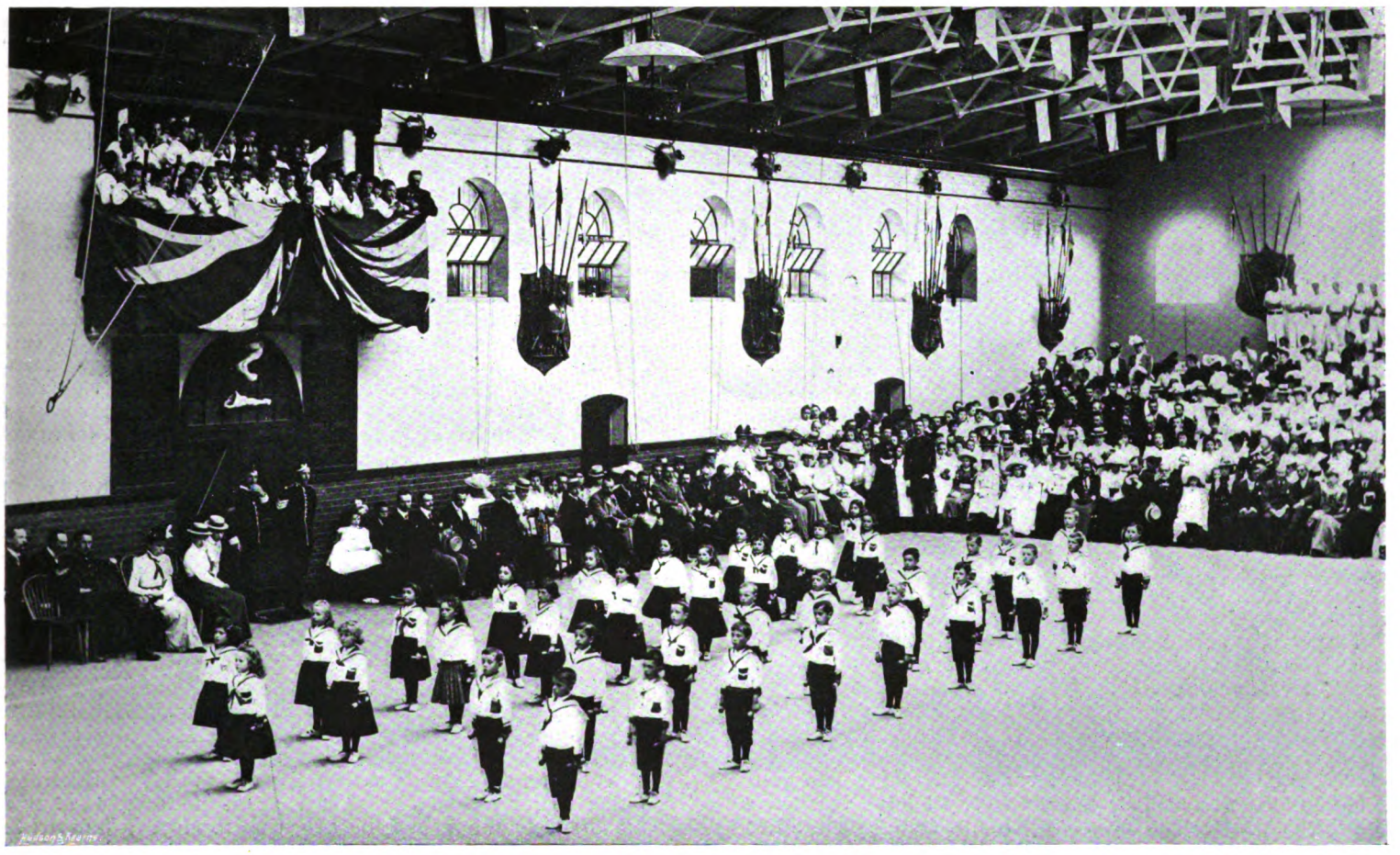
It is a fatal mistake to regard the physical work as a mere relaxation from book-work. Classes, if properly handled, should have their attention fixed, and their entire mind and energy concentrated on every movement.

No drill should ever be given as a punishment; but, on the contrary, it should be a punishment not to allow children to take part in the drills.

Hours of drill should be short, but the highest discipline maintained. The drills should be carried out daily (during school hours), or, if time will not permit, for at least three full half-hours per week.

There should be only one system for the whole Kingdom, namely, that now in vogue in the Army. The present system of physical training for recruits in Army gymnasia, and for children in Army schools, has been in force for some years, and the results have been admirable. The system is simple and effective, and expert Army instructors are always obtainable.

Annual competitions should be held between teams of all schools in every district, and then between the winning teams of each district; therefore a uniform standard is necessary.



Photos. Copyright *Cumming.*

PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR THE BOARD SCHOOLS.

The Infants from the Model School at Aldershot Afford an Object-lesson.

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SPRING AND SUMMER BOOKS.

By John Leyland.

SEVERAL circumstances have affected in a remarkable way the recent production of books. During the war the public mind was engrossed, and could think of nothing but the tented field, the kopje, and the veldt. The result was that, to gratify a popular taste, a great volume of war literature was produced, and China and Kumassi were not forgotten. Then Queen Victoria's death had a somewhat depressing effect, and in a general way it may be said that, except in particular directions, the winter book season was not particularly successful, and books which were in themselves good were neglected. But with the spring there came a demand for new things, and the publishers, ever ready for their opportunities, produced, and have continued to publish, some most attractive volumes, some of which had been delayed because of the war. Travel and biography, and fiction of light and piquant kind are upon our shelves; and there are many books still that concern South Africa. Indeed, since the public excitement abated, an intelligent demand has sprung up for thoughtful books upon the operations and circumstances of the campaign.

Thus Mr. Murray has just issued "A Doctor in Khaki," by Francis Fremantle, M.A., M.B., lately civil surgeon with the South African Field Force; and also an account of the work of the Portland Hospital, under the title of "A Civilian War Hospital," both full of practical interest. From the same eminent house comes an historical review of the development of Greater Britain, entitled "The Growth of the Empire," by A. W. Jose (5s.), which is a very timely issue, and a very thoughtful exposition of its subject. Mr. Murray has also lately published a work of much importance, entitled "The Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, 1827—1896," prepared for the Press by Colonel Spencer Childers, C.B., R.E. It is a book quite full of interest for all who concern themselves, as all Englishmen should, with the history of the Naval and Military forces of the Crown. Mr. Childers was not a great statesman, and he made some mistakes, but he was prominently engaged in public affairs at an important period of recent history, and a work that includes letters from Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge, Earl Granville, Lord Wolseley, and many other eminent public men, could not fail to be deeply interesting. A flood of light is thrown upon the service of Mr. Childers at the Admiralty, and undoubtedly the hard-working First Lord accomplished much that was good during his term of service. His reorganisation of the Admiralty office was his principal mistake, but its effect has been undone, and the "rows" in the First Lord's room are forgotten. Mr. Childers was afterwards Secretary of State for War in an eventful period marked by the disaster of Majuba, and the new book has some very valuable letters from Sir Evelyn Wood. Among biographies of statesmen this deserves to rank high, for its personal interest never flags, and the light it throws upon the many events in which Mr. Childers was concerned is extremely valuable.

CARRYING THE CEMETERY GATE AT SOLFERINO.

(From "Great Battles of the World," by Stephen Crane. Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

The variety and excellence of Messrs. Methuen's publications is extraordinary. We have here a book that will interest a vast class of Englishmen. It is "The English Turf" (15s.), being a record of horses and courses, by Charles Richardson, edited by E. T. Sachs. It might have been thought by some that the subject was exhausted, but such is evidently not the case, for though racing has gone through many changes, it appears now to have reached a condition of fixity, and the record of its state is contained in these pages. The author and editor have had long experience, and they have done extremely well to lay before the reader an account of the characteristics of every racecourse in England and of the racing that each year takes place upon them, with references to the actors upon the stage—both human and equine. The author discourses very much upon the question of breeding, and points out what he considers to be serious faults which tend to foster the wrong kind of horse. The chapters upon this subject may be commended to all owners of racing horses, who will, besides, highly appreciate what the author has to say about trainers, training grounds, and jockeys, as also concerning "lines of blood." It is a book that should be on every racing-man's table.

From the same publishers comes "The Relief of Kumassi," by Captain Harold U. J. Biss, of the West African Frontier Force (6s.), which is a real addition to knowledge, and a gallant chapter of history, perhaps rescued from oblivion, since not a single newspaper had a professional correspondent with the force. The relief of Kumassi and the suppression of the rebellion were a brilliant addition to the record of British pluck in her late Majesty's reign, and to Sir James Willcocks a great deal is due, for he overcame stupendous difficulties, and operated in one of the worst climates and most unhealthy places in the world. It was the first time in British history that a force composed entirely of native troops had ever successfully undertaken such a large task, and Captain Biss's force, brought down from Northern Nigeria, had been raised little more than two years before. A graphic picture is given of the preparations for the forward move, and the particulars of the organisation of the carriers are very instructive. The women were an example to the men, and carried extraordinary loads as far as Prahsu, ambling along in an easy manner, with their babies on their backs and their loads on their heads, at a very good pace, and always in good temper. The country was almost an impossible one, for the narrow tortuous track compelled an advance in single file, and the only way to extend the front was for each man to cut his way through the jungle. The *modus operandi* was to send forward a "point" of some half-dozen soldiers, while on either side in the adjacent bush a number of scouts cut their way through as best they could. The advance guard followed the "point," and the rest of the force was disposed in the best manner for fighting and securing the convoy. Stockades, fallen trees, trenches, rifle pits, and constant ambuscades added immensely to the peril, and attacks were frequent, it being often impossible to tell from what direction they came. But notwithstanding all obstacles Kumassi was relieved, and well-organised punitive columns crushed out the rebellion, the most warlike race in West Africa was completely cowed, and it is quite possible that excellent troops may yet be raised from these same fierce Ashantis. Captain Biss merits the thanks of the Army for his excellent record of that splendid piece of work. We should add that the book is well illustrated.

Now we must mention two books on South Africa from the same publishers which deserve to be noted and remembered. The first is "One Thousand Miles with the C.I.V." (6s.), by J. Barclay Lloyd, Lance-Corporal, Cyclist Section, who gives a first-rate account of the many operations in which the City troops were engaged up to Diamond Hill and Pretoria. As Messrs. Methuen have published many volumes descriptive of the war, so in "Peace or War in South Africa" does Mr. A. M. S. Methuen denounce it. He does not write quite as a pro-Boer, but points out many errors in diplomacy, and ventures to criticise the military operations. To this writer we seem to be moving on the broad road that leads to destruction, and he urges us to mortify our pride. We do not suppose that there is the smallest chance of his advice being followed, especially when we read that Lord Milner has proved a melancholy failure. However, the book is an earnest contribution to its subject, and its vigour will commend it to many.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 233.] SATURDAY, JULY 20th, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb*

PREPARING FOR THE MIMIC WAR IN THE CHANNEL.

During this week many of the ships in the Reserve have been mobilised for the customary annual Manœuvres. The scheme of operations has been officially promulgated, and is described elsewhere in this number. Nearly all the ships have now been prepared for sea, and our picture shows the men taking provisions and stores on board one of the vessels of the X Fleet ready for the cruise. Hostilities will begin soon after midnight on Sunday week.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

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NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other Bookstalls.*

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

We are requested by Messrs. Miell and Miell of Bournemouth to say that the photographs, reproduced by us on June 29, of the Military Camp on Salisbury Plain, were sent to us under a misapprehension, and were not intended for publication.

The Naval Manœuvres.

THE Admiralty have come in for a good deal of criticism lately. All the more, therefore, are we glad to congratulate them upon their programme for the Naval Manœuvres. Never have we had a scheme of operations which corresponded more closely with the actual conditions that will have to be faced in war-time, nor one which promises in its development to teach us more useful lessons. Very wisely the Admiralty have not attempted to do too much at once. If we tried to solve in one fortnight all the questions that trouble our minds when we think about a Naval war, we should learn nothing at all. What the Admiralty have done is to take two or three of the questions and to arrange the manœuvre plan so that we may, if possible, go some way towards being able to answer these. Of course, other problems may have light shed upon them by events as yet unforeseen. But the main points upon which we hope the Manœuvres will give us information are (1) the strategic dispositions which will best enable us to guard our commerce should it be threatened by a hostile fleet; (2) the respective value of cruisers and torpedo craft in attack and in defence; (3) the use that can be made of coaling stations in time of war and the extent to which the necessities of coaling will hamper ships in operations that lie far away from their base.

As everyone knows by this time, the general idea is that the B Fleet guards the English Channel, and that the X Fleet is a hostile force endeavouring to get command of the seas that lie around our southern and western coasts. B might stand for British, in which case X would represent, as it does in algebraical equations, an unknown quantity. But how if B should be meant for a possible French and Russian force and X for our own? Draw a rough map of the lower part of the manœuvre area, taking in Ireland, the whole of the south coast of England, the Scillies, and the Channel Islands. Then turn it upside down and see whether it does not very fairly represent in a rough way the Mediterranean. B's ports are then ports on the southern coast of France, the Channel Islands represent Malta, and the Scillies Gibraltar. The British fleet would naturally come up from the Atlantic, and the French and Russian fleets might quite well have effected a junction on the left of our upside-down map, that is to say, in the Levant. This hypothesis would explain, too, why the B Fleet is larger in size than X, but composed of older ships. This may be the Admiralty idea, or it may not: we merely offer it for consideration.

To go back from the imaginary to the actual, when the war breaks out on a date that will only be made known to the fleets when it is actually reached, our ships will be cruising in the North Sea and the enemy in the Atlantic—one on the east side and the other on the west side of Scotland, both well to the north, above the fifty-sixth parallel of latitude, which, if you look at the map, you will see running from the Firth of Forth to the Island of Jura. To the B Fleet belongs Great Britain, to X Ireland and the Channel Islands and the Scilly Isles. The fleets will not necessarily hear of the outbreak of war at the same time. The news will be announced on land, and each side will have its own arrangements for receiving word of the announcement with the least possible delay. When they receive word, both fleets will probably make for the western end of the Channel with all the speed they can.

We notice that the question has been raised—and raised by an authority on Naval matters—whether X will steam straight away down to the south, or stop to do any damage he can on the way? Liverpool lies handy if he wanted to create a little panic, and Liverpool is for the purposes of the game an undefended port—that is to say, a port without special precautions against attack. But, to our thinking, any commander who did so stop would both break all the accepted canons of Naval warfare, and would waste both his time and his ammunition. Time would be lost absolutely, and ammunition would be wasted in the sense that it might be badly wanted later on when B comes into play. The first thing for a fleet to do is to find and defeat the fleet opposed to it. So in all probability both X and B will make for bases in the south-western waters of the English Channel or in St. George's Channel, and there they will for a while keep close watch upon each other's doings. Cruisers and torpedo craft will be especially active during this stage of the war, and, when their light skirmishing tactics have been exhausted, then will come the shock of the opposing battle-ship squadrons. That will doubtless decide the war one way or the other. It is not likely that the period of observation will last very long, because neither side is to know when the Manœuvres will cease, and naturally the fleet which feels itself the stronger will attack as soon as it can, so that the end may not come before its blow has been delivered.

The arrangements for umpiring are very simple. There are to be no rules at all. Rules have in the past been found very unsatisfactory and very hampering to sensible decisions, and now they have gone by the board altogether. This is, on the whole, the wisest plan. More responsibility is thrown upon the umpires, but so long as experienced officers are chosen (and no better could have been appointed than Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, Rear-Admiral Hammet, and Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker), the best thing is to let them decide every point that comes before them exactly as their knowledge and intelligence dictate They will, of course, have to make some rules for themselves, to set some standards, and to preserve some measures of comparison. But their decisions will not be governed by hard-and-fast regulations drawn up before the event. Another innovation, not quite so easy to understand, is that no instructions have been given as to the relative value of ships. This, coupled with the numerical inferiority of X, has suggested to one or two critics that the joint Manœuvres for the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, which Mr. Arnold-Forster in the House of Commons the other day promised for some future date, are to form an unexpected part of this year's programme, and that the Mediterranean Fleet will at a given moment intervene in the conflict. But this conjecture is not, in our opinion, in the least likely to be realised. B has more ships than X, it is true, but, as we have pointed out already, X has the advantage both in speed and power, so X really requires no reinforcement to put him on fairly equal terms.

We have heard too little as yet about the French Naval Manœuvres to know whether they have taught any valuable lessons. It can hardly be doubted that our own will in several directions enlighten the minds of those who follow Naval matters with close interest. If events come about as the Admiralty seem to expect, we shall really get some idea at last of what would happen in war.

THE black silk now worn on the collar of the tunic by officers, warrant officers, and staff-sergeants of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers is called "the flash." It is a survival of the days when soldiers wore pigtails, which were not abolished until 1808. The hair was worn turned up behind and tied with the bow or flash. The reason why this regiment alone retains this reminiscence of olden days is not known with any certainty.

The whole of next week's number will be devoted to the Mediterranean and to the strength and efficiency of the Fleet.

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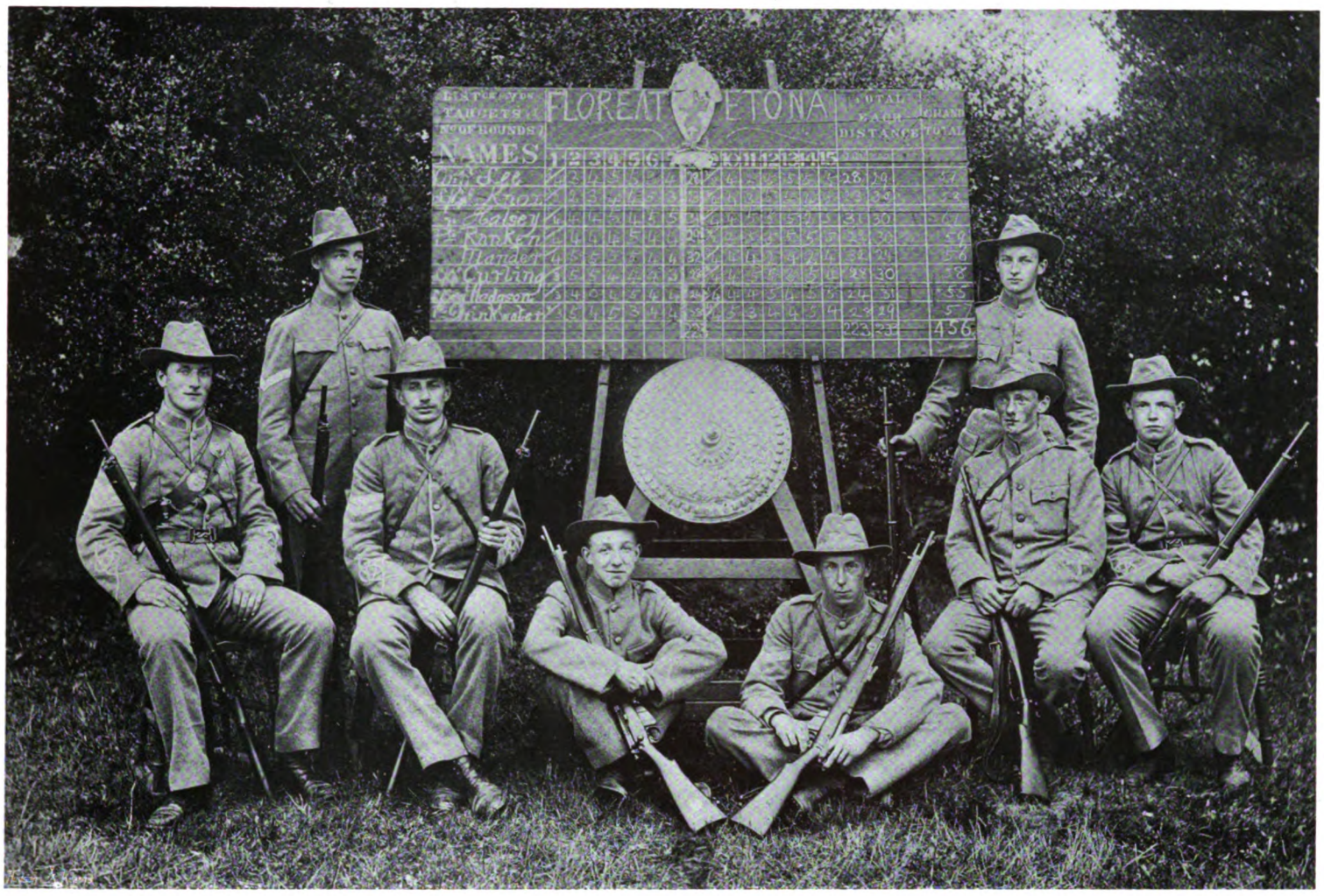
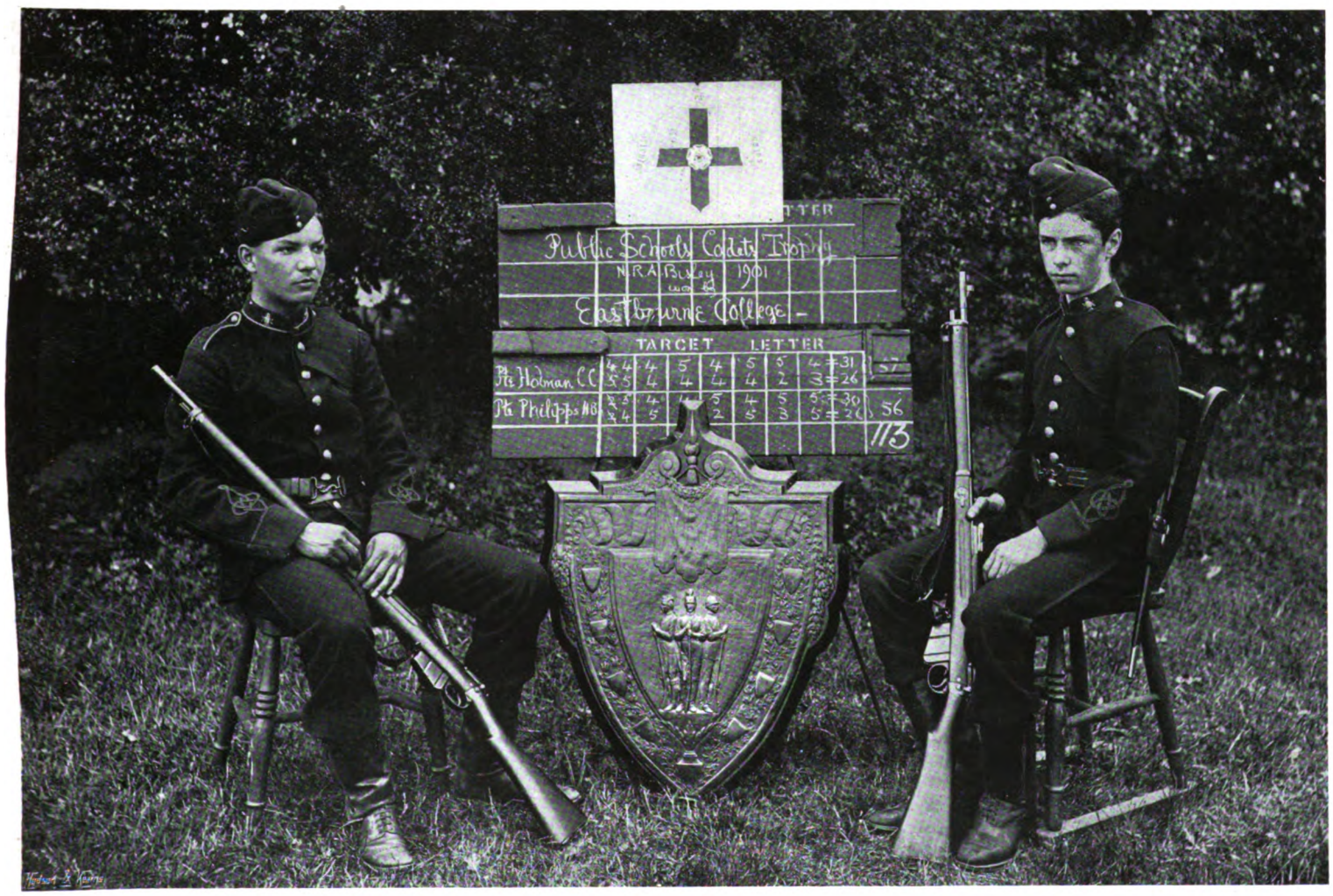
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS AT BISLEY.



THE WINNERS OF THE ASHBURTON SHIELD.

The Cadet Team from Eton College with their Scoring-board.



Photos Copyright *A. H. Fry.*

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE, THE WINNERS OF THE CADET TROPHY.

This is the First Time the Trophy has Gone to a Sussex School.

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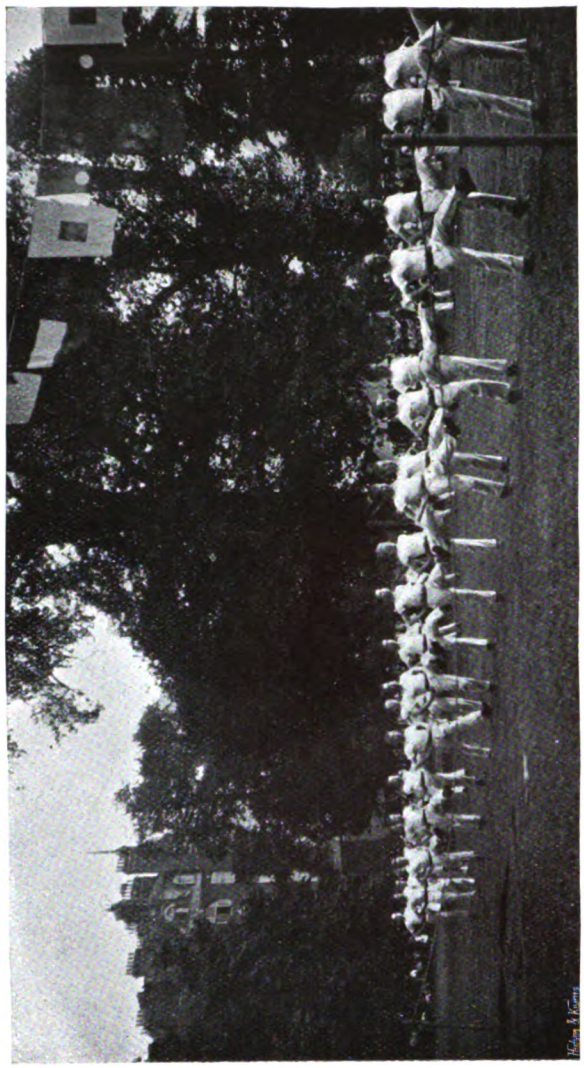
THE ANNUAL FETE AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.



GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

The Boys have Won a Splendid Reputation for Efficiency.

THE BOOT RACE.

The Anxious Search for Missing Boots Amused the King of Spectators.

THE BAND INSPECTION.

Lord Roberts Specially Complimented Bandmaster Murphy.

THE SACK RACE.

This Event was Stoutly Contested, the Winner being Loudly Cheered.

Photos. Specially Taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

INSPECTION AND SPORTS DAYS.

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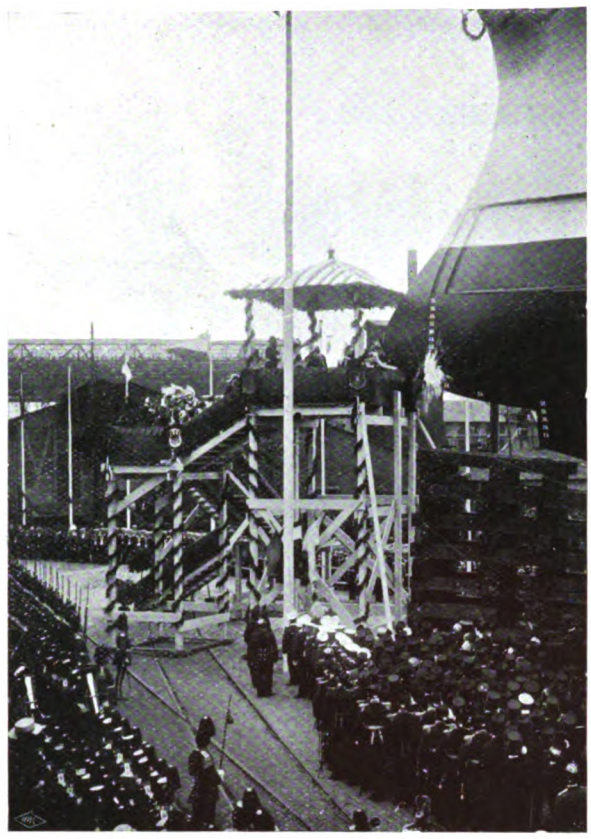
ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

WITH the departure of the "Ophir" from Fremantle next week, bringing to an end the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Perth and Western Australia, and to Australasia, the main purpose of the journey of Their Royal Highnesses has been accomplished. They have visited all the principal ports and cities of the Commonwealth, and have received in this magnificent Royal progress spontaneous testimony of the loyalty and affection of a great people for the Throne. The scenes of enthusiasm which have been witnessed have created a profound impression throughout the world, and have inspired in foreigners a vigorous sense of the internal strength and solidity of the British Empire. We at home have learned to value still more these "children beyond the sea"—children grown to manhood now—and they, on their part, have been taught, by these impressive events, to recognise how abiding is the care of the Mother Country for all her sturdy sons. South Africa will take up the tale, and it is fitting that Durban, which did so magnificently during the war, should be the first port of call.

———

IT used to be said that the Navy lacked a "brain"; now it has become the fashion to say that it has not time to think—that the Admiralty is so engrossed with administrative business that it has not leisure to consider how it shall employ the weapons it creates and keeps in order. In the course of the recent Naval debate in the House of Lords, the Earl of Selborne said that the Intelligence Department was the thinking department—that its only business was to think. The statement was approximately correct, though the First Lord did not convey the impression that many officers of the Department are constantly employed in amassing information, and have not a thinking function in the larger sense. Still, the Department has officers enough whose duty it is to prepare plans for war, and to know exactly what we should do in case of unfortunate eventualities. These, then, are the thinkers, and Lord Spencer said that there was in his time at the Admiralty, and he believed there always had been in modern days, a plan, a scheme, most carefully drawn out, of what should be done in case of war. That such a plan existed has always been asserted, but this fresh authoritative statement was particularly satisfactory. Lord Selborne did not directly take up the challenge when asked if there had been any change in this matter, but he gave sufficient and gratifying assurance on the subject.



THE PROGRESS OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

Our Picture shows the Launch of the German Battle-ship "E," the Third of the "Wittelsbach" Class. It took place on June 12 at the Germania Naval Works, Kiel, and the Ship was Christened by the Grand Duke of Baden, who Gave her the Name "Zaehringen."

SKETCHES WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA.

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ATTENTION is a good deal directed to the relations between Russia and Tibet. What is the significance of the visit of the new mission of the Lama Derzhieff and his colleagues from the Dalai Lama to the Russian Court? Few people are likely to deceive themselves on that head, notwithstanding what Prince Oukhtomsky has had to say. Last October the Czar received an envoy from the mysterious ruler of Tibet, and the suggestion was made that the present visit could be one of courtesy only. But the Tibetan envoy has expressed the conviction that the relations of Russia and Tibet will be of the best, and has declared that he will himself do all that is possible to make them so. Hence, it is reasonably surmised that the members of the Dual Alliance are eager to join hands across Central Asia, and to go behind India and Burma through the friendship of Tibet. In this way our possessions might be cut off from the trade of China, and Siam fall more readily into the arms of France. So few people have visited Lhasa since Mr. Manning was there in 1811-12 and Père Huc in 1845-46, that the political relations of Tibet are singularly obscure. The speculations which have been made as to the purposes of Russia and France in winning the friendship of the Dalai Lama are vague perhaps, but the object is avowedly political,

Photo. Copyright. *Notman.*

AFTER FIVE MONTHS AT SEA.

The Newfoundland Representatives are the First Colonial Contingent of the Royal Naval Reserve, and a Very Smart and Useful Body of Men they are, as our Picture shows. Without any Preliminary Training they were Embarked in the "Charybdis" for the Winter Cruise of the North American Squadron in the West Indies, and during their Five Months Afloat they Gained on an Average 3-lb. in Weight and 1-in. in Chest Measurement.

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even if adventurous only, like famous Fashoda, and the proceedings in that part of the world will be looked to with a great deal of interest. Tibet is a region of mystery, and has desired little to have any dealings with foreigners, but evidently the ruler of the country has closer relations with Russia than with any other Power. As to the province of Sin-Chiang, it is destined sooner or later to fall under Muscovite sway. The Chinese have a farcical military organisation there, and M. Petrovsky and his friends are alert. It would be foolish to credit the story that the envoys are not political personages at all.

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ON the hill overlooking Stratton in Cornwall is an interesting memorial of the battle which took place there on May 16, 1643. It was here that the Parliamentary Army, numbering 4,000 men, were defeated by the Royalists. The site was well suited for a point of defence. A large earthwork round the brow of the hill is still to be seen, and the back is guarded by a thick wood. The Roundheads occupied the hill, but were charged with such spirit by the Cavaliers, numbering 2,400 foot and 500 horse, under Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir Beville Grenville, that they gave way and fled in disorder. A memorial column formerly stood on the battlefield, which was erected by the Earl of Lansdowne, grandson of Sir Beville, but this was destroyed towards the close of the eighteenth century. The memorial of which we give an illustration is in reality a pinnacle of the church of the neighbouring village of Poughill, which was struck down in a thunder-storm. It was brought to the battlefield and erected on a stone arch in the ramparts, and lying below may be seen a cannon, which, however, does not belong to the period of the battle. On the base of the monument there are the remains of the following inscription: "In this place ye Army of ye Rebells under ye command of ye Earl of Stamford received a signal overthrow by ye valour of Sir Beville Grenville and ye Cornish Army on Tuesday ye 16th May, 1643." This inscription is identical with that which was on the old monument, which is now to be seen on the wall of the Tree Inn, Stratton.

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THERE is great vigour and much that is diverting in regimental papers. The *Pompadour Gazette*, for example, which is the chronicle of the 2nd Battalion Essex Regiment, the old 44th, turns up from Dagshai, and, notwithstanding a change of station and editorship, is as fresh as could be wished. The *Men of Harlech*, the newspaper for men of the Welsh Regiment, which is a thriving issue, comes from Ahmednagar, and, besides its regimental intelligence, has an account of the arrival of Boer prisoners, for whom hundreds of natives had built a tin town surrounded by barbed wire entanglements. The writer remarks that the new arrivals were a queer-looking lot. Most of them had beards, and the majority of them had stuck their hands in their trousers pockets, and walked in a slouching way with their heads bent forward. They had absolutely no knowledge of drill, nor the remotest resemblance to a soldier, as soldiers are accounted at Ahmednagar. Their escort a motley guard in strangely-mixed clothing, badly fitting, and their equipment black with grease and real service were weather-worn and much-travelled invalids, and the whole place turned out, civil, uncivil, and military, to see them and the prisoners under their charge. The writer says the Boers sang their own national songs intermixed with psalms. Route marches, really being "Airings" were arranged for them, and seemed to be greatly appreciated. Those who think we treat the Boers harshly should read things like this, and make themselves familiar with the comforts of our refuge camps.

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THE "Zæhringen," of which we illustrate the launch, is the third ship of the improved "Kaiser" class added to the German Navy. The displacement is 11,800 tons, and the ship will be protected from stem to stern with Krupp nickel steel. The Germans are contented with smaller guns than the most powerful used in other Navies, and the new ship will have four of 9·4-in. in two turrets. The 6-in. armament will be very powerful, ten guns of the calibre being in casemates in the battery, four others in casemates on the upper deck, and four more in revolving turrets over the casemates. The ship is to steam at 19 knots, with 15,000 horse-power, and will have mixed cylindrical and water-tube boilers, these last being of the Schulz type.

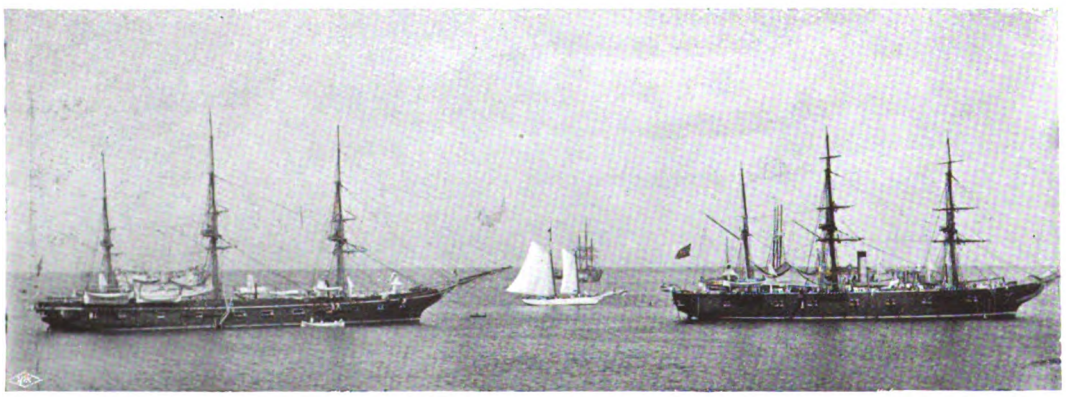
VENERABLE FOR THEIR ANTIQUITY.

The Ancient Spanish Ramparts and Battery of Cavite, close to Manila, the Scene of the First Naval Battle between the Spanish and United States Forces in the Late War. The Guns were Quite Useless, because they were Trained on the Town, which has Grown Up since the Walls were Erected, and Consequently they could not be Used to Fight Admiral Dewey.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE SITE OF A CORNISH BATTLEFIELD.

The above Picture Represents the Battle Memorial on Stamford Hill Overlooking Stratton, Cornwall. The Battle was Fought on May 16 1643, and the Cavaliers utterly Routed a Superior Force of Roundheads. The Original Memorial was Destroyed about the Close of the Eighteenth Century, and the Present One was Originally a Pinnacle of a Neighbouring Church, and was Struck Down by Lightning.



From a Photo *By a Naval Officer.*

HOW JONATHAN TRAINS HIS SAILORS.

The United States Authorities have no Misgivings as to the Value of the Training afforded by Masts and Yards. They keep Six Masted Training-ships Constantly in Commission, and Pass their Young Seamen through them. Our Picture shows the "Hartford," which was Admiral Farragut's Flag-ship, and the "Monongahela," which is now Used as a Sailing Tender to the Naval Academy.

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

IS it wise to keep on telling all the world at the top of our voices that we want a better class of men for the Army? It is certainly not particularly civil to those who are there already. Moreover, there is not much sense in the practice if you look at it attentively. We are very angry when foreigners say that the British Army consists of the scum of the population, and therefore cannot be expected to have a sense of honour or to abstain from brutal bad conduct. When we hear this said we protest with indignation, and reply that the British soldier is a remarkably fine fellow, as humane as he is brave. After making this patriotic defence, we immediately turn round, and begin the old song about the bad quality of our recruits and the necessity there is for tapping a better source of supply. That, if I mistake not, is the favourite phrase, and if it means anything (which is perhaps not the case), then it means that we have to put up with an inferior article. We cannot have it both ways. We cannot expect the world to look upon our soldiers as models of military honour when we never miss a chance of proclaiming from the housetops that we have to be content with trash. There is a good deal of talk about the reluctance of the bettermost sort of working man to enlist because he thinks the Government will "do" him. But why should he go into the Army when Captain A and General B and Mr. Dash-Asterisk, M.P., keep on saying that respectable men will not enter it? You insist that it is not a place for those who have a character to preserve, and then wonder that they prefer to stay outside.

* * * *

For my own part I do not think that there is much foundation for all the outcry we hear as to the quality of the men enlisted. The number, of course, is another matter. Those who take the King's shilling would be drawn by a conscription, so that we would have them all the same, and this by itself disposes of most of the jeremiads we hear. Then, without having lived among soldiers, I have lived beside them, and know a good handful of men who have been in the ranks. They are not a jot inferior to the good type of working man, and even have qualities imparted to them by discipline and by having seen the world which are not to be despised. The wonder is that when all sorts of honourable men are for ever saying that the soldier's position is rather a blackguard one, we should get so many excellent fellows as we do. If we do want to "tap a better source," it might be just as well not to keep on shouting that "respectable" men cannot really be expected to go into the Army as it is. And these reflections have been inspired by reading a middling thick folio, or thereabouts, of speeches in Parliament and the Royal United Service Institution.

* * * *

It would seem, however, that we are getting into terrible habits of loose talk wherever the Services are concerned. A fine example of this melancholy truth may be seen in this last attempt to work up a panic over the supposed dangerous weakness of the Navy. If our father's nerves had been like ours, where would this country be now? One gathers from the "messages" brought by persons who show every sign of being frantic with excitement, that a good few among us must pass their lives in a chronic state of epileptic terror of dangers created by their own fears. Perhaps all of them are not so frightened as they would wish us to believe. Every patriot who stops you at the street corner, and lays his hand on your arm, with the blood-curdling assurance that the supremacy of Britain has gone down in ruin, and that he alone has escaped to tell you, is not a genuine messenger of Job. He generally looks a good deal fatter than the Ancient Mariner, and dim suspicions suggest themselves whether he is not acting for business purposes which he keeps in the background. If so, he must be acquitted of being frightened without reason, and deserves to be regarded as a smart man who knows his own business. At the same time it is not especially honourable to the country that he should be able to calculate on being able to make a great part of it dance to his piping, and it cannot be said that he shows absurdity in calculating that he can.

* * * *

Lord Selborne must clearly have thought that there was some risk of a panic, or else he would hardly have spoken at such great length or with the seriousness he displayed in the House of Lords. And yet what is there to be terrified about? and why should so many of us think it necessary to heave a sigh of relief at being assured by the First Lord that we are not helpless in the presence of armed and unscrupulous enemies? Let us look at what has happened within the last five years coolly. There have been in that period two important crises, the Fashoda affair and the Spanish-American War. In both of them we had ample evidence that continental Powers do not regard the British Navy as a force they can neglect. Is it conceivable that the delay in completing our building programme has brought us so low that they now think us of no account? To me, at least, this seems an incredible proposition. Put it at its worst, what the delay means is that we are now

TRAINING-BRIGS AT WEYMOUTH.

A SEAL FISHER, VICTORIA, B.C.

AN AUSTRIAN CORVETTE.

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completing, and shall shortly have the use of a Fleet equal to that of any respectable second-class Naval Power. If war broke out within the next three months, we should be ready to replace all damaged ships by the time the first bout was over. If Spain had possessed the "Cressys," "Monmouths," and "Formidables" we shall have by the middle of next year, matters would have been very different between her and the United States. Yet they represent only the replacement and normal increase of our Navy. Why then should we be in a state of terror? The only explanation is that some at least have formed a confirmed habit of panic, which makes them indulge in the luxury of woe, as others do in drug taking and dram drinking—two practices to which it is very much akin. When under the influence of a fit of their disease, they not only suffer from delusions themselves but attribute the wildest follies to the very people they profess to fear. It is quite common to hear some of our alarmists, who have just been crediting foreign Governments with amazing wicked wisdom, go on to represent them as likely to behave with feather-headed folly. For it would be nothing less in France, say, to grab at a snatch-victory in the Mediterranean, at the cost of incurring a general war. Yet we are asked to expect this to happen, and there are people who appear to think it quite probable. Our supremacy is not only an excuse for a great deal of tall talk; it appears to be capable of bringing us to the condition of those rich men who think that all the world, including their relatives, has designs upon them, and who end by going crazy out of sheer apprehension. That is a miserable fate. Considering how we talk about our courage and so forth, we might remember the maxim that the brave man dies once, the coward every day.

This same supremacy, too, would be the better for a little definition. There have been two periods when England might accurately have been described as supreme on the seas; that is to say, so strong that she not only had no single equal, but there was no possible combination of rivals capable of meeting her on equal terms. The first was after the Peace of Utrecht; and the second was during, and after, the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. On both occasions, France was good enough to do half our work for us. Louis XIV. ruined the Naval power of Holland by invading the united provinces on the land side, and then brought his Navy to nothing by exhausting his kingdom in vast wars in Flanders, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The French Revolutionists and Napoleon completed his mistake, and we profited. But the state of the world has changed very considerably since then. Even if there were another Louis XIV. or Napoleon in France, neither of them could now play the part they did. Meanwhile, other nations have become consolidated, and are inevitably protecting themselves on the sea side as well as elsewhere. With the United States grown up, Germany and Italy unified, Russia filling out her vast territories with a large population, and Japan coming into the dance, it is physically impossible that we should hold the position we did after 1712 and 1815. There is nothing to be scared about. We can unite all the world against us if we choose to run amuck at it, in the Napoleonic fashion, in pursuit of "supremacy." Unless we do this, we can always find friends. It may not suit some people's ideas of patriotism to recognise these truths and their consequences; but it is an old observation, that the surest mark of the kind of man properly definable as a fool, is that he will fill his head with windy phrases, and will not look at facts.

SWORDSMANSHIP IN INDIA.

Photo. Copyright. *Stewart.*

AN INDIAN CAVALRY CLASS AT POONA.

Some of the fighting races of India have been famed for generations for their superb swordsmanship. Nevertheless, like everyone else, they stand in need of systematic training in an accomplishment which certainly does not come by nature and a school at Poona has been formed to develop their abilities. It is held at the Central Gymnasium, and our picture shows a typical group of instructors and pupils. In the centre are Lieutenant-Colonel Cleary Hill, Inspector of Gymnasia, Madras and Bombay Commands, Major S. Menzies, and Signor Moreschi, Maître d'Armes, while the group comprises representatives of no fewer than thirty-two native cavalry regiments.

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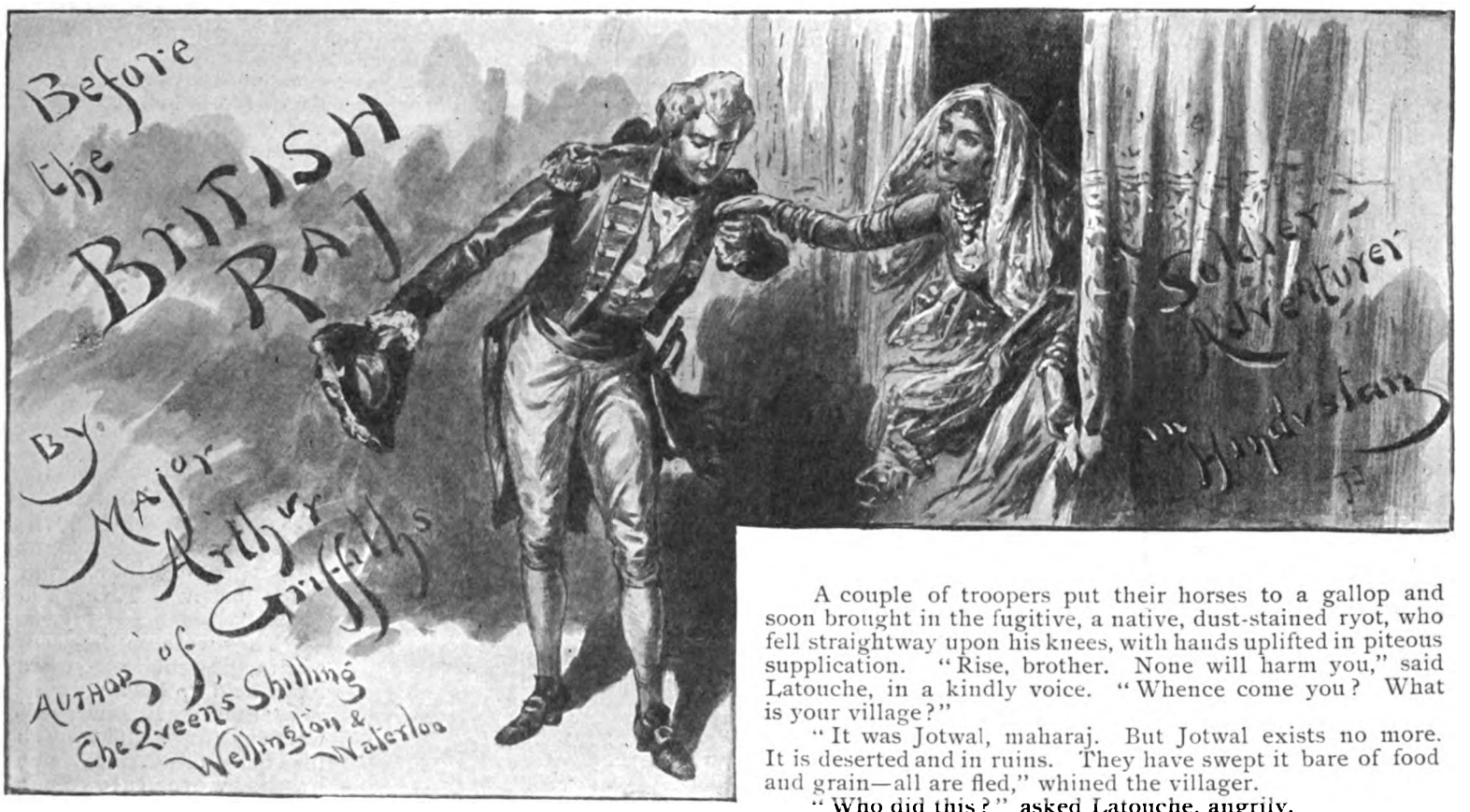

CHAPTER II.

A Hindoo Festival.

A SMALL rissala, or body of horsemen, just a hundred troopers all told, was faring forward briskly across the high table-land of West Central India. It had come from the coast, from the direction of Bombay, and after skirting the Satpura Range, taking the road of Surat and Baroda, it had struck north-east, making for the Chumbal River. It was pointing ultimately for the great plains of Northern Hindustan, the rich district filled with populous cities watered by the Jumna and the Ganges.

The leader of this party rode at its head, but he often looked back with proud satisfaction, running a soldier's eye—keen, critical, but approving—over the command which he had raised and equipped by his own exertions and greatly out of his own means.

Alexander Latouche, but lately a captain in the 39th Royal Dragoons, had set up his standard as "Sikander Sahib," and quickly attracted recruits. He could pick and choose among the best material. These were the days when stalwart soldiers abounded in Northern India. Men trained to the use of arms, who had fought in many quarrels, were willing to serve any master offering good pay or plunder, promises not always fulfilled. Latouche was in a position to keep his word, and for a time at least to secure the allegiance of his mercenary followers. He had some funds, a small capital—the proceeds of the sale of his commission added to his savings, altogether about £3,000. This would suffice for outfit, and for perhaps six months upkeep of his little band. By the custom of the country, each trooper found his own horse and fed it; arms and accoutrements were provided by the leader they served.

All were dressed alike in quilted cotton jackets of dark blue, scarlet cumerbunds, small, tightly-bound scarlet turbans, loose white trousers stuffed into high morocco boots. Latouche went like the rest, except that he wore strong cord breeches of British make and good hunting boots; the sword he carried was the long, slightly-curved cavalry sabre of the dragoon, and he rode with the long stirrup of the regulation cavalry seat, greatly in contrast to his men, whose knees were hunched up almost to their noses.

"Listen, Surfuraz Khan," cried Latouche to his jemadar, or captain, who was on the flank of the troop, a little to the rear, a grizzled Rajput veteran, broadly built, dark faced, with his beard parted and brushed outward, strong and stern looking, his eyes full of fire, and sitting his horse with the ease of a much younger man. "Listen. We should be near our halting-place. It is high time; the sun grows hot, we have been four hours in the saddle, the horses need rest and water, and their second feed."

The jemadar reined back to consult with those who said they knew the district, but whose opinions were conflicting.

"See, yonder. Who or what is that crouching among the canes? A man, surely, Quick, he is on the run. After him and seize him; he will set us right."

A couple of troopers put their horses to a gallop and soon brought in the fugitive, a native, dust-stained ryot, who fell straightway upon his knees, with hands uplifted in piteous supplication. "Rise, brother. None will harm you," said Latouche, in a kindly voice. "Whence come you? What is your village?"

"It was Jotwal, maharaj. But Jotwal exists no more. It is deserted and in ruins. They have swept it bare of food and grain—all are fled," whined the villager.

"Who did this?" asked Latouche, angrily.

"The high and mighty Mahratta prince and chieftain, Appa Tantia Rao, who is now in this, our country, with his army and a vast horde of followers. He has denuded and carried off all we possess. Are you not of his people? Nay, protector of the poor, pity the sorely afflicted, and do me no further hurt."

"Let him go, but first find in which direction the Mahratta army is moving. It were perhaps best to avoid this Appa Tantia Rao. Do you know ought of him, jemadar?"

"But little, khodawand. I submit that he is a most powerful chief, in high favour with Madhoji Scindia, he who is but just dead, giving place to Dowlut Rao Scindia. Your servant cannot guess what brings Appa Tantia here so far south of his government."

"What think you, Surfuraz Khan? You know what I seek—service with some good master. Is this Appa Tantia such a man? One to whom I might honourably and safely offer our nuzzurs, and who would treat us as we have a right to deserve?"

"I have heard that he is brave but restless, greedy of honour, intolerant of control by any authority, and ready to strike for them. He would, perchance, welcome the khodawand and his slaves, of whom I am the least worthy. The rissala is small, but it is perfect at all points; strength and value are to be measured by fitness for the fight, not by mere numbers alone."

"He can hardly hold us against our will. We have no quarrel with him or he with us. Let us advance, warily, watching him first and trying him. I will if necessary visit him in his camp, if we should come across it, and judge by how he receives me. If he treats me fairly, well; if not, or seeks to detain me, you must rally round me, and we will cut our way out in their very teeth."

"The sahib can count on us, *be seer o chism*, on our heads and hearts."

"Then we will ride straight forward, the shortest and surest road to where he is lying. If this fellow spoke truly, it cannot be more than a couple of coss."

"So be it. Let the sahib command, it is for us to obey," and at his word the horsemen resumed their march, but now with precautions, throwing out a foreguard and outflankers as in an enemy's country.

They soon reached the Mahratta encampment, but it wore no warlike aspect now. It was like a monstrous *fête*, or fair, a great horde of pleasure-seekers or votaries rejoicing in some wild celebration. The shouts of the multitude rose in glad chorus, accompanied by the incessant rattle of tom-toms and the beating of big drums.

"It is the feast of the Dusera, the spring festival of the Mahrattas," explained the jemadar, while Latouche gazed down in amazement. "There could be no better moment to approach the maharajah, if my lord is still of that mind. They will not harm us to-day."

By and by officers came from the camp to parley with Latouche, and when he had recounted his rank, name, and dignity, a cordial invitation was accorded him to enter the camp and take part in the festival, to witness the elephant fight, and join in the great game of hoblee.

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Latouche asked no better, although doubtful at first whether he ought prudently to commit himself to the tender mercies of a strange and perhaps treacherous prince. It was, however, clear that he must take some risk, so, choosing a small escort of his own, he accepted the invitation. But he directed his jemadar to keep the rest of the rissala under arms, and approach so nearly that he might be at hand to strike in and rescue their leader at the first suspicion of foul play.

The camp was in an uproar, a perfect saturnalia was in progress, sports not unlike a carnival in Southern Europe. Missiles were thrown about freely, balls full of red powder mixed with glittering talc which burst on impact, while orange-coloured water was splashed upon the bystanders, till the whole crowd was stained red and yellow.

Presently, as it drew to its close, an attendant approached Latouche, who was standing rather a disgusted spectator of the scene and whispered in his ear that the maharaj, who had already withdrawn from the game to his tent, would give him an audience in private.

Appa Tantia Rao was seated in durbar when Latouche arrived and made his obeisance. The chief was a man of middle age, rather portly, and seemingly self-indulgent, as he lay sunk amid soft cushions, dressed all in white, playing with the hilt of his dagger, the only weapon he carried. His dark face had been handsome, but the features were heavy and swollen, the small restlessly-enquiring eyes spoke of a cunning and suspicious nature.

He welcomed his visitor cordially, and was pleased to touch Latouche's sword-hilt when offered in nuzzur, or token of service.

"It is accepted. We are much gratified, and count it a fortunate occurrence that so famous a sahib, brave as Roostum, handsome as a star, should condescend to visit my poor encampment. Bring forth the khilat, or dress of honour," which was duly bestowed, and then Appa said graciously:

"Let us talk together, sahib, you and I. Seat yourself on my carpet here, and answer my questions with the true talk of a Feringhi who can never lie. Whence come you? What do you seek? Whither do you go?"

Latouche, knowing well that reticence and mystery greatly impress the Oriental mind, spoke in vague and guarded language. He was a foreigner, a wilayat, as the maharaj might judge from his talk, a soldier in search of adventurous employment, independent in fortune, owing present allegiance to no master, but not indisposed to take one if he found the right man.

"THIS ALONE WOULD CONVICT YOU," SAID APPA TANTIA, HOLDING UP THE LETTER.

"Will you serve *me?*" Appa asked, surveying him attentively, and with keen, cunning eyes eager to take his measure and penetrate his secrets.

"The fame of your highness has spread far and wide, and has reached my ear. It is a tempting offer, but I must confer with my men. They will claim a voice in this decision." He spoke cautiously, and with reason, fearing to commit himself to a stranger on the very first day of meeting.

The maharajah was visibly annoyed that his offer had not been accepted, and Latouche, by hesitating, had given strength to certain suspicions that had already risen in his mind; but he repeated his offer, adding details to show its value.

"I will engage you at liberal rates; you shall have a jaghir, a district, assigned to you for the payment of yourself and troops, and if you prove your worth, you shall rise to high rank and larger command."

"Give me till to-morrow, maharaj; that is all I ask," said Latouche, still in doubt.

"Nay, it is take it or leave it; by to-morrow it will be too late. I must have your answer now."

"And if I refuse?" replied Latouche, stoutly.

The Mahratta's dark eyes were now full of evil light, and the gloom on his face deepened.

"If you refuse, it will prove to me what I have believed from the first, that you are a spy and traitor, sent hither by my worst foe, that French dog, Perron," he roared aloud, and clapped his hands thrice.

"Perron? Scindia's new chief? Nay, not so. I have never seen or spoken with Perron," Latouche was protesting with some heat, when his words were cut short by the sudden entry of a number of guards.

"Seize and secure him. It is as I thought. He comes from Perron, the accursed, the ill-begotten spawn of Jehanum, who would forestall me in my dearest wishes, who has cast his eyes upon that pearl of price, the Begum of Photapore, and whom my misguided cousin Scindia would exalt over his betters. I had heard of his near approach. This Feringhi was doubtless sent ahead to watch us, report our weakness or our strength—who shall say? He shall answer for it. See that he is kept close prisoner; on your heads be it. Take him away!"

They were on the point of dragging him out, when Appa held up his hand.

"Stay. Remove his weapons first, and search his person." And rough hands were laid upon Latouche in pursuance of this order.

He was immediately rifled of all he carried; his arms, his purse, the jewel in his turban, and, last of all, a small wallet stuffed full of letters.

This last-named was handed to the maharaj, who summoned to his assistance a mutsuddee, or scribe, able to decipher the European characters. They turned over the papers together, while Latouche stood awaiting his fate and fearing the worst. There were amongst his letters credentials and introductions, one or two of which would assuredly compromise him with this crafty and vindictive wretch. One was from a friend, George Calvert, in the civil service of the East India Company, who had been at one time political resident at the court of the Peishwah at Poonah, and had known Perron, at that time commanding a brigade in Scindia's army.

It was in English, addressed to "His Excellency General Perron, favoured by Captain Alexander Latouche, formerly of His Majesty's 39th Dragoons." Within were a few lines of strong recommendation to the general's good offices, and an assurance that he would find Captain Latouche a most valuable and competent officer, well versed in all military science, and equal to any difficult or responsible service.

"This alone would convict you of intimate relations with my enemy," said Appa Tantia, with cruel emphasis, holding up the letter. "But here is a second proof—another writing. This order upon Perron"; and he read its superscription, to "'The High in rank, the favoured of God and Scindia, the wise in durbar and valiant in battle,' to pay you from his treasury, monies he holds to the account of the shroff (banker), Naziz Majnoun. By to-morrow you shall taste the rope. I will hang you before all my troops, as a warning for no man to come between me and my foes." He waved an order to remove the prisoner.

"Have you aught to say to me?" Appa then said to the mutsuddee, the scribe, a very confidential counsellor, who still stood before him in an attitude of the most servile entreaty.

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"If it be permitted to speak in the presence of the most exalted, I would humbly submit that there may be danger in doing this dog to death. He deserves it, and with torture, but I beg to represent that he is an Englishman, and to kill him may entail serious consequences, worse than a blood feud, for these accursed Giaours are long-handed and patient. They will exact retribution for injury inflicted on one of their people."

"I fear not the whole race," Appa Tantia cried, with a fierce gesture. "I will execute judgment as is fitting and seems good. He shall die, and I will take over his rissala."

"For the rissala, yes. It is a fine body. But I submit, maharaj, that it would be wiser to keep the sahib alive, say in the cage which was prepared for Perron. There is room for them both, and they can tell each other with tears of suffering the cost of losing your highness's favour."

"It is well. I will consider it. Rukhsat, you have permission to retire."

Meanwhile Latouche had been carried off to another part of the encampment, where, tightly bound with cords, he was thrown into a small tent and left to his reflections.

They were sad enough, for his situation seemed hopeless. Here, at the very outset of his new career, he was utterly shipwrecked and undone; he lay captive under sentence of death in the hands of a savage brute, merciless, false-hearted and wrong, too easily persuaded of his guilt, and thirsting for his blood.

What chance had he of escaping from the clutches of Appa Tantia Rao? He was deserted, utterly alone and friendless, as he believed. He had seen nothing of his own men, the small handful who had accompanied him as escort; probably they shared his fate and were also close prisoners, while the rest of the rissala was by his express orders held at a distance.

There seemed no hope, no outlet, no loophole. One of his guards sat with him in the tent, another was outside, the sentries were regularly relieved, and the watch kept was seemingly of the best. Yet presently he slept, despite his despair and the pain of his bonds, a deep, dreamless sleep, from which he was not easily aroused.

"Wake, khodawand, wake," a voice had whispered repeatedly in his ear. "Great Goddess Bohwanee! Is the sahib already dead?" and then Latouche opened his eyes to find Surfuraz Khan, his own jemadar, bending over him.

"Quick, master and great lord. The road is clear, but will not remain open long. These badmashes (blackguards) are in the arms of bhang, drunk and unconscious, as the whole camp lies after its debauch, and not a soul is moving to interfere with us. But come, come; some of them may recover and all will be discovered."

His fastenings had been cut, and Latouche jumped to his feet, free to follow his faithful officer, but at first with a halting, feeble gait. They threaded the prostrate bodies of the guards in heavy stertorous slumber, and rapidly increasing their pace, reached the confines of the camp unobserved.

Just beyond stood a horseman, with whom Surfuraz Khan exchanged signals, giving a low whistle, which was immediately returned. Within a few moments the trampling of hoofs was heard, and the whole rissala emerged from behind a sandy hillock. Someone brought forward Latouche's horse, and he mounted with his usual agility, having now quite recovered the use of his limbs. Surfuraz Khan did the same, and the whole body, headed once more by their leader, galloped away.

The direction they took was due East, guided by the pale streak of light that was heralding the dawn, that dawn which was to have been Latouche's last. Deeply grateful for his marvellous deliverance, he turned to thank his trusty jemadar warmly, and then asked eagerly how it had been accomplished.

"Nand Gopal Singh was the cause more than I, khodawand," said Surfuraz Khan, pointing to a junior officer. "He has a foster-brother in the Prince's service, and through him learnt what had happened to your highness. He escaped from the camp with his fellows before hands had been laid also on them. He consulted with this brother, who is now riding with us, and whom I commend to your kindness as a likely recruit. By his help we drugged your guards, who were willing enough, being the only sober ones in the camp. The man who watched at your side alone struggled, but he will not struggle again," said the Khan, darkly, "and the rest you know."

"God is great and all merciful, but true friends are rare. I hereby express to you, Surfuraz Khan, and to this gallant rissala, that never while I live shall I forget what I owe to you, and I pray the chance may soon arise to prove it. I will stand by you as you have done by me"; and loud shouts of loyal enthusiasm, "*Jey Sikander! Jey Bohwanee!*" greeted his words.

"We will follow you to the very jaws of death, maharaj, but whither go we now?"

"To find the illustrious General Perron, who is somewhere in these parts, and offer him our swords."

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"ALNWICK."—The Northumberland Fusiliers, the old Fifth, enjoys the right, very rare in the British Army, of possessing a third colour. The distinction arose, it is believed, out of the battle of Wilhelmstahl, in 1762, and the third colour was possessed by the regiment until 1833. In that year the colours, including the third, were destroyed by fire at Gibraltar. Strenuous efforts were made to get permission for the trophy to be replaced, but without success, and the regiment had to be content with permission granted in 1836 for a Wilhelmstahl to be borne on the colours. At the present day the 1st and 2nd Battalions each possess a third colour, a fac-simile of that which was destroyed. The third colour only appears once a year, on St. George's Day, when it is carried as of old amongst the drums. Hence the name "Drummer's Colour" The newly-raised 3rd and 4th Battalions early made arrangements to provide themselves with a third colour.

* * * *

"SANG-FROID."—The occurrence you refer to happened in 1803, when the British frigate "Minerve" ran ashore at Cherbourg, and after a desperate fight and an heroic struggle to get her off the shoal (which succeeded) she was captured. A sailor who had had both legs shot off was carried down into the cockpit. Before the surgeon could attend to him the poor fellow heard the crew on deck cheering, and was told that the frigate had floated off the shoal. "Then d——n the legs," he shouted, and with his own knife severed the muscles which were still attaching his limbs to his lacerated trunk, and joined in the cheer from the deck. When the ship was eventually captured, he was placed in a boat to be conveyed to a French prison with the rest of the ship's company, but rather than undergo the loss of his liberty (a fate which the survivors endured for eleven years under most horrible treatment), he loosened the tourniquets which the surgeon had tied, and bled to death.

* * * *

"BLUE BAG."—The principal sword of state, which at a coronation is girt on the monarch, immediately after the anointing and before the crowning, by the Lord Chamberlain, is pointed, but sheathed in its highly ornamental scabbard. There are also three other swords of state borne by officers of state before the Sovereign in important processions. These swords are carried unsheathed. They are known as the Sword of Mercy, the Sword of Spiritual Justice, and the Sword of Temporal Justice. The first has a blade of 32-in., square at the end. The Sword of Spiritual Justice is 40-in. long and has an obtuse point. The Sword of Temporal Justice resembles the Sword of Mercy, but has an acute point. In a procession these three swords are preceded by St. Edward's staff and the spurs.

"NAVY LEAGUER."—In spite of your enthusiasm for Naval matters it is impossible for you to become a member of the Royal United Service Institution unless you join the Volunteers. The following are eligible: 1. Princes of the Royal Blood; Lords Lieutenant of Counties; Governors of Colonies and Dependencies; Officers of the Navy, Army, Marines, His Majesty's East Indian and Colonial Military and Naval Forces, Militia, Yeomanry, Royal Naval Reserve, and Volunteer Corps, as published in the Official Army and Navy Lists, and Naval and Military Cadets, on the recommendation of their Commanding Officers, shall be entitled to become Members without ballot of the Council. 2. Ex-Governors of Colonies and Dependencies; Officers who have quitted the Service; Deputy-Lieutenants of Counties; Civil Functionaries who are, or have been, attached to the Naval and Military Departments; the Master, Deputy-Master, and Elder Brethren of the Trinity House; and Army and Navy Agents shall be eligible to become Members by ballot of the Council.

* * * *

"COCKNEY."—The regiment whose uniform you describe is the 21st Lancers (formerly 21st Hussars). The lancer regiments are easily distinguishable from each other if you bear in mind the following table:

Regiment.	*Uniform.*	*Facings*	*Plume*
5th (Royal Irish)	Blue ...	Scarlet ...	Green.
9th (Queen's Royal) ...	Blue ...	Scarlet ...	Black and white.
12th (Prince of Wales's) ...	Blue ...	Scarlet ...	Scarlet.
16th (Queen's)	Scarlet...	Blue ...	Black.
17th (Duke of Cambridge's)	Blue ...	White ...	White.
21st (Empress of India's) ...	Blue ...	French grey	White.

* * * *

"PRUSSIAN."—The names of the French admirals assembled for the manœuvres in the Mediterranean are as follows: Vice-Admiral Gervais, born January 7, 1836, is in supreme command of the combined Mediterranean and Northern Squadrons. Vice-Admiral de Maigret, born May 8, 1841, is the present Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, his second in command being Rear-Admiral Aubry de la Noë, born August 7, 1842. In the Northern Squadron are Vice-Admiral Ménard, born May 2, 1837, and Rear-Admiral de Bausset, born February 18, 1841. The Mediterranean Cruiser Division is commanded by Rear-Admiral Caillard, born February 12, 1846; and the Northern Cruiser Division by Rear-Admiral Gourdon, born January 19, 1843. It is significant that all these admirals would be on the retired list for age under the rules in operation in the German Navy. In all, it will be seen that there are six admirals employed, as compared with the four that are receiving training during the British Naval Manœuvres.

THE EDITOR.

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THE PRESS-GANG, 1770.

MANNING THE NAVY.

How it was Conducted in the Days of the Press-gang.

THE PRESS-GANG, 1830.

WHEN the possible necessity of conscription in order to fill the ranks of our Army is openly discussed, and while the Ballot Act for the Militia, though dormant, is still the law of the land, it may not be out of place to recall the fact that compulsory service for manning the Fleet, when the exigencies of State required it, has for centuries been sanctioned by Parliament, and that the Acts regulating the impressment of seamen also merely slumber, and have never been repealed. The term "Press" or "Impressment," as applied to the compulsory forcing of men to serve the King afloat, is derived, according to high authorities, from the "prest" or "imprest" money paid to the man on entry, which, as in the case of recruits for the Army, was a shilling, the entry not being legally carried out until the coin had been duly accepted by the man. As it often had to be forcibly pressed into an unwilling victim's hand, the act of doing so gave its name to the system, and it was a by no means uncommon thing in those days for pressed men to be kept in irons and on bread and water until they consented to take the shilling.

At what period in our history the right to press private ships and men for the service of the Crown was first claimed and admitted is not very clear, but in the year 1049 a fleet of Edward the Confessor consisted partly of "King's ships" and partly of "people's ships." It is, however, quite certain that, in the time of Richard I., the "High Admirall" was directly empowered to arrest both private ships and their crews for the public service, for we find in an Ordinance of that King's reign, in the quaint Norman-French of the period, the following provision for the punishment of men absenting themselves after they had been pressed for the King's service: "Item se ung homme soit endite quil estoit ordonne pour le service du Roy destre en une nef, soit il pour guerre ou paix, et sen fuye dudit service, il sera adjuge a prison pour ung an"; which, being translated, means that any man pressed for the King's service on board a ship, either in peace or war, who should desert, was to undergo a year's imprisonment. This Ordinance was passed at "Grymmesby" by the advice of "many lords of the realme." The first Statute against mariners deserting the King's service seems to have been passed by Parliament in the reign of Richard II., and was held by the judges to be still in force in a case tried at Bristol on August 30, 1743, when the legality of pressing for the King's Navy was affirmed. In this Statute the law against desertion was made severer, for it was enacted then that "All those mariners shall be holden to restore to our Sovereign Lord the King the double of that they have taken for wages, and, nevertheless, shall have one year's imprisonment without being delivered on mainprise, bail, or in any other way."

Under the laws all eligible men of seafaring habits between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five were bound to serve when called on, and if they did not come forward when so called, they were "pressed"; but exceptions were made in favour of the masters and first and second mates of merchant ships, apprentices who had not been two years under their indentures, fishermen at sea, a proportion of able seamen in each collier, harpooners in whalers, and some others. When men were required for the Fleet, bounties were first offered, and inducements held out to men to volunteer, and in peace-time, and even sometimes in war-time, popular captains, and those who had a reputation for being lucky, were generally able to man their ships without much difficulty; but it was quite otherwise when a ship was commanded by an officer who had a bad name, while on the outbreak of war, when large numbers of seamen were required, nothing like the number of volunteers wanted was ever forthcoming; so that, as a matter of fact, pressing for the Fleet was general, and the press-gangs, so-called, consisting of old and trustworthy men under active and reliable officers, were sent to London and the various seaport towns, where depôts were established, with tenders in attendance to convey the men to the guard-ships. Various were the expedients resorted to by the seamen to avoid the press, but,

After J. Gillray. October, 1779.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

"In vain does the wretched victim plead that he has a wife and tender infants to support."—Oxford Magazine.

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THE PRESS-GANG, 1781.

"Oh! where will you hurry my dearest,
Say, say, to what clime—or what shore?
You tear him from me, the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.

"Ah! cruel, hard-hearted to press him,
And force the dear youth from my arms!
Restore him, that I might caress him,
And shield him from future alarms."—*Dibdin.*

(From a Contemporary Mezzotint Engraving.)

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as money was freely forthcoming, their hiding-places were generally betrayed to the press officers, and as both sides were as a rule armed, severe fighting often took place, in which even lives were lost before a capture was effected. When a hot press was on, it was even unsafe for civilians to venture after dark into the streets of seaport towns where the press-gangs were at work; if seized, remonstrances were useless, and the unfortunate victim generally found himself well out at sea before he had an opportunity of seeing anyone in authority, and even if he was then able to prove his identity and show he had been illegally impressed, months might elapse before he was released and sent home, his friends in the meantime being in complete ignorance of his fate.

THE PRESS-GANG AT WORK ON TOWER HILL, 1790.

After a Painting by Collings, Etched by Barrow for the Attic Miscellany.

But it was not only on land that the press-gangs worked; they could board all merchantmen and privateers sailing under the British flag in any part of the world, and could carry off as many of the best men as could be removed without actually endangering the safety of the vessel. When a press was ordered, small cruisers were sent into the Channel to wait for homeward-bound merchant ships, and here one of the greatest hardships of the press system came in, as men who may have been months or even years away from England found themselves seized, possibly within the very sight of their homes from which they had been so long absent, and carried off to serve the King for an indefinite period, without so much as an opportunity being given them to set foot on shore or to communicate with their families. No wonder the men often resisted, with grave consequences. Rodney, when captain of the guard-ship at Portsmouth, in 1755, reports such an incident to Sir E. Hawke, then Commander-in-Chief at the port. It appeared that one of the tenders employed on press service, under the command of a lieutenant, stopped the "Britannia," a trader bound from Leghorn to London, and took fifteen men out of her; resistance, however, had been offered, and three men were killed. Rodney asks for instructions as to what was to be done, as the ship was at Spithead with the bodies on board. Hawke took the unfortunate affair very much as a matter of course, and sent the following laconic order in reply:

"You are hereby directed to cause the utmost despatch to be used by the surgeons in finishing the examination of the wounds of the three men killed the 1st inst. on board the 'Britannia' merchant ship. Then you are, without a moment's loss of time, to put on board her men sufficient in number and quality to navigate her in safety to her moorings in the Thames, directing as soon as they get without St. Helen's to throw the dead bodies overboard. For which this shall be your order.

"Given under my hand on board His Majesty's ship 'St. George,' at Spithead, this June 2, 1755.

"ED. HAWKE."

Such was the much-boasted freedom of the subject if he happened to be a seaman. Noteworthy, too, is Sir Edward Hawke's decision to have no civilian interference; there should be no coroner's inquest to make unpleasant enquiries, so there must be no bodies for a jury to sit on. Men must, of course, be found for the defence of the country, and the State in the last resort can compel the service of its subjects; but the worst of the press system was that it affected only one particular class of the population, and the wonder is that the press was not more often resisted, with fatal consequences to both sides. The seamen, however, seem to have taken the press as one of the disagreeable laws of Nature; they might resist, or desert if they got the chance, but, as a rule, they soon settled down, with a grim determination to take it out of Johnny Crapaud, which they generally did. Service in the Navy in those days was not, however, popular, as between 1776 and 1784, while we lost 1,800 killed or died of wounds in action, and 18,000 died of disease, no fewer than 42,000 deserted, which tells its own tale.

Many memorials against the system of impressment were presented to Parliament during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and many Acts were passed mitigating the harshness of the laws on the subject, the last of these being in 1835, by which the term of an impressed man's service was limited to five years, save in urgent national necessity. By that time the system was practically obsolete, and when between 1853-60 large numbers of men were required, in consequence of the war with Russia, followed by that in China, and the necessity for also maintaining powerful squadrons in the Mediterranean and Channel, recourse was had to bounties, which produced the requisite number of volunteers, and since that date the whole system of manning the Navy has been revolutionised

After a Sketch. *By Rowlandson.*

MANNING THE FLEET IN 1820.

"I manned one of 'em, I think, but 'twas no use: I was hauled off—my wife screaming—the children crying—my old mother kneeling and cursing the gang."—Douglas Jerrold.

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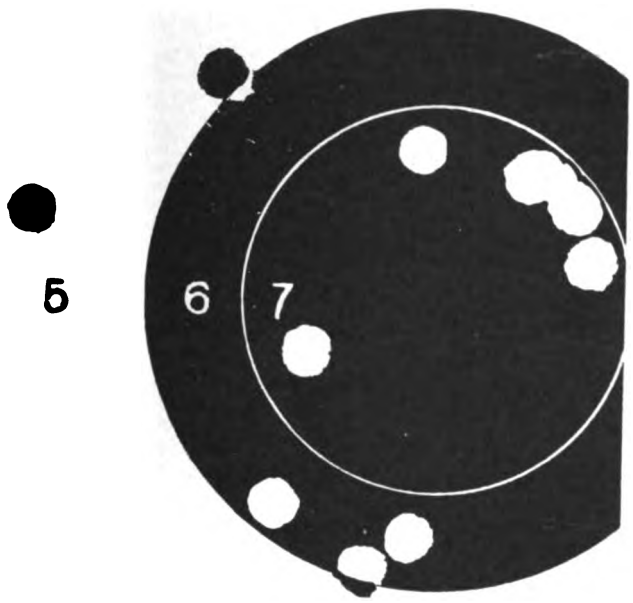
The "Navy and Army" Rifle Trials at Cricklewood.

By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

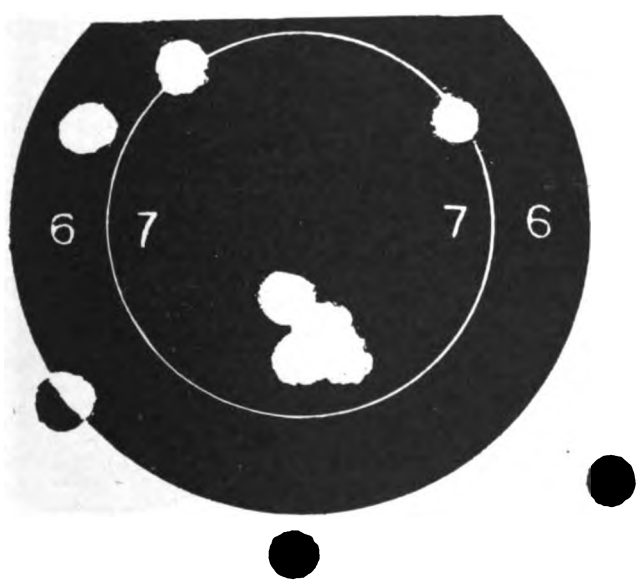
TWO of the three targets shown in my last article figured in the issue of June 8, and with the following six they complete Mr. Holmes's nine best targets. These include a 62-point target, which for showing the accuracy of the rifle stands out better than those which count higher, and, in fact, is the best diagram made at 100-yds. by any rifle in either class. Mr. Rosling's three consecutive targets previously mentioned tie in number of points with those of Mr. Holmes for the



Full Size, Target (4), May 22, 1901. Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener ·310. Kynoch Black powder. Sixty-four points.

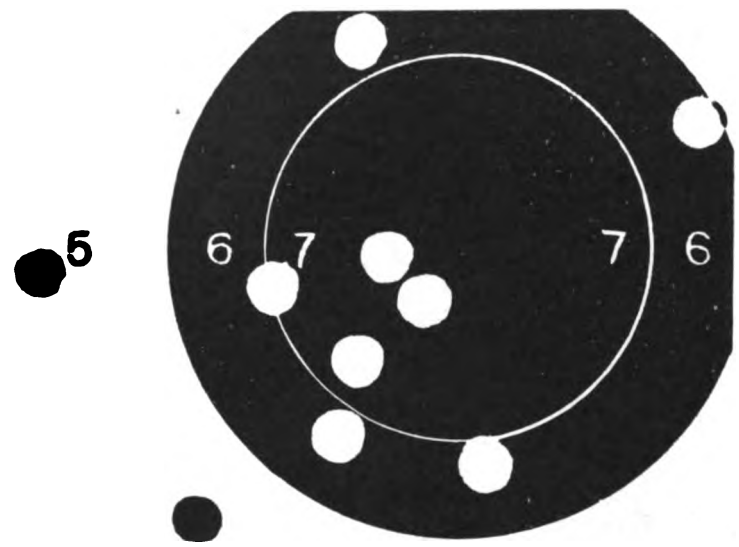
three best targets made with nitro powders. This is so, as one of Mr. Holmes's 67-point targets was made with black powder, so that his three targets for this prize are 67, 64, 64. I have, therefore, asked both competitors to be kind enough to indicate the point to measure from in their six targets, as the result seems to depend upon the tape. Should there be any reason to question the awards above indicated, I must know it within a week from the publication of this notice, otherwise it will be too late to reconsider the matter.

I have been specially asked to say, in my final report, which powders had the advantage of the orthoptic or telescopic sights, and which did not. This is somewhat difficult, because, according to my promise, I am not mentioning competitors unless they were successful. A very large assortment of rifles has been shot, the makers of which I should only mention by special request, as they have not come out on top, and these trials were started in order to find the best—not to discover the bad or indifferent. Mr. Dixon, of Messrs. Kynoch Company, has been of great assistance to me in getting at, and setting to rights, the faults, when any were discovered, in the sighting of rifles; he has also exhibited what could be done with cordite powder loaded by Kynoch Company. But he always used



Full Size, Target (5), May 29, 1901. Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener ·310. Greenerite powder. Sixty-four points.

open sights, and thereby was greatly handicapped; moreover, he did not, when shooting rifles brought on to the ground by himself, shoot for points, but generally only for diagrams, and he was highly successful in getting these, especially with cordite powder. As Mr. Jeffery's rifles have been successful in two classes, but not in the £4 class, and because his rifles have nevertheless done better work in that class than in the other two, I propose to give the complete results of the shooting of his rifles in that class. They cannot be less than highly satisfactory to him, and in doing this I may say that the whole of them were obtained with the Lyman orthoptic back sight, just as were those of the Greener rifle shot by Mr. Holmes. I hold the opinion that most shooters can by the use of the orthoptic sight reduce the size of a ten-shot diagram by an inch each way at least at 100-yds.; and as that means at 1,000-yds. a reduction of the diagram by ten inches, or about the width of a man at 1,500-yds., I commend the consideration to the Small Arms Committee now engaged on the question of sights; for I do not think the present arrangement of the side sights of the ·303 is satisfactory. The fore sight is very much too near the back sight peep hole, and this makes a coarse bead apparently very much coarser. Still, although this is out of all proportion in size for the bulls'-eyes in practice, or for the men targets in war, the finest possible fore sights do not please all shooters, nor do pinhole orthoptics, as some people find them distinctly tiring to the eyes.



Full Size, Target (6). Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener 49744·310. Kynoch cordite ammunition. Sixty-three points.

The following table gives the complete shooting of the Jeffery ·255 rifles by various shooters:

Shooter.	Rifle.	Ammunition	Points.*	Date.
S.-M. Shearing	·255 Jeffery	Kynoch cordite	54	13.3.01
,,	,,	,, ,,	63	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	57	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	60	27.3.01
,,	,,	,, ,,	56	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	54	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	54	3.4.01
,,	,,	,, ,,	59	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	55	,,
Mr. Rosling	,,	Eley cases and bullets, Walsrode powder	64	15.5.01
,,	,,	,, ,,	66	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	65	,,
,,	,,	Black, Kynoch	55	,,
,,	,,	,,	57	,,
,,	,,	,,	59	,,
,,	,,	Black, Eley	58	22.5.01
,,	,,	,,	58	,,
,,	,,	,,	54	,,
,,	,,	Eley cases, Walsrode powder	57	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	58	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	61	,,
S.-M. Shearing	,,	Black, Eley	59	,,
,,	,,	,,	61	,,
,,	,,	,,	46	,,
,,	,,	Kynoch, cordite	55	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	51	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	56	,,
Mr. Dixie	,,	Eley cases, Walsrode powder	58	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	58	,,
,,	,,	,, ,,	56	,,
,,	,,	Black, Eley	59	,,

* On Martin-Smith target, 2-in. carton counting 7, 3-in. bull counting 6, etc.

Considering that there were three different shooters, and at least four different brands of ammunition, the above is a record of continuous good work which will hardly ever be

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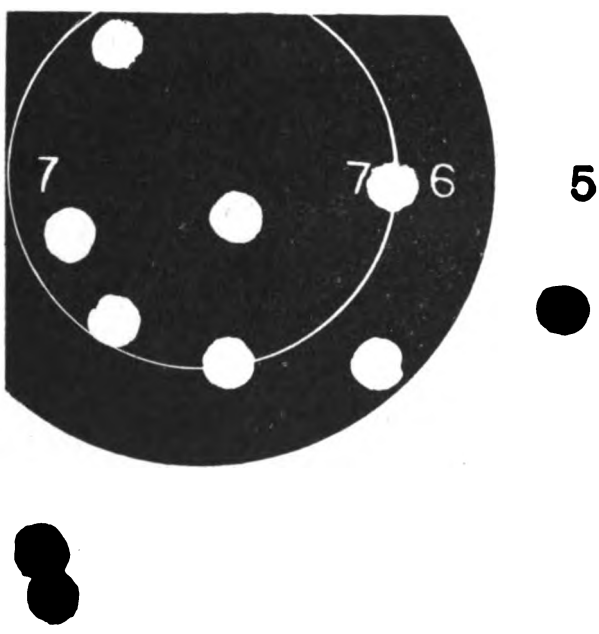
beaten in such average English weather as we had this year between February and June.

It is not necessarily the rifle, nor the man, who can shoot a few shots straight, that is the best. The staying qualities of both also count for a great deal. I am somewhat doubtful whether there is any miniature rifle made which retains its shooting for 100 shots without cleaning out, and the majority certainly "lead" to such an extent that cleaning out is a very troublesome process indeed. Far as rifle-making has advanced since the late Mr. Walsh carried out trials for the *Field* newspaper over twenty years ago, the arms of the greatest precision are not arms of precision at all when once they are leaded.

I do not know what number of shots can generally be fired with the nickel-coated bullets of the ·303 without the stripped metal damaging the rifling; it is probably much greater than with leaden bullets, however much the latter may be hardened. The Mannlicher's steel-coated bullet ought also to be the least injured by the rifling, and, conversely, to damage the rifling the least by stripped metal. But this is only theory, and I do not know of any trials which can be relied upon that have ever been undertaken to prove just how many accurate shots can be fired. This remark applies equally to either the high-velocity rifles or the miniature class, for in all injury to accuracy occurs by the filling up of the grooving; by leading in the latter case, and by the loss of some of the harder metals in the other two.

Besides bringing out the merits of the rifles, these trials have been the first to show that splendid results can be obtained by two entirely new powders to the rifleman. Greenerite has never been heard of before by anyone, and it certainly ranks as high as any powder. Walsrode was well known as a shot-gun powder, but it was the last thing to be expected that it should have come to the top in this way for miniature rifles, at a time when cartridges so loaded were not upon the market. It is a pleasure to be able to state that both Messrs. Eley and Messrs. Kynoch make cases and bullets which may be loaded with powder for which they were never made, and with results equal to anything that can be



Full Size, Target (7), May 15, 1901. Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener ·310. Rifleite powder. Sixty-three points.

done in any way whatever. For instance, the Eley bullets and cases, which, of course, include the most important of all things—the caps—were used to load Walsrode powder, with what results I have already shown, including the three best *consecutive* targets of the trials. On the other hand, Kynoch's caps, cases, and bullets were used to load Greenerite, a powder the makers had probably never heard of; the results are also stated in the tables given. One of the only two 67-point targets was made with this powder, so loaded, and it was thoroughly consistent throughout. But while saying all this for the cases, the bullets, and the caps, I should add that, if I were going to perform at Bisley, I should do the loading myself and weigh every load to the tenth of a grain of powder. Moreover, I should gauge every bullet and every case.

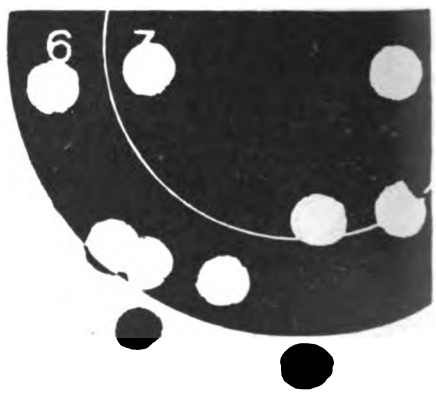
In the miniature rifles, with their small charges (from 3½-gr. to 20-gr. of black powder or its equivalent in nitros), the tenth of a grain bears the proportion of a grain or considerably more to the charge of some of the high-velocity rifles, and although it may be possible to measure powder to within a grain, it certainly is not to measure within 1-5 or 1-10 of a grain. I am not condemning factory-loaded ammunition; the work obtained from it is good enough for all practical purposes. It is possible even that it might have come out on top had it not been for the fact that it was mostly represented in rifles having open sights. Some remarkable diagrams made with factory ammunition have been published in earlier numbers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and all allowance may be made for the fact that open sights were mostly used to obtain them. But top scores have been made by cartridges loaded by the shooters themselves, or the gunmakers, and by the use of orthoptic sights. I cannot help thinking that while this home loading negatives the condemnation that the caps are so often subjected to, it proves that in factory loading there are too great variations in the charges of powder. It may be, on the other hand, that the powder itself varies, and that it varies least when it all comes out of one tin. It is common knowledge that it is very difficult for manufacturers to keep to one standard of powder exactly.

Full Size, Target (8), April 3, 1901. Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener ·310. Kynoch cordite ammunition. Sixty-one points.

Makers are supposed to put this right by judicious mixing of the weak with the strong. But still, however well this is done in bulk, I should prefer all my competition rifle cartridges to be loaded not only from one blend of powder, but from one tin. Perhaps home loading has a distinct pull in that direction, for no factory-loaded cartridges, turned out as they have to be in large quantities, could comply with those conditions.

The award to the gunmaker for the best target, for the best three targets, and for the best nine targets, goes to Mr. W. W. Greener for the nine targets illustrated.

I hear from Mr. Greener that I am wrong in saying his rifle was shot with the Lyman orthoptic sights; he tells me that every portion of the weapon was made at his own factory. Of course, I had no intention of describing the rifle as partly American made, but only of describing the character of the sights, which Mr. Greener calls orthoptic fore and back sights. It is well that this should be set right, as, although the late Mr. Lyman was the inventor of the principle, he failed to find any satisfactory means of putting his sights on the bolt-action rifles now in common use for military purposes. Mr. Greener's rifle is not a bolt, but a Martini, action, and the rear sight is fixed to it in the ordinary way; but Messrs. Westley Richards carried out what Mr. Lyman failed to do. The difficulty, until they solved it, was that the sight, when placed on the handle, or stock, of the rifle, was in the way of the bolt when sliding back. Messrs. Westley Richards hinged the upright of the sight, and applied a spring to it, so that the sliding bolt merely knocked it down in its rearward action, and the spring replaced it in position as the bolt was pushed forward. Although it looks a very simple thing to overcome a mechanical difficulty of this kind, the spring sight described is probably the only one which completely does it.



Full Size, Target (9), April 3, 1901. Shooter, Mr. Holmes. Rifle, Greener 49744 ·310. Kynoch ammunition. Sixty-two points.

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THE ANNUAL TRAINING OF THE AYRSHIRE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

ALL ASTIR WITH THROBBING LIFE.

General View of the Camp and Stables.

Photos. Copyright. *Hess, Ayr.*

IN ARMS, AND EAGER FOR THE FRAY.

The Officers of the Regiment.

The Ayrshire Imperial Yeomanry—or, to call it by its other title, the Earl of Carrick's Own—recently underwent its annual training. The camp was pitched on Ayr Race-course, and about 350 men went under canvas. There are this year over 100 recruits—a fact which speaks volumes for the popularity of the regiment and of its commanding officer, Colonel R. M. Pollok-Morris—and they were attired in khaki, which in the future is to be the colour of the uniform. The course of training extended over sixteen days.

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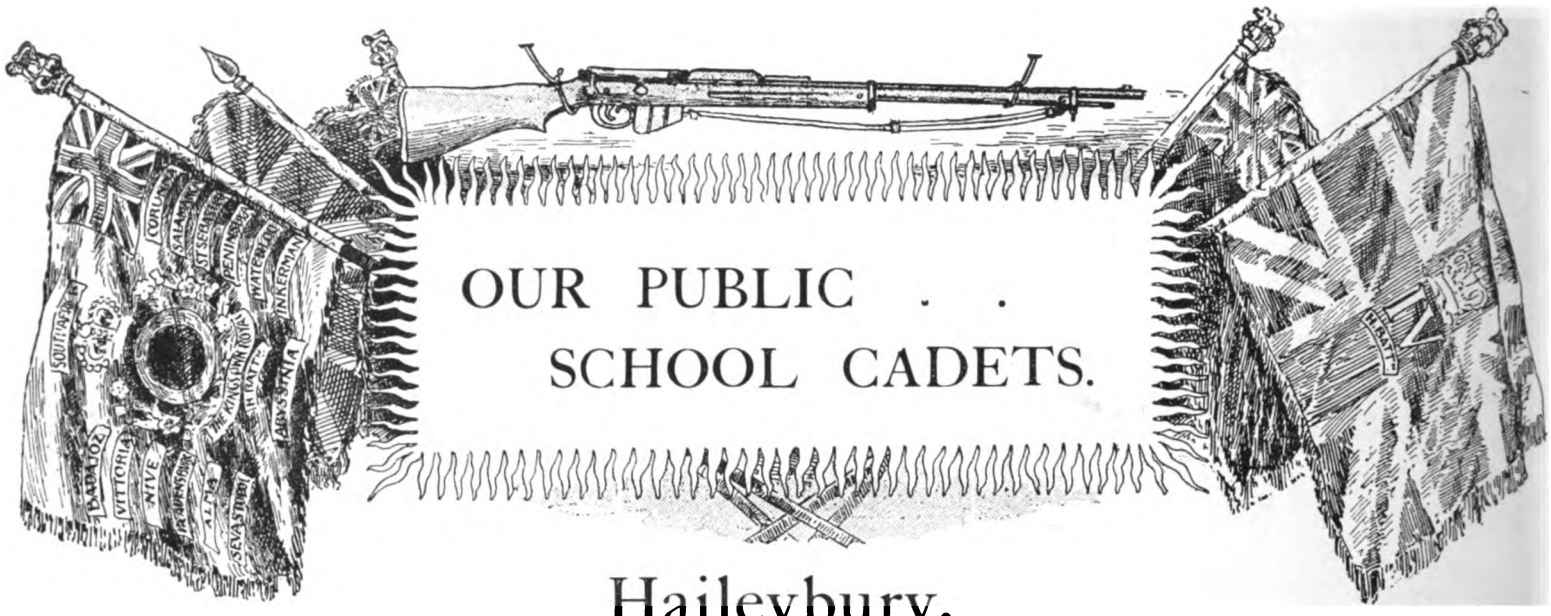

Haileybury.

By Callum Beg.

A HIGHLY efficient cadet corps is that connected with Haileybury College in Hertfordshire. Raised in 1886, it was granted an establishment of one company the following year, but was not long destined to be limited to such small proportions. A few years later, in 1893, the establishment was increased by one company, since which date the corps has continued to flourish, and last year its strength was fixed at three companies It is officially attached to the 1st (Hertfordshire) V.B. Bedfordshire Regiment, with headquarters at Hertford, and the uniform is similar to that of the parent corps, viz., red tunic or serge with white facings, with brown belts and pouches.

To Major (then Captain) Hoare and Captain (then Lieutenant) Dove must be given the credit of having formed the corps in 1886, when all ranks numbered some sixty men. The corps was then armed with the Snider rifle, which afterwards gave place to the Martini-Henry. At present the corps is armed with the D.P. Lee-Enfield, together with seventy-nine Martini-Henry carbines.

No boy is allowed to join the Haileybury corps unless he fulfils certain conditions as regards age, height, and physical fitness. Recruits must be fifteen years of age, and not less than 5-ft. 2-in. in height. In addition they must have passed out of "gym," as it is familiarly called. By this is meant that each boy who joins the corps must have, previous to his

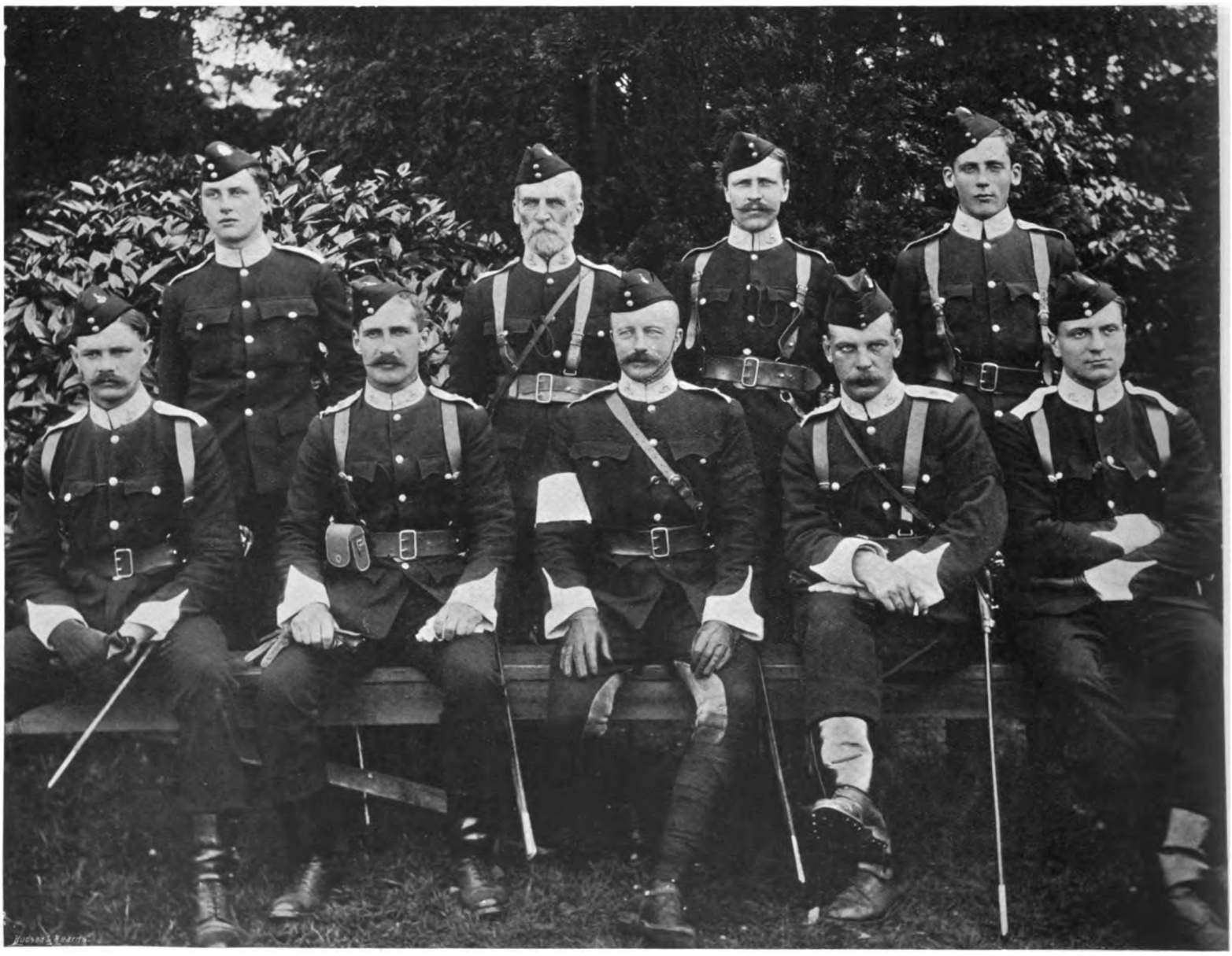

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE HAILEYBURY CADET CORPS.

Cadet-Lieutenant F. A. Heymann. Lieutenant A. D. Carlisle. Lieutenant G. T. Waters. Cadet-Lieutenant D. Firth.
Lieutenant C. J. Reid. Captain P. H. Latham. Major A. F. Hoare. Captain A. Trethewy. Cadet-Lieutenant G. H. D. Post.

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taking up arms, satisfied the gymnastic master that he can perform certain exercises. This test cannot be passed until a boy has been at least one year at Haileybury.

These regulations have the effect of limiting the numbers who join the corps, but, on the other hand, they ensure that weaklings are strictly excluded from the ranks.

There is also, it should be observed, a junior corps formed in the summer term, which for the most part consists of boys under fifteen years of age or who have not been able to pass the test alluded to. The junior corps numbers, as a rule, some thirty odd files, and is armed with the carbine.

The latest returns available show the Haileybury corps to be in all 257 strong, and counting the junior corps the muster roll reaches 330 of all ranks—a very creditable strength out of a total of 500 boys in the school. It is formed into three companies, each of the eleven houses supplying a section, varying in strength from sixteen to thirty men.

Those over seventeen years of age, numbering in all ninety, are properly - enrolled Volunteers, and when efficient earn the Government grant in common with the members of other Volunteer corps. On joining a recruit pays from £1 16s. to £2 13s. for a new or second-hand uniform, and the subscription is 10s. per term; but on leaving Haileybury each adult receives compensation for his clothing and equipment if returned in good condition.

The work of the corps is carried out with marked regularity. One company and two recruit drills are held each week. The company drills last for one hour, and besides "steady drill" the companies are exercised in fire discipline, outposts, advanced guards, and other such practical exercises. For the first half-hour each section commander is, under the supervision of an officer, told off to drill or instruct his section. The officers commanding companies take command of their respective companies during the second half-hour, and instruct them in the "subject of the day" as published in orders.

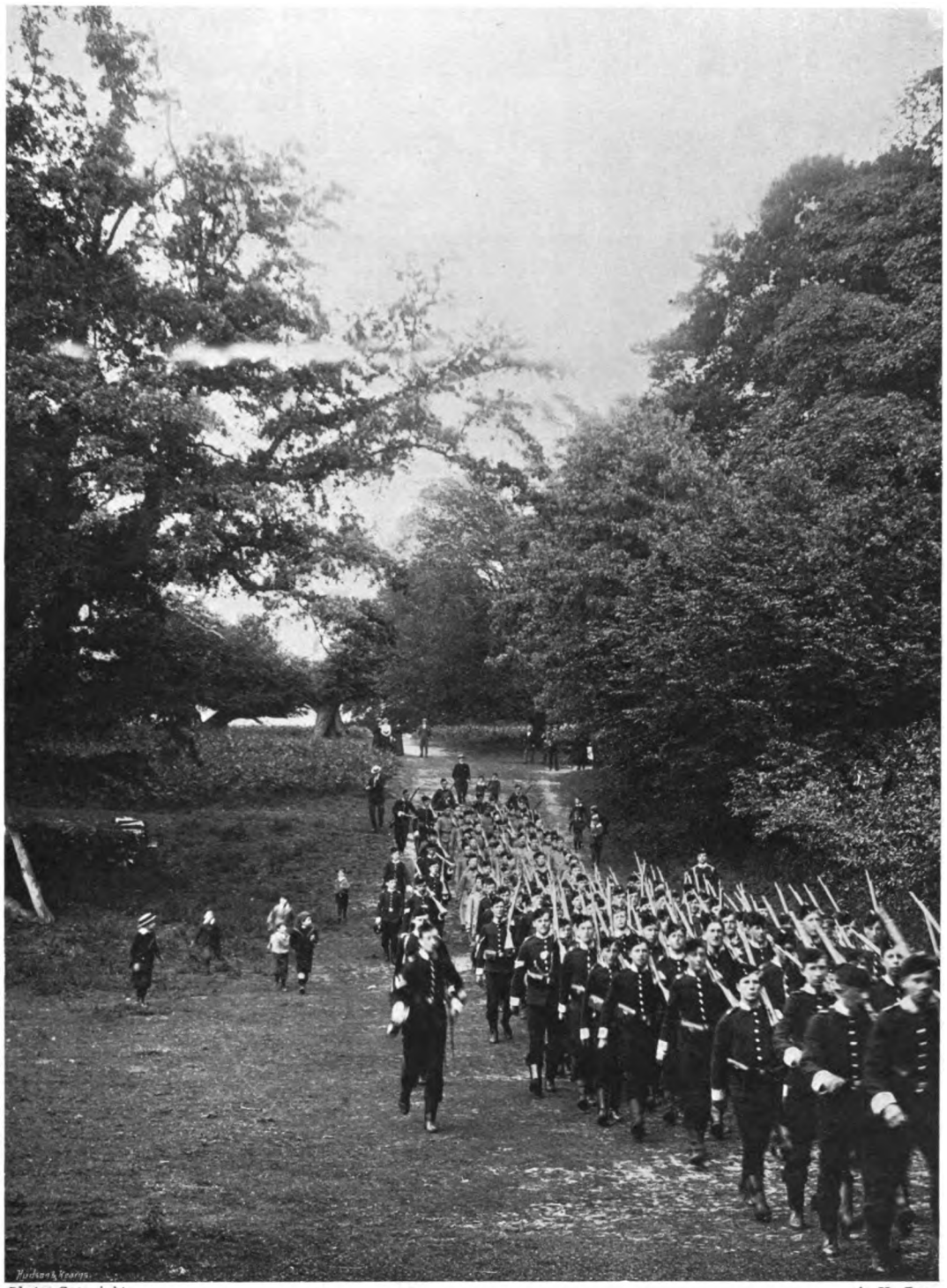

Photo. Copyright. A. H. Fry.

ON THE MARCH.

The Haileybury Cadets in Hatfield Park.

The training is systematic in the extreme, as may be seen on perusing the following extract from orders, kindly furnished by Captain Latham, now commanding the corps:

"Company Drill." Thursday 2.10 p.m. for all companies.

1. Manual Exercise—
   Shoulder / Slope } from the order
   Slope from shoulder and *vice versâ* } at halt and on the march.
2. Marching—
   Front and rear form.
3. Extended order—
   Extend and close from the right / " " " left } at halt and on the march.

A field practice takes place once a week, and the musketry and signalling class also parades once a week.

When such things as outposts or advanced guards are to be practised, it is customary for the company to be formed up during the first half-hour for instruction under its company commander. During the second half-hour the section commanders have charge of their own sections. Thus the section commanders are given ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with their work, and so well up are they in all the details of it, that the officer commanding places every confidence in his section leaders. Once a term a battalion drill generally takes place under Major Hoare. This is sometimes followed by the battalion "attack."

The weekly field practice to which we have alluded is voluntary. Usually speaking, however, some eighty or more men parade for it, the cadets being divided into two forces. The officer commanding either force is given a scheme, and a field day in miniature is carried out with blank cartridge, and lasts for about one hour and a-quarter. For the most part the opposing forces are commanded by the cadet officers, who are thus practically instructed in tactics; and these minor exercises are found to be of great value in training the corps for bigger field days. The corps usually attends field days as follows: The Public School field day at Aldershot, in March, at which Major Hoare commands one of the provisional battalions; a field day at Hertford, early in March, in which Felsted, St. Paul's, Highgate, Forest, Cambridge University, and the 1st V.B. Bedfordshire Regiment join; a field day at Hitchin, on similar lines, on the second Saturday of the winter term; a field day at Hatfield during the summer term, when the corps is inspected by the officer commanding the 16th Regimental District; another field day at the last-named place on the second Saturday in the summer term; and night operations by the Haileybury corps only, lasting from 8.45 p.m. till 10.30 p.m., twice in a term. It is therefore evident that the officers of the Haileybury corps do not neglect the field training of the rank and file.

The cadets go most willingly to the Public Schools Camp at Aldershot every year, and the detachment from Haileybury

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has for many years been the strongest present; and in 1897, 1898, and 1899 it averaged over 100 strong. In 1900, when a special appeal was made to Volunteers, no fewer than 150 cadets from Haileybury were present. This year 190 cadets will be in camp. The corps won the Wantage Silver Bugle, presented by the late Lord Wantage, for the smartest detachment in camp, every year in which it was offered for competition. The Wantage bugle was won by the Haileybury detachment in camp four years in succession, viz., 1891-94. It is now the property of Haileybury, and is to be seen in the "big school."

The cadets are in every way encouraged to be efficient in drill manœuvre and shooting, and there are offered for competition no fewer than six cups. The Army Cup is given every term by "old boys" now in the Army, for the best section in extended order during the first term, for the strongest section in camp during the summer term, and for the best section in physical drill and firing or manual exercise. The non-commissioned officer commanding the winning section in the Army Cup secures the Legge Cup, and for the house supplying the largest number of recruits each term the Capper Cup is offered.

All the officers have been unfailing in their efforts to render the corps thoroughly efficient, and in this respect they have ably succeeded, for they have infected all those under their command with the keenness and dash which is so much a part of themselves. All ranks are full of *esprit de corps*, and work together smoothly and well.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, and Felsted on June 29.*]

THE HAILEYBURY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Back Row: Lance-Corpl. Brooke. Lance-Corpl. Grylls. Lance-Corpl. Hodges. Corpl. Lyttelton. ***Lance-Corpl. Oddie.*** *Lance-Corpl. Tyrwhitt Drake. Lance-Corpl. Toyne. Lance-Corpl. Ball.*
Middle Row: Lance-Corpl. Walker. Corpl. Cornwallis. Sergt. Milbank. Sergt. Gribbon. Col.-Sergt. Dewe. ***Sergt. Cobbold.*** *Sergt. Bailey. Corpl. Mitchell. Sergt.-Instructor Camp (Late King's Own Scottish Borderers).*
Front Row: Lance-Corpl. Pawle. Lance-Corpl.-Bugler Hall. Lance-Corpl. Wilson. Lance-Corpl. Moore. ***Lance-Corpl. Fisher.*** *Lance-Corpl. Wilkinson. Lance-Corpl. Jackson.*

FOR PROWESS WITH THE RIFLE.

Wantage Bugle. Capper Cup. Legge Cup. Fenning Vase. Hawkins Cup. Dove Cup. ***Army Bugle.***

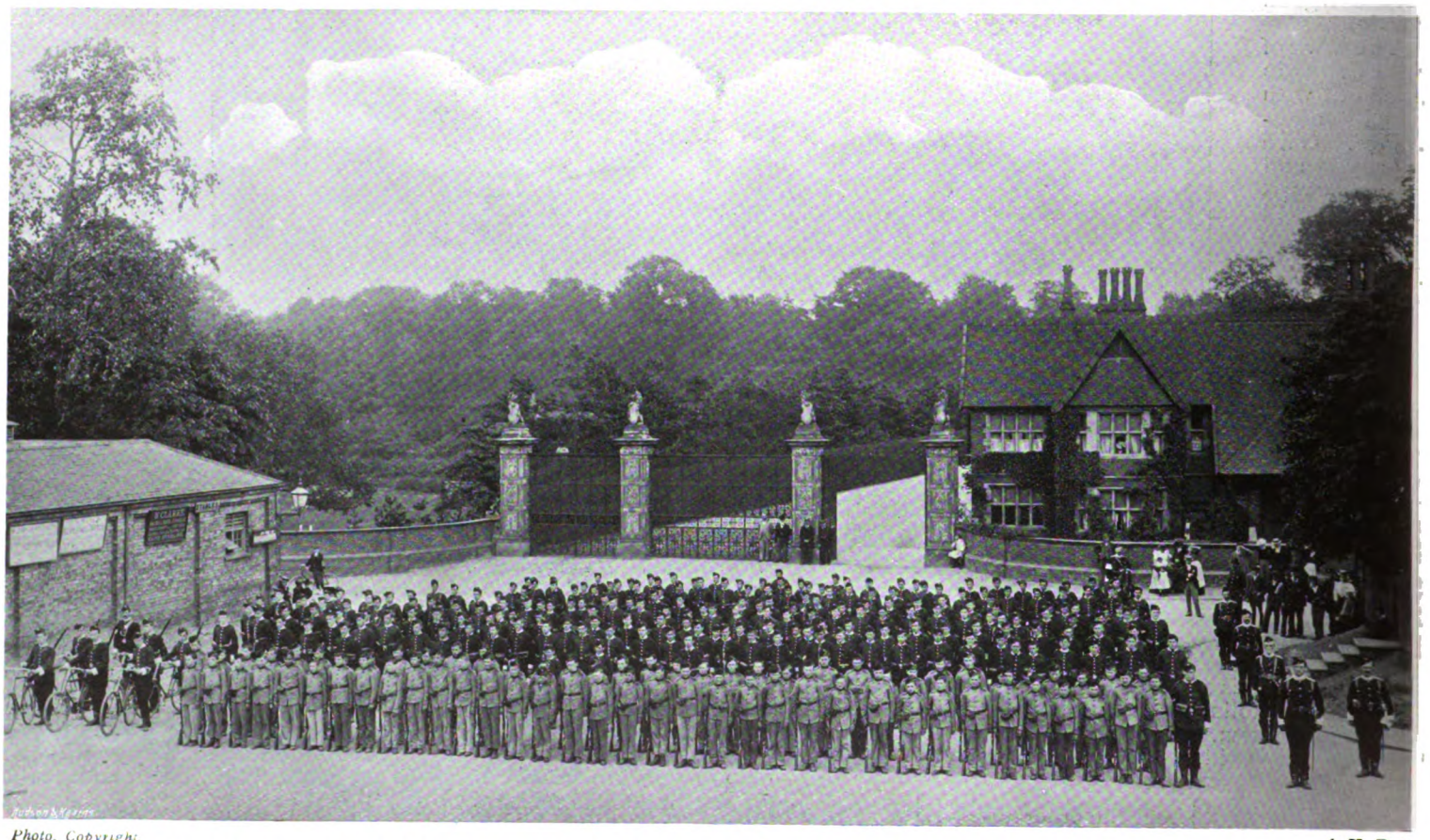

Photo. Copyright. ***A. H. Fry.***

A FULL MUSTER OF THE HAILEYBURY COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

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THE BISLEY MEETING.

USING ARTIFICIAL SIGHTS AND TELESCOPIC RESTS IN THE WINANS COMPETITION.

A NOVEL TARGET USED IN THE WINANS COMPETITION.

MAJOR LAMB, A WELL-KNOWN FREQUENTER OF BISLEY, LOCATES HIS LAST SHOT.

THE Annual Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley is a "fixture" of even more than national interest. For not only are the results watched with keen interest throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, but Canada takes an active part in the meeting, and an Indian Maharajah gives a handsome and popular prize. It would be difficult to imagine a more truly representative meeting, or one in which military ranks, social distinctions, and national divergences are more happily fused by a pervading spirit of good-fellowship and healthy emulation.

The National Rifle Association held its first meeting at Wimbledon in 1860, and Wimbledon continued to be the scene of its annual gathering until 1889 inclusive. Delightful gatherings they were, too, and peculiarly attractive to London visitors. But there is no question that the picnic element was somewhat detrimental to the best interests of the Association, and since the move to Bisley in 1890 the meeting has undoubtedly gained in professional importance and value.

The daily scene at Bisley during the meeting, which lasts a fortnight, is one of singularly brisk life and business-like activity. The rows of targets from which the results of shots are being continuously signalled; the competitors in various positions at the firing-points, with here and there a clump of spectators keenly interested in some particular competition; the register-keepers patiently jotting down the scores; and, in the background, the camp with its huts and canvas—these make up a *tout ensemble* which, but for the prevailing good sportsmanship, coupled with the unfailing good tact and administrative skill of the responsible officials, might easily degenerate into a confused and discordant jumble.

Photos. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE CANADIAN RIFLE TEAM AT BISLEY, 1901.

Private W. A. Mason. Sergt. A. Wilson. Lieut. J. W. Gilchrist. Private R. Moodie. Private W. T. Mastin. Staff-Sergt. C. R. Crowe. Lieut. J. Ogg. Capt. O. W. Wetmore. Capt. Henderson Lieut.-Col. Tilton. Capt. A. Elliott. Lieut. Murphy. Staff-Sergt. J. S. Bayles. Sergt. W. S. Bodley. Lieut. J. M. Davison. Sergt. G. Mortimer. Private W. F. Graham. Private C. H. Spencer. Sergt.-Maj. F. Richardson. Private P. Armstrong. Staff-Sergt E. McDugall. Sergt. H. Swaine. Private A. R. Fleming.

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Of course, the chief interest of the meeting consists in the competition for the King's Prize, the winner of which receives a gold medal with £250 in money, and is reckoned the champion British marksman for the year. The shooting for this is at 200-yds., 500-yds., 600-yds., 800-yds., and 900-yds. But there are a number of other interesting competitions, the prizes in which have in many cases been provided by the generosity of large business firms.

A very favourite competition with the public is that for the Ashburton Shield, for which the great public schools send up picked teams. Other important contests are the St. George's Vase, the Kolapore Cup, the Eicho Shield for teams representing England, Scotland, and Ireland, the United Services' Challenge Cup, the Lloyd-Lindsay Competition for Yeomanry, and the Evelyn Wood Competition, a company contest always well supported.

It will be seen that the Bisley Meeting is peculiarly and characteristically comprehensive, and that it is difficult for an individual or team making a speciality of any practical form of rifle shooting not to find here some substantial encouragement in the way of prize-winning. Besides, moreover, the more usual sorts of range musketry, there are a number of addenda contributing in no small degree to the popularity of a gathering in which there are many who do not look upon shooting at a mark with the seriousness that distinguishes some of the more prominent competitors, especially those hailing from the Land of Cakes. Considerable interest is habitually evinced in the pool firing, in which an indifferent shot may often pocket a useful little sum, more perhaps by luck than judgment. Moving targets, too, afford endless amusement and some vexation, for the most brilliant marksman, where a stationary object is concerned, may here come to grief in a very humiliating fashion.

Preceding the Bisley gathering is the Army Sixty Meeting, at which sixty competitors selected from the Army at large compete for Gold, Silver, and Bronze Jewels, and various money prizes, at 200 yds., 500-yds., and 600-yds.

THE WINNERS OF THE EVELYN WOOD COMPETITION.

"A" Company, Highland Light Infantry.

Photos Copyright. POOL FIRING AT BISLEY. *A. H. Fry.*

A Few Characteristic Attitudes

Photo Copyright. THE SIXTY BEST SHOTS IN THE ARMY. *C. Knight.*

Selected from the Army at Large to Compete for the Gold, Silver, and Bronze Jewels.

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STRIKING CAMP.
An Early Morning Scene in Somaliland.

SMASHING THE MAD MULLAH.

AN ACCOUNT FROM AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT.

THE LAST STRAW.
Unloading a Camel whose Strength has Given Out.

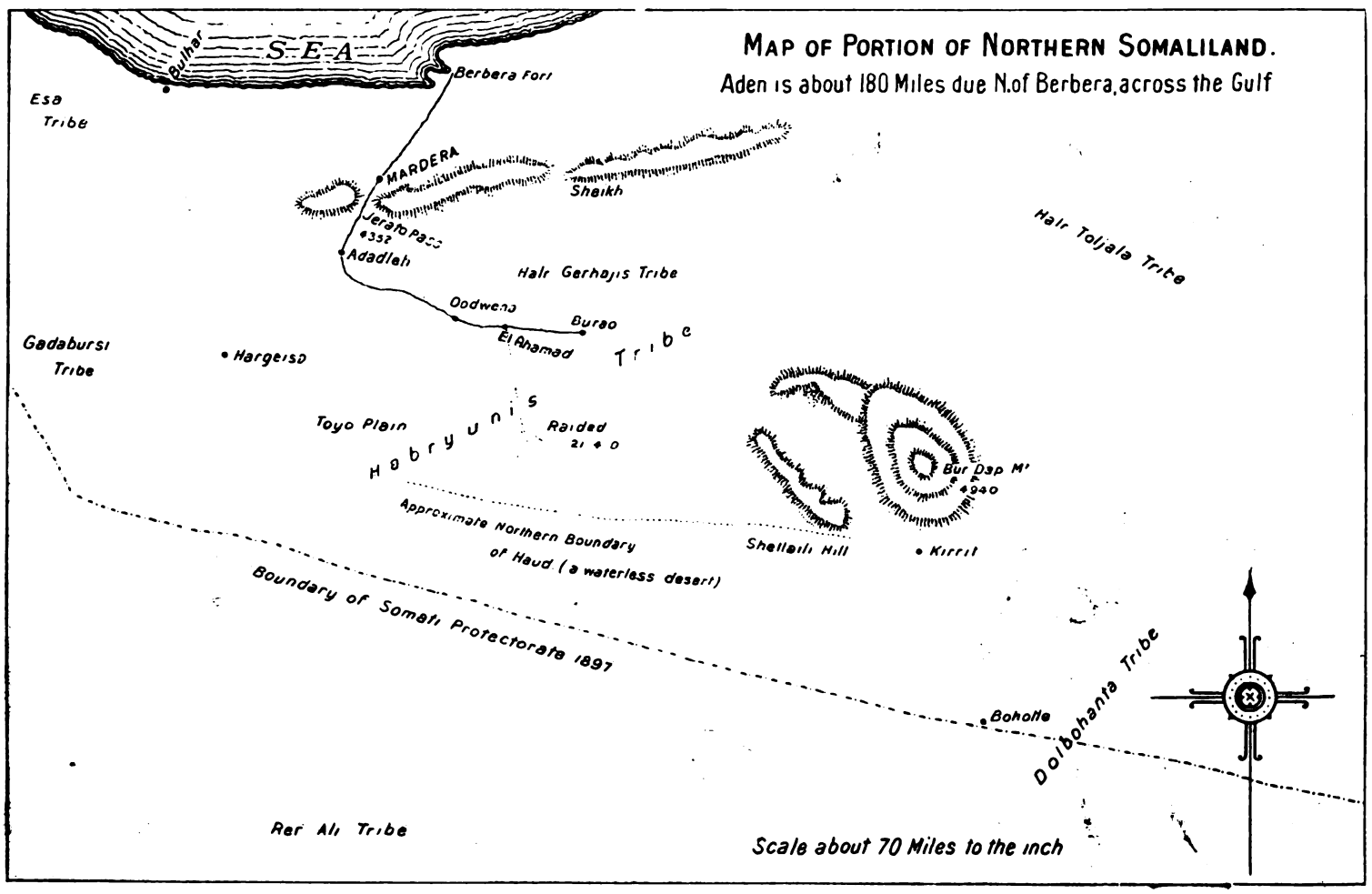
IN a previous article we gave some interesting particulars of the operations against the dangerous fanatic who has been stirring up trouble in Somaliland, and has thereby drawn upon himself the wrathful notice both of this country and of Abyssinia. Since the publication of that article, which was illustrated with pictures of Berbera, and of the Somalis who were being drilled to take part in the conjoint Anglo-Abyssinian expedition against the Mad Mullah, we have received a further and most instructive communication from an officer with the British force, accompanied by photographs, which we reproduce with great satisfaction for the benefit of our readers.

Incidentally, these pictures happily afford additional vindication of the claim of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to be represented even in the most remote corners of the earth. There are few countries we know less about than we do of Somaliland, in which a latter-day traveller thinks he has found the site of the Garden of Eden, but of which a French writer says bitterly that "*le seul champs que l'on cultive est le champs des morts.*" We naturally take pride in the fact that, even in this out-of-the-way region, the camera and the pen have been at work in the interests of this journal.

To return to the Mad Mullah, and the efforts which are being made to pulverise him and his followers into what Mr. Mantalini would call "demnition little bits." Sheikh Abdullahi, the Mullah himself, was formerly a professional conjurer in Aden, and only started in business as a fanatic leader about two years ago. Since then he has been guilty of frightful atrocities, "sweeping down"—to use the words of our correspondent—"on some unprotected village at the dead of night, raiding all the flocks and camels, and indiscriminately torturing and killing every man, woman, and child."

For the benefit of those who have not read the previous article, it may be stated, briefly, that the British force is composed of 1,000 infantry, 400 mounted infantry, and 100 camel corps, the whole under command of Colonel Swayne, I.S.C., who has under him a total of seventeen white officers.

The troops are entirely composed of Somalis, chiefly of the Habr Tunis tribe, who have suffered greatly at the hands of the Mullah. We have already explained how it was necessary to take these men literally in the raw, and what difficulty was experienced by the officers of the force in enlisting, equipping, and training them through the medium of a few interpreters. Our present correspondent gives additional details, and writes pleasantly of such expedients as drawing in the sand in order to make these latest specimens



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE MAD MULLAH EXPEDITION.
(Specially prepared for the "Navy & Army Illustrated.")

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NOVEL METHOD OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

Teaching Somalis the Bugle Calls with the Aid of a Banjo.

of "British troops" understand what was required of them. In addition he sends us an admirable little picture, in which two British officers are shown inside a zeriba teaching Somalis the bugle calls with the aid of a banjo! Those who recall the resonant and suggestive verses which Kipling has strung round the latter instrument, will regret that he could not have included some reference to this novel application of the banjo to purposes of military musical education.

Happily the Somali is quick at understanding, and, despite the extraordinary difficulties of the case, the officers of the force succeeded, to their everlasting credit, in making the very most of the material at their disposal. Some evidence of this is afforded by another picture, in which the men of the force are to be seen striking camp in what seems a very business-like fashion.

"To realise the difficulties of this campaign," writes our correspondent, "one must know that Somaliland consists of nothing but sand, covered with low thorn bushes upon which the camels feed, and under which grows, in occasional odd tufts, a small, very dry stunted grass upon which the flocks and ponies have to subsist. Rain seldom falls, and one has often to travel two or three days without finding water or grazing. Consequently it is with the greatest difficulty the camels are kept alive; in fact, the mortality amongst them is appalling." An illustration of the latter statement is given in our picture of a sick camel who is being unloaded, preparatory, perhaps, to being put out of his misery by a merciful bullet, and there left to mark, with scores of other white skeletons, the track of this arduous little campaign.

Somaliland grows nothing edible, the Somalis subsisting entirely on meat and camel's milk. Herein is indicated with sufficient clearness the necessity of employing only natives of the country in the expedition, and it may further be imagined that even the commissariat arrangements for the seventeen white officers were surrounded with great difficulty. However, the British officer contrives to be very cheery under the most untoward circumstances, and, judging by the picture we give of an officer's tent, he seems able to make himself fairly comfortable even in Somaliland.

At such a distance from the scene of operations, it is impossible, without better telegraphic facilities, to give any satisfactory idea of the progress of the expedition. At the time our correspondent wrote half the force was at Burao, the remainder at Ahmad (*see* map), from which places the final advance was to be made in the course of a few days. The Mullah had forces at and around Shellaili Hill, Kirrit being his temporary headquarters, whilst he himself was at Bohotlé. The first move to be made was against the Dolbohantas, the most powerful and warlike of all the Somali tribes, and the only one in the Protectorate which has revolted against us. To reach them a five days' march across a waterless desert was necessary, a prospect rendered still less inviting by the failure of the rains.

Since then there have, of course, been developments, but they can hardly be called decisive, and in some respects are rather obscure. The Mad Mullah appears to be in retreat, and the Abyssinian part of the expedition has been advancing. But the Mullah cannot be found, and the Abyssinians are suffering greatly from want of provisions. In fact, by the latest advices, dated June 22, from a place called Gerloguby, the situation was becoming critical. The men were eating camels and other transport animals, and unless food were forthcoming in a few days many would die of starvation.

AT HOME IN A DESERT.

Officer's Camp, Somaliland Expedition.

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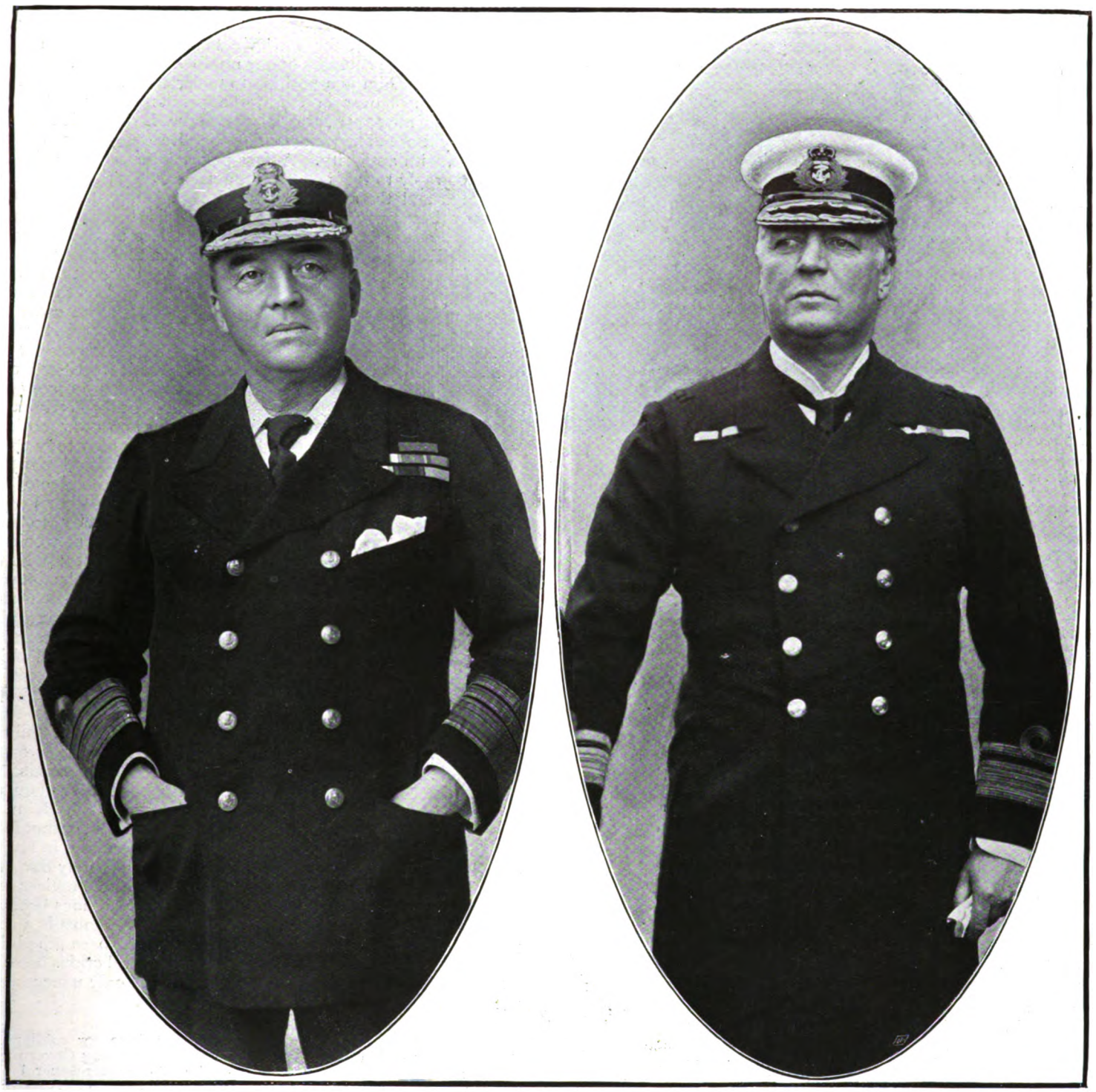
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII—No. 234.] SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1901.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

SIR JOHN FISHER AND LORD C. BERESFORD.

The British Mediterranean Squadron has a well-merited reputation for smartness, and for the efficiency of its seamen and ships. It could scarcely be otherwise, considering the succession of able and energetic officers who have had command up the Straits. Our picture shows the two admirals who are at present in command of the squadron. To the left is the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir John A. Fisher, K.C.B., while on his left hand is the portrait of the popular Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, C.B. Both are officers of the highest professional reputation, and naturally, under such chiefs, the high standard of the squadron has been fully maintained. Sir John Fisher's flag-ship is the "Renown," while the flag of Lord Charles Beresford flies in the "Ramillies."

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Our Mediterranean Number.

THE Naval position in the Mediterranean has been the chief topic of Naval interest during this year. We have all heard a very great deal about the strength (or weakness) of our squadron in those waters. We have been told by a number of self-appointed public instructors, who make up in loudness for what they lack in discretion, that the Admiralty are betraying the country, that the Empire is in danger, and that unless we at once do something (no one quite knows what), certain disaster awaits us. In quieter tones, at the same time, and with an absence of any desire to make our flesh creep, other authorities of a more trustworthy and responsible character have also been urging the view that all is not well in the Mediterranean.

It is greatly to the credit of the public that they have resisted the temptation to fly into a panic. They have undoubtedly been disquieted by the excursions and alarums of the Navy League; but they have steadfastly turned away from the tub-thumping orators and writers, and declined to dance to the tune which was being so vigorously piped. Both their disquietude and their disinclination to believe all that alarmists tell them are due in part to their little knowledge of the real nature of the conditions which govern the question of our strength in the Mediterranean. If the average citizen understands the broad outlines of our Naval policy, has an intelligent grasp of the part the Navy plays in national and Imperial defence, knows why it is necessary to keep the Fleet up to a certain standard both of quantity and of quality, that is as much as can reasonably be expected of him. Details must be left to the proper authorities.

Therefore, the average citizen, when he hears a great deal of talk about the distribution of ships, and the need of "auxiliaries," and the demand for smokeless instead of black powder, and the risks we run by our failure to provide gyroscopes and such-like scientific aids to the direction of torpedoes and to marksmanship, and the urgent necessity of putting the fleet in the Mediterranean on a "war footing"—when he hears all this, the average citizen grows bewildered, and he feels that he would like to spend an hour or two with some impartial and unprejudiced and well-informed person, who could put him in possession of the broad facts of the situation and give him the opportunity of judging for himself how much of the panic-mongers' outcry is based on reality and how much upon imagination. Now this is just what our special Mediterranean Number seeks to do, only with this difference, that, instead of offering the opinion of one well-informed and impartial person, it contains the views of a number of experts who have made Naval questions their special study, and it also gives the exponents of partial views the opportunity of putting them before the public. In the following pages the reader will find both sides of the main argument concerning the proper strength of our Mediterranean Squadron stated clearly and briefly; he will also find various aspects of the problem discussed by writers who do not take an extreme view one way or the other, and whose object is merely to afford information. Interspersed among these articles are numbers of pictures illustrating both the *matériel* and the *personnel* of the British and French and Russian Naval forces. If, after a study of this number, then, the average citizen is not clearer in his mind as to the essential points of the dispute, it will not be our fault, for we have taken pains to place before him, so far as the compass of our number will permit, all that is required to put him in a position to understand those points.

Let us run over in detail the results of our endeavour. First comes the explanation of the Navy League's indictment, written by a prominent member of the League, who can speak, therefore, with authority. A few pages later we give Captain Garbett's reply to this indictment, a trenchant criticism both of the matter and the manner of the League's recent manifestoes. Between these two articles comes Mr. David Hannay's interesting sketch of the history of the British fleet in Mediterranean waters. This will help to dispel the notion that the strength of our Mediterranean Squadron must be a fixed strength, and will show that the size of the force we can afford to keep there must depend upon our Naval needs elsewhere. Next we come to a full statement of the combined strength of France and Russia in the same waters, and following this a careful estimate of our own squadron. So much for the actual situation. Now for the questions which are matters not of fact, but of theory and opinion. In this department Rear-Admiral Eardley-Wilmot explains what he means when he speaks of a "fleet on a war footing." What the panicmongers mean by this phrase neither they themselves nor anyone else appear to know. Rear-Admiral Eardley-Wilmot makes it clear that, so far as the actual condition of our ships is concerned, they put to sea as nearly prepared for instant battle as any ships can be in time of peace. Whether we have all the "extras" which are not wanted in peace but would be very badly wanted in war, is another question. Next "A Naval Officer" discusses "Naval Strategy and Tactics," and points out the essential difference between the two, a difference that many people find it hard to grasp. Then comes an article which will, we fancy, be very welcome. It describes in plain, not in technical, terms the mechanical aid to efficient fighting which has been so pointedly called for—gyroscopes for keeping torpedoes straight, and telescopic sights for guns, and armour-piercing shell, and so on. Finally we print opinions from Admiral Sir John Hopkins, Admiral Sir Vesey Hamilton, Captain Sir John Colomb, Sir Charles Dilke, and Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs on the vexed question whether discussion on Naval matters should in any way be limited, whether there are any points on which the Lords of the Admiralty can claim, so long as they are permitted to remain in office, to be exempt from public criticism. All the opinions, it will be seen, are in favour of full and free debate on all subjects. This is entirely our own view of the question. Criticism that is inept and useless will soon be found out and disregarded. To muzzle all dogs because a few go mad is a sound policy, because hydrophobia is a contagious disease. But foolishness has not yet been scheduled under the Act, and to stop the mouths of all Naval critics because a certain proportion are fools would be not only unnecessary but very unwise.

IT is not correct to say that nothing is done for soldiers on their return to civil life. With the view of affording Government employment to deserving soldiers, the Postmaster-General has decided that one half of the vacancies for town and country postmen are in future to be offered to discharged and Army Reserve men. Candidates for such employment must have at least a "Good" character and not less than three years' service on leaving the colours. Appointments as messengers in many of the Government offices are reserved for Army pensioners, and work is also provided for many ex-soldiers in the Royal Arsenal, the Royal Army Clothing Department, the Army Ordnance Department, the Customs, the Prisons' Department, and other Government departments. Deserving soldiers also find employment in the Metropolitan and Borough Police and County Constabulary throughout the country, with the railway companies, and in the Corps of Commissionaires. A register for civil employment is also kept at the headquarters of all regimental districts, with a view to assisting men of good character to employment in civil life on discharge or transfer to the Army Reserve. There is, too, the National Association for the Employment of Reserve and Discharged Soldiers, the chief office of which is 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, and which does admirable work in finding employment for men of good character.

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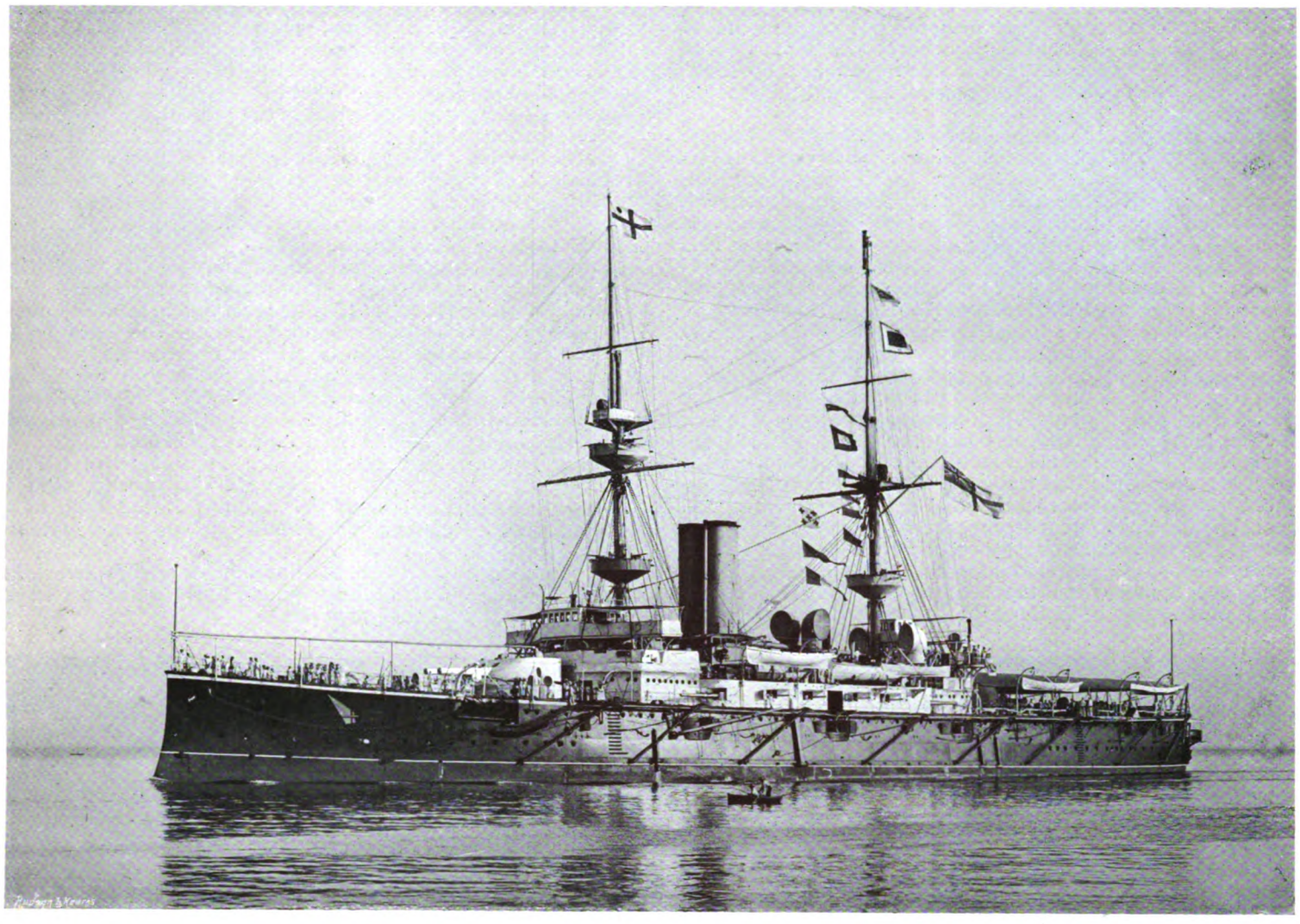

Photo. Copyright. Ellis.

THE "RENOWN."

The "Renown" is the flag-ship of the Mediterranean Squadron. She was adequately fitted up for Sir John Fisher when he left the Admiralty to take command of the North America and West Indies station, and when the Admiral went to the Mediterranean he took his flag-ship with him. She displaces 12,350 tons, and, at that displacement, draws 26-ft. 9-in. Her length is 389-ft., her beam 72-ft. 4-in. She is fairly well protected with Harveyed armour, but her heavy guns are weak. They were the best in the Navy in their day, but that day is past. She was launched in 1895, and can maintain a sea speed of about 17 knots.

THE NAVY LEAGUE INDICTMENT OF THE ADMIRALTY.

By A Navy Leaguer.

THE Navy League has recently issued a manifesto which has been subjected to somewhat serious criticism. It was written for that purpose, and if it failed, or if it fails, in accuracy, it would have been far better had its publication been indefinitely postponed. But although the subject matter and the statements made were fully examined in both Houses of Parliament, not one of them has been disproved. On the other hand, it was practically admitted in the House of Commons that the allegations were correct. The Navy League, as a body, does not profess to know one end of a ship from another. The executive committee, however, can understand Blue Books, and their statements are generally compiled from these sources. But the executive committee have also had the advice and assistance of some of the best expert knowledge procurable; and therefore, when they seriously appeal to their countrymen on a matter upon which the safety, security, and well-being of the Empire depend, they can at least claim such a favourable hearing as men may expect who are devoting considerable energy to patriotic work. It is necessary to say this before touching upon the extremely technical points that were brought forward when the deficiencies in the equipment of the Mediterranean Squadron were made public.

To recapitulate the points: (1) The absence of a breakwater at Malta; (2) Egypt undefended; (3) A deficiency in all classes of vessels, from battle-ships to destroyers; (4) The absence of fleet auxiliaries; (5) A lack of the first essentials for efficient fighting.

Now any one of these five points constitutes a very formidable indictment. But let us take one detail—the absence of smokeless powder for the 13·5-in. guns. It hardly seems credible that at the present day any one of our principal war-ships could be unprovided with smokeless powder. Even supposing that no other charge brought forward was proved, this one alone points to a very great lack of prevision on the part of those who are responsible for the efficient fitting out of British war-ships. It is not enough to say that *some* vessels are fully equipped for fighting whilst others are not so well prepared. When a British ironclad is in commission, the British taxpayer has a right to say: "I pay for the best fighting machine that can be procured. I sincerely hope that it may never have to use its powers, but if it must, I wish it to be absolutely fit for fighting. An ironclad that does not fulfil these requirements may be cheap, but no ironclad is cheaper still, and if I cannot have an efficient article I had better have none at all, and spend the money on other things." It may, perhaps, be said that smokeless powder is not suitable for use with the 67-ton guns. Upon that point it is unnecessary to enter. The case to be urged from the Navy League point of view is that a vessel using black powder in one of our first fighting fleets is inefficient, for reasons which it is unnecessary to explain to the readers of this article.

There is an old saying, that when you have no case you should abuse the opposing attorney. When the First Lord of the Admiralty spoke in the House of Lords on July 5, some such idea was possibly floating in his mind when he made use of the words: "Now the first line of criticism we are accustomed to hear is connected with the standard at which the Navy should be maintained. I am adjured to adopt a three-power standard. If a three power, why not a four power? Without accepting a two-power standard, I say the Navy should be so strong that it can have a reasonable certainty of

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success in the performance of any duty which it is reasonably probable it can be called upon to perform." And again, "I entirely decline to accept the view offered to me that I am to consider the Mediterranean as a strategical unit by itself. It is nothing of the kind. The sea is all one, and the Navy is all one."

In no pronouncement emanating from the Navy League that I have been able to find is it stated that the Mediterranean is a strategical unit. What has been pointed out, and very strongly, is that the Mediterranean Squadron is not properly equipped with the cruisers and auxiliary vessels which go to make up the fighting efficiency of a fleet. This has been admitted in the House of Commons by Mr. Arnold-Forster. Here we have a fleet consisting of ten battle-ships, and, so far as may be gathered from the current number of the Navy List, this fleet is allotted five cruisers, when from the pronouncement of competent experts there should be at least one cruiser for every battle-ship, and some authorities go so far as to say there should be two. But as the question of the relative standard of strength has been raised, it is just as well that the matter should receive proper consideration. Want of space will not permit mention of the statements of various authorities as to what the strength of our Fleet in battle-ships should be. It varies from double that of France to numerical equality with the two next strongest Powers, with a margin of reserve. There is the combination of France and Russia that is always before us; and excluding this year's programme, and taking the figures from the last published Parliamentary return, we find that of battle-ships of twenty years and under we possess fifty-three to the fifty-three of France and Russia The Committee of Admirals gave us the five to three standard as being necessary for victory. Their conclusion has been endorsed by Captain Mahan, from experience gained in the recent Spanish-American War. What then is the use of talking about a three-power standard, when at the present time we have not even accomplished the two-power standard? If the Admiralty, as we hope and believe, are in earnest in their endeavour to place the fleet of Britain on an adequate footing, they will not slacken their efforts until our ships are efficient and in sufficient number to guarantee us adequate security. I feel sure that the Navy League has no wish to say disagreeable things about those who are responsible for our Naval efficiency; but with the ship-building programme in the condition it has been until quite recently, there is the utmost necessity that pressure should be brought to bear on the Admiralty to induce them to perform their duty.

Whether it would be advisable to have in the future a definite ship-building programme may be a debatable point. It is easily understood that war-ships of the best quality soon become old-fashioned. Even now the splendid ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class require rearming and partially reconstructing, but there is no valid reason why, with the ship-building resources of the country at the back of the Admiralty, the *Admiral* class should not at once be taken in hand for reconstruction.

Finally, is it not time that the farce of retaining war-ships armed with muzzle-loading guns on the active list of the Navy should be done away with?

Photo. Copyright. *West.*

THE "VICTORIOUS."

The "Victorious," which has returned to the Mediterranean station after a voyage to China and back—in the course of which she had to be lightened in order to pass through the Suez Canal—is one of the "Majestic" class. At her normal draught of 30-ft. she displaces 14,900 tons. Her length is 390-ft., and her beam 75-ft. Built in the days when the value of specially-hardened armour was beginning to be duly recognised, the thickness of her partial belt has a maximum of 9-in., but her vitals are well protected. Her armament consists of four 12-in. wire guns in two hooded barbettes, twelve 6-in. quick-firers, and smaller guns. She is fitted with cylindrical boilers, and can steam about 16·5 knots.

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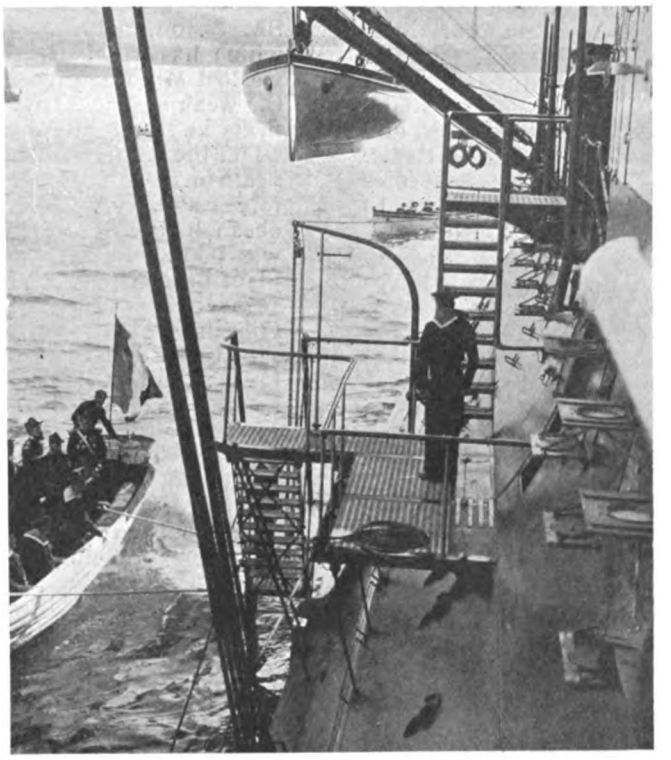
Photo. Copyright. Pirou
ADMIRAL GERVAIS.



THE ARRIVAL OF A FRENCH ADMIRAL.

Photo. Copyright. Pirou.
ADMIRAL MENARD.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

WE have heard much of late years about the Mediterranean Squadron, and it is within everybody's knowledge that the subject has come up again. A few years ago a proposal, which had all the outward appearance of being serious, was made that we should evacuate this sea. To-day other authorities (or, if all tales be true, the very same persons with a new face) are giving us to understand that ruin is about to supervene, because the French squadrons of Brest and Toulon have been cruising together for manœuvres within the Straits of Gibraltar, and are more numerous than the forces under Sir John Fisher. In the meantime we had twenty-two battle-ships, twenty-eight cruisers, a shoal of destroyers, etc., in our own seas, and there was nothing at Brest. Of course, we heard of gyroscopes, auxiliary ships, black powder, and all the other deficiencies which are always trotted out when the patriotic fat boy is engaged in making our flesh creep. These were adornments of the main proposition which as far as one could make out, seemed to be this—that the maintenance or fall of the Empire depended on the Mediterranean, and that if our force on that station was not always able to meet any enemy whom fancy could picture as engaged against us there, the sun of England was about to set for ever, and the twilight of the gods would descend upon the British Empire. To some of us it appeared equally foolish to talk of evacuation as a constant policy, and to pin our general fortunes to the Mediterranean. We think that our position there depends on our general strength outside, that our command of its waters is a consequence, and not a cause, of supremacy, and that we are to keep a great fleet there, or not, according to the circumstances of the time.

* * * *

Taken in its main lines, what has been the history of our Mediterranean Squadron? When we were fighting for the right to trade with and settle in America, and were baffling the "Felicisima Armada," we had none. The ships of the Turkey Company went to Smyrna and Scanderoon at their own risk, and so returned. They were left to defend themselves as best they could from Barbary pirates—Turks we then called them—and the exactions of Spanish officials. On the whole they were fairly successful. In King James's reign the merchants allowed that they could not expect to be constantly protected by the Royal Navy. The first appearance of a Royal fleet in the Mediterranean was due to the outrages of the Algerine pirates. This was Mansel's cruise of 1620, which was a mismanaged and futile business. The reign of Charles I. saw no national venture of ours in that sea. There were private undertakings for trade, or in the case of Sir Kenelm Digby for privateering, but nothing more.

* * * *

A change came when the Long Parliament obtained the upper hand. It had to consult the interests of its supporters, the London merchants, and had also to pursue Rupert and those Royalists who were carrying on a semi-piratical warfare for the King. Therefore, we find a permanent force kept in the Mediterranean, for a time, under Hall, Penn, or Blake, together or successively. The first Dutch War taxed our resources at home, and the Mediterranean became a

Photo. Bougault.
VICE-ADMIRAL MAIGNET.

Photo. Sartony.
REAR-ADMIRAL AUBRY DE LA NOE.

Photo. Pirou.
REAR-ADMIRAL CAILLARD.

Admiral Gervais, who had the Supreme Control of the Recent French Naval Manœuvres in the Mediterranean, in which both the Mediterranean and Northern Squadrons Took Part, is Recognised as being the Leading Naval Authority in France. He was Formerly Attache in London, and had he Chosen to Play a Prominent Part in French Politics, he might easily have done so. He Preferred a Professional Career, and Stands at the Head of the French Navy. During the Manœuvres, he Flew his Flag in the "Bouvet." Vice-Admiral Maignet, who Commands the Mediterranean Squadron, has the "St Louis" for his Flag-ship, while the Flag of Admiral Menard, who Commands the Northern Squadron, is Borne by the "Massena." The "Charles Martel" is the Flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Aubry de la Noe. In one Respect the French Adopt a System Different from that which we have Employed up to the Present. They Form their Cruisers into a Separate Squadron, and put it under the Command of a Rear-Admiral. The Commander of the Mediterranean Cruiser Squadron is Rear-Admiral Caillard, whose Flag is Flying in the "Pothuau"—a Vessel which will be Familiar to Many Englishmen who saw her at Spithead during the Great Naval Assemblage of 1897.

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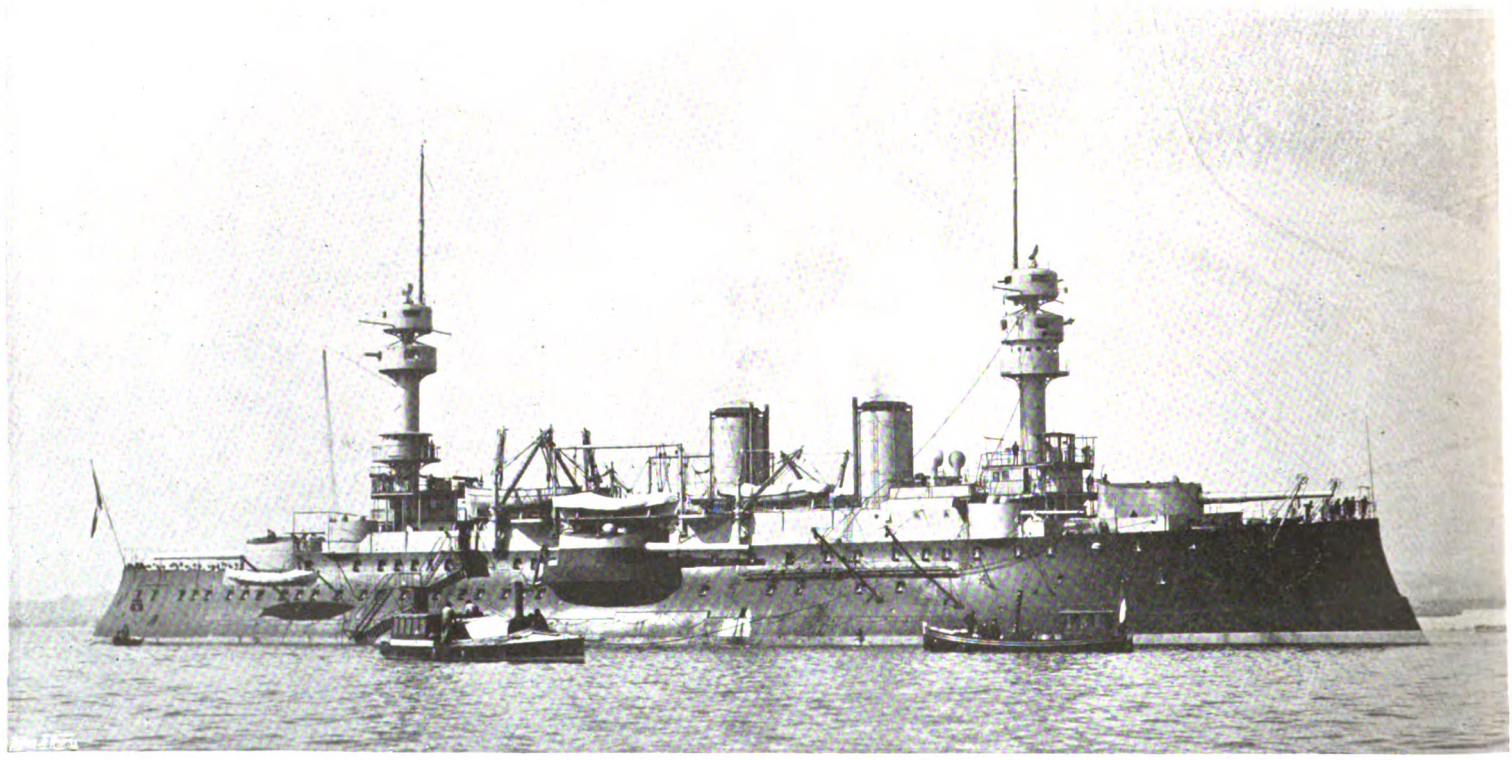
subordinate interest. This is the period of the Appleton and Badiley business at Leghorn, and the temporary disappearance of our flag before Catz, Van Galen, and the younger Tromp with their superior forces. But the Dutch were defeated in the North Sea, and we came back. Blake showed the flag, bombarded Tunis, cowed the Algerines, and cruised successfully for the Spanish treasure-ships off Cadiz. In the reign of Charles II. it was once more the Algerines who brought Royal squadrons into the Mediterranean to protect trade. There was a succession of Naval campaigns, with general good results, which began with the cruise of Montagu and Lawson and went on till just before the Revolution, when Herbert was in command. In the Dutch Wars of this King's reign, the Mediterranean was generally neglected by both sides. During peace they acted together against the common enemy, the pirates, and in war they fought their quarrels out elsewhere. The Revolution war of the reign of King William and Queen Anne came next, and is singularly instructive as to the value and use of a Naval force in the Mediterranean. There were two periods in this war—the first from 1689 to 1693, when the French King kept a powerful fleet at Brest, and the second, which included a few years of hollow truce, from 1694 to the Peace of Utrecht. During this time the penury of his exchequer prevented Louis XIV. from keeping up the great fleet of the Admiral du Ponant at Brest, and he gave up the struggle in the North Sea and ocean as hopeless. Then the allies, we and the Dutch, could afford to neglect the French Naval power near home, now reduced to the corsair squadrons of Jean Bart, Duguay Trouin, Forbin, and other "light horse" of the same kidney. As there were political reasons for making a display of strength in the Mediterranean, the allies acted there in great force. First, there was the cruise of Russell, who wintered at Cadiz, where we had a private establishment, with our own sheer hulks and store-houses, which was only broken up at the beginning of the War of the Spanish Succession. Then followed a long succession of cruises by "grand fleets," under Rooke, Shovell, Leake, and others, with Dutch colleagues. As the united provinces began to sink under the weight of the land war, the proportion of ships supplied by us grew steadily larger. At the end we remained in possession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, and were fairly established as the Naval power of the Mediterranean.

We need not linger over the War of the Austrian Succession, but can come at once to the Seven Years' War, which has a useful lesson to teach. Everybody knows how we lost Minorca through the neglect of the Government and the weakness of Byng. But we were never unable to keep fleets in the Mediterranean; and as the war was victorious for us on the whole, we recovered Minorca at the peace. Sixteen years further on the scene changed. In the American War the forces against us were numerous. Our vital interests on the ocean had to be protected, and our management in general was poor. Therefore we renounced the attempt to hold our place in the Mediterranean, and Minorca fell again, not to be recovered at the peace this time. Still we kept our grip on Gibraltar, and when the Revolutionary War began could send Hood there with a powerful fleet. He and his successor (Jervis) dominated its waters till the victories of the French armies deprived us of our Naval allies, till a menace of invasion had begun to take shape, and till Spain joined France. Then wisely, or unwisely, we evacuated the Mediterranean, but only to return to it when St. Vincent and Camperdown had blown the invasion to pieces, and when Napoleon's expedition to Egypt was seen to imply a menace to our position in India. It is not necessary to follow the story further.

* * * *

What is the moral of it? To me it seems that the lesson it teaches is simply this, that our position in the Mediterranean has followed our fortune elsewhere. When we were victorious in other seas, we could cruise triumphantly there. When we were hard pressed near home, we withdrew from that one. And as all presumption of time future is memory of time past, one concludes that as things have been so they will be in the main, though, no doubt, with wide differences in the details. It may be that we shall have to evacuate this sea because our interests at our own doors are in peril. If so, we must endure whatever loss follows as an incident of war, with the knowledge that victory at the essential point will give us back all. The stations of the British Navy, to my mind, are to be divided under two heads—the essential, and the useful but not indispensable. The home waters come under the first head, and all others under the second. Of what value to us would a repetition of the Nile be if at the same time we lost a battle off Beachy Head? We should only have to call the victors in the Mediterranean back, and would in the meantime have suffered disaster on our own coast.



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THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "JAUREGUIBERRY."

Launched in 1893, the "Jaureguiberry" is a steel battle-ship of 11,824 tons displacement. Her length is 364-ft., and her beam 72-ft. 10-in., while her draught is 27-ft. 9-in. In common with most French ships, she has a complete water-line belt varying in thickness from 10¾-in. to 17¾-in., and her principal turrets are also protected by 14½-in. of compound armour. She was built at La Seyne, and is armed with two 12-in. guns, two 10·8-in. guns, eight 5·5-in. quick-firers, and smaller weapons. The 12-in. guns are mounted singly in turrets, forward and aft, and the 10·8-in. in turrets on each beam. All the turrets are worked electrically. Her natural draught speed is nominally 17 knots. The "Jaureguiberry" is reported to have been theoretically torpedoed by, and then to have rammed and sunk, the submarine "Gustave Zédé."

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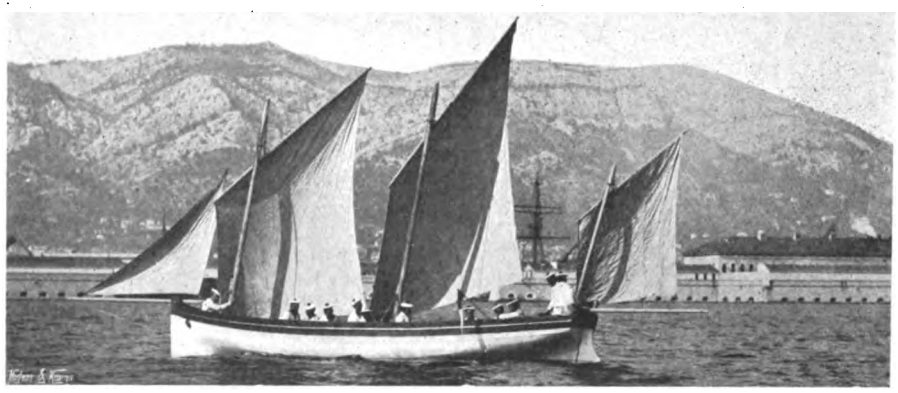
A FRENCH SEAMAN.



A FRENCH MAN-O'-WAR BOAT.

A RUSSIAN NAVAL CADET.

THE NAVY LEAGUE AND THE PUBLIC.

By Captain Hubert J. G. Garbett, R.N.

THE responsible authorities of the Navy League cannot be congratulated on their two latest manifestoes, drawn up as they are in that deplorably exaggerated pessimistic tone which is so marked a feature of all their public appeals, and which injures not only the reputation of that well-meaning but often sadly ill-advised society, but also acts distinctly prejudicially to the aims the furtherance of which the members undoubtedly have so much at heart.

The language in which the manifestoes are couched is, to put it mildly, certainly calculated to gravely mislead that public opinion they are professedly designed to enlighten. What possible good can be served by the following wild conclusion to an otherwise harmless, if impracticable, proposal, which appears in their so-called reply to the First Lord's able statement in the House of Lords: "The Navy League wish to see the opinion of the Naval expert laid before Parliament. If this is impossible, owing to Constitutional difficulties, then Hurrah for the British Constitution, and down with the British Empire!" Such stupid fustian is unworthy of the Navy League. The British Empire will fall because their views, forsooth, as to the best method of presenting the Estimates to Parliament are not shared by the Government! Personally, with all due deference to such distinguished experts as Mr. Seymour Trower and his colleagues, I can conceive more than one grave objection to the course they wish to see adopted.

Even more calculated to do harm is the statement made in the first of the two manifestoes in question, to the effect that, for various reasons enumerated, we have lost the command of the sea which we have held unchallenged for the better part of the century. The term "command of the sea" is a fascinating one, and looks well on paper; but although during the latter part of the Great War in the early part of last century we had, for all practical purposes, that "command," yet I very much doubt if we have ever had it since; and at the present moment, in view of the different Navies which have sprung into existence all over the world, although we undoubtedly are far and away the strongest Power at sea, yet we certainly do not hold the "command," —and, so far, the Navy League are right. But what, I presume, they intend to imply is, that as regards possible enemies, or combination of enemies, we have lost "command of the sea," and that, of course, is a point war only can decide. And what the Government have to do is to take all reasonable precautions. The question is, are they doing so?

The Navy League say No. And they allege, as one of the causes for this loss of supremacy, on the one hand the non-completion of our own building programme, on the other that foreign nations have ostentatiously and successfully increased theirs, thus still further diminishing our relative strength. This is an ingenious method of stating their case, but, in my opinion, a most misleading one, in spite of the fact that there has been a most unfortunate delay in completing our later ships. If we look at the actual facts of the case, they will hardly be found to bear out the Navy League's sweeping indictment. If we take the last seven years, we find we have launched and completed nine "Majestics," one "Renown," and five "Oceans," a total of fifteen first-class battle-ships. France, we are continually being told, is a Power which is enormously increasing her Fleet, to an extent that is seriously menacing our own position, but during the last eight years (not seven, as I have taken in our case) she has launched and completed only eight first-class battle-ships; but while we have no less than fifteen first-class battle-ships, exclusive of this year's programme, in different stages of construction, France has only two! If we look at Russia, we find that she launched and completed four first-class battle-ships during the same period, but she has—and here the Navy League are right—materially increased her building programme, for she has seven first-class battle-ships in various stages of construction. Even adding these to the two French leaves us with six ships to the good as far as those two Powers and present building programmes are concerned; and if we take the past seven years, we have a superiority of nine over France and Russia combined, and it is the superiority in first-class battle-ships which will tell.

Even with all delays we are still completing our battle-ships faster than France or Russia, as can be seen by a comparison of dates. The same is happening with regard to the new armoured cruisers. While we have commissioned the "Cressy," and the "Hogue," "Aboukir," and "Sutlej" are all three rapidly approaching completion, not a single one of the new French cruisers, even those laid down a year before our "Cressy" class, is even yet ready for trial, while their crack ship, the "Jeanne d'Arc," commenced nearly five years ago, is not expected to be ready for commission before the late autumn.

That Germany is a factor to be reckoned with in the immediate future, few will be found to deny; but there is as yet no reason for supposing that the great strides she is making will not be taken into account when the Admiralty are considering our next year's building programme.

Want of space will not permit me to do more than very briefly touch upon one or two other points where I think the Navy League are unreasonably alarmist or hold impracticable views. I can see no justification for their scare that our Mediterranean Fleet is in danger of being overwhelmed by a surprise attack from the combined French Mediterranean and Russian Black Sea Squadrons. The normal strength of the French Mediterranean Squadron is six fully-commissioned first-class battle-ships, to which is to be added this autumn a reserve division of three more battle-ships, which, however, will only be half-manned for nine months out of the twelve. It may therefore be advisable that a proportionate addition should be made, when possible, to our own fleet on the station. We are told that the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean is not satisfied with the present strength of the fleet under his command. That may be so—I have no means of knowing—but it is quite certain that the strength of the Mediterranean, as of other squadrons, must be regulated by the Admiralty in accordance with the general needs of our Naval position, and not in accordance with the wishes of commanders of squadrons. The Russian Black Sea Fleet consists of a very heterogeneous collection of seven battle-ships, only four of which are at present in commission. I do not very well see how these fleets are going to effect a junction so secretly that we shall be absolutely in the dark as to what is going on; and even if they did, our squadron, which with all its shortcomings is a powerful and practically a homogeneous one, in splendid order, and accustomed to manœuvre together with the precision of clockwork, ought to be able to give a very good

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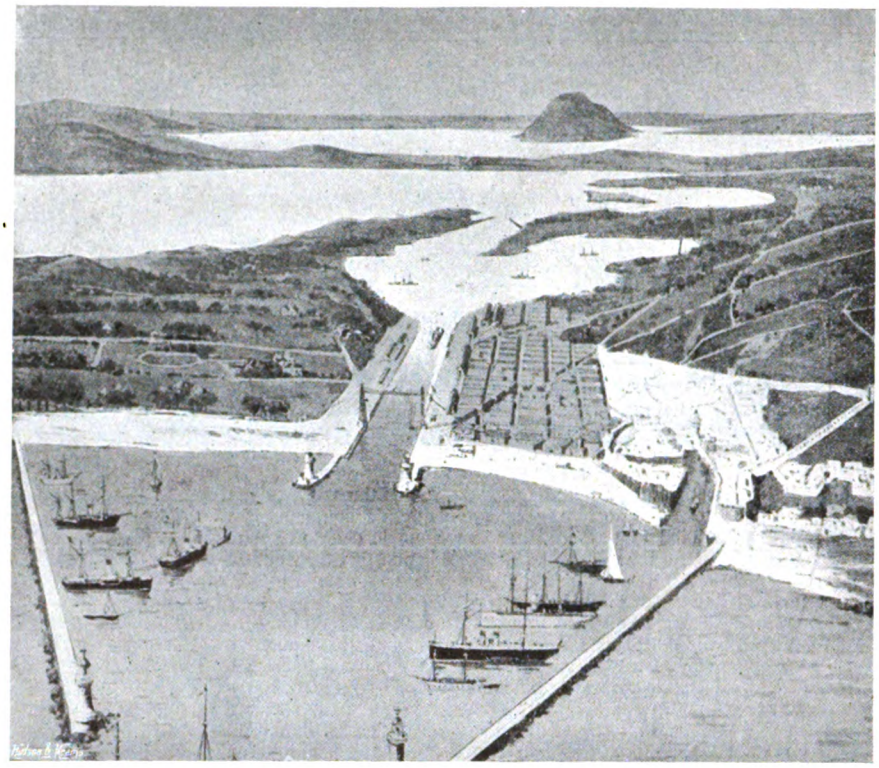
account of itself if our Admiral chose to attack; while if he considered the odds too great, I do not see how the hostile allies can prevent his moving towards Gibraltar to meet his reinforcements. But these are problems which it is impossible for writers at home to discuss properly; so many considerations, unknown to outsiders, must always be present to determine the action of our admirals. I would only point out one fact, tending against any sudden declaration of war at present by France and Russia, and that is, that if we are short of officers and men, France is even shorter still, and so much so, that her Northern Squadron, now operating in the Mediterranean, has not a single ship with a proper complement.

I totally disagree with the Navy League's proposal to fortify Alexandria and make it a Naval base *Cui bono?* Alexandria is not ours, in the first place, to fortify, and if we did think of doing so, we certainly should raise a hornet's nest about our ears. And if we did fortify Alexandria, how would it prevent a Russian expedition landing at Damietta, Aboukir Bay, or Port Said? No, the defence of Egypt must rest upon our supremacy afloat, and if that goes, why, Egypt, with other places, will go too, and no amount of fortifications or docks at Alexandria will prevent it.



FRANCE'S OUTPOST IN NORTH AFRICA.

There was Once a Time when France Undertook not to Fortify Biserta, but Apparently she has Trusted not in Vain to the Supineness of this Country, and has done what Seemed Good in her Eyes. At any rate, she has Dredged Biserta, the Harbour of which is Approached by a Narrow Channel, and has certainly made it a Station for Torpedo-boats, with the Possibility of Larger Ships making Use of it as a Port of Call. Biserta has been Called a Menace to Malta, but in Time of War the Use to be Made of both Places would Depend upon the Exercise of Sea-power.

Another complaint of the League is that Malta is not yet provided with a breakwater. Had they enquired they might have ascertained that the preliminary surveys and soundings have all been completed, and that the work is to be proceeded with, and I believe the authorities hope to complete it in five years. As to why it was not taken in hand sooner, the League must remember that even the resources of this country are not quite limitless, and that the Admiralty have for some time past now been carrying on extensive works all over the world, in addition to adding steadily to the Fleet itself. Valuable as the new breakwater will be at Malta, there are probably more important works in hand which it was advisable should be advanced first; and here again the Admiralty alone are in a position to decide, and on them the responsibility rests.

THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH NORTHERN AFRICA.

THE HARBOUR OF ALGIERS.

Innumerable Englishmen are familiar with Algiers, which, in one sense, may almost be said to be a cosmopolitan city. Nevertheless, it is distinctively French. It is the capital of the French territory of Algeria—a territory in which our neighbours are seen to more advantage as a colonising Power than in any other portion of the world. Algiers itself is strongly garrisoned, but it cannot be called a Naval port. Of late years, however, a certain development has taken place, and it is now quite fitted to fulfil all the requirements of a base for a torpedo flotilla—a function for which its situation renders it admirably fitted.

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A MARINE SIGNALLER.

FIELD GUNS DRILLING ON THE ALMEDA, GIBRALTAR.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

THE FRENCH AND RUSSIANS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IT will not escape the attention of the most unobservant that we are in the presence of new conditions in the Mediterranean. Even if we be not in complete sympathy with the Navy League and its exponents, we cannot but recognise that the formidable preparations of France in the great inland sea, her large and homogeneous fleet, her inpregnable arsenal, the immensity of her resources in waters whose borders are garnished with her torpedo stations, the general activity of her policy, and the strength which she feels in the presence of her Muscovite ally, grasping, as many think, the keys of the Dardanelles, are all signs and warnings that there is urgent need for the greatest readiness on our own part, so that no gap may remain in our armour. There has been evidence of a hidden and tardily half-expressed doubt as to the material efficiency of our Mediterranean Fleet, and we cannot be oblivious of the conspicuous weakness of our only possible ally. It is not necessary to regard our excellent friends beyond the Channel as brigands ready to seize an unfair opportunity, but we cannot but feel that the conditions indicated do naturally give rise, if not to public alarm, at least to a healthy sense of the urgent necessity of making our position secure.

Undoubtedly within the last few years France has made enormous progress in the Mediterranean. In place of the old ships, imperfectly protected, badly armed, and hugely-overweighted with immense masts and superstructures, she has now a battle fleet of modern date and of most powerful character, armed with guns which the French, with the confidence of conviction, declare to be superior to our own, and she has a light squadron of swift cruisers, perfectly organised and practised in an efficient system of scouting. She has also submarine boats in which she has absolute confidence, and which do, indeed, seem to be showing that they possess some qualities with which sceptics were slow to credit them. It is in the Mediterranean that France puts forth her utmost efforts, to the Mediterranean Squadron that she sends her trustiest officers and men, and to their training that she devotes unremitting attention, knowing well that upon perfect readiness and efficiency must depend her fortune in case of war. Manifestly in this view France is right. But it is not only in the material and personal efficiency of her fleet afloat, nor upon her great and powerful arsenal at Toulon, that she bases her confidence. It has been her effort for many years to convert the western basin of the Mediterranean into a French lake, and with that object she has established local stations upon all the coasts. Bizerta has been converted into a secure base by the deepening and fortifying of the canal which leads to the lake and Naval establishments of the port. Algiers is a place possessing many facilities for the fleet. Oran, Philippeville and Bona, Porte Vendres, Marseilles, the Hyères Islands, and Villefranche, Ajaccio, Bonifacio, Saint Florent and Bastia—these are some of the places of Naval importance with which France has girdled the inland sea.

The confidence which inspires France was disclosed with some plainness in her manœuvres just brought to a close. The very fact that she was able by her fleet to represent four distinct squadrons with their cruisers is in itself an indication of the progress that has been made, while the courage with which she undertook the solution of a vital strategical problem in the eyes of Europe was proof of a new spirit of resolution. Never before had France assembled such a powerful array of vessels, and never before had she entered upon operations of such importance. It was no longer a question of blockade or waiting or temporisation, but an example of the doctrine of the offensive *à outrance*, which latterly has found so few exponents in France, but which now, in the view of her admirals, appears to be triumphing in strategy and tactics. This was war on a large scale, the war of the open sea, and of audacious operations. For perhaps the first time in their history, in this mimic war, the French admirals adopted our own guiding principle of endeavouring to discover the enemy's fleet, and to defeat him wherever he might be found. At any rate, for the first time in modern Naval annals, we found the fleet which represented France resolved to force the enemy to action if it should be possible. Here, then, we seem to discover indications of a new era, and of an abandonment of the policy which brought the Spaniards to Santiago, with, perhaps, a grasp of that spirit of final perseverance which gave us victory in the old wars, and which so often contributed to the misfortunes of France.

The purpose here is to describe, without entering into too much detail, what are the Naval forces of France and Russia in the Mediterranean. Nearly all the French ships now available and in commission were employed in the

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TACTICAL EXERCISES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

The Scene depicted in our Picture is One which is Tolerably Familiar to the Inhabitants of Malta. Of course these Tactical Exercises, which are Constantly in Progress when the Ships are Under Way, must not be Confounded with the Set Manœuvres of the Mediterranean Squadron which Take Place during the Autumn, and which Correspond with the Naval Manœuvres in which the British Squadrons in Home Waters are now Engaged.

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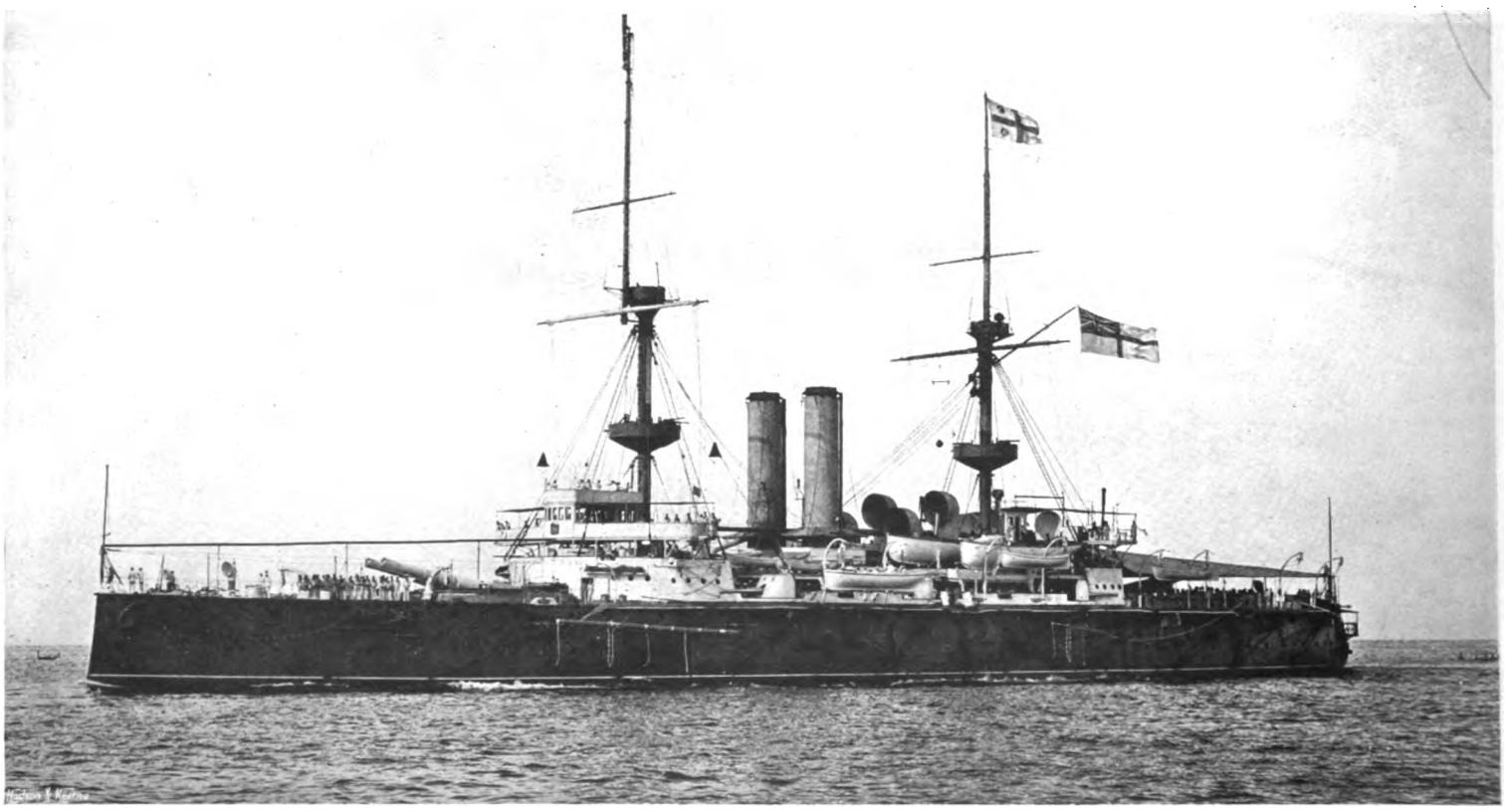
manœuvres, for, as is generally known, the Northern squadron proceeded to the Mediterranean to represent the adversary. Vice-Admiral Ménard, coming from Brest, had with him the battle-ships "Masséna," "Carnot," "Amiral Baudin," "Formidable," "Hoche," and "Courbet," the two first-named being given, under the rules, a co-efficient value of 150 each, and the others of 125, thus making the squadron equal to 800. The earliest of these vessels was launched in 1881, and the latest in 1895. With them was associated a light squadron under Rear-Admiral Gourdon, consisting of the "Bruix," "Dupuy de Lôme," "D'Assas," "Surcouf," and "Cassini," valued at 150, thus giving the force a total worth of 950. These facts are mentioned because this particular squadron represented our Channel Squadron, supposed to be attempting a union with our Mediterranean Squadron, and thus entering through the Straits of Gibraltar. Our Mediterranean Squadron was represented imperfectly by a force under Rear-Admiral Aubrey de la Noë, comprising the recent battle-ships "Charles Martel" and "Jauréguiberry," with the "Lavoisier" and "Dunois," valued at 425, and associated with the torpedo stations in Corsica and Tunis. Admiral de la Noë's squadron is part of the permanent force maintained by the French in the Mediterranean.

The main squadron, however, was under Vice-Admiral de Maigret and Rear-Admiral Mallarmé, and included all that is best in the French Fleet. The Vice-Admiral had with him the four new battle-ships "Saint Louis," "Charlemagne," "Gaulois," and "Brennus," the three first-named being the latest battle-ships which France has in commission, and his squadron was valued at 1,000, while his cruisers, the "Pothuau" (flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Caillard), "Chanzy," "Latouche-Tréville," "Cassard," "Du Chayla," "Foudre," "Linois," and "Condor," brought up his co-efficient number to 1,250. This force represented the French Mediterranean Squadron proper, while Rear-Admiral Mallarmé, with the "Bouvines," "Tréhouart," "La Hire," and the collier "Japon," valued together at 305, stood in the place of the French Northern squadron attempting to unite with its friends.

The operations were interesting, though not to be described here, because Admiral de Maigret was sufficiently powerful to defeat his enemies, if he could bring them to action before they united, but otherwise would be in the inferior position. As a matter of fact, the hostile squadrons effected their junction, but in conditions well understood, and, as is asserted, not likely to recur. They had suffered losses in action, and when Admiral de Maigret united his own forces, some advantage remained to him. The admiral is an officer of great experience, highly reputed for his scientific attainments, and credited with being a man of imagination and resource, as well as a strict disciplinarian. Even a higher repute has Admiral Gervais, who acted as "Admiralissimo," having his flag in the fine new battle-ship "Bouvet" of 12,000 tons, which has only been in the water five years, accompanied by some smaller vessels. A curious feature was, that it was within his right to enter into action on either side so as to re-establish the equilibrium if the manœuvres should seem to promise to come to an end without giving the instruction that was expected.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the French Mediterranean Fleet, taking no account of the ships which came from the Channel, comprises seven new battle-ships, slightly varying in character, but possessing a certain degree of homogeneity. The "Gaulois" class displace 11,275 tons, and are protected from stem to stern by Harveyed steel having a maximum thickness of nearly 16-in., and with ample armouring for their turrets and batteries. They carry four 12-in. guns, mounted as in our ships, with ten 5·5-in. quick-firers and about thirty smaller guns. Their engines are of 14,500 horse-power, and they have Belleville boilers, and a sea speed of over fifteen knots. It cannot be disguised that these ships and the "Brennus" are much superior in protection, and probably in guns, to the "Royal Sovereign" class which we have in the Mediterranean. At a range of 4,000-yds. they should get in nearly three times the number of piercing hits obtained by the "Royal Sovereigns," and at shorter ranges also the French guns, if well used, would most decidedly over-match the British armour. An officer of the "Bouvet" has asserted that the heavy guns of that ship can fire five rounds per minute, which is much in excess of anything we have accomplished. It is claimed for the new French 12-in. guns that they have an initial velocity of 2,952 foot-seconds, as compared with 2,481 foot-seconds in the case of our guns of the same calibre. In the matter of protection, these new French ships are a great advance upon their predecessors, while their guns are well disposed, and the turrets and ammunition hoists can be worked either by electricity or hand. They are not, however, the last word in French ship-building, for the "Iéna" and "Suffren," which are practically ready, are more powerful, and the battle-ships now being laid down will be the finest France has ever built.

In regard to French cruisers in the Mediterranean, it may be said that three or four of the first class are immediately available, with many of the second and third classes, and that the cruiser service is very well organised. France keeps twelve destroyers usually in commission, and a great number of torpedo-boats are attached to many of the stations around the Western Mediterranean. But these facts do not, of course, express anything like her resources in the



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THE "RAMILLIES"—THE SECOND FLAG-SHIP OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

The "Ramillies," the Flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, Second in Command in the Mediterranean, is a Steel-armoured Battle-ship of 14,150 tons. She is One of the Ships Built under the Naval Defence Act Programme, and was Constructed and Engined by Messrs. J. and G. Thomson, of Clydebank. Her Length is 380-ft., and her Beam 75-ft., and she Draws 27-ft. 6-in. Her Principal Armament consists of Four 13·5-in. Guns, Mounted in Pairs in Two Barbettes, and, in addition, she Carries Ten 6-in. Quick-firers, as well as Smaller Guns. She has a Partial Armour Belt of a Maximum Thickness of 18-in. Her Nominal Speed is 17·5 Knots, but her Continuous Sea Speed does not Exceed 15 Knots.

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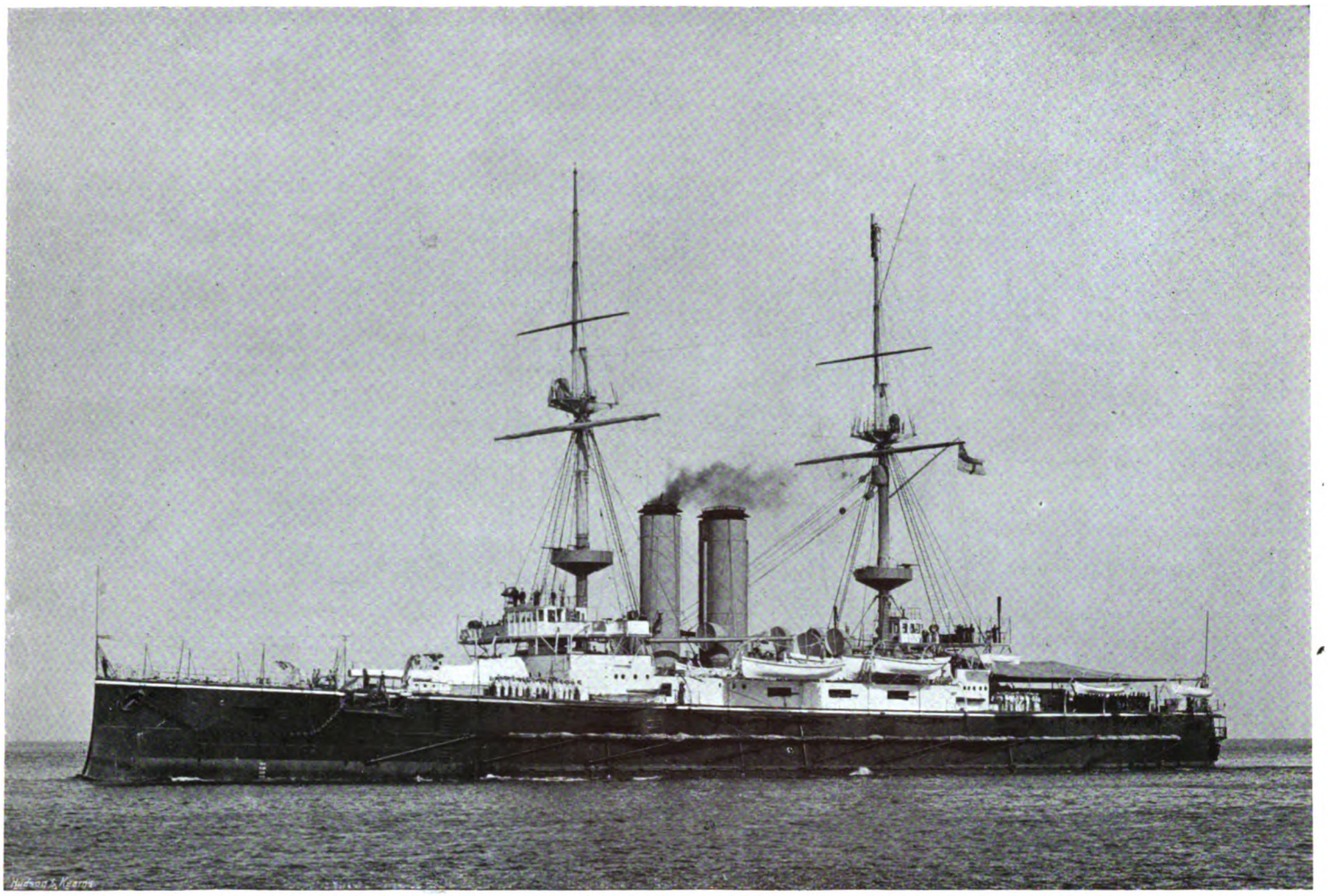

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THE "CANOPUS."

The "Canopus" is the Name-ship of a Group of Six very Efficient Steel-armoured Battle-ships. She is the Only Representative of her Class in the Mediterranean, but Three of her Sister Ships, the "Glory," "Goliath," and "Ocean," are in China, and another, the "Albion," is on her Way to the Same Destination. The "Canopus" Displaces 12,950 Tons, and was built at Portsmouth, her Engines being Supplied by the Greenock Foundry Company. She has Twenty Belleville Boilers. Her Length is 390-ft. and her Beam 74-ft., and her Armament Consists of two 12-in. Wire Guns, Disposed in Pairs in Hooded Barbettes, Twelve 6-in. Quick-firers, and Smaller Guns. In the Main she is Well Protected, and her Partial Armour Belt, though of only 6-in. in Thickness, is of Harveyed Nickel Steel.

Mediterranean. There are older battle-ships, like the "Terrible" and "Magenta," in reserve at Toulon, with vast numbers of torpedo-boats and other serviceable craft, while the "Gustave Zédé" is pursuing its submarine mission, and will shortly be joined by other boats of improved class, ready to take part in the hidden pursuit of unlucky battle-ships. The greatest confidence is felt in these boats, and the success of the "Zédé" in torpedoing a battle-ship at Ajaccio is hailed as a definite achievement, and as foreshadowing a material reduction in the relative value of battle-ships. There is probably exaggeration in this, but still we must take account of the fact that our rivals feel that an accession of strength has been made to their side. It may be said, in short, of the French in the Mediterranean, that they have resources almost inexhaustible.

The Russians do not maintain a great fleet in the Mediterranean. As a matter of fact, they have there only the "Alexander II.," with a coast defence ship, and a few gun-boats and destroyers. The Russian main force is in the Black Sea, and it would be idle to disguise from ourselves their purpose of forcing the Dardanelles when the time comes for action. The new battle-ship "Rostislav," with four torpedo-boats, shortly afterwards joined by the rest of the evolutionary squadron, recently proceeded from Sebastopol to Odessa, and thence to the Bulgarian ports of Burgas and Varna, touching also at other ports along the Black Sea Coast.

The older ships of the Russians in those waters are the "Catherine II.," "Sinope," and "Tchesme," which have now been in the water about fifteen years. A few years since a new period of activity began, and the "Three Saints" was laid down, with the smaller battle-ship "George the Victorious." These are efficient vessels now in commission, as are the still newer battle-ships "Rostislav" and "Twelve Apostles."

It thus appears that Russia has six battle-ships ready in the Black Sea, not counting the "Kniaz Potemkine," which was launched last year and is approaching completion, and not taking account of the coast defence ships which are in those waters. The Black Sea Fleet also includes a considerable number of cruisers, gun-boats, and torpedo craft, and others are being built, so that there is considerable activity in that quarter also. Slowly but surely the strength of Russia is growing in the South. Her shipbuilding capabilities are being increased, her resources for Naval war being developed, her fleet of cruisers is receiving additions, and another battle-ship has been laid down. There is, in short evidence that Russia is preparing herself, and that we may certainly expect her one day to appear with hostile purpose in the Mediterranean.

Apart, therefore, from the serious strategical difficulties which would confront our Fleet, it will be seen that the French Mediterranean Squadron, not including the Channel ships which lately joined it, would be numerically superior to our squadron in the same waters, in conjunction with the Russians from the Black Sea. If war should break out, the great action will almost certainly be fought in or near the Mediterranean; and without wishing to assume an alarmist view, it is only reasonable to conclude, when hostilities supervene, that they are likely to do so at a time chosen by the enemy, and perhaps when his fleets are united. It would be an evil day if we should then have to await tardy reinforcements sent out from England, and it is a palpable fact that the British admiral will in any case have a task of stupendous difficulty before him, and that nothing should be wanting to give adequate strength to the force he commands.

In face of the activity and confidence of our rivals, this is a question not to be paltered with. When we see the French strengthening themselves on every hand, spending vast sums on the improvement of their Naval stations in the Mediterranean, and commissioning in those waters vessels superior to our own, we see the need of being alert. When we find the Russians pursuing the same policy, and loudly proclaiming their alliance with the French, we are conscious of a shade of anxiety. But when we read the Nationalist Press of Paris, and see how it shrinks from no mendacity in order to inflame the passions of the people against us, and when we recognise how short is the step that might plunge us unto war, we are aroused to a sense of danger. Let it be remembered that the next war will be a fight to the finish, and that for us the sufficiency and efficiency of our fleet in the Mediterranean is a matter of life and death, that the want of a few battle-ships there might be our undoing. There is no call for alarm. All that is necessary is to know that the French and Russians are leaving no stone unturned, and then with calm resolution we shall see to it that our fleet there is equal to all the demands made upon it. There must be no doubt about that. We shall then, indeed, be as the strong man armed whose house is secure.

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THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "CHARLEMAGNE."

The "Charlemagne" is one of a group of three formidable French battle-ships, of which the other two are the "Gaulois," represented on the opposite page, and the "St. Louis." The "Charlemagne" was launched at Brest on December 12, 1895, after having been under construction rather more than two years. She is built of steel, and displaces 11,260 tons. She is fitted with twenty Belleville boilers with economisers, and her nominal speed with natural draught is 16·5 knots. Her length is 381-ft. 4-in., her beam 67-ft. 6-in., and her mean draught 25-ft. 10-in. Her armour comprises a complete belt of Harveyed steel from 10-in. to 15·7-in. thick, and this is surmounted by another narrow belt of 3-in. steel, which does not reach the main deck battery. Her armament consists of four 12-in. guns in two turrets, ten 5·5-in. quick-firers, and smaller guns.

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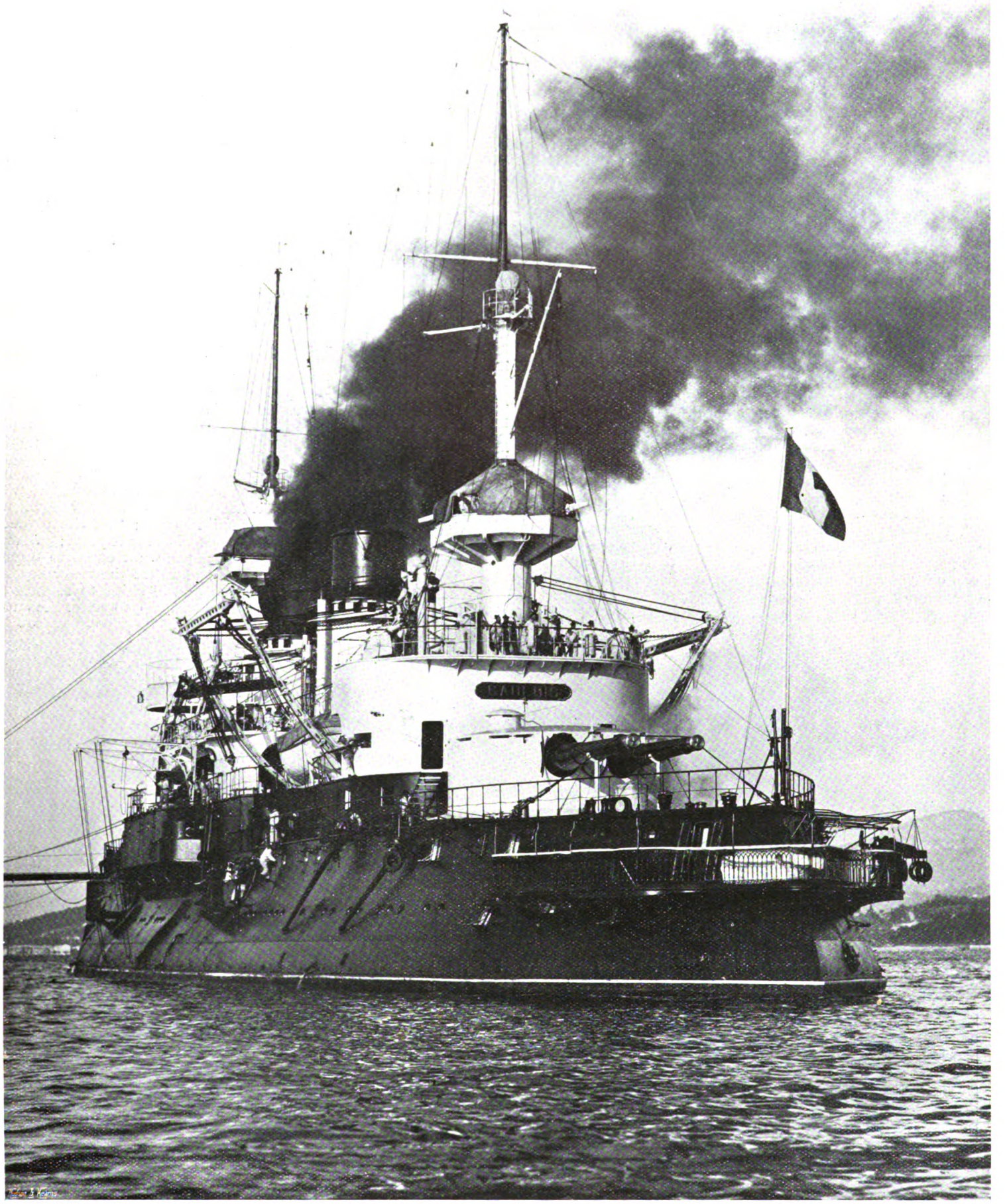

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THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "GAULOIS."

As has been indicated in the note on the opposite page, the "Gaulois" belongs to the same group as the "Charlemagne," to which she is a sister ship. The same general description applies therefore to her, but it is to be noted that on her speed trial she accomplished 17·7 knots, the "Charlemagne" making 17·2 knots. The difference between the ideas of the designers of these ships and those of British Naval constructors is very marked, the enormous "tumble-home" of the upper works being a prominent feature in the French vessels, while the heavy military masts and upper works impart a certain ungainliness to the structure. The stem being presented in the view of one ship, and the stern in that of the other, an opportunity is afforded of noting the appearance of the type both forward and aft. Like the "Charlemagne," the "Gaulois" was built at Brest.

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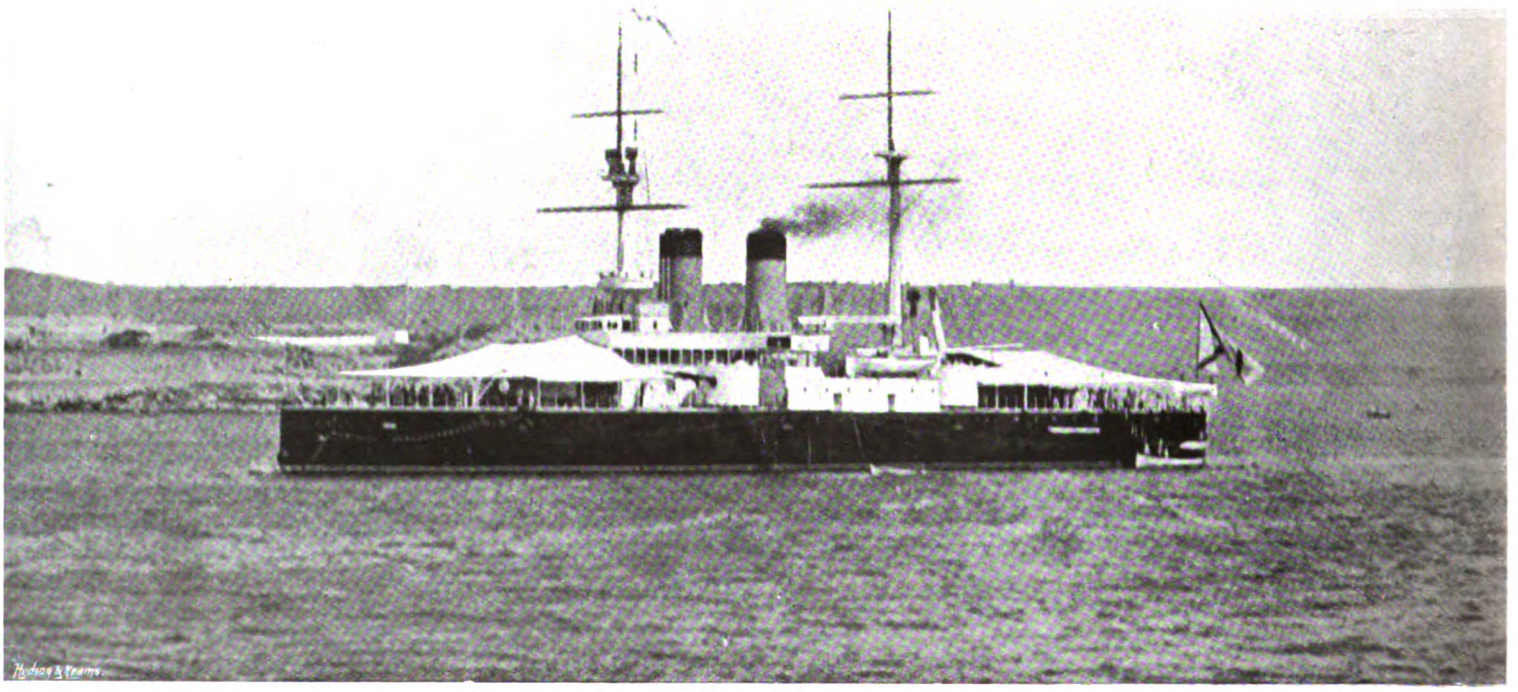
OUR MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON.

LAVING as it did the shores of the great Naval Powers and of the commercial nations of antiquity and of the Middle Ages, and forming, as it has done in more recent times and at the present day, the great highway for the vast commerce carried on between the civilisation of the West and the Far East, the Mediterranean and the waters in its immediate vicinity have not only witnessed the rise and fall of many Empires and of innumerable States, but have been again and again the scene upon which the fate of nations has been decided. What has been may easily be again, and it is this consideration, doubtless, which prompts Britain, as the greatest Naval Power in the world, to keep so strong a squadron in the great inland sea. Times have changed; the powers and the appearance of our ships have greatly altered; and a third-class cruiser of to-day could "sink, burn, or destroy" the whole of the Mediterranean Squadron of forty years ago without running the smallest risk of being struck by a single shot. And yet the present writer will always think that one of the prettiest sights he ever saw was the Mediterranean Squadron of steam line-of-battle ships and cruisers coming proudly into Malta Harbour under canvas—it was always used in those days, except when speed was of importance, and the result was that officers and men knew how to handle a fully-rigged ship—and then each in turn shortening sail, and the bright cloud of bellying white yielding rapid place to the delicate tracery of the tapering masts and yards and the taut cordage. Such a sight will never be seen again, but it was worth seeing if only for the sake of admiring the smartness of the men aloft. But Britain has kept a strong squadron in the Mediterranean since the days when she still held Minorca, and when, at a later period, Nelson blockaded Toulon.

For some time past that squadron has consisted of ten battle-ships with a certain number of cruisers of varying power, and during recent years of a few torpedo-boat destroyers. Into the sufficiency of this squadron to meet the responsibilities which might be cast upon it from time to time, or into its efficiency, this is not the place to enquire. Let it be said, however, that if its efficiency has ever been open to question, the fault has lain at home and not in the squadron itself, which—as is natural, considering that the command is the blue riband of the Service—has been in charge of by a succession of singularly able officers, who, in their efforts to bring everything to the highest possible pitch of readiness for active service, have been invariably supported with the utmost loyalty and zeal by the officers and men under them. It may be interesting, however, to glance at the composition of the squadron as it existed at the time of ex-President Kruger's ultimatum and the consequent commencement of the Boer War, and to compare it with the list of ships at the present moment. In October, 1899, then, the British Mediterranean Squadron consisted of ten battle-ships, one first-class cruiser, four second-class cruisers, one third-class cruiser, and eight gun-boats and sloops, as well as special vessels and seven torpedo-boat destroyers. This was exclusive of the old "Hibernia," used as a receiving-ship at Malta, and of the obsolete ironclads, the "Orion" at Malta, the "Rupert" at Alexandria, and the "Devastation" at Gibraltar. The battle-ships were of four classes. To take them in alphabetical order, there was, first, the "Anson," a representative of the "Admiral" class, with low freeboard and unprotected secondary armament, but with a speed of nearly seventeen knots. The "Cæsar," with the "Illustrious," represented the "Majestic" group, the most powerful class of ships then in commission, heavily armed and armoured, and with a speed exceeding seventeen knots. Then came a group of five, the "Empress of India," the "Ramillies," the "Revenge," the "Royal Oak," and the "Royal Sovereign." These were all representatives of what is known as the "Royal Sovereign" class. To these must be added the "Hood," which really belongs to the same class and differs from the other ships merely in the fact that its heavy guns are mounted in turrets instead of in barbettes. The name-ship of the class was completed in 1892, the "Revenge" in 1895, and the others in intermediate years. They were, therefore, quite modern ships, and when they first hoisted the pennant the country was justifiably proud of them. So rapidly, however, do fighting ships pass out of the very forefront nowadays, in consequence of the constant progress of material and invention, that people are already beginning to talk of the "Royal Sovereign" class as being obsolescent, if not obsolete. It has been suggested that their heavy guns, exposed for the whole of their length when loading, would make a splendid target; that the protection for their secondary armament is inadequate; that the resisting powers of their armour are not equal to opposing the latest guns and projectiles; and that their low sea speed renders it better worth while to build ships to replace them than to endeavour to bring them up to date. As to the



THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "ROSTISLAV."

The Powerful Russian War-ship shown in the above Picture was Built at Nicolaieff. She is Constructed of Steel, and her Displacement is 8,880 tons. Her Length on the Water-line is 341-ft., her Beam 69-ft., and her Draught Aft 24-ft. She is Provided with Twelve Belleville Boilers, but she is also Fitted to Burn Petroleum, with which Fuel she did 18 Knots on her Trial. Her Partial Armour Belt is of Harveyed Steel, and Reaches a Maximum Thickness of 16·2-in. There is also a Redoubt Protecting the Turret Bases. Her Armament Consists of Four 10-in Obouhkoff Guns in Two Turrets, Eight 6-in. Quick-firers Mounted in Pairs in Turrets, and Smaller Guns.

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accuracy or otherwise of this opinion, nothing is said here; but it is evident that when a series of suggestions of this nature are put forward, they could not be left out of account in any estimate of the fighting strength of the Mediterranean Squadron. Finally, the remaining battle-ship up the Straits in 1899 was the flag-ship, the "Renown." Completed in 1896, her armament might be heavier with advantage, but she has a good sea speed.

Let us finish with the battle-ships before passing on to the cruisers, and see what are the British battle-ships in the Mediterranean at the present time. There is little change to record. The "Cæsar" and the "Illustrious," the "Renown," the "Empress of India," the "Ramillies," the "Royal Oak," and the "Royal Sovereign," are still on the station. So is the "Hood," which, after having come home with the idea that she should be subjected to a complete overhaul at an early date, was sent back to the Mediterranean to take the place of the "Ocean," which had been despatched to China. The two new battleships, then, are the "Victorious," one of the "Majestic" class, and the "Canopus," which has given her name to a group of ships, and which is well armed and armoured, and capable of a sea speed of seventeen knots. As she has taken the place of the "Anson," there are still four classes of battleships represented up the Straits.

At the time of the commencement of the trouble in South Africa, the cruisers of the Mediterranean Squadron consisted of the first-class cruiser "Theseus," the second-class cruisers "Astræa," "Dido," "Isis," and "Thetis," and the third-class cruiser "Fearless." As soon as war became inevitable, the "Thetis" and "Fearless" were sent to strengthen the hands of Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris on the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa station, and the progress of events has since caused the despatch of the "Astræa," "Dido," and "Isis" to China. The only cruiser, therefore, which was on the Mediterranean station in October, 1899, and is there still, is the "Theseus," one of the useful vessels of the "Edgar" class, which have proved themselves efficient ships in all parts of the world. She has, however, been joined by the larger and more powerful "Andromeda," belonging to the "Diadem" class. Both vessels can easily do nineteen knots in a moderate sea. In addition, there are the second-class cruiser "Diana," of the "Eclipse" class, and capable of a sea speed approaching twenty knots, and the sister ships "Gladiator" and "Vindictive," also second-class cruisers, and sister ships belonging to the "Arrogant" class. These ships burn a great deal of coal, but they are good steamers in smooth water, and, given that condition, can make about twenty knots. The smaller vessels can be passed over, except to say that eight destroyers and four first-class torpedo-boats have been added to the squadron. There are now altogether sixteen destroyers on the station, but not all of these are of the latest type of 30-knot boat. There are no armoured cruisers—a circumstance due to the fact that we have only recently begun again to build this type of vessel, but noticeable when it is remembered that five of the French vessels of this category are so protected.

So far as concerns the auxiliary vessels, of which so much has been said recently, they are principally remarkable by their absence. There is the "Vulcan," a most useful ship, the workshop and mobile repairing yard of the squadron. There will shortly be added the hospital-ship "Maine," for which the country is indebted to a patriotic citizen and some charitable ladies. There are also a small supply-ship and a vessel in which training in seamanship is given.

This, then, is the British Mediterranean Squadron as it was in 1899, and as it is to-day. Is it strong enough for its work? The Earl of Selborne asserts emphatically that on a "war footing" it would be. It is the province of another writer to explain the meaning of this expression. To many persons the meaning will be that the Mediterranean Squadron is to be strengthened by the Channel Squadron and by a group of cruisers. In such an event the junction between the two squadrons might take place in the Atlantic Ocean. If so, it would not be the first time that the British squadron has quitted the Mediterranean. It did so in 1800, though it speedily returned; but somewhere about thirty years ago the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons united outside Gibraltar and paid a visit to Vigo. To speculate on the recurrence of such an event is outside the scope of this article.

But in any estimate of the strength of our Mediterranean Squadron some mention must be made of the resources we possess in our arsenals and harbours at Malta and Gibraltar. Although these ports have not the same value for us as Toulon has for the French, and would necessarily fail us if the Fleet was beaten, they are strongly-fortified bases for action; and looking to the probable course which a modern Naval war between first-class Powers would take, their usefulness in those stages in which cruisers and torpedo craft will play the most active part is beyond all doubt. But neither Malta nor Gibraltar is yet proved to be impregnable against the torpedo.

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SIGNALLING IN THE FRENCH FLEET.

The Importance of Accurate and Rapid Signalling is becoming Each Day more Recognised in the Squadrons of all the Naval Powers, and a Great Deal more Attention is Paid to it than was the Case Only a Few Years Ago. Rewards are Given for it, and Advantage is Taken of Every Opportunity to Afford Practice. Our Picture shows a Signaller at Work in the French Navy, while Another is Keeping his Glass on the Vessel to which the Signal is being Made, and it Gives a very Good Idea of the Uniform of the French Seaman and of his General Appearance. Those who Know him Best will be Most Ready to Bear Testimony to the Fact that he is a very Smart, Well-set-up Fellow.

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A FLEET ON A WAR FOOTING.

By Rear-Admiral S. Eardley-Wilmot.

"I say, with the fullest possible sense of my responsibility, that the Mediterranean Fleet on its war footing will be absolutely adequate for any task that we can foresee will be assigned to it."—*Lord Selborne in the House of Lords, Friday, July 5, 1901.*

THE chief point in the indictment of the Navy League against the Admiralty is that our squadron in the Mediterranean is "unprovided with many of the first essentials of efficient fighting," and hence not ready for war. It is urged that, owing to its position, this squadron—if not others—should be maintained permanently on a war footing.

The First Lord of the Admiralty considers this a preposterous suggestion. He can conceive no plan more certain ultimately to defeat its own object, as in a short time the old position would recur, and the only result would be a vast additional expenditure. He therefore thinks the right view is to consider what proportion of war strength should be maintained in peace, and claims that no one outside the Admiralty is in a position to give an opinion on the subject.

The fact is that owing to a want of clear definition the two parties appear to be at cross purposes. There is a difference between a war footing and a squadron ready for war, which I will endeavour to explain. Every battle-ship, cruiser, and smaller vessel on being commissioned in peace-time is equipped with all the materials for going into action then and there should hostilities ensue. She has not to ship additional stores; she is always mobilised and on a war footing. The preliminary to an action would be, on the contrary, to discard superfluous gear, desirable in peace, but not essential in war. Committed to the deep, and not returned into store, would be the summary process on such an occasion. In a squadron then, say, of six battle-ships, they are individually ready for war, but collectively they are not, being without the other component vessels which are necessary for the efficient employment of a squadron. In the same way an Army corps without artillery and cavalry would be incomplete.

Of course, six battle-ships composing a squadron must navigate and manœuvre together, and this is acquired by steam tactics. Such exercises are, however, only preliminary—or should be—to more important evolutions and manœuvres. They may be considered the barrack-square drill of the Navy, and if repeated too often become equally monotonous. They might be acquired in a special squadron detailed for that and other purposes. For higher tactical and strategical work in a fleet an adequate number of cruisers and destroyers are required. If not forthcoming the squadron not only is unready for war, but cannot efficiently be prepared for this eventuality. The problems connected with scouting at sea are pressing for solution. To counteract attacks—pressed with determination—of torpedo-boats and destroyers on a squadron at sea is much exercising the minds of Naval officers. The antidote can only be discovered by using them largely in peace-time in manœuvres simulating hostilities with portions of a squadron.

It is for lack of these and certain auxiliaries that the Mediterranean Fleet is declared not to be organised for war, and it is also pointed out that to wait until hostilities are imminent before furnishing these essentials is not only dangerous, but unfair to the admiral whose plans might miscarry owing to the want of experience in his newly-joined captains. To this extent therefore the Mediterranean Fleet should be on a war footing. It does not mean that it has in peace the additional vessels with which we might reinforce it in a complete mobilisation of the Fleet, but in a sense that a squadron, whether small or great, should be collectively as well as individually ready for war. Both sides would probably agree that such a condition is desirable. Besides the vessels upon which stress has been laid, there are auxiliaries required by a fleet in war which cannot be permanently attached to it in peace-time. They should be ready, however, and periodically mobilised for exercise with the Fleet. We have much to learn as regards real preparation for war.

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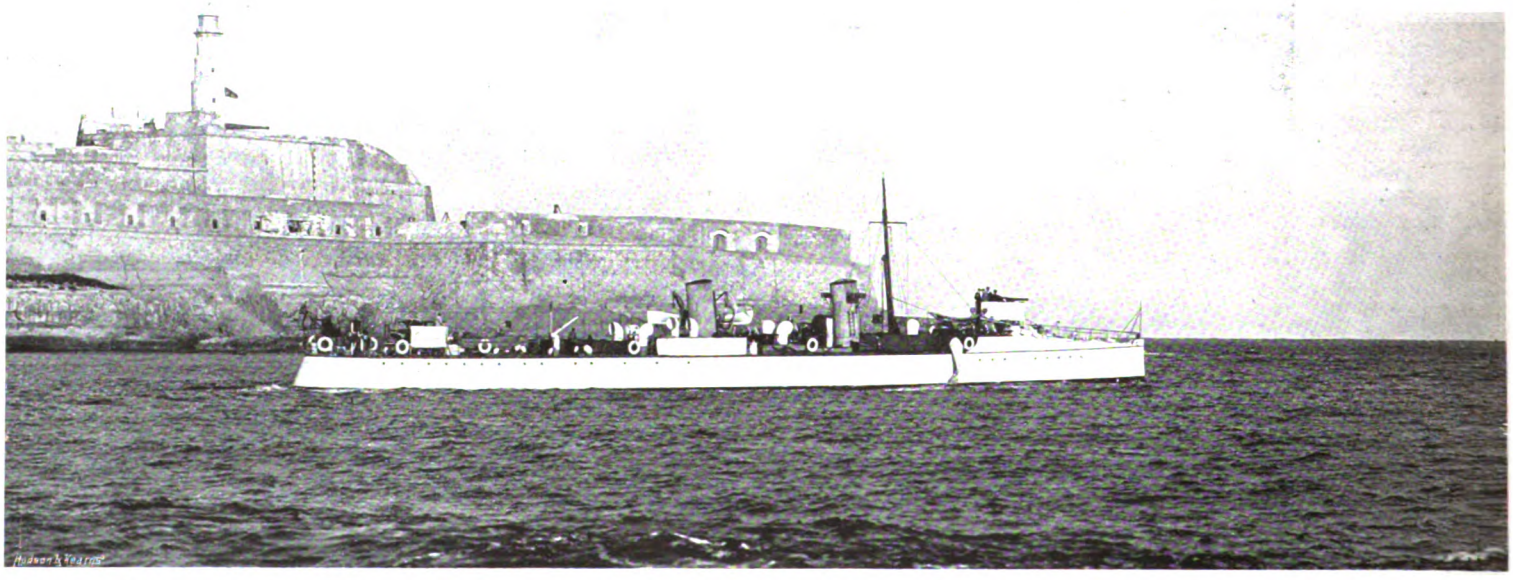
THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BANSHEE" AT PLATÆA.

The "Banshee" is One of the Type of Vessel of which this Country can hardly have Too Many, Built in 1894, her Length is 210-ft., her Beam 19-ft., 5-in., and her Nominal Displacement 295 tons. Her Extreme Speed is given as 27·9 Knots. She is One of the Destroyers on the Mediterranean Station, and is shown in our Picture Entering Platæa Harbour with the Mails from Patras. Platæa, it should be Explained, is the Regular Rendezvous of the Mediterranean Squadron for the Purpose of Running Torpedoes, and is therefore Tolerably Familiar Ground to Anyone who has Served on that Station during Recent Years.



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THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BOXER" OFF MALTA.

Like the "Banshee," the "Boxer" is One of the Destroyers on the Mediterranean Station, and she also was Launched in 1894. Her Length is 200-ft., her Beam 19-ft., her Draught of Water 7-ft. 8-in., and her Displacement 265 tons, while she is Credited with an Extreme Speed of 29·1 Knots. Our Picture shows her Just Clearing St. Elmo Point on Quitting Malta Harbour Of course, during War these Little Boats would have a Busy Time. Malta is within Striking Distance of more than One Port from which an Enemy would be Eager to Despatch Torpedo Craft to do what they could in Malta Harbour, or to the Ships Entering or Leaving it, and it would be the Business of the Destroyers to Keep a Sharp Look-out to Frustrate their Designs

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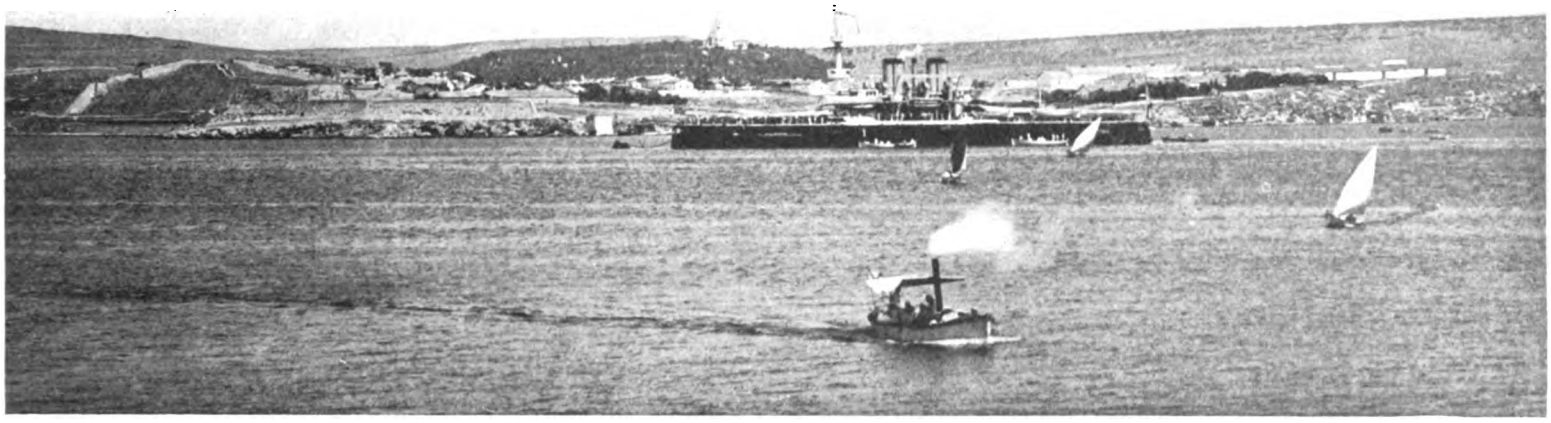

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IN RUSSIA'S GREAT BLACK SEA PORT.

There can be no Doubt that Sebastopol was Originally Constructed as a Part of that Russian Development which has been in Progress for Generations. The Check of the Crimean Campaign was only Temporary, and the Black Sea is now a Russian Lake in which Russia can Develop her Naval Resources at Leisure. The Docks that Graham and Others blew Up have been Reconstructed, and Sebastopol has Always been One of the Finest Natural Harbours in the World. It is the great Arsenal of Southern Russia, and a Fleet there Dominates the Black Sea, while Treaty Claims Prevent any Intrusive Interference with Russia's Naval Development in the Euxine.

NAVAL STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

By A Naval Officer.

"The Theatre of War is the province of Strategy—the Field of Battle is the province of Tactics."

So wrote Sir Edward Hamley. Much time and space might be occupied in debating the question as to whether the terms strategy and tactics apply equally afloat and ashore, but let it suffice for the purposes of this article that these terms, though invented by soldiers, have been freely applied to Naval operations, and it is incumbent even on the man in the street, if he would use his voting power wisely, to have some appreciation of their meaning when applied to Naval warfare. Strategy, though dealing exclusively with war, does not necessarily entail fighting. In war strong coercion may be exercised without firing a shot. Naval strategy has often been more concerned with starving or impoverishing an enemy, with limiting his liberty of movement, than with his actual destruction in battle. As the sea becomes of greater importance as a highway, whether for armed men or for ordinary traders and their goods, so considerations of Naval strategy will weigh more in the councils of the nations.

In Naval strategy the nature of the operations is of greater importance than the theatre in which they are carried out. If the enemy's fighting ships form the objective, their whereabouts will determine the locality of the operations. Nelson was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean station, and the theatre of war over which his jurisdiction extended was strictly limited. But immediately Villeneuve, with the Toulon Fleet, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, Nelson left his station and pursued him to the West Indies and back. Naval strategy in this respect remains unchanged. Lord Selborne has just stated in the House of Lords:

"I entirely decline to accept the view that I should consider the Mediterranean as a strategic unit by itself. The sea is all one, and the Navy is all one."

Owing to the fact that a modern Navy takes a long time to build, and that it is impossible to turn out either a trained personnel or efficient ships in a short period, also since it is futile to make strategic plans without materials to hand to carry them out, it is necessary to settle the general line of Naval strategy long before the outbreak of war.

The building, training, and equipment of the Navy in peace-time are an essential part of Naval strategy; bad strategy will entail the building of bad ships. In 1870 we committed ourselves to the building of a number of coast-defence ships only suited for use in an extremely limited theatre of war, namely, the shallow waters close to our shores, and even there their insufficient speed would permit a beaten enemy to escape. Again, it is bad strategy to assign men and money in peace-time to any service which does not provide us on the outbreak of hostilities with war material otherwise unobtainable. If when war breaks out we can obtain from the mercantile marine the colliers and other auxiliaries which we need, it is bad strategy to spend in peace-time any of the money from our building votes on such craft.

SINGLE COLUMN—LINE AHEAD.

Naval strategy rests as much on the shoulders of the Administration as on those of the admirals in command, and the tendency of recent inventions, which ties the ship to her coaling base, and makes communication far easier, will make it more and more incumbent upon our statesmen to be thoroughly versed in Naval strategy.

The province of Naval tactics, dealing as it does exclusively with the art of conducting war in the presence of the enemy, is far more restricted. Naval tactics consist in the orderly change from one formation to another, or in the movements of ships in the presence of the enemy with the view of obtaining an advantage over him.

The introduction of steam and increase of speed and manœuvring power tend to make Naval tactics more precise and movements possible which were out of the question in the wars of old. But the greatly increased range of the modern gun makes it possible to deliver an attack in a new direction, or to concentrate a heavy fire on some one part of the enemy's formation without moving the attacking ships. On the other hand, the torpedo is a short-range weapon, and, putting on one side the question of surprise, much tactical skill is required for a successful torpedo attack.

In tactics, even more than in strategy, success is gauged by bringing the superior force to the decisive point at the decisive time. The strategist, by his well-laid plans and his careful preparation, may have enabled the necessary force to be brought to bear; but by some error in tactics such as that of Byng, which entailed the fall of Minorca, and of Calder, when Villeneuve was allowed to pass on almost unscathed, no decisive action may result and the strategical plans fall through. But if Naval tactics turn more than ever on prompt decision and prompter action, they too are greatly dependent on the Naval designer. In old days the shipbuilder designed his ship to suit the tactics of line ahead and broadside fire. In the present day every fleet includes ships built with different tactical ideas. Some ships exist in which the design was drawn with the view of trusting, in great measure, to the ram, others mainly in order to use torpedoes; some to avoid action, others to court it. The Naval tactician has first to make the best use of existing ships; secondly, to point out what he requires from the ship-builder.

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THE ESSENTIALS OF EFFICIENT FIGHTING.

"Owing to the lack of prevision, no adequate provision has been made for the first essentials of efficient fighting, *e.g.*, telescopic sights, gyroscopes, smokeless powder for the 13·5-in. guns, armour-piercing shell, breech-loading field-guns, wireless telegraphy. Black powder and blunt-nosed shell are still in use in several battle-ships, thus enabling the commanders of foreign battle-ships provided with smokeless powder and armour-piercing shell to destroy them at their leisure. The lessons of the Boer War appear to be still neglected, owing to the fact that there is no thinking department at the Admiralty whereby prevision is exercised so that provision is made for the eventualities of war."—*Navy League Manifesto, July*, 1901.

A FEW words describing what the Navy League in their manifesto designate the "first essentials of efficient fighting," will no doubt prove of interest to our readers. These are telescopic sights, gyroscopes, smokeless powder for the 13·5-in. guns, armour-piercing shell, breech-loading field-guns, wireless telegraphy. We will deal with each in turn.

Telescopic Sights.—The ordinary gun sights, as everybody knows, consist of fore and rear sights. The fore sight is simply a bead fixed upon a vertical support. The rear sight, or H sight, as it is generally called, is adjustable vertically for range, and laterally for deflection. It forms a peep sight on the principle of the well-known sporting sights introduced by Lyman. When aiming at an object, the captain of the gun aligns the object, the bead of the fore sight, and the centre of the cross-bar of the H. The sights are so constructed, however, that if the shooting be of a very snap-shot description,

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THE FRENCH BATTLE-SHIP "BOUVET."

Of 12,205 tons Displacement, the "Bouvet" is a Steel Ship with Armour of Specially-hardened Steel. Her Length is 397-ft., her Beam 70-ft. 2-in., and her Draught 27-ft. 4-in. The Thickness of her Complete Protective Belt Varies from 8-in. to 16-in., and the Armour on the Turrets for her Heaviest Guns is 14½-in., while the Turrets for her Smaller Guns are Protected by 4-in. of Harveyed Steel. Her Armament Consists of Two 12-in. Guns, Mounted Singly in Turrets Forward and Aft, two 10·8-in. Guns, One on each Beam, and Eight 5·5-in. Quick-firers, as well as Smaller Guns. She has Kept Station at 17 Knots, but her Coal Supply is Defective. She Carried the Flag of Admiral Gervais during the Recent Manœuvres.

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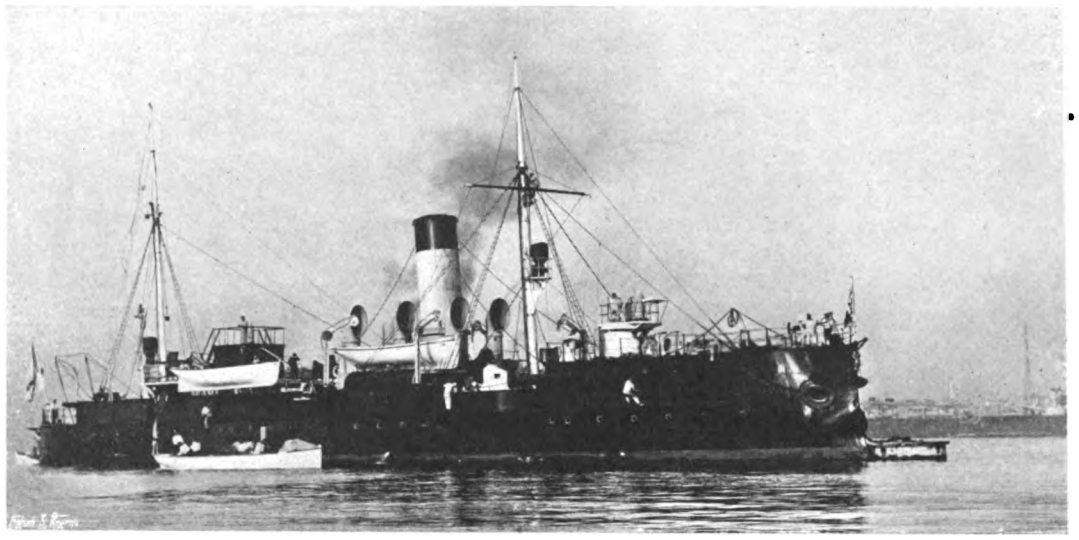
reasonably good practice will be made provided that the bead of the fore sight is anywhere on the cross-bar of the H. At moderate ranges beautiful shooting can be made with these sights, but there comes, perforce, a moment when the human eye can no longer align the sights correctly. The greater the distance, the more pronounced the personal error. To improve upon this condition of things, the telescopic sight was introduced. It is simply a good telescope, possessing a large field of view. The centre of the eyepiece and the centre of the object-glass takes the places of the rear and fore sights respectively. Cross wires are inserted at the eyepiece, and aim is taken by directing the point of intersection of those wires upon the object. It is obvious that, as the telescope has considerable magnifying powers, the target appears much more distinctly than to the naked eye, and very great accuracy is obtainable by the expert shot. It requires more practice, and the gun is more difficult to lay, than when the ordinary form of sight is used, especially if there is any motion on the ship, owing to the comparatively small field of the telescope, as compared with that of the human eye.

Gyroscopes—Are a lately developed invention by which torpedoes can be automatically steered on an absolutely straight course. It is not difficult to conceive that a torpedo on entering the water will be deflected by it away from the original direction given it on discharge from the tube. Also that a very slight blow or accidental injury might possibly alter the shape of the torpedo somewhat and give it a tendency to curve in one direction or another. An error of only one degree in its course means a lateral error of nearly 50-ft. at 800-yds. And there are a thousand things which may introduce that error, or indeed a much larger one. The gyroscope has entirely overcome this difficulty. Torpedoes are frequently run in practice absolutely dead straight for any distance up to 2,000-yds. The mechanism is a secret, but it is known that it depends on this very simple mechanical principle—viz., that if a heavy wheel is placed in gimbals and spun violently, its axis will always remain in the same direction, move the stand on which it is placed how you will. Such a wheel is placed in the torpedo, and started spinning the moment the torpedo is fired. To the axis of the wheel rudders are attached, which by virtue of the principle mentioned above keep the torpedo accurately on the path it was intended it should take at the instant of firing. Not so very long ago gyroscopes were very popular toys, and could be bought at most toy shops for a few shillings. It is difficult to say how much they have added to the value of the torpedo as a weapon. But they are of enormous importance.

A RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER.

The Russian "Abrek," of which we give an Illustration is the Reply of St. Petersburg to our Torpedo-boat Destroyers. She is 212-ft. Long, and of 25-ft. Beam. She Draws 10-ft., and is Supposed to be of only 534 tons. She was Launched in 1897. There is, of course, no Question of Armour in this Case, but the Vessel Carries Two 4·7-in. Guns. Her Defect is her Speed—21 Knots, which is of no Use to either Torpedo-boats or Destroyers. Her 4·7-in. Guns are Mounted Forward and Aft, and it should be Possible for a Swifter Vessel to Find a Spot on which it would not be Difficult to Deliver an Effective Fire.



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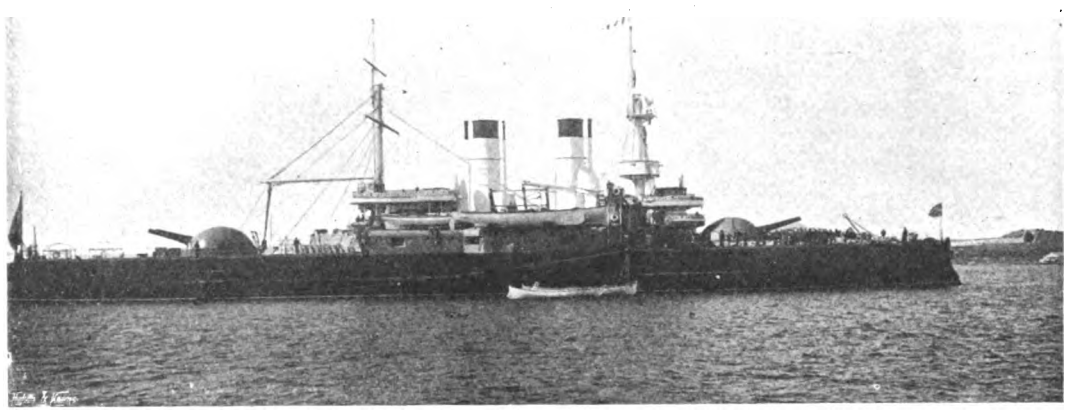
THE RUSSIAN GUN-BOAT "KHRABRY."

If it were Possible that a Gun-boat More or Less Counted for Something, it might be Useful to Analyse the Powers of Offence and Defence of the "Khrabry." She Displaces about 1,500 tons. She is 223-ft. Long, and has a Beam of 41-ft. 8-in.; moreover, she Draws 13-ft. 4-in. of Water at her Nominal Displacement. But she has an Armoured Belt of 5-in. of Harveyed Steel, and she Carries Two 9·4-in. Guns, One on each Side of the Bow, and One 6-in. Quick-firer Aft. Her Armoured Protection is a 5-in. Belt, and her Speed is about 14·5 Knots.



THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "DVIENADSTAT APOSTOLOFF."

The "Dvienadstat Apostoloff," or "Twelve Apostles," is a Russian Battle-ship of the Second Class, and Displaces 8,500 tons. Her Length is 330-ft., the Beam 60-ft., and her Draught 27-ft. She has a Partial Belt of Compound Armour, the Thickness Varying from 6-in. to 14-in., and has 10-in. on her Barbettes and Hoists. She Carries Four 12-in. Obuchoff Guns, Mounted in Pairs in Two Hooded Barbettes, Four 6-in. Quick-firers, and Twenty-five Smaller Guns. Her Sea Speed is Low, as it does not Exceed 12 Knots

Smokeless Powder for the 13·5-in. Guns.—When cordite, the Naval smokeless powder, was introduced, the big gun of the day was the 13·5-in., and a tremendous quantity of ammunition was already in stock. Much of this still remains, and is being used for target practice. Cordite ammunition is now we believe, being issued to ships carrying the 13·5-in. gun.

Armour-piercing Shell—Are made of forged steel, the points hardened and prepared by a special process to make them able to compete with modern armour. The cost of armour and shell has enormously increased of late years, together with the difficulties of manufacture. Modern steel armour has a surface as hard as glass, and at the same time must be as tough as wrought-iron. Armour-piercing shell are now being supplied to all ships in the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons.

Breech-loading Field-guns and Wireless Telegraphy—Have been so much before the public that little need be said about them. They have both, however, been very largely introduced into the Service of late, and have been described in recent numbers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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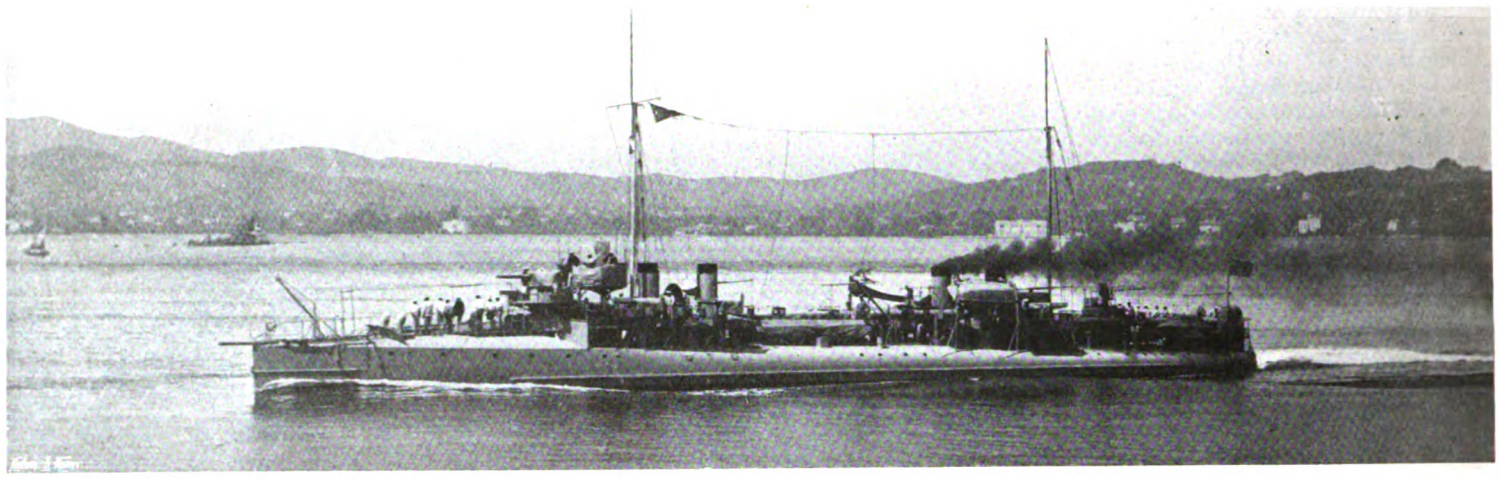
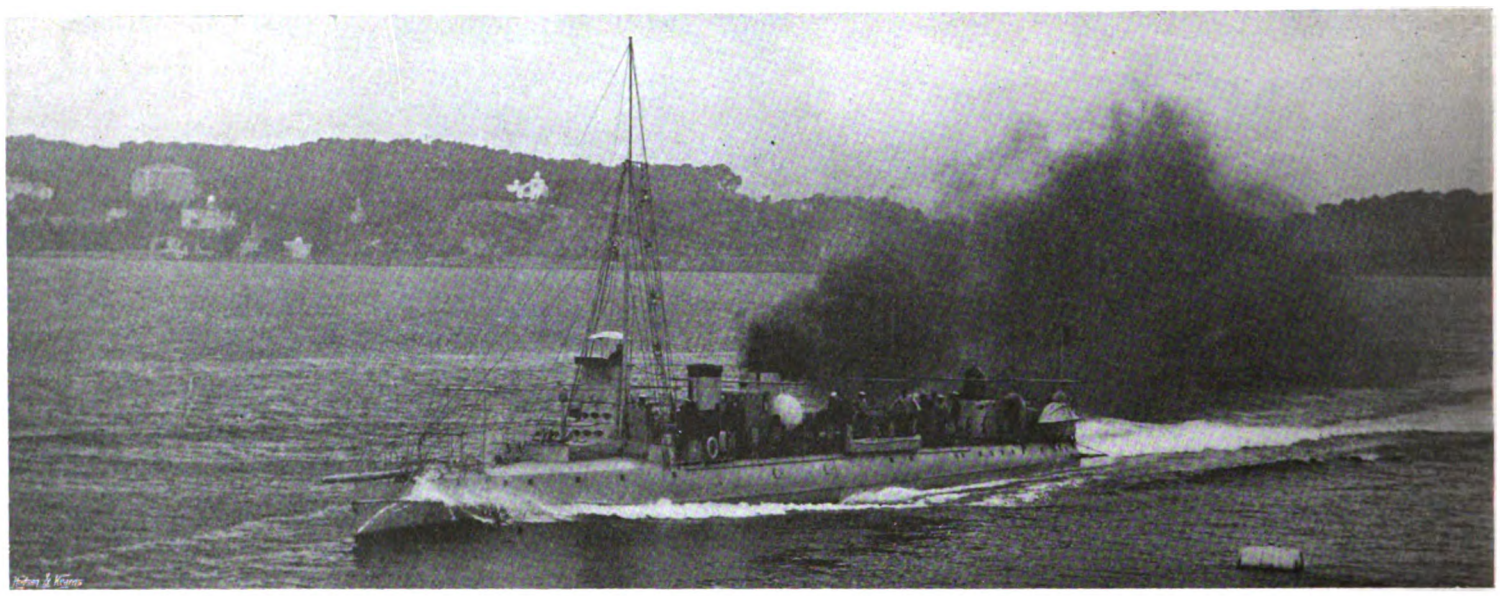


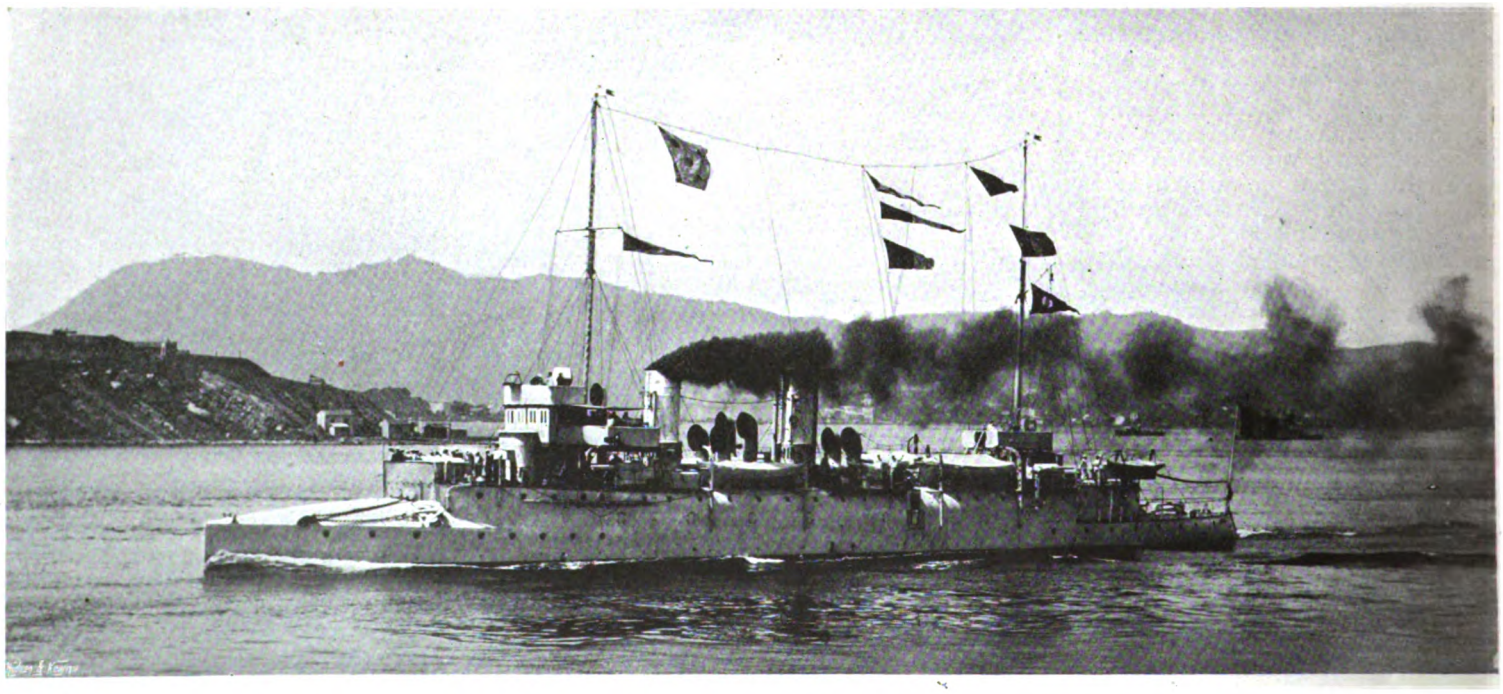
THE FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT "CYCLONE."

The French Sea-going Torpedo-boat "Cyclone" was Built by M. Normand and Launched in 1898. Her Length is 144-ft., her Beam 15-ft., and she Draws 10-ft. of Water at her Normal Displacement of 152 tons. She is Credited with a Trial Speed of 30 Knots, and in Smooth Water can Probably Attain to within 2 Knots of this Speed.



THE FRENCH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "PIQUE."

French Naval Authorities have Pinned their Faith to the Torpedo-boat rather than to the Destroyer, and France consequently Possesses Few of the Latter Class of Vessel. One of them is the "Pique." Built at Havre, and Launched Last Year, her Length is 184-ft., her Beam 21-ft., and, with a Displacement of 300 tons, her Draught is about 10-ft. 4-in. She is Credited with a Maximum Trial Speed of 26 Knots, which Falls below that of Some of the French Sea-going Torpedo-boats.



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THE FRENCH TORPEDO GUN-BOAT "DUNOIS."

The "Dunois," which is Represented in our Picture, is a Sister Ship to "La Hire." She was Built in 1891, and is of about 900 tons Displacement. Her Length is 256-ft., her Beam 28-ft., and her Draught of Water 12-ft. 9-in.—of course at her Normal Displacement. She has not even a Protective Deck, but though she has Never Made her Designed Speed, she is Good for about 20 Knots.

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CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION OF NAVAL AFFAIRS.

IN response to a request which we made to several distinguished Naval officers and publicists for their views on the subject of what limitations, if any, should be set to the criticism and discussion of matters connected with the Navy, we have received the following letters:

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN O. HOPKINS, G.C.B.

In reply to your request for my opinion on what I consider legitimate subjects for criticism in connection with recent questions raised by the Navy League, etc., I am of opinion that any honest endeavour, by means of criticism, to improve a service in which necessarily there must exist weak spots (often caused by differences of opinion amongst the experts themselves) must be beneficial; but it is very difficult to define these in a general way.

Take, for instance, the strength of the Mediterranean Squadron. What could be a better answer than Lord Selborne's in the House of Lords, that he accepted the entire responsibility for the disposition of the ships of the Navy, and with the information (necessarily at his disposal) was the best judge of where they were wanted and where they should be stationed, and this in the face of strong criticism as to the weakness of our Naval force there.

But then criticism produced this strong answer, and the strong answer has allayed public uneasiness. So even here criticism has something on its credit side, though dealing with a matter in which the Admiralty are the best judges. But, on the other hand, Navy League criticism of details, which has aptly been called "pin-pricking," is, in my opinion, oftentimes out of place, and is so admirably touched upon in a recent issue of the *Globe*, that I make no excuse for quoting it, and, I may add, heartily agreeing with it:

"THE NAVY LEAGUE.

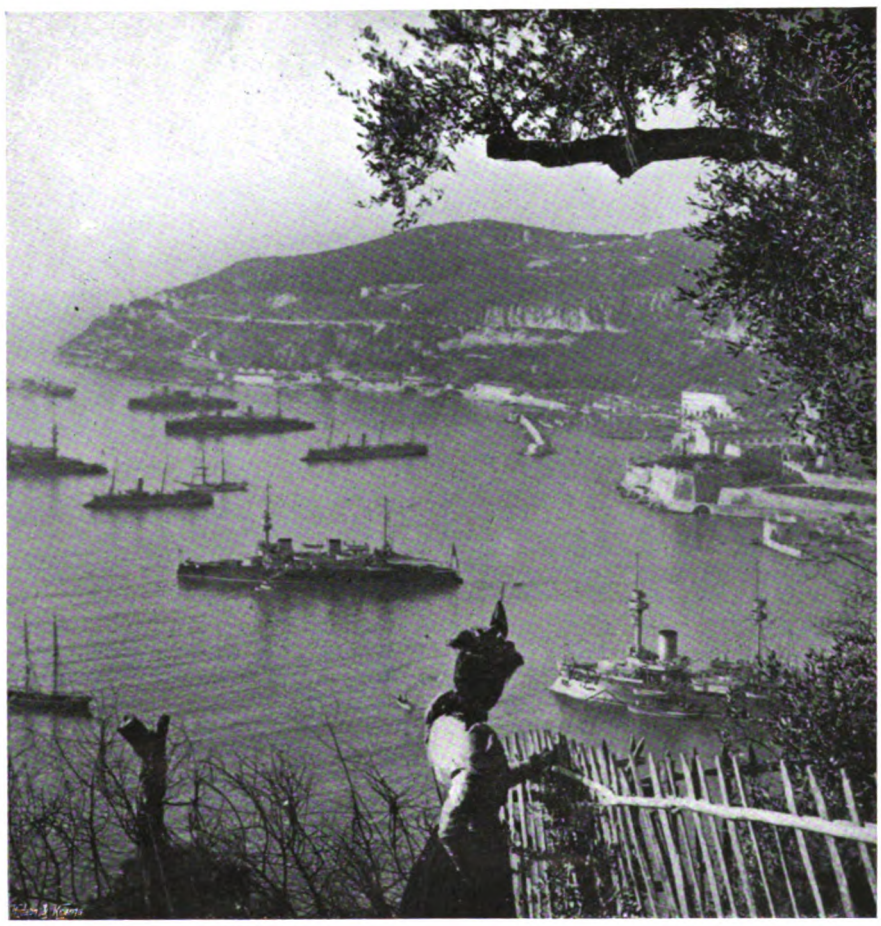
"We have received another long instalment of the controversy between the Navy League and Lord Selborne, and no doubt we shall before long receive further statements from the same source regarding details of Naval Administration. But we may say that in our judgment this is not the work for which the Navy League came into existence, nor is it, in our opinion, at all qualified to discharge it.

"When the Navy League enters into controversies with the Admiralty on such matters as armour-piercing shells, smoky powder, boiler tubes, and the like technical subjects, we cannot but feel that the result is not at all likely to be profitable to either party. The proper function of the Navy League, to our thinking, is to make the man in the street understand what the Navy really is, and what Naval supremacy means to him and his. In these days the motive power for any great national task must be generated among the electors, and the Navy League has all its work before it to drive home in the constituencies the knowledge that to England a supreme Navy is a vital necessity. We may be quite certain that so long as the nation demands this, in terms which cannot be mistaken, it will get it, and the Navy League can do incalculable service by not suffering this demand to slacken for a day. But that is quite a different thing from trying to teach experts their business, and we are afraid that the tendency to indulge in this form of mental exaltation has already injured some of the League's otherwise excellent work, and has alienated some of its most valuable friends.

"Surprising as it may seem to some facile critics, the British Admiralty really does know something about Naval affairs, and it is impossible to repress a feeling of irritation when it is treated as though it were a collection of incompetent landsmen."

A DISTINGUISHED RUSSIAN OFFICER.

The Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch of Russia is the fourth son of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Emperor Alexander II., and grand uncle of the present Emperor. He was born at Tiflis in 1866, and is married to the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of the reigning Emperor. He is an Imperial aide-de-camp, commander of the 73rd Regiment of Infantry of the Crimea, and President of the Council of the Mercantile Marine at the Ministry of Finance. Professionally, he is a captain in the Russian Navy, and commands the "Rostislav," one of the battleships of the Black Sea Fleet, in which vessel he has recently made a series of visits to Bulgarian and Roumanian ports.



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THE TOWN OF VILLEFRANCHE.

Villefranche is a picturesque spot, with a convenient roadstead. It is to the latter fact that it owes the prominence which it has acquired during recent years. Situated on the Gulf of Lyons, it has been visited in succession by the ships of many nations, and has formed a sort of nursery for international courtesies. It is a lovely place, with its numerous villas and hanging gardens, and it is easy to understand why it is so popular.

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ADMIRAL SIR R. VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B.

Having had the privilege of reading the remarks of Sir John Hopkins, I wish to say that I entirely concur with him, and also in his opinion of the article in the *Globe*, which I had read with great interest when published.

If the Navy League will confine itself to the function which the *Globe* advises it to adhere to, it will do well, and be of great value in the education of the country; but when it arrogates to itself the function of the Government, I am reminded of an expression of opinion in a Naval paper some years ago—"This country will not be governed by any self-elected irresponsible body of men." When the League takes upon itself to lay down the law dogmatically, it must be prepared to answer the enquiry, Who are these "self-elected men," and what are their qualifications as censors of the Government, and from whence do they derive the necessary knowledge?

I will state a case bearing on the discussion raised as to the strength of the Mediterranean Squadron. Some years ago political exigencies required a force to be assembled on a certain station, the force on which was insufficient, and the force lacking was supplied by ships taken from contiguous stations. The ships arrived, from thousands of miles apart, on the day named, and within a few hours of one another, the whole force being ready to execute any instructions. Of course the force was reduced on some stations where the authorities knew that it could be lessened without danger. Now had our "self-elected" Navy League been in existence, it would probably have given vent to its feelings on the folly of reducing those stations, on the ridiculous plea it has assigned of the Naval officer in the Mediterranean knowing more of the policy of that station than the Government; if so, it would "weally be the twail wagging the head," as Dundreary told us long ago.

There is, indeed, only one real Fleet—the whole British Navy. The forces on the various stations are only squadrons, ready to go anywhere they may be directed by the sole Commander-in-Chief, the Cabinet. Lord St. Vincent's opinion was that it was for the Government "to assign the positions and force of the ships for any particular service, after which they ought not to interfere with the officer selected for the command." Coming from such a man, this expression of opinion should be convincing.

The "sandwich board" policy of the Navy League has caused me reluctantly to resign my membership. I shall only be too glad to rejoin when it takes the advice of the *Globe*.

CAPTAIN SIR JOHN C. R. COLOMB, R.M., M.P.

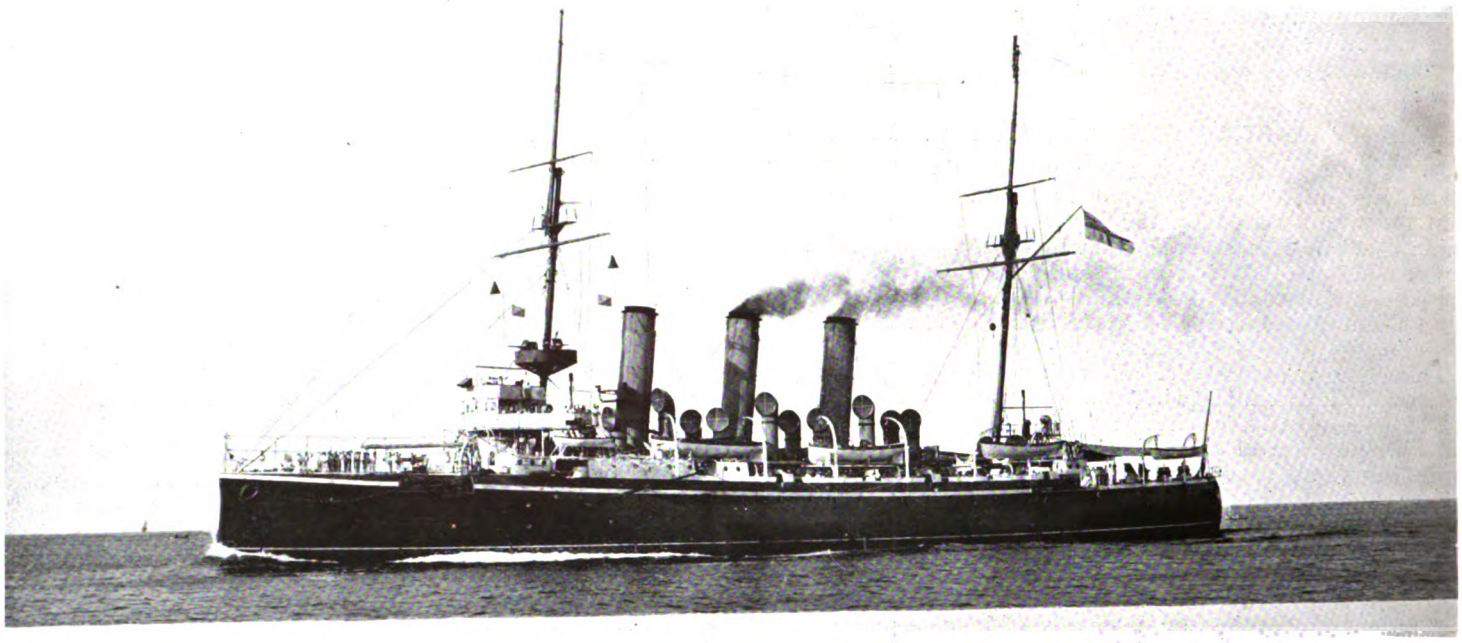
You ask for my opinion as "to what limitations, if any, should be set to the criticism of matters connected with the Navy." This question, I understand, has direct reference to the recent attempted agitation respecting the Mediterranean Fleet.

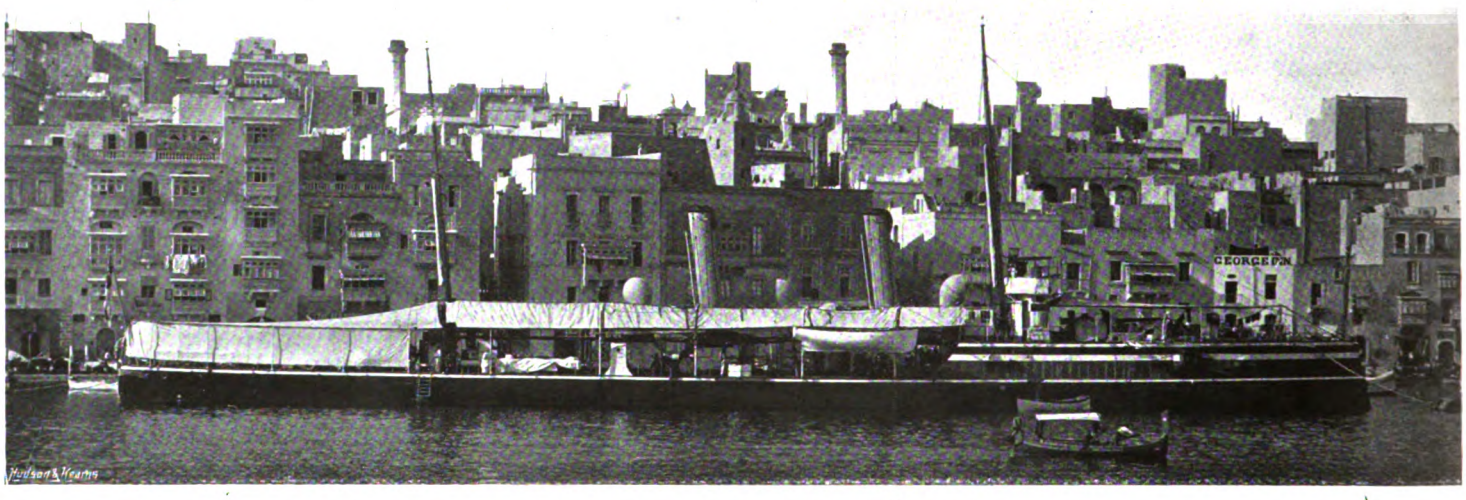
In my view, no limits can in this country be set to public criticism on any question of public policy and expenditure. There are matters which it is inexpedient to discuss, but that is a different thing. All that can be done by responsible authority, in such cases, is to positively decline to join in discussing the subject at all.

The attempt to create a scare by irresponsible declarations as to the weakness of the British Naval force in the Mediterranean, illustrates the case where it is the bounden duty of the Admiralty to refuse to enter the lists of controversy. The reasons which determine the strategical distribution of our Fleet cannot be disclosed.

I may observe that the most pernicious feature of the method pursued in this endeavour to alarm the public, was the insidious way both admirals of the Mediterranean Fleet were made to appear as witnesses for the prosecution of the Admiralty, and to testify to the truth of assertions.

If either or both of these admirals had any hand in providing "copy" for "scaremongers," they lacked in discretion, and should be reprimanded. If they authorised the





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THE "VINDICTIVE" AND "SALAMANDER."

The "Vindictive" is one of a group of four second-class cruisers of which the "Arrogant" is the "name ship." The whole class was originally described as "ram-cruisers." The "Vindictive" was launched in 1897, and, with a displacement of 5,750 tons, she is 320-ft. long, and her beam is 57-ft. 6-in. She is armed with four 6-in. guns, six 4·7-in., and eleven smaller weapons, the whole of her armament being quick-firing. She has an exceedingly small turning circle, and is fitted with eighteen Belleville boilers. In the Manœuvres last year she kept station for twelve hours at 19 knots. The "Salamander" belongs to a numerous class of torpedo gun-boats. Her length is 230-ft., her beam 27-ft., and, on a displacemint of 735 tons, her draught is 8-ft. 3-in. She is built of steel, and carries two 4·7-in. guns and four 3-pounders, all quick-firing. Her nominal speed at natural draught is 16·5 knots, and at forced draught 19 knots, but the class as a whole has not been a success in the matter of speed.

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references made to them, they shou'd be recalled. If they did neither, a shameful abuse of Naval hospitality has been perpetrated.

SIR CHARLES W. DILKE, M.P.

I cannot admit that it is not "legitimate" to criticise the policy of the Admiralty, even with regard to the distribution of ships. The value of the criticism must depend on the standing and sources of information of those who offer it. Suppose, for example, Lord Charles Beresford to come back into the House of Commons straight from a position in the Mediterranean, surely his opinion on such a matter as the distribution of ships between the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic stations would be of value, and the expression of it "legitimate." The House of Commons naturally does not want to hear everybody on such a question, and in this matter, as in many others, is bound to follow Authority.

The only point with regard to the Mediterranean Fleet upon which there is much to be said at the moment, I think, concerns our strength in destroyers, as it was admitted in the recent debates that the admiral in command has asked for a large increase in the strength of the fleet in destroyers, and that the Government have not at present destroyers to send him; although they will send them as soon as they can. In the second Naval debate of last week—that on Friday on the Ship-building Vote—we pointed out that the additional provision of destroyers in the present year is only the usual provision, at the rate of about ten a year, and that the life of destroyers is short. There seems good ground for calling on the Government to promptly build or to buy additional destroyers. All the other points raised appear to be in process of being dealt with. But on this one matter we remain with a strong case, and without any satisfaction.

LIEUT. CARLYON BELLAIRS, R.N.

Something like a consensus of opinion in the Press in favour of restricting full and free discussion on Naval questions has been evoked by the action of the Navy League with reference to the Mediterranean. I am not a Navy Leaguer, and I see something to regret in its method of systematically ignoring the wise rule of Dr. Johnson that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. The Mediterranean is part of a much larger question, but I am grateful to the Navy League for raising it, being of the opinion expressed of old that all ideas, however erroneous, are of use in leading to the right understanding of problems that confront us. The reason is that they lead to discussion, which Walter Bagehot long ago taught us is the aid by which we have progressed. Discussion is the light which enables us to avoid the precipices over which enthusiasts would lead us and the swamps in which reactionaries would have us to stagnate. Let me give an example of the converse method. No Board of Admiralty has ever manifested a more consistent hostility to discussion than the one presided over by Lord Goschen with Sir Frederick Richards as his Chief Naval Adviser. The actions of that Board are now the subject of report from no less than four separate committees. I refer to the Delays in Ship-building Committee, the Gibraltar Docks Committee, the Royal Yacht Committee, and the Belleville Boiler Committee. It is permissible to hold the view that adequate discussion might have led to actions which would not have necessitated committees to investigate when the mischief is done. The old Board's policy of large cruisers, such as the "Powerful" and "Drake," has been completely reversed. The new Board, without any great personal prestige amongst its members, faced, and even invited discussion, and was therefore able to expose the hollowness of the reasoning that supported the maintenance of the masts and sails Training Squadron which has now been abolished. If we recognise any sort of unwritten law hampering the freedom of discussion of those outside the employed active list, I am confident that such restraint would be injurious to the best interests of the Navy. The restrictions would not be recognised by sensational journalists and plausible orators who ought not to be able to secure a clear field for their fads. We do not wish to see the British Navy wake up in war, like the French Monarch in history, to find a change which is not merely a change but a revolution. It has been proved over and over again that Admiralties like Governments can make mistakes, and must be brought to apply remedies by public pressure. There are too many in politics imbued with the Bismarckian idea that "a Government may not waver; once it has chosen its course, it must, without looking to the right or left, thenceforth go forward." There are others who, like the Irishman's pig, can only be made to go forward by being pulled back. The system in England is to correct these faults by popular pressure, and if it were only systematically exerted by the best thought of the day being freely placed at the disposal of the public, I am amongst those who believe that the machinery would work well.

For six years past the historical school of the Navy has been endeavouring to obtain some measure of recognition for the claims of history and strategy, as offering the best field for discussion in the educational course of Naval officers. So far, we have failed in our efforts, except for a beggarly £5 a lecture granted for a dozen lectures to the senior class at Greenwich, and a sort of half-hearted attempt on the part of the same class to work out strategical problems. What we want is steady pressure to induce the Government to establish a War College on at least as large a scale as the Naval War College at Newport, U.S.A. If we were to listen to the homilies delivered in the Press, we should fold our hands with resignation, and say it is a question for the experts at the Admiralty. By doing this, we should leave England in the deplorable position of being behind every maritime nation in this respect, ignoring her own history, while German Naval officers are busy studying that very history which the British naval educational authorities spurn. I might have chosen for the text of this letter the saying of Herodotus, that "Free discussion reveals truth." The Navy has little to lose and much to gain from free discussion.

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MALTESE VISITORS TO THE "VICTORIOUS."

Whenever a civilian gets a chance to see a war-ship at close quarters, he takes advantage of it, and the inhabitants of Malta are no exception to the rule. Amongst the crowd on board the "Victorious" as depicted above may be seen priests and laymen of Malta, Greeks, Levantine Jews, and typical English visitors, probably tourists. A number of Bluejackets and Marines are interspersed with the crowd to preserve order.

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THE HARBOUR OF MALTA.

The British Naval stronghold up the Straits.

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THE PORT OF TOULON.

The French Mediterranean Dockyard and Arsenal.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 235.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

Rear-Admiral Sir William A. Dyke-Acland, Bart., who appears in the centre of our picture, is the second in command of the Channel Squadron. His flag is flown in the "Magnificent." He had the exceptional experience of being attached to the Chilian Army in the war between Chili and Peru in 1877, and was afterwards engaged in the work of Australian Naval defence. To his right is Captain Arthur J. Horsley, while behind him is Flag-Lieutenant Arthur K. Macrorie and in the background Secretary T. H. Millett.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Compulsory Volunteers.

THE perplexing problem, "How shall we defend our shores?" is still causing great anxiety. Some ignorant persons (we fear we must include ourselves among them) have long thought and said that our first and only serious line of defence is the Navy. So long, say these ignorant persons, as we have a Navy strong enough to sweep the seas, so long shall we be secure from invasion. As soon as our Navy is swept off the seas, we shall be at the mercy of our enemy, and not all the troops in the world, arranged ten or twenty deep all round our coasts, could save us from being starved into submission. But this kind of reasoning is far from serving to convince everybody. Mr. Arthur Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, calls it the reasoning of "Extreme Naval theorists." Colonel Eustace Balfour, of the London Scottish Volunteers, delivers it as his solemn opinion that we require a properly trained force in this country to make invasion impossible. Now it would not so very much matter what Colonel Eustace Balfour of the London Scottish Volunteers said if he spoke for himself alone. But it is unfortunately true that these opinions of his have a certain following, and it is not an unfair presumption, judging by what we see and hear, that the leader of the House of Commons is inclined to take his views upon the question of Imperial defence from his brother, the colonel of the London Scottish Volunteers. Therefore, even admitting that Colonel Balfour's paper last week at a meeting of the Army League attracted very little attention, it is important that notice should be taken of it, and that the assumptions on which his proposals were founded should be carefully examined by the public.

To hear Colonel Balfour talk, you might imagine that the Navy had ceased to exist. He takes it into account as little as did the remarkable memorandum which Mr. Stanhope drew up ten years ago on our military requirements, and which, for some reason best known to themselves, the Government have just republished as a Parliamentary paper. For the sum of one halfpenny this can be obtained by anyone from His Majesty's printers, but we are bound to say that it is dear at the price. There is certainly not a halfpennyworth of sense in the view which it advances as to the reasons for which we want an Army and the size of the Army we ought to maintain. For ten years all the speakers and writers on national defence who take a clear-headed and dispassionate survey of our position have been united in denouncing this view—the view, to wit, that we require a large force to defend our shores—as a mistaken and a dangerous view. Yet their words and writings have had so little effect that we now find the present Government republishing Mr. Stanhope's precious document as a justification, presumably, of their precious scheme of Army corps organisation. Could anything be more calculated to discourage, dishearten, and disgust, not merely the extreme Naval theorists (*i.e.*, the persons who regard the Navy as a factor in National defence), but every man who has taken the trouble to think out for himself the solution of the not very abstruse problem of Great Britain's surest plan to save herself from possible foes?

Well, the Government scheme includes, as everyone knows, one Army corps which is to be composed largely of Volunteers, and for this end it is necessary that the Volunteers shall undergo a longer annual training than they have indulged in hitherto. Naturally, it is found very difficult to manage this—so difficult, indeed, that, according to Colonel Balfour, the existing Volunteer system is breaking down. Other people have made the same observation, and it is, indeed, no matter for wonder that it should have broken down. The old notion of the Volunteer being a citizen who went in for a little soldiering to amuse himself and who scarcely cost the country anything has disappeared. Nowadays we spend an enormous sum on the Volunteers, and spending this enormous sum we naturally expect some return for our money. But this is just what the Volunteers will not, and in a great many cases cannot, give us. Lord Roberts the other day, addressing the deputation from Glasgow which wanted the Government to provide rifles for a town guard, told them that riflemen without military training would be useless for military purposes, and he added that as it was the Volunteers did not train nearly enough. He actually said, we believe, that only 17 per cent. of the Volunteer force would be of any use if their services were really required. This was kept out of the papers, but Lord Roberts knows what he is talking about, and, even when spoken in haste, his words are not likely to be misleading on such a matter as this.

What, then, is to be done to induce Volunteers to give the necessary *quid pro quo* which the Government requires of them, that is to say, to make themselves more efficient? Various suggestions have been advanced. A weekly journal has proposed, for instance, that all persons who can pass a certain test in rifle-shooting should be granted gun licences free. Another suggestion is, that during their annual training Volunteers should be paid at higher rates, and that employers should be obliged to grant holidays. But of all the proposals we have seen, Colonel Balfour's is, by a long way, the most remarkable; what he says is in effect: "If we cannot get voluntary Volunteers, let us have compulsory Volunteers." The number of able-bodied men willing to serve is too small: therefore, let us go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to be willing. Were it only for its delightful disregard of the meanings of words, this scheme would command our gratitude. But it is in every way admirable. Conscription we call un-English; we do not like the sound of it; it suggests foreign methods, curtailment of the liberty of the subject, dislocation of national life. We will not have conscription then, oh dear no! We will not go to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and say to them boldly, "Come and serve your two years with the colours, as all the able-bodied Toms and Dicks and Harrys must." We will approach them delicately. "Will you kindly come and be Volunteers?" we shall say, and then, at the least sign of hesitation, we shall take them by the scruffs of their necks with, "Oh, you won't, won't you; then we shall have to make you. Only understand quite clearly, you won't be conscripts, or anything of that sort. You will be compulsory Volunteers." How thankful we ought to be that there are still Scotsmen who are born without a sense of humour!

"ASTROLABE."—Navigation as an exact science was practically unknown until the early part of the fifteenth century, when Prince Henry of Portugal devoted his energies to systematising all the knowledge then obtainable about nautical matters. He sent out an exploring expedition, which resulted in the discovery of the Azores and Sierra Leone and the rediscovery of the Cape Verd Islands, and established an observatory to determine more accurately the declination of the sun. The work thus begun was carried on by his grand-nephew, John II., under whose auspices the astrolabe was invented. Even with this encouragement the implements at the command of the navigator were rude in the extreme, consisting of a compass, a cross staff, or astrolabe, the latter being more convenient than the former, a table of the sun's declination, a correction for the altitude of the pole star, and a chart of very doubtful accuracy. The first chart seen in England was brought by Bartholomew Columbus in 1489, and the first map of England made in 1520. A so-called astrolabe, once the property of Sir Francis Drake, is exhibited in the museum at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, but is probably only the model of a larger instrument, being too small for actual use; in appearance it resembles a large gold watch, and it contains several parts which fall back on hinges. One of these is a sundial, and there are also a small compass and an hour circle with a table of latitudes engraved inside one lid.

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CHINA AND THE EUROPEAN CONCERT

PEKING AND THE FOREIGN GARRISON.

Photo. Copyright. *Sanders and Crowhurst.*

THE "FIFTH GATE," PEKING.

With the great doors thrown open showing the Imperial Palace.

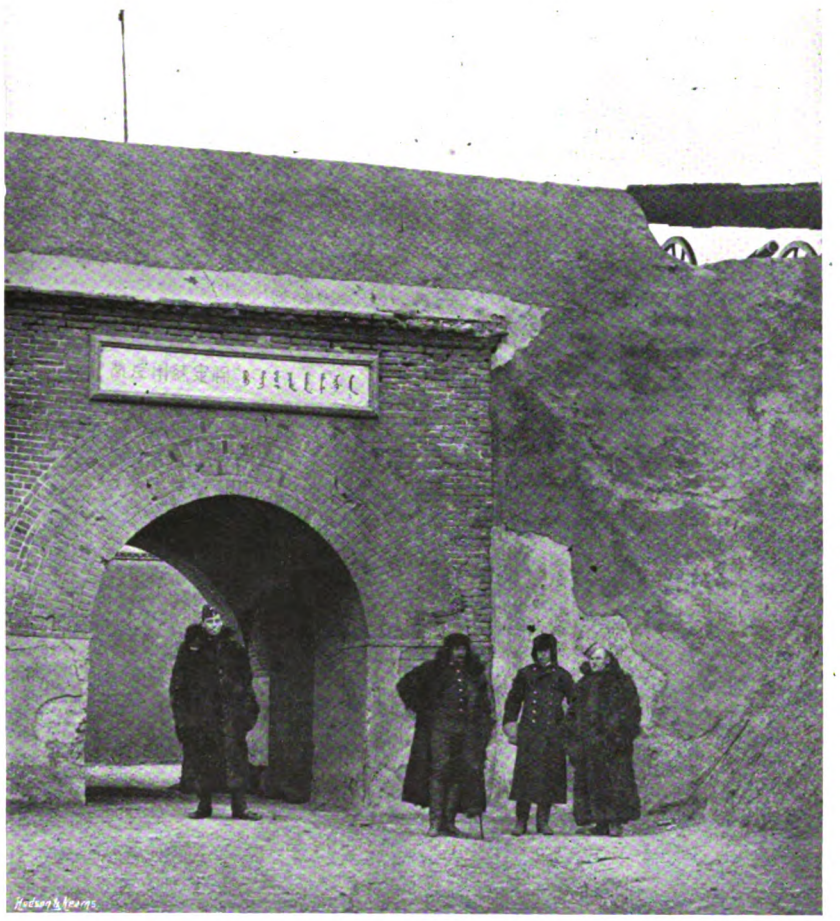
CHINA is certainly the most triumphantly conservative institution in existence. In Europe we talk glibly about the partition of the Celestial Empire, in the Far East itself we demonstrate loudly with troops and ships and guns, and are vigorously, perhaps a little too vigorously, assisted in our demonstrations by other Powers. Yet it really seems as if China in a few months will stand very much where she did—with the possible exception of Manchuria—a little more than a year ago. The greater portion of the European troops have been withdrawn, Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee has left China, and on the day on which this article is being written is published a telegram from Peking stating that the British Artillery are withdrawing from the Summer Palace, the transfer of which to the Chinese is expected at an early date.

The history of European interference in the affairs of China during the past twelve months has been curiously instructive, as showing that against the *vis inertiæ* of Chinese administration, coupled with the utter unscrupulousness and dexterous duplicity of Chinese officialdom, the most advanced resources of civilisation can be well-nigh powerless. It is true that the Allied Forces succeeded in rescuing, in very brilliant fashion, the besieged Legations; that they drove the Court to Si-ngan-fu and extorted some measure of retribution for the outrages committed by the Chinese upon European persons and property; that the inmost recesses of the Imperial Palace at Peking have been entered; and that repeated expeditions have carried fire and sword into the surrounding districts. But the Chinaman can be very, very patient, and it looks very much as if his patience in this instance is about to be rewarded by a nearly complete restoration of the *status quo ante bellum.*

In the China of the future there will be greater restrictions placed upon the construction of powerful coast forts, and the security of the Peking Legations will be, practically speaking, guaranteed by a system of minor fortifications, calculated to resist even a determined and protracted attack. But for the rest the Celestial Empire may be looked upon as certain to resume within the next six months the more or less even tenour of its way, utterly indifferent to the so-called "lessons" it has received at the hands of the Allied Forces.

As we have said, this result will be due partly to the mere fact that the ideas on which the government of China is based are utterly foreign to Western ideas, and partly to the extraordinary genius for trickery which in the Chinese diplomatist rises to the dignity of a fine art. But there has been another agency at work in the interests of China—namely, the impossibility of securing anything approaching perfect concord among the Powers, who banded themselves together for the express object of "bringing China to her senses." In the first instance, that of the advance on Peking, the harmony was most commendably marked. But no sooner had the Legations been relieved than differences of opinion began to arise, becoming more and more obtrusive, until, within the last two or three months, there have been incidents which, even when "explained" in the most tactful manner, have worn an ugly look. Nothing, of course, could possibly have suited China better than this, and it is easy to imagine the leading diplomatists at Si-ngan-fu chuckling in their long sleeves at the tales of collisions between British and French troops, and even more at the reported dissensions between the political representatives of the European Powers and of the United States and Japan.

At the same time, it can hardly be supposed that the Chinese Government is in a particularly happy frame of mind. There are indemnities to be arranged for, and Russian designs upon Manchuria, in spite of the Anglo-German Agreement, are not to be ignored. The French are still at Pao-ting-fu, having assumed supervision of this district on the departure of the Germans, and, as the French troops in China are drawn mainly from Indo-China, and are by no means bright specimens of the French Army, China will probably be greatly relieved if their departure really does take place, as announced, at an early date. In addition to these troubles, the Government has still to deal with a great deal of internal disturbance. There has recently come to the front a "Society of Allied Villagers," which is in reality an association of Boxers, with, of course, violently anti-foreign tenets. The Chinese officials are pledged to the foreign Ministers to suppress societies of this sort, and within the last week or two an expedition consisting of 3,000 Imperial troops has been sent against the allied villagers, and has been badly beaten. To any but a Chinese Government such discouraging circumstances would



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THE INNER GATE OF THE NORTH-WEST FORT, TAKU.

Through this the English were the first to rush to the assault.

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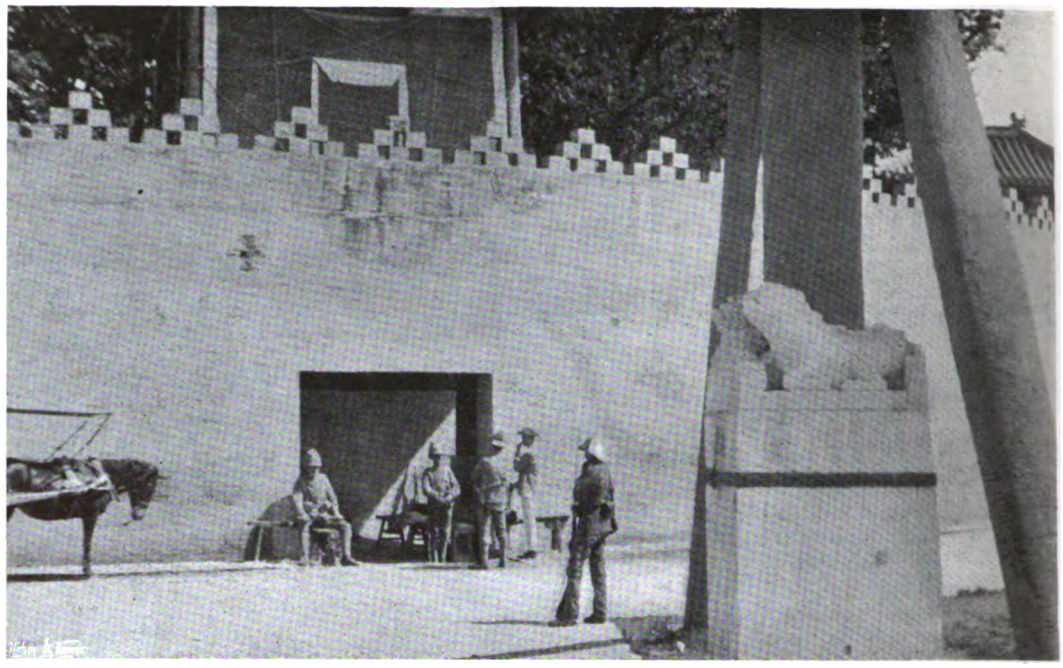
probably appear a little embarrassing. A very recent telegram states that in upwards of thirty districts in Central Chi-li disaffection is rife, that bandits are numerous and aggressive, and that the local officials are either disinclined or unable to put them down. In the North-Western Provinces of the Middle Kingdom it is reported that General Tung-fu-hsiang is collecting a large body of veteran troops with the intention of raising a rebellion. Even in Peking there are signs of increasing lawlessness since the policing of the city was handed over to the Chinese.

With all these elements of unrest it seems unfortunate that the troops of the Allied Forces should have been reduced to a mere handful. At Shanghai, now, perhaps, the most important point in the scheme of occupation, there were recently 1,945 British troops, 730 French (with six guns), 850 Germans (four or six guns), and 300 Japanese. In addition the Germans have a battalion at Shan-hai-kwan, three battalions, two batteries, and a squadron of Mounted Rifles at Tientsin, and battalions at Peking, Yang-tsun, and Lang-fang. All told, these are hardly sufficient for any purpose save that of maintaining some show of order in their immediate vicinity.

Turning to our pictures, these are interesting as recalling a period of far greater military activity than at present exists in the Celestial Empire. Here we have illustrated not only the foreign occupation of Peking, but the earlier assault of the Taku Forts, where, as will be remembered, there was some very brisk fighting, in which the British Navy and Marines carried, as usual, all before them. Two pictures are given of the North-West Fort at Taku, one showing the entrance which was used by the Allies in storming the fort, the other a group of the British officers subsequently appointed to defend the fort. These officers, reading from left to right, are Lieutenant Laurie, R.M.L.I., Lieutenant Richmond, R.M.L.I., Surgeon Roche, R.N., and Captain Dyer, R.M.A., in command. They are in their winter clothing, a very necessary protection against the 20-deg. or 25-deg. of frost often experienced.

The Peking pictures show two important entrances guarded by foreign troops; one the "Fifth Gate" of the Imperial Palace with the doors thrown open, the other the Imperial entrance to the temple by the Marble Bridge. In the latter case the guard was a mixed British and French one, and it is to be hoped the troops of the two nations fraternised more pleasantly than they did at a later date in the vicinity of Tientsin.

The Dutch gun which figures in another picture is a highly-interesting relic. It appears a remarkably well-made piece of ordnance for 1610, the date inscribed on it, and has, doubtless, in its time made a great deal of noise, and possibly done a certain amount of execution. Its history would probably be of singular interest. Perhaps the gun was a present from the Dutch East India Company, founded in 1602, two years after our own East India Company was incorporated by Royal Charter.



THE MARBLE BRIDGE, PEKING.

The Imperial entrance to the Temple guarded by British and French troops.

A DUTCH GUN AT THE PEI-TANG

Captured at the relief of the Cathedral. Dated 1610.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE NORTH-WEST FORT, TAKU.

The Bridge over the moat used by the Allies in storming the fort.

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

THE publication of Mr. Stanhope's memorandum, "laying down the requirements of our Army," was, of course, meant for the instruction of the country. What particular moral we are expected to draw from it, I do not presume to guess; but there is a moral, and one which is sufficiently obvious. It is just the extreme futility of estimates of the necessary size of an army which are not based on a thoroughly sound calculation of probabilities. Certainly this document, drawn up presumably after the best consideration the War Office could give to the problem, looks amazingly inadequate in view of our experience within the last two years. In 1891, when the memorandum was drafted, our rulers contemplated the necessity for providing the garrisons for India and other tropical stations, two Army corps and part of a third for Home Defence, and, "subject to the foregoing considerations and to their financial obligations," we were to be able to dispose of two Army corps and a line of communications. But this was looked upon as a mere luxury. We did not think it likely that we should ever have to supply Army corps for a European war. So, "with knowledge of the assistance which the Navy is capable of rendering in the various contingencies which appear to be reasonably probable," the War Office of that day, which naturally had the approval of the Ministry as a whole, came to the conclusion that its first duty was to provide for Home Defence.

* * * *

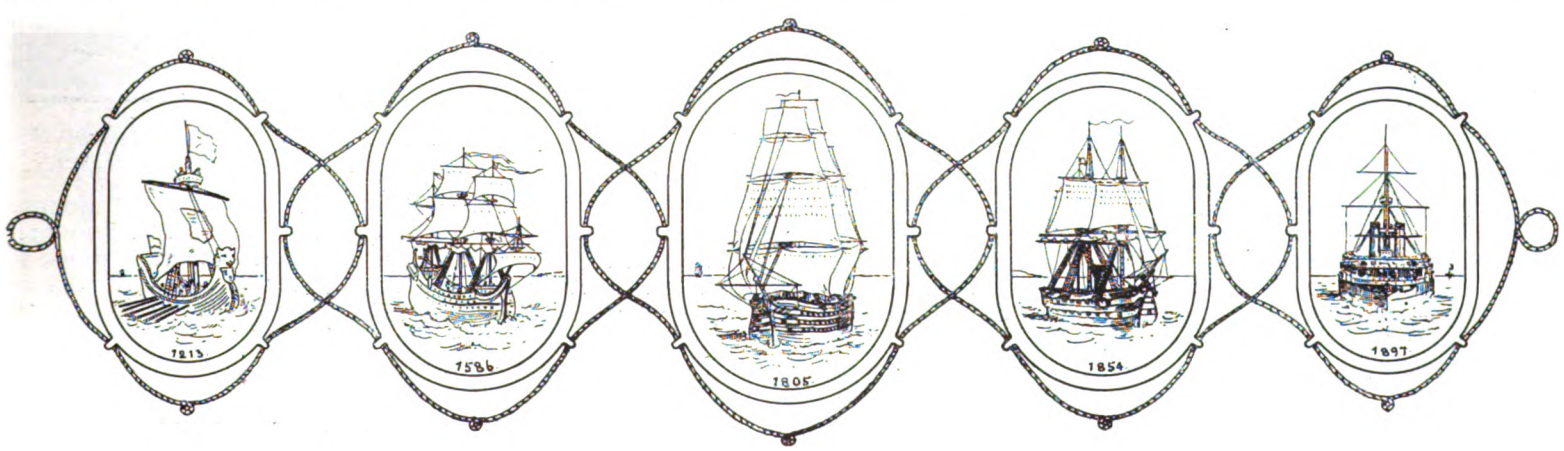
Even when we allow for the date at which it was drafted, this document gives no very exalted idea of the amount of intelligence shown in its composition. The War Office of ten years ago, "with knowledge of the assistance which the Navy is capable of rendering," came to the conclusion that we must keep two Army corps wholly composed of Regulars and one partly of Regulars and partly of Militia always at home, plus the rest of the Militia and the Volunteers, who were to be employed "for the defence of London and for the defensible positions in advance, and for the defence of the mercantile ports." The two Army corps and line of communications were only to be sent abroad subject to these obligations. Manifestly the authorities of that day did not believe that the Navy could prevent invasion. For it was clearly of invasion on a large scale they were thinking, say by 100,000 men. Three Army corps, and some hundreds of thousands of Militia and Volunteers in defensible positions, are not all wanted to deal with small destructive raids such as can never be wholly guarded against, and might well be attempted if we left ourselves as completely without troops as we were when the Jacobite rising took place in 1745. That 100,000 men could not be brought over except by an enemy who was master of the waters round our coast, that if he could bring 100,000 he could bring a great many more, and that he would be in a position to destroy our commerce and food supply, which would instantly compel us to bring our ships home from all seas, and so ruin our naval position in the world at large, were considerations which did not suggest themselves to the War Office. There is nothing so stupid as a gallant officer, was the opinion of one of the Duke's brothers, and the Duke agreed with him. For this kind of thing is hopelessly stupid.

* * * *

Some of the details of the memorandum are truly wonderful. Note the beautiful way in which it takes for granted that the Volunteers must needs remain what the Duke of Bedford called them in the Lords the other day—namely, rubbish. The War Office thought we might be invaded by a great army. If it did not believe this possible, then the determination to retain two whole Army corps of Regulars and part of a third always at home was imbecile. Yet it was prepared to meet this peril with a movable army of less than 100,000 men, which might be beaten in battle, and a mob of reserves only fit to be put into defensible positions. They were to be placidly left on a level with the Spanish soldiers of Gregorio de la Cuesta at Talavera, whom the Duke had to put into the houses and gardens of the town, where the French could not get at them and they would not be called upon to move, for fear that if they tried to manœuvre they would fall into confusion and bring on some horrible disaster. Troops which cannot be trusted to march and manœuvre are rubbish, and nothing else. Yet the War Office was content to leave them as they were—and, for that matter, are—a mere mob of men with muskets, and here and there a fortunate corps which has been made a trifle more efficient, mostly by the exertions and money out of the pockets of its officers. Given its belief in the possibility of a great invasion, in spite of the assistance the Fleet could render, the War Office was without excuse in not taking strong measures to turn the Volunteers into real soldiers. But financial obligations had to be considered and popularity consulted, and so it muddled on.

* * * *

Not less admirable as an example of the mental dishonesty shown in our management of our Army, is that passage about the two corps with the line of communications which might have to be sent abroad in a European war, subject to the obligation of Home Defence. There is, to begin with, no sign that the War Office had ever contemplated the possibility that a greater number of soldiers than this might be called for within the Empire. A combination of foreign attack and native rebellion in India is not a very probable contingency, but it is a possible one. It would certainly call for the employment of more than two Army corps. Supposing that we made it a rule never to send more than the two out of the country, we would



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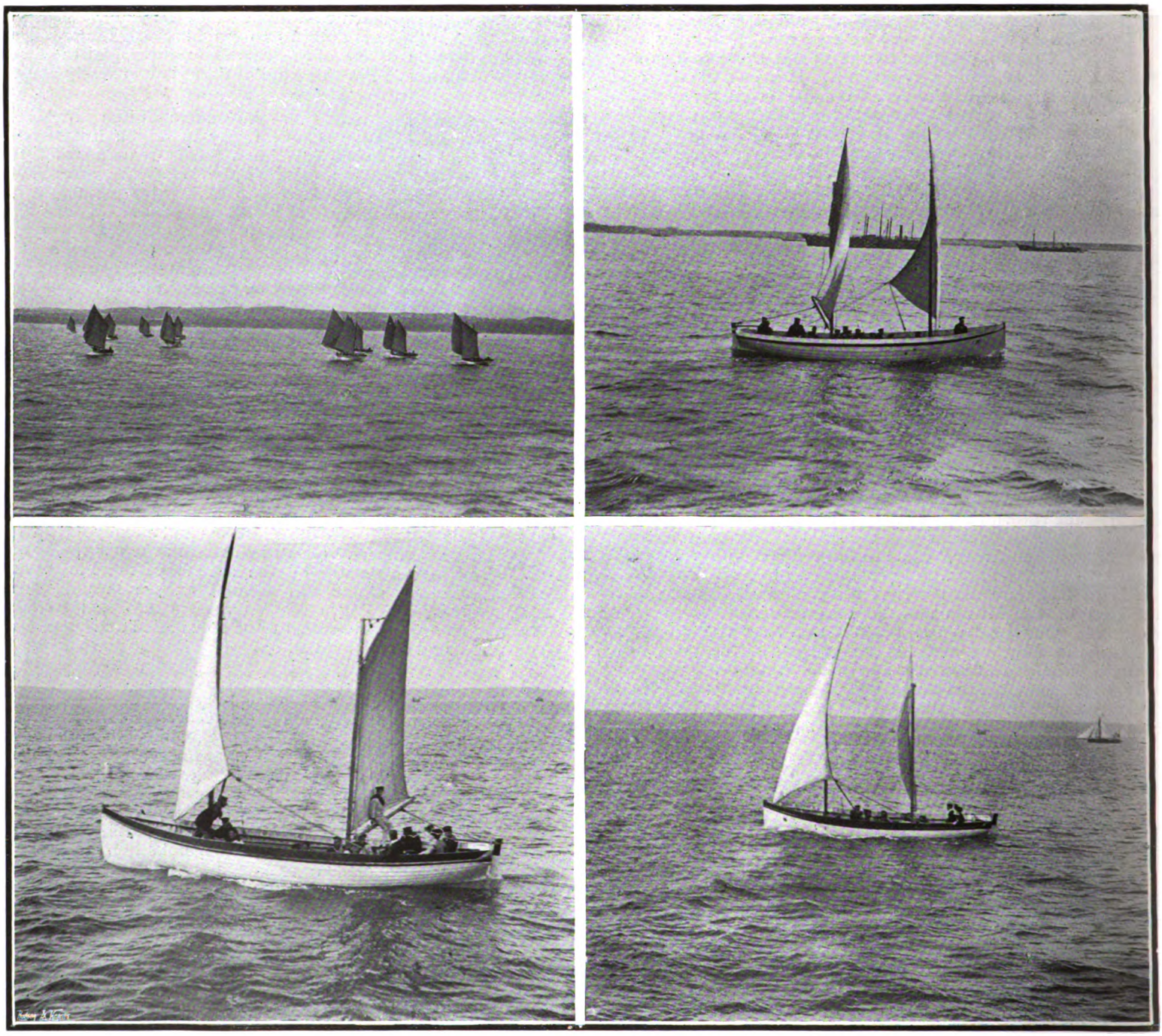
be condemned to be in insufficient numbers at the seat of war. There remains the line of communications, which is perhaps the gem of the whole memorandum. It was obviously firmly fixed in the head of the War Office that the number of men required to look after the line of communications would be less, and even much less, than two corps. Now a slight knowledge of the beggarly elements of the history of war ought to show anybody that, as a rule, the communications employ a far larger number of troops than can be put on a field of battle. But supposing, as might well have happened, and as, in fact, has happened, four corps, or even five, were needed on the line of communications, in order that two might be on the battlefield, where were they to be got under this memorandum? The War Office did not say, and perhaps did not think or care. If there was anybody in it who did, his regard for his chances of promotion kept him judiciously silent.

* * * *

How silly it all looks after the last two years' experience in South Africa. Not two, but seven corps, or thereabouts, plus miscellaneous bodies of Militia, Volunteers, and Colonials, have been needed to master some 40,000 or 50,000 rough Dutch Militia. Our scheme of 1891 has been burst to pieces, which was precisely what was certain to happen to it whenever it was put to a real test. And why do we have the pleasure of reading the memorandum now? Because matters are going to be more wisely directed in future? Let us hope so; but really one does not feel sure, in view of Mr. Brodrick's Army scheme, which, after all, is uncommonly like Mr. Stanhope's memorandum writ a little larger. It gives us pretty much the same thing—the corps of regular troops and Militia for Home Defence provided to resist invasion on a large scale, with a knowledge of the assistance the Navy can render, the garrisons for India and elsewhere, the possible small army for foreign service to be sent out subject to the obligation of Home Defence, and the armed mob of Volunteers with a lick and a promise of training, who are only to be trusted in defensible positions. There is a little more of personnel and material, and that is all. Of muddle there is no less.

LADIES' SAILING RACE AT PORTLAND.



1. A PRETTY SIGHT ON THE FIRST ROUND. 2. "GOOSE-WINGED"—THE WINNER BEFORE THE WIND. 3. KEEPING DOWN THE MAIN BOOM—THE SECOND BOAT RUNNING FREE. 4. THE THIRD BOAT—HOPING FOR BETTER LUCK, NEXT TIME.

Recently the wives and lady friends of officers attached to the various ships lying at Portland held a sailing race in ships' cutters within the breakwater, the starting-point and goal being the "Revenge," from which the signal gun was fired at 2.30 p m. The start was an extremely pretty sight, the racing boats forming in line, and, there being a fairly stiff breeze, the race proved a spirited one, the lady coxswains managing their boats with considerable skill. After the first round, the boats gradually drew away from each other, forming a picturesque cordon, one boat leading the way in grand style. She was skilfully handled and sailed by Mrs. Holmes, who came in an easy first, closely followed by Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Wake, who were second and third respectively. The course was, roughly speaking, about six miles, which had been marked out early in the day, and there were sixteen competitors. The first prize was a gold bracelet, presented by Captain Fisher, who is in command of the "Revenge," and the second and third prizes were presented by the officers of the ships in company, being a travelling clock (second) and silver spoon (third).

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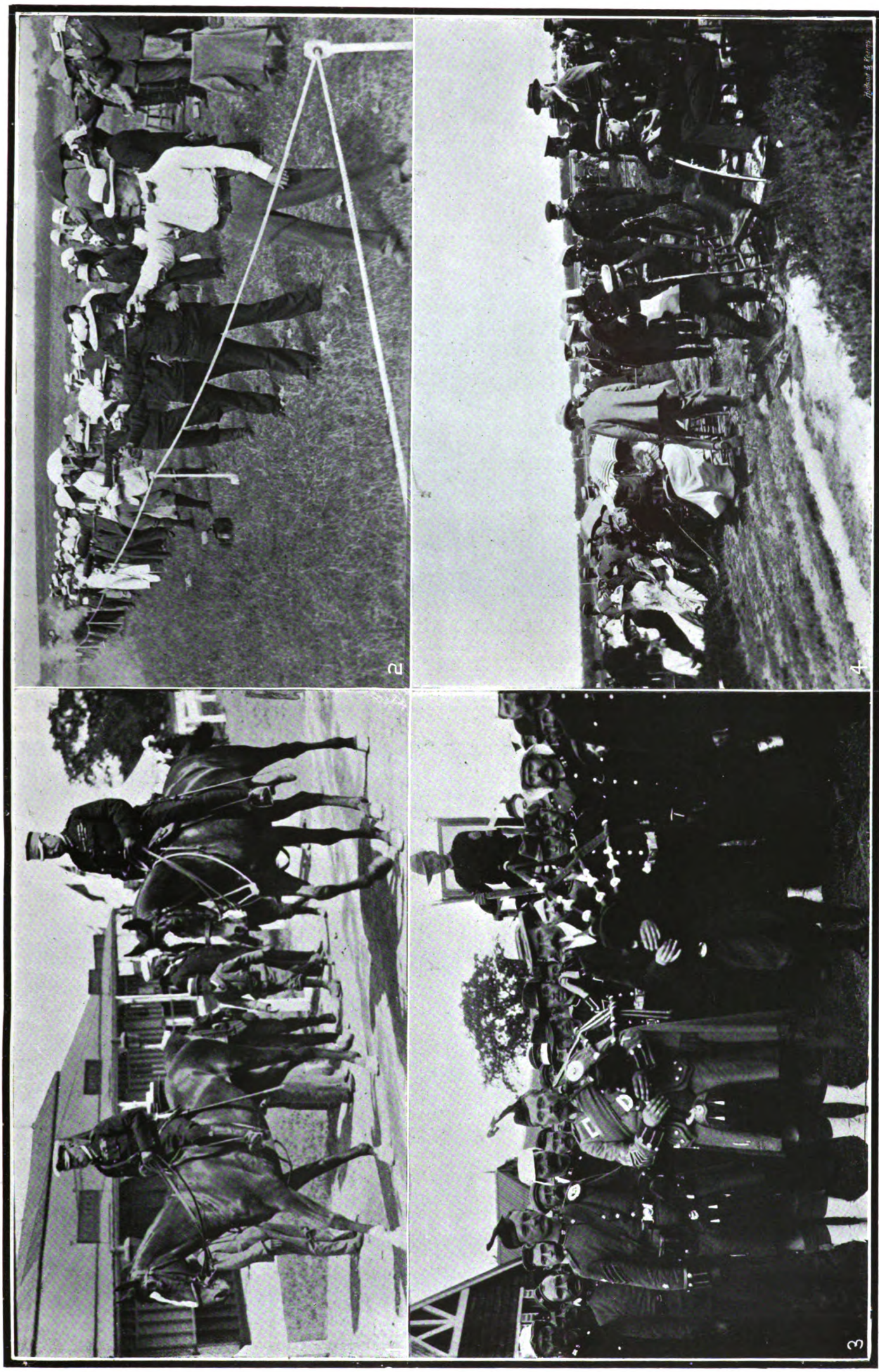
SCENES AT BISLEY.



Photos. Copyright.

1. DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS VISIT THE CAMP—"BOBS" AND BULLER AT BISLEY. 2. SHOOTING FOR THE WHITEHEAD WITH THE REVOLVER—THE NAVY WINNERS IN THE FOREGROUND. 3. THE RECEPTION OF THE CONQUERING HERO—CHAIRING THE KING'S PRIZE WINNER. 4. NOT WITHOUT ITS AMENITIES—THE TWO GENERALS WATCH THE SHOOTING.

Knight.

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SOME OF THE KING'S SEA-OFFICERS.

Photo. Copyright. *Crockett.*

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ACLAND AND OFFICERS OF THE "MAGNIFICENT."

Reading from left to right the names are (top row): Gunner S. Adams, Clerk W. P. Putt, Midshipman F. O'B. Wilson, Assistant-Engineer W. H. Clarke, Assistan-Clerk S. J. Wright, Boatswain E. R. Parrott, Assistant-Clerk H. E. Rowley, Assistant-Engineer J. A. Anderson, Midshipman C. K. Hart, Midshipman T. G. Comber, Sub.-Lieutenant S. H. Morres, Lieutenant E. Tootell, R.N., Boatswain J. W. J. Savage, and Carpenter T. Ellis. Third row: Chief Gunner W. Malley, Engineer E. E. Lewis, Assistant-Engineer J. W. Forbes, Assistant-Engineer J. H. Hocken, Assistant-Paymaster F. J. Aylen, Assistant-Paymaster B. H. Woodman, Lieutenant A. K. Macrorie, Secretary T. H. Millett, Lieutenant H. F. P. Sinclair, Lieutenant W. H. FitzClarence, Naval Instructor J. H. Edwards, and Lieutenant H. F. Sadlier. Second Row: Lieutenant E. L. Booty, Major R. J. Saumarez, Fleet-Paymaster H. A. Malaher, Captain A. J. Horsley, Rear-Admiral Sir W. A. D. Acland, Commander F. G. Eyre, Fleet-Engineer M. W. Ellis, Lieutenant D. L. Dent, and Rev. W. V. Rainier, M.A. First row: Midshipman C. J. Alexander, Midshipman A. F. Powell, Naval Cadet G. S. Arbuthnot, Midshipman W. Hewlett, Midshipman G. E. Ridgeway, Midshipman R. F. Chisholm, Midshipman C. V. Robinson, Midshipman M. K H. Kennedy, Naval Cadet J. C. J. Soutter, and Midshipman W. R. Ledgard.

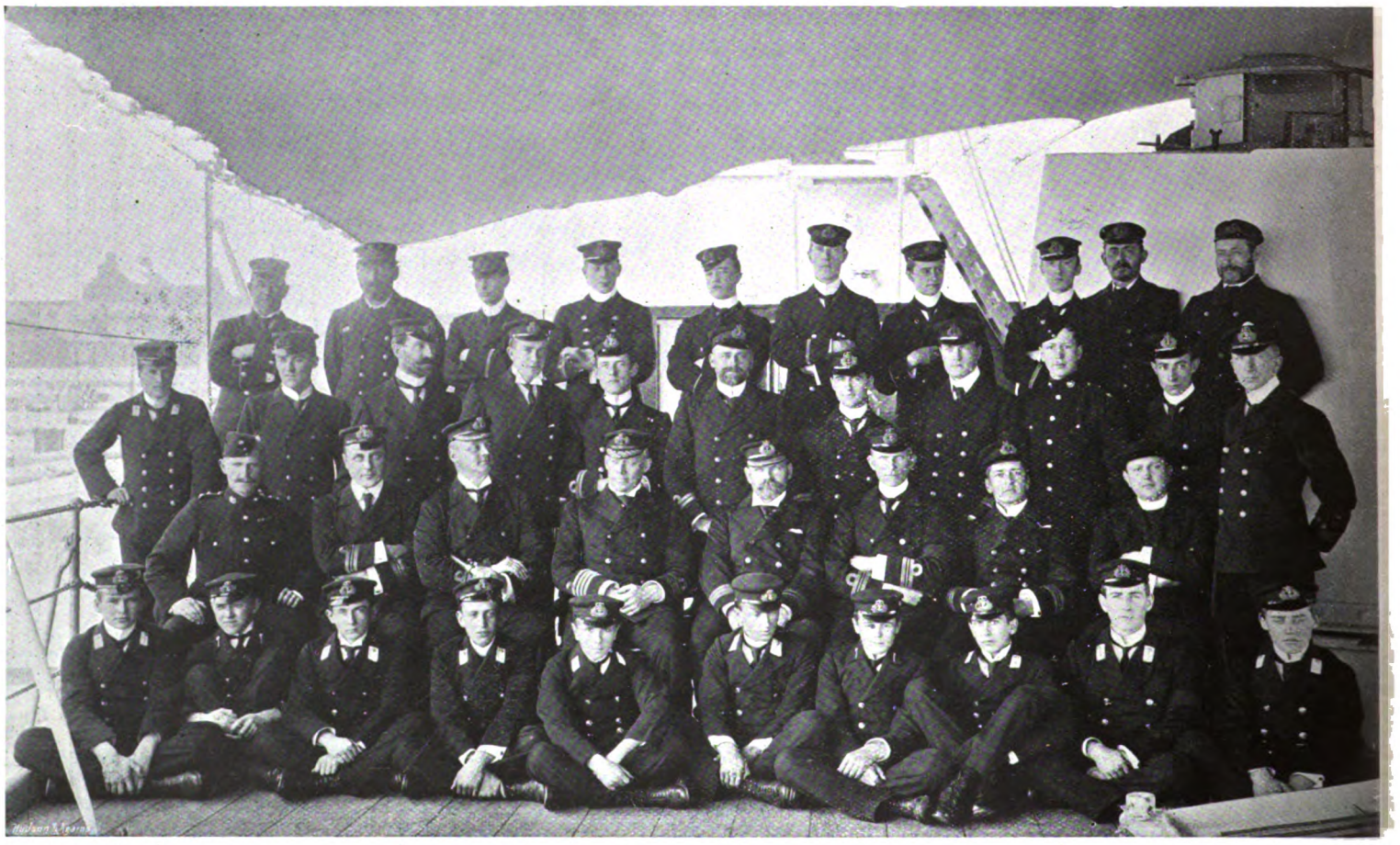

Photo. Copyright. *Russell.*

CAPTAIN H. M. T. TUDOR AND OFFICERS OF THE "CRESSY."

Reading from left to right the names are (top row): Boatswain R. Holmes, Gunner J. J. Tapper, Assistant-Engineer E. B. Scott, Sub.-Lieutenant W. F. French, Clerk H. S. Orchard, Assistant-Engineer E. G. Smith, Assistant-Clerk D. H. Nelson, Assistant-Paymaster F. A. Cornford, Chief Engineer W. Standen, and Gunner J. C. Haswell. Third row: Naval Cadet V. R. Williams, Engineer H. C. Rush, Paymaster H. Constantine, Lieutenant R. A Newton, Lieutenant W. J. Kerr, Lieutenant Scott, Engineer J. Kelly, Surgeon N. H. Harris, Lieutenant C. G. Bird, Mr. Rayment, and Lieutenant B. S. Thesiger. Second row: Captain W. T. C. Jones, D.S.O., R.M., Lieutenant V. G. Gurner, Commander A. Halsey, Captain H. M. T. Tudor, Fleet Engineer J. S. Watch, Lieutenant C. M. Masters, Staff-Surgeon R. H. Nicholson, and Rev. J. Beatty, M.A. First row: Midshipman E. T. Fletcher, Naval Cadet H. R. Sawbridge, Midshipman E. Combe, Midshipman L. A. W. Spooner, Midshipman C. H. Mackinnon, Midshipman H. M. N. Hardy, Naval Cadet R. R. Hallowell-Carew, Midshipman J. F Hutchings, Midshipman F. L. Back, and Midshipman G. B. Palmes.

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MARKSMANSHIP IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A Rifle Meeting at Malta.

MALTA'S MUSKETRY CHAMPION.

MORTIMER'S CUP WINNER.

IT would not be difficult for a writer of romantic tendencies to "spread himself" very considerably over a function of such varied interest as pertains to the Twenty-first Annual Naval and Military Rifle Meeting at Malta. In the first place there is a fine opening for a telling historical contrast. Side by side with the description of the latter-day gathering might be conjured up pictures of mediæval "meetings," with the Knights of St. John taking the place of teams from His Majesty's Fleet and Army, and with splintered lances substituted for the sharp crack of cordite-loaded cartridges. Then much might be added, in a brightly picturesque style, about the variegated associations of the more modern function, of Malta's unique position from both a naval and military standpoint, of the natural surroundings, and of the peculiarities, some of them very pronounced peculiarities, of the Maltese themselves. It might be difficult to work in any allusion to Maltese lace and puppies; but even putting these on one side, the subject is a most fruitful one, and it is with a sigh that the writer refrains from treating it in what he is convinced would be regarded as a pleasantly comprehensive fashion.

Yet, even when the editorial wishes as to sticking more or less closely to one's text—or rather to one's pictures—are consulted, it is difficult not to wax discursive on such a theme as is afforded by this fine series of interesting portrait groups. There is always something happily inspiring about any function in which the sister Services combine to take part. There are points at which seamen and soldiers are apt to diverge, matters of controversy on which they agree to differ. But there is no sort of question that whenever the united Services can find an opportunity of meeting on common ground, whether in social reunion or friendly emulation, they are fain to do so, more particularly amid strange or foreign surroundings. It would be difficult, too, to suggest a basis on which the land and sea forces of His Majesty could more appropriately meet than such a gathering as is here illustrated. Common to both is the weapon these prize-winners have shown such skill in handling, and no fairer professional rivalry could well be imagined than between fighting men striving to show what peace training has done towards perfecting them in the use of a tool upon which so much might depend, whether the user be seamen, or soldier, or that "giddy harumfrodite," the Marine, in time of war.

There is special value, too, in the holding of a United Services' Rifle Meeting at such a station as Malta, the headquarters of the Mediterranean Squadron, and a very singularly important "rest-house" for British troops on the road to Egypt and India. We all know that the Mediterranean Squadron is expected to be in every respect ready for war at a moment's notice, and although there are necessarily several branches in which it is more desirable that the Bluejacket should be proficient than in rifle-shooting, still landing parties are by no means uncommon results of naval operations, and there are not a few occasions on which Jack Tar finds it uncommonly useful to be able to shoot as straight with the Lee-Enfield rifle as he is expected to do with ordnance of a very different calibre. It is, therefore, extremely satisfactory to see naval marksmanship with small arms warmly encouraged at Malta; and as an outcome of this encouragement, it is interesting to note that at the last Naval and Military Rifle Meeting the seamen succeeded in beating the soldiers, carrying off the United Services Challenge Cup accordingly, after a very close contest.

As for the value of such a meeting as this to the military garrison of Malta, that goes almost without saying. But it is useful to remember, particularly in this connection, that there is scarcely a British station in the world where the troops are more likely to receive sudden orders to proceed on active service than Malta. Attention has frequently been drawn in these columns to the advantage possessed by Great Britain in having this "place of arms," so conveniently situated at a point from which two or three battalions can be sent to India, Egypt, or East Africa, at a saving of a good many valuable days on the voyage from England, their places being leisurely filled by fresh troops from home. But this convenience would not amount to much if the battalions in

ATTACK COMPETITION CHALLENGE CUP.

An easy win for the team from the "Theseus."

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE "THESEUS."

For the second year in succession this team has won the Fleet Challenge Cup.

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question were not, like the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron, in a condition of absolute fighting efficiency. Such efficiency is to some extent ensured by the appointment of very carefully selected officers to the Governorship of the island and to the command of the Infantry Brigade. But it is also largely helped by the encouragement of rifle-shooting, and especially in friendly contention with the Royal Navy. Although at the Twenty-first Annual Naval and Military Rifle Meeting the Navy secured the United Services' Challenge Cup, the Army, it is satisfactory to note, held its own in other competitions, and provided the officer to whom belongs the proud title of Musketry Champion of Malta for the year.

An interesting feature of this particular meeting was the presence of the Militia embodied owing to the war, and it is pleasant to add that the "Old Constitutional Force" acquitted itself remarkably well in its new environment. In the United Services' Challenge Cup competition its members were only seven points behind the Army, who, in turn, scored only three points less than the winners. This is a decidedly gratifying refutation of the old adage that even a haystack was a mark which no militiaman could be expected to hit, however short the range. Next year, perhaps, there will be another team taking part in this competition, namely, that from the Royal Garrison Regiment, unless the latter are held to be included with the Regular Army. Unquestionably they are Regular troops, but for the purposes of a rifle meeting they might possibly be considered to have a separate existence, since it is always well that entries in any team competition should be as variegated as is compatible with the central idea of the contest.

Turning to our pictures, the first which ought to claim our notice is the group of the working committee, to which we have ventured to append the complimentary title, "The Best Team of All." The compliment is, we are well assured, a thoroughly deserved one, and is not, we imagine, likely to be disputed by any other of the teams here illustrated. For only those who know these things are aware how very good indeed a mixed working committee must be to make a mixed rifle meeting an unqualified success. It does not follow that because a man is an expert rifle shot he is also a good committeman; and where two services are concerned, a certain amount of ready tact, and what may be termed concessiveness, are often imperatively needed in order to produce really harmonious results. Our picture shows six officers, in the top row of whom, reading from left to right, are Lieutenant Bonham, R.E., Captain Dalton, R.M.L.I., and Captain Neve, 3rd Royal West Kent Regiment. In the bottom row are Lieutenant Veale, R.N., Major Page, the District Inspector of Musketry, and Lieutenant Bird, R.N.

The portrait which appears on the left-hand side of the heading of this article is that of Captain Mortimore, of the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment (the Sherwood Foresters), who, by carrying off the cup presented by His Excellency Sir Francis Grenfell, the Governor of Malta, became Musketry Champion of Malta for the year. It will be seen that Captain Mortimore has two trophies before him, the second being a cup presented by the editor of the *Malta Chronicle*.

The other portrait flanking the heading is that of Staff-Sergeant-Armourer Ashby, who carried off the cup presented by Messrs. Mortimer and Co., the well-known wholesale merchants.

The third and fourth pictures show the teams from the "Theseus," which won the Fleet Challenge Cup—needless to say a much-coveted trophy—and the Challenge Cup given for the Attack Competition. The team in the former instance owed its success largely to the excellent training of Lieutenant Doughty, but there is small question that the latter would readily admit that he had grand material to work with. It would be difficult to find a finer or more splendidly-representative team of British seamen than those constituting these two groups; and the added knowledge that every man of them is an approved marksman, as well as a very fine specimen of muscular humanity, accentuates the pride which every lover of the British Navy must feel in such

A "SCORE" FOR THE NAVY.

The United Services' Challenge Cup fell to the sea service.

PEMBROKE CAMP CHALLENGE CUP.

The "Hibernia's" team carried this off for the fourth time.

A REVOLVER COMPETITION.

Officers' Team, "Royal Sovereign," winners of the Barfleur Cup.

A TEAM OF BLUE MARINES.

From the "Royal Sovereign," winners in the Volley-firing Contest.

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significantly-interesting portraits. We have alluded already to the success of the Royal Navy in the United Services' Challenge Cup Competition, but it may be usefully added here that this has been the first year of the introduction of this contest. There is little doubt that the closeness of the finish, as well as the thoroughly sportsmanlike nature of the competition itself, will render this item a pretty certain and popular fixture for future meetings.

The team from the "Hibernia" succeeded in carrying off the Pembroke Camp Challenge Cup for the fourth time in succession, and in the Simonds Cup Competition, the trophy in which is presented by Messrs. H. and G. Simonds of Reading, the sergeants of the Royal Engineers were victorious for the second time in succession. In the latter case the win was with the highly-respectable margin of fifty points.

The team of officers from the "Royal Sovereign," who carried off the Barfleur Cup in good style, had the advantage of including two of the best revolver shots in the Mediterranean Squadron, namely, Lieutenant Wray and Mr. Raven, R.N. Although of late years increasing attention has been paid to revolver shooting both in the Navy and in the Army, it may be questioned whether our all-round standard in either Service is anything like as high as it ought to be, or, indeed, anything like as high as it is, for example, in the United States Navy, in which, we believe, most of the officers can use a revolver with admirable readiness and effect.

Having chronicled wins by both Navy and Army, it is satisfactory to point to the team of Royal Marine Artillerymen from the "Royal Sovereign" which won the Volley-firing Competition. As a matter of fact, the time is approaching when volley-firing will no longer constitute any part or parcel of our musketry training, and teams which paid special attention to this branch will have to interest themselves in other practices if they wish to score at prize meetings. Although the change is undoubtedly called for, there are many who will regret the decadence of the volley, as really good volley-firing always meant a high standard of intelligence, alertness, and good discipline, qualities, by the way, in which few corps are more to the fore than the Blue Marines. Visitors to the last Royal Military Tournament will recall the impressive display of this grand corps with a 5-in. gun weighing two tons, which was brought in by hand on a waggon, mounted, fired, dismounted, and taken away, with very much the same handiness as one of the individual Marines here represented would exhibit in using his Lee-Enfield.

A highly-interesting group is that of officers and men of the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment, with the trophies they carried off from this important meeting. The battalion may well be proud of its performances, and, perhaps, find some consolation in them for being left out of the South African Field Force, in which, however, the 1st Battalion has achieved an excellent reputation. Incidentally it may be mentioned that at the outset the 1st Derbyshires were commanded by Colonel Smith-Dorrien, who afterwards attained great distinction as a Brigadier, and who goes out to India shortly as Adjutant-General of the Indian Army. The 2nd Derbyshires were at Malta when the war broke out, and have evidently been preparing themselves for any contingency, at any rate in the way of musketry training. At the meeting they furnished the winners of the Malta Championship, the Junior Army and Navy Stores Cup, the General's Cup, presented by Lord Congleton, who commands the Infantry Brigade, and the *Daily Malta Chronicle* Cup. In addition to these wins the team of the battalion came in second to that from the "Theseus" in the Attack Competition.

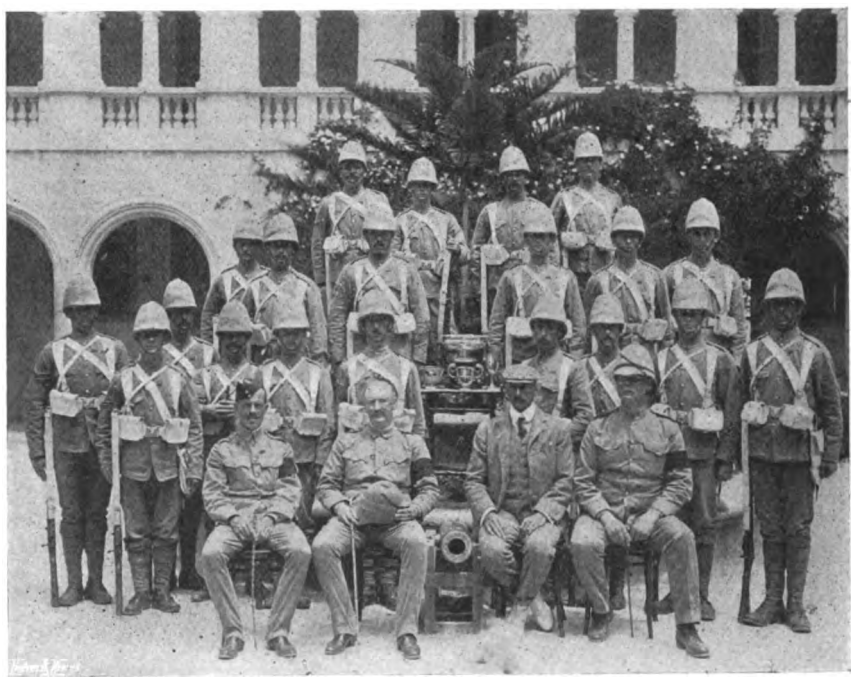
The Derbyshires also scored a win in a new competition, which extreme pressure on the space at the Editor's disposal has made it impossible for him to illustrate. This was a Trenching Competition, introduced by Lieutenant-Colonel Bulpett, commanding the 2nd Derbyshire, who gave a prize of £20 to encourage efficiency on modern lines, of which South African warfare is affording us various types. The idea is an excellent one, and is capable of considerable expansion. Notwithstanding the many lessons which the British Army has learnt as to the value of entrenchments, however hasty, as a means of reducing loss of life, and concealing the weakness of a defending force, we still fall short of giving due importance to this branch of the military art. Commanding officers who pay close attention to the subject, are doing the whole Army a very great service.

THE BEST TEAM OF ALL.

The working committee, Malta Naval and Military Rifle Meeting

A SERGEANTS' MESS COMPETITION.

The Royal Engineers win for the second time in succession the Simonds Cup.



DERBYSHIRES AND THEIR PRIZES.

The 2nd Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters carried off four leading trophies.

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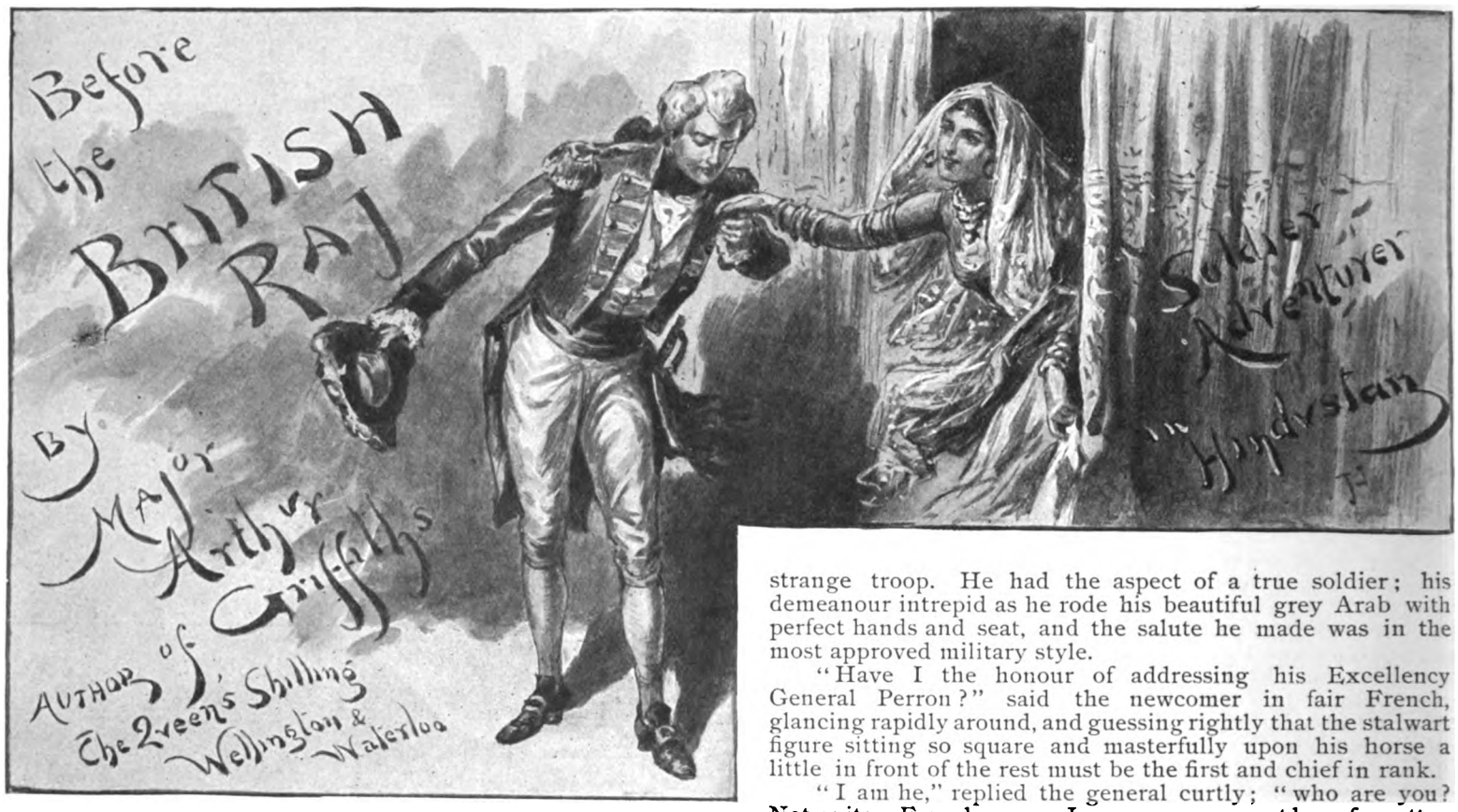

CHAPTER III.

In High Favour.

THE appointment in 1796 of General Perron, the famous French free lance, by Scindia (Dowlut Rao) to the supreme command of his regular army in Hindustan, the territories north of the Chumbal that is to say, gave dire offence to many. There were Mahratta chieftains in high places, commanding considerable forces, governors of fortresses and cities, who would not readily yield to the new and upstart authority, and were prepared to resist Perron by force of arms. One of them was the Appa Tantia Rao whom we met in the last chapter, a cadet of the house of Scindia, and nearly related to Balloba Tantia, the present Scindia's prime minister. Appa Tantia, who had, indeed, another reason, the jealous hate of a rival suitor for a woman's favour, accordingly collected all his strength and took the field, bent upon waylaying Perron as he came northward to take up his command.

It was known that Perron was marching with but a small company. His main strength, the bulk of the great army, some 40,000 of all ranks and arms lay about Muttra, Alighar, and Koil, midway between Delhi and Agra, both of them centres of disaffection, although he had as yet no very precise knowledge that his authority was to be defied. He had with him as he travelled only a chosen body of cavalry, one regiment of five hundred sabres acting as his personal escort. He moved rapidly, making forced marches, being eager to get to his journey's end; his men were fine soldiers, lean, sinewy fellows who had spent their lives in the saddle; they rode strong, wiry horses of the best breed, full of bottom and endurance, who did their sixty miles a day without turning a hair.

The party had crossed the Chumbal, the line that marked the frontier of Scindia's northern provinces, and were now on the great open plain that stretched towards the Dunganga, which they intended to ford at Koodwal, within a dozen miles or so of Muttra. The morning was well advanced, when an aide-de-camp called Perron's attention to a small dust cloud moving rapidly along the line of the horizon.

"Yes, cavalry, *ca se voit*. But whose; and why in these parts? Can Sutherland" (the acting commander-in-chief) "have sent out to meet me? It would be too much courtesy; more than I look for. We must know. Jules, *mon enfant*, take a few sowars and ride on to reconnoitre."

The young Frenchman presently returned with his report.

"A rissala, *mon général*, of a hundred sabres, with two light guns of a new kind, coming towards us. Not our own men, for I do not recognise the uniform. But they are regular troops, well equipped, and moving with precision."

"Bid them halt at a proper distance, and send their leader to me, alone," said the general, brusquely. "Let them hear with whom they have to deal. I must know their names, quality, and purpose."

Ready obedience was rendered to this peremptory summons, and a horseman galloped out in advance of the strange troop. He had the aspect of a true soldier; his demeanour intrepid as he rode his beautiful grey Arab with perfect hands and seat, and the salute he made was in the most approved military style.

"Have I the honour of addressing his Excellency General Perron?" said the newcomer in fair French, glancing rapidly around, and guessing rightly that the stalwart figure sitting so square and masterfully upon his horse a little in front of the rest must be the first and chief in rank.

"I am he," replied the general curtly; "who are you? Not quite a Frenchman, as I guess, or you must have forgotten your native tongue. But a soldier, that I can see from the fine troop at your back. What is your name, your nation, and whom do you serve?"

"I am called Alexander Latouche. Lately an English officer, and captain in the 39th Dragoons. I own no master at present, but have come to place myself and my men at your disposal. Will you engage us?"

Perron replied somewhat ungraciously:

"Our nations are at war. French and English do not mingle very happily. 'Twere better you should pass on elsewhere. Try George Thomas, or the Begum Somru, or even Holkar."

"As you please," replied Latouche, with haughty unconcern. "A good sword will carve its way, and I will ride on. But before I depart, general, let me warn you to avoid the passage of the river near Koodwal, I came this way purposely to put you on your guard. Danger, grave danger. is impending. You are waited for, and may find an unpleasant suprise there."

"How so? Who would dare surprise me? I am the Maharaj's chosen agent and sole representative in Hindustan. Who is the rash fool that would dare to threaten Cuillier Perron in these parts? I will crush him like a cowrie shell or scotch him like a snake. Of whom do you speak?"

"Appa Tantia Rao. I have but just escaped with life from his clutches, for he would have hanged me at yesterday's dawn for no worse crime than that I carried letters—introductions to your Excellency. He judged me a creature, a spy in your service."

"But I know you not. I have never heard of you, or spoken with you till now. What were these letters you were bearing; were they for me?"

"One was a banker's bond from the shroff Naziz Majnoun, payable by yourself, general, which I should now repudiate, as it has been stolen from me by Appa Tantia," said Latouche, with a laugh, in which Perron, relaxing his grimness, joined. "The other was a recommendation to your good offices from our common friend, George Calvert. But that also Appa stole."

"I will honour both demands as if you had actually presented them, monsieur, provided the news you bring me proves correct. 'Tis like enough, for Appa seeks to drive me from his path, and so secure the prize for which we both are longing. *Ma foi*, men have fought before now for a woman's smile, and this is a woman worth the winning. Oh, glorious Zalu!" he cried, in rhapsody, "thine eyes turn all hearts to water, thy beauty makes slaves of us all." He sighed heavily, then raised his hand with a gesture half threat, half despair, as he went on without reserve, speaking as though he were quite alone. "*Mort de ma vie!* Thou shalt not deny me, Zalu; thou shalt be mine, I swear it. I am consumed with mad passion, I yearn for thee, and will bend thee yet to my will. Am I not master now, to take whom I choose, in the teeth of all, herself included? None shall stand between us; this rogue, Appa Tantia, least of all."

The name recalled Perron to the more pressing matter of the moment, and he turned to Latouche, saying frankly:

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"Your pardon, monsieur, where love is the topic the tongue runs too fast and too far. Now I beg of you to speak more at large concerning Appa Tantia. Where does the traitor lurk, and what think you has he in view?"

"He is in the field, with all the strength he could muster—many thousands, chiefly Mahratta horsemen. I have been in their encampment, it was between Malpura and Jotwal. Now he has moved to the banks of the Dunganga, where he has set an ambuscade to catch you at the passage. He has guns posted commanding the fords, and will fall upon you with overwhelming numbers when you are involved in the stream; he thinks you should fall an easy prey. All this is true; I have one now in my rissala who was lately with Appa."

"*Dieu de dieu!* Then, monsieur, I owe you much, and if I come through this safely, I promise you I will pay the debt," said Perron, raising his maimed arm, the stump iron shod, for he had lost one hand at Kanaund, and was commonly called Ek Dust, "the one-handed."

"I am deeply grateful to you and will show it, but that must wait. What presses is to deal with Appa Tantia as he deserves. Come hither friends"—he called his officers together—"what say you to this story?"

A conference followed, and various opinions were put forward. One proposal was to change the route, and, making a wide detour, cross higher up the river; another to press boldly on and cut through all opposition.

"That pleases me best," said Perron, with fierce energy, and Latouche endorsed his view, declaring that the boldest was often the wisest and safest plan.

"We are out-numbered," he added; "but hardly outmatched. They do not impress me much, these irregulars, and even at ten or twenty to one I would face them. We have some six hundred or more stout fellows—yours, general, at least look so, and I will answer for mine."

"You mean to strike in with us then?" enquired Perron, eagerly, adding, when Latouche promptly assented, "you are conferring a still greater obligation, monsieur. I shall not forget it. Now for our plan."

After some further talk, it was settled that a fraction of the small force should be used, detached as a sort of forlorn hope, to draw down the first brunt of the attack. It was to advance unconcernedly and unsuspiciously into the ford, where it would certainly be exposed to heavy fire, and might expect to be hotly engaged. So soon as Appa's men were committed to the fight, the rest of Perron's cavalry were to charge into the thick of the *melée*, taking the enemy at a disadvantage, and, as was hoped, carrying all before them. At the same time a swift rider was sent by a circuitous route to Perron's headquarters at Muttra, calling for a strong demonstration either to relieve or avenge him as it might fall out.

There was great rivalry for the command of the forlorn hope. Jules Lepic, the aide-de-camp, begged that it might be his privilege; Latouche also volunteered eagerly; but Perron himself, on the ground that he was the most nearly concerned, claimed this, the post of danger. His courage was indeed beyond proof; it was of the volatile French kind, almost irresistible in attack, and yet he was cool-headed, self-reliant, and of a steady, unyielding spirit in maintaining a fight. Moreover, he was the leader, and what he wanted he must have, whether he took it or it was accorded to him, none could gainsay him; and he had his own way.

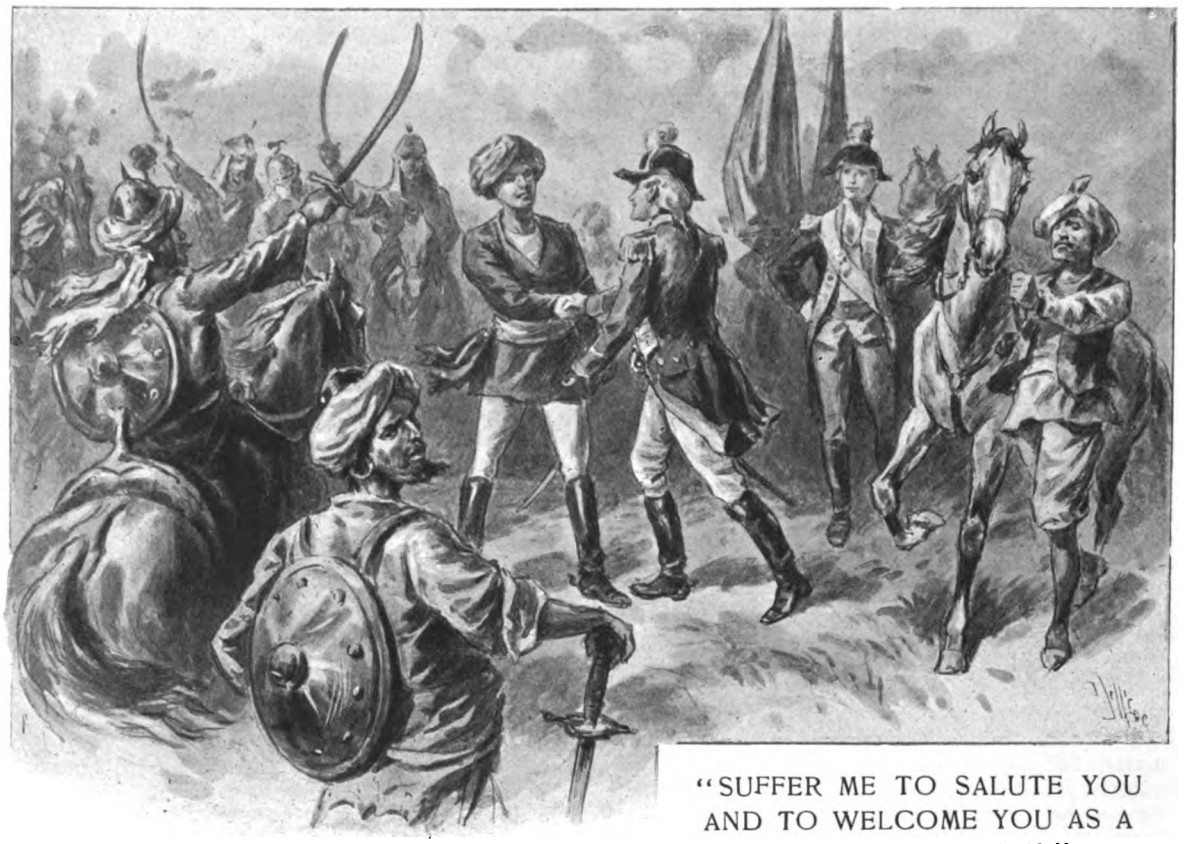
"Besides," he said, in pleasant badinage, "my business is to get through. I take the first risk, but I shall not stay, you understand. My men will be too few to affect the fight, and once safely across, I shall gallop on till I meet the others. Then look for us again. Draw off if you are hard pressed, and leave the rest to me."

The march was then resumed, and that night they were within a few miles of the river. A halt was called for a few hours, which were passed with the strictest precautions. A keen watch was set, no fires were lighted, all noise, conversation even, was forbidden. Long before daylight they were again in the saddle, and moved forward with such despatch, that the advanced party (Perron's) was in the ford, and half way across, before the enemy showed. When Appa's guns opened, the fire was unsteady, and without great effect. It was alogether silenced when Latouche, taking the artillery in the rear, charged down with great gallantry and sabred the gunners where they stood.

Meanwhile a determined effort had been made to overtake Perron, and a great mob of Mahratta horsemen had swept forward in no order, and under no general direction, straight into the stream, to become hopelessly entangled while exposed to a murderous fire. For Latouche, above having persuaded his comrade Lepic, who was in charge of the rest of the cavalry, to hold his hand, turned the captured guns, served by his owned practised sowars, on to the river, and dealt out death and destruction upon the poor wretches below.

At the decisive moment, when general panic prevailed, Lepic led a splendid charge, which completed the rout. Appa Tantia Rao's command, utterly broken, was in full flight on every side.

The victory had been gained at very trifling loss, and when an hour or two later they met Perron returning at the head of a great and gallant array of horsemen, he expressed his satisfaction in a characteristic way. Dismounting in a great hurry, he rushed up with great excitement to Lepic, whom he kissed on both cheeks, and he would have done the same to Latouche, but was restrained by the Englishman's evident repugnance.



"SUFFER ME TO SALUTE YOU AND TO WELCOME YOU AS A BRAVE GENTLEMAN."

"I forgot; a thousand pardons. It is not your way. Suffer me the honour to salute you"—and the impulsive soldier put out his hand—"and to welcome you as a brave gentleman, whom I esteem it an honour to command. Stay with me. After this affair of Koodwal your fortunes are assured."

For the rest of the journey Latouche was treated with most marked consideration. His rissala was given a place of honour in the line of march, and its leader rode constantly by General Perron's side, always in close, even familiar, converse.

As the young Englishman easily divined, it was Perron's purpose to sound him, draw him out, test his military knowledge, and gauge the probable value of this new and most promising recruit.

One morning, as the force was moving off and filed past Perron, who loved to run his eye over his troops, he was greatly struck by the spick and span condition of the rissala, and, noticing every detail, spoke with especial favour of the two field-pieces, the galloping guns that accompanied it.

"They are the first I have seen. Is it something newly adopted in the British Army?"

"Not as yet, *mon général*. We have field guns, but they are drawn by bullocks, cumbrous and slow in movement. These were devised by a practised artillerist, my very good

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friend, and I applied the principle to guns of light calibre, so light as to be thought worthless, which I was permitted to buy in Bombay. As you see, they have horse teams, and so have the limbers; they can gallop with the cavalry, so we call them 'galloper' guns. Craving your leave, I will show you."

Latouche improvised a small field day with his command, manœuvring the two arms, artillery and horsemen together, and with easy skill. The movements were simple enough, unlimbering after smart advances with "action" right or left, front or rear, or limbering up in rapid retreat, and were admirably performed.

"*Shabash.* It is wonderful. I deem myself fortunate, monsieur, that you come to put yourself under my orders," cried Perron, hugely delighted, "to serve my master, Scindia, and his blind suzerain, Shah Alam, Emperor of Hindustan."

Further insight into Latouche's qualifications heightened the first good impression. Perron saw that he was possessed of versatile knowledge, acquired when the soldiering fit was strong on him in Bombay; he had a fair smattering of military engineering, he could handle artillery and had learnt infantry drill. Perron was only too well pleased to secure this young man's services, and when they reached headquarters Latouche was appointed a brigadier, and entrusted with the duty of raising a particular force on entirely new lines.

It was to be a composite command made of the three arms, horse, foot, and guns. His own rissala was the nucleus of the first, and it was increased to the numbers of a regiment of four squadrons under the trusty Surfuraz Khan; Duffadar Nand Gopal, who had had charge of the galloper guns, was promoted to the command of a battery of six pieces; a young half-caste Englishman, by name Donaldson, who had been some years a lieutenant in one of Perron's brigades, was appointed major, and put at the head of four new battalions, with the rank of second in command to Latouche. The whole was to constitute (as it soon became) a self-contained body of some 5,000 men, all fine troops, including 800 horse and six guns.

Latouche threw himself into the work of organisation heart and soul, concentrating every energy, every thought to the perfecting of his brigade. He slaved from morning till night, selecting recruits, drilling in the cooler hours, working in his office through the heat of the day, attending personally to every detail, uniform, equipment, arms. The general, pleased with his assiduity, interested in his methods and acknowledging his skill, had given him *carte blanche*, and approved of all he did. Latouche was anxious to secure the power of rapid movement, to lighten the burden on his horses and the weight on the backs of his infantry. A body of non-combatant auxiliaries was formed to accompany the fighting force into the field, perform all camp and menial duties, and especially to guard the baggage, the knapsacks, cooking pots, and so forth which were carried upon camels.

At that time, putting his love affairs aside, General Perron was busily engaged in consolidating his strength. The ambition and schemes which the far-seeing Frenchman afterwards developed were already germinating in his mind. He must have already dreamt of the brilliant future, the vast power, the empire indeed, which, as he fondly believed, lay within his grasp.

So long as Scindia trusted so implicitly in Perron, the latter wielded the real power here in Northern Hindustan. He had only to place it on sure foundations. For this he increased his strength by every means; raised larger levies, built more fortifications. The entrenched camp of Koil, where his army chiefly lay, was immensely extended; the fortress of Alighar was strengthened, and became an inner and, as was generally thought, an impregnable citadel. Based on such a bed-rock Perron could reach out a long arm to smite the malcontents who still disputed his power.

There were many such. He had administered a sharp lesson to one, Appa Tantia Rao, but others remained; the commandant of Agra, who had refused to make over that fortress, one of the strongest in India, to the new generalissimo; on the far frontier, at Photapore, where the Begum Zalu, the woman who had scorned his love, ruled, asserting independent authority, and was the centre of dark intrigues set on foot by Sikh freebooters and mountain chiefs, all of them claimants for her hand; nearer at hand, the Governor of Delhi, a Mahratta officer of Scindia's, the custodian of the great Mogul Shah Alam, the blind Emperor, hurled defiance at him.

One day Perron sent for Latouche post haste, which found him in durbar, surrounded by his principal officers, while a hurkaru, or post messenger, stood cringing before him.

"Colonel, you are welcome. I was looking for you anxiously. A word in your private ear," and the general rose from his seat, caught Latouche by the arm, and, quivering with uncontrollable excitement, led him out of the tent some distance. "You must prepare for immediate departure—immediate, do you hear? I am sending you to Delhi. Matters there have passed from bad to the very worst. Pedron is kept still at bay, although he has besieged the place for months. Our Imperial master, Shah Alam, is subjected to the most barbarous usage by that low-born scoundrel the Fakir Nizam-ool-Deen, who moreover has dared to set up his authority against mine. It must be ended, now and at once. When can you march?"

All Perron's soldierly instincts were stirred by Latouche's prompt and unhesitating reply.

"In an hour, *mon général.* I have but to issue the necessary orders."

"Go, then, my gallant youth, and prove that I am not mistaken in you," said Perron, with flashing eyes. "I give you supreme command. Pedron is your senior officer, but he is recalled. Donaldson shall take his brigade. All this shall be given you in writing. Off with you. Despatch, discretion, determination to succeed—let these be the order of the day."

When Latouche arrived before Delhi, he marched straight upon the King's Palace, which was seized and occupied without striking a blow.

To relieve the blind Emperor from the cruel oppression from which he suffered was Latouche's first act. The Fakir Nizam-ool-Deen was divested of all power and thrown into close confinement, while the great Mogul was once more enthroned in state with all due pomp and ceremonial.

The Emperor's gratitude knew no bounds, and he conferred upon Latouche the only reward within his now limited powers, the insignia of the most honourable order of the Fish, the Maha Maratif, the outward symbol of which was a jewel-encrusted fish in brass.

This priceless possession was to prove of inestimable value hereafter to Latouche in a matter that lay close to his heart.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"GRANT OF ARMS."—The proper official to apply to for a grant of a coat of arms is the Earl Marshal, at the College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. The stamp duty payable for such a grant is £10. If the application is for the change of arms in accordance with the terms of a will, the fee is £50. An application addressed to the Earl Marshal as above will receive a reply giving all particulars of the necessary formalities to secure the desired grant.

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ON page 432 is a picture of an Indian Cavalry Class at Poona, in which are depicted the representatives of no fewer than thirty-two native cavalry regiments. As is mentioned, the group comprises Lieutenant-Colonel Cleary Hill, Inspector of Gymnasia, Madras and Bombay Commands; Major S. Menzies, Royal Fusiliers; and Signor Moreschi, Maitre d'Arms. In addition, there are Rissaldar Ramchunder Rao Mahadik, 1st Bombay Lancers; Jemadar Mohammad Khan, 16th Bengal Lancers, and representatives of the following corps: 2nd Bengal Lancers, 3rd Bengal Cavalry, 4th Bengal Lancers, 5th Bengal Cavalry, 6th Bengal Cavalry, 7th Bengal Lancers, 8th Bengal Lancers, 9th Bengal Lancers, 10th Bengal Lancers, 11th Bengal Lancers, 12th Bengal Cavalry, 13th Bengal Lancers, 14th Bengal Lancers, 15th Bengal Lancers, 18th Bengal Lancers, 1st Punjab Cavalry, 2nd Punjab Cavalry, 3rd Punjab Cavalry, 5th Punjab Cavalry, (The Queen's Own) Corps of Guides, 1st Central India Horse, 2nd Central India Horse, 1st Madras Lancers, 2nd Madras Lancers, 3rd Madras Lancers, 1st Bombay Lancers, 2nd Bombay Lancers, 3rd Bombay Cavalry, 4th Bombay Cavalry, 5th Bombay Cavalry, 6th Bombay Cavalry, and 7th Bombay Cavalry.

"A LOVER OF DOGS."—The exhibit at the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace to which you refer is the stuffed skin of one of the most famous of regimental pets. "Bobbie" was a terrier owned by Sergeant P. Kelly, which became the pet of the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, the old 66th. The dog accompanied the battalion to Afghanistan in 1879, and distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Maiwand. Though man after man was cut down, he kept on running to the front, barking fiercely at the enemy, until at length a bullet laid him low. The wound, however, was not fatal. After a painful journey of six weeks, Bobbie found his way to Kandahar, recognised his old corps, and accompanied it once again into action. When the battalion returned to England, Bobbie was decorated with the Afghan Medal by Queen Victoria at Osborne. A year later the plucky little dog was run over at Gosport and killed.

* * * *

"GAMBLE."—You are both correct, as the new International Code of Signals is in force from January 1, 1901, and the old code until January 1, 1902. After January 1, 1902, the new code only will be used. The way the new code is distinguished during this year, while it is running concurrently with the old one, is by hoisting a black ball, or shape resembling a ball, above the answering pennant known as the code flag, and in addition "the fly," or pointed end of the pennant, is tied to the halyards below the pennant so as to form a loop. The only differences in the new code are that some of the flags are altered, and every letter in the alphabet has a distinguishing flag, whereas formerly the vowels were left out. THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

REINDEER STALKING IN NORWAY.

To stalk the reindeer on the fjelds of Norway requires a man to have a strong constitution, and to be sound in wind and limb, in fact, in the prime of life. Not having had the opportunity of indulging in this fine sport when I was young and active, I will merely relate my very limited experience in this direction. Reindeer shooting begins, or used to, in Norway on September 1, by which time the stor-bucks have shed the velvet on their horns and are in prime condition. A licence is required, costing, I think, £15. Be that as it may, I found myself one August

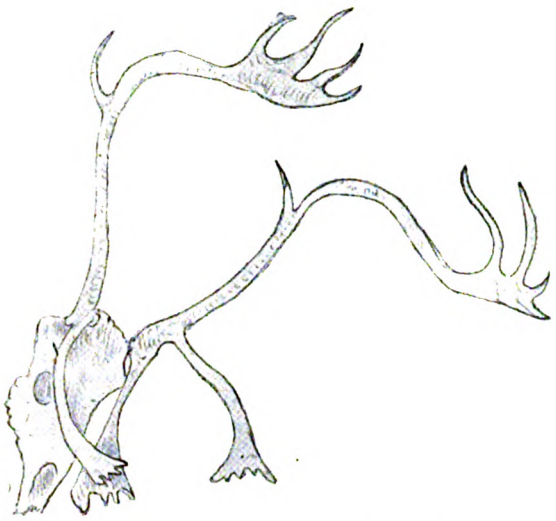
NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU STAG.

This sketch of a Caribou is to show the difference between the Norwegian Reindeer and the Newfoundland Caribou

42 Points. Length of Horn, 38-in.; Circumference at Base, 6-in.; Brow Antler, 16-in.; Bay Antler, 20-in. Widest Spread, 30-in.

camped in a farmhouse with my brother, in a remote valley situated some 3,000-ft. above the sea. We had had good sport with rod and gun, fishing in lake and river for trout and grayling, and shooting ducks and ryper for the pot, but had no intention of going after reindeer.

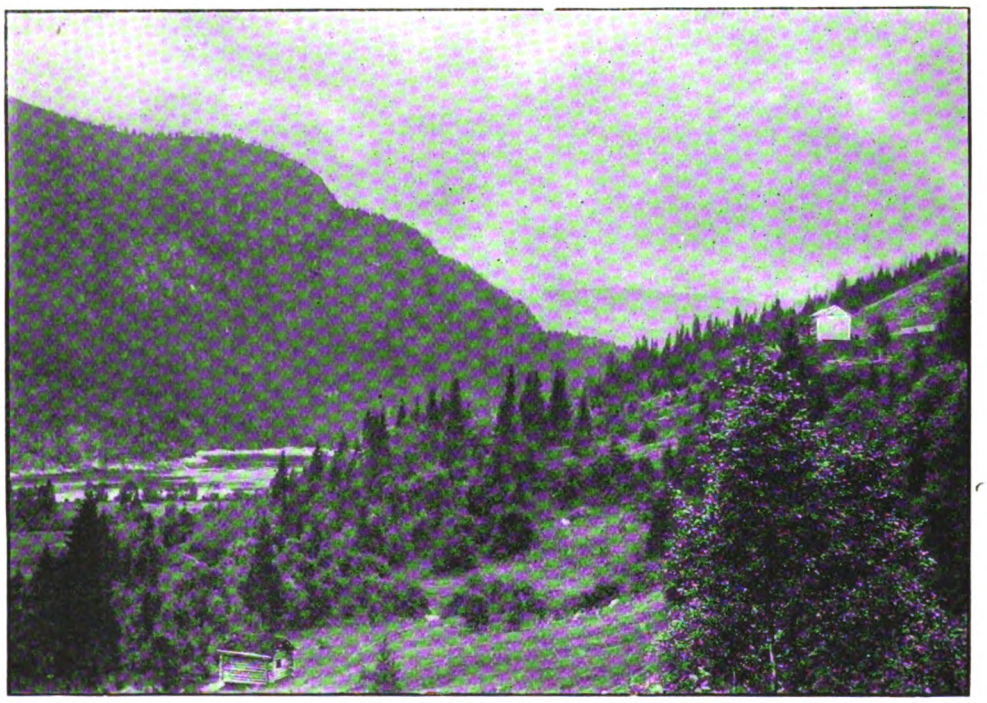
At the back of our farmhouse rose a rugged bald-faced mountain, covered with boulders and low scrub at its base. We had always wished to explore this mountain—which my brother had negotiated some years before, on which occasion he had come face to face with a big reindeer stag—so one Sunday we started, taking my little ·400 Express rifle as a measure of precaution in case of meeting with a bear. A stiff climb of a couple of hours brought us to the top, and glad we were to rest and have a little refreshment at a burn. I was just lifting my flask to my lips, when my brother remarked, "It was by those rocks yonder"—pointing to some rocks about 150-yds. away—"that I saw a stag five years ago." I glanced in the direction, and lo! there was a reindeer looking at us. It was too tempting. I seized the rifle and fired; the deer was standing end on, and I missed. Down the mountain-side he bolted at full gallop, scattering the stones in all directions. I crammed in another cartridge and rolled him over with a ball through the heart. This was a pretty good beginning for a Sunday stroll, but worse remains to be told. Having gralloched the deer and made a cairn over the carcase, we went a little further on to spy a valley and have a quiet pipe. Whilst enjoying the soothing weed I happened to turn my glasses on the sky-line, when to my amazement I saw seven or eight deer trotting towards us; they were all hinds, but presently there followed a splendid stag, whose horns showed up like the branches of a tree against the clear sky. The wind was blowing diagonally towards us, and as we were lying down and dressed in stalking clothes the colour of the stones, it was unlikely the deer would either wind or see us. Nor did they, for they trotted on till they were within easy rifle range, and then spread out to feed.



NORWEGIAN REINDEER.

21 Points. Spread, 28-in.; Tip to Tip, 4-in (Long Straggling Horns); Length of Horn, 36½-in.; Brow Antler, 10½-in.; Bay Antler, 15-in.

Drawing a bead on the stag, which stood broadside on about 120-yds. distant, I pulled the trigger; up went all their heads, but, seeing nothing, they did not move, giving me time to reload. Taking a more careful aim, I again fired, and the big stag dropped to the shot, a magnificent prize. We gralloched the beast and cut off his head; this we concealed under a rock, and made tracks for the farmhouse, which we reached by sundown. The question now was how to get the meat down, so after supper we got our host in, and my brother, who speaks Norse, explained the situation—how the Admiral had been charged by a reindeer stag, and had to shoot in self-defence. Old Peter's face was a sight; visions of meat for his winter's store floated through his brain. What cared he for licences or close seasons. He said he would have the carcase down that night. My brother described the exact locality, and before we parted for the night he explained that another "accident" had occurred, and another stor-buck would be found at no great distance from the first. To cut a long story short, Peter made three trips that night, and brought down the whole of the meat and the heads, which were safely stowed in his ice-house before the sun was up. As a sequel to this rather scandalous story, about a week after this



THE HAUNT OF THE REINDEER.

A View in Upper Namdalen.

From "Norwegian Anglings and Other Sportings." Messrs. Lumley, Newton, and Dowell).

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adventure my brother and I were enjoying our midday meal, feasting on reindeer steaks, when who should drive up to the door but the "Lendsman," an official in Norway who looks after woods and forests, issues game licences, etc. We invited him to join in the repast, which he willingly did, partaking freely of the venison, which he pronounced excellent; in fact, "quite equal to reindeer." My brother explained that sailors, like Rebecca, had the art of disguising mutton so as to resemble venison, with which yarn our friend seemed perfectly satisfied. Whether he "smelt a rat" or no is doubtful, but had he known the facts I should have been mulcted in a fine of 200 kroners for shooting without a licence, another 200 for killing game out of season, and a third 200 for shooting on Sunday.

Many of the so-called wild reindeer belong to the Laps, and, having strayed from the herd, become wild. These deer are all ear-marked, and we heard long afterwards that a Lap laid claim to our beast, and was looking for the man who shot it, but I am bound to say that no ear-mark was found on my stag.

The reindeer of Norway and Sweden is said to be identical with the caribou of Newfoundland, but the latter has more massive antlers, due probably to better feeding and more shelter in the woods.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 16, *April* 13, *May* 18, *June* 1, 15, *and* 29.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

I AM afraid that the season is not as hopeful for game as has been represented in some of the newspapers. Certainly there have been reports, sent by Northern keepers to their expectant employers in the South, of grouse hens found dead upon their eggs. It is all very comforting to say that every year we hear bad reports, and threats of a bad season, of this kind, and yet when shooting comes round there are often plenty of grouse. But I think that such statements as we have now had never do find their way South when there is no reason for them. On the contrary, reporters frequently send weekly accounts of the grand state of the birds, long after the latter have ceased to exist. I often wonder how they get their information, that is, if it is information and not imagination. There have, at any rate, now been definite statements of dead hen grouse on their nests in Caithness and in Aberdeen, two counties so far apart that the possibility of a simultaneous outbreak, and not a contagious form of disease, is suggested. This is just the way the worst form of grouse disease does show itself; and as I am afraid that the periodical visitation is about due, I would caution prospective takers of moors to visit them before signing agreements, and to make sure that they are inhabited by grouse and not strewn with skeletons instead. Nothing but the grouse disease ever does kill grouse and leave them dead when sitting upon their eggs. Everything points to a great season unless disease spreads. I hear of swarms of grouse in Perthshire.

* * * *

Pheasants are not as healthy as they might be. The hand-bred birds are suffering, or rather dying, from enteritis worse than were the soldiers in South Africa this time last year. It is an incurable disease, and birds attacked with it should not be left a minute to soil the ground and thus convey the disease to others at present healthy. But I am afraid I cannot altogether agree that it is the absence of insect life that is the cause of the outbreak. Young pheasants in coops are bred in such conditions, that they never do get insect life in quantities enough to make any difference to their welfare by the time they are a fortnight or three weeks old; and that is the age at which the birds have in the past month mostly been dying. But although young pheasants on the usual short cut grass fields cannot rely upon insect life for a fair share of their food, there is no reason whatever why they should not be placed in situations where they can get insects. Indeed, James Mayes, the most successful gamekeeper of the seventies, who produced more pheasants and partridges than anyone else when in the service of the late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, declared that when young pheasants began to suffer from gapes they should at once be conveyed to the coverts and placed under trees, so that they might feed on the millions of insects that fall constantly from the foliage. But I doubt whether the same simple treatment will stay the enteritis plague. There is no knowing how long the microbe of the disease takes to arrive at the stage at which it becomes deadly, and, in any case, moving the birds into covert is not the way to detect the first droop of the wings that proclaims that the disease has stricken them with death; so that I think moving the birds is good, but to ground where they can be easily observed. Otherwise a few cases of disease will soon make the new ground as unhealthy as the old. I am aware that this tainted ground theory has been challenged, but not by those who offer us any other preventive measures.

* * * *

It is rather a curiosity in manners to entertain by deputy. The dinner that was given to the clay-bird shooters from America had at least the charm of novelty about it. Messrs. M. Baker, Butt, and Joynt, who managed it, placed an American in the chair, to welcome in the name of the British team their American kindred. It was the sort of thing any private individuals have a perfect right to please themselves about, but it was hardly in keeping with the traditions that a body of men wishing to appear national or nothing should delegate their hospitality to a countryman of those they wished to entertain. A most excellent man and a thoroughly good fellow was chosen for the chair; but Mr. Bigelow is not a Britisher, and consequently there were at least some who did not feel that it was "a-pro-pri-ate." That he did the honours in most capable fashion goes without saying. Moreover, there is little that a good dinner and good company will not condone. Still, it accentuated the idea that we were being "run" in American interests, and was therefore somewhat unfortunate. The championship clay-bird meeting will be over before this sees the light, for it is down to take place at the Middlesex Gun Club ground on July 25, 26, and 27, clashing thereby with the autumn field trials of pointers and setters on grouse.

* * * *

I particularly want to say a word more on an idea which seems to be common. Some clever men, with whom I do not agree, are of opinion that the momentum of recoil of a gun and that of its charge, when the latter has reached the muzzle, are the same. Others have carried this theory so far as to say that, the strength of recoil after the shot has left the gun being known, the velocity of the gas in leaving the gun can be found, because, they say, its velocity and weight must be equal to those of the gun—that is, the momentum of each must be equal. They forget all about air resistance and its retardation of the gas in the barrel; they forget, too, that as the velocity of the gas cannot be found, retardation of velocity cannot be found either. There is, however, the best of evidence and measurement to show that the gas acts on the gun much longer than the momentum theory works out at.

* * * *

Lord Roberts's visit to Bisley on Tuesday, July 16, in order to see his own prize shot for, was made a great event in the camp. It was entered for, according to the conditions, by teams of ten from any arm in the Service. But the great feature about it was that it introduced an entirely new principle to Bisley. This was rapid firing under something like war conditions. Hitherto rapid firing has been governed by a disappearing target, whereas the shooter had not to disappear. Lord Roberts, with the instincts of a true general, takes care of his men, and insists that they shall disappear. I was unfortunate in not being able to see this competition; but one would suppose that, to make it even more like the real thing, it would be necessary that both conditions should be present, and that both shooters and targets should disappear. The cover under which shelter was to be taken was supposed to be an earthwork 3-ft. high. It was really a stretch of canvas of that height. Four seconds were allowed to each of the seven shots, and the signals were given by whistle. The targets were of the size and shape of the head and shoulders of a man 150-yds away. The shooting proved to be very good, but the taking cover was not in all cases equal to meet obligations, and points were deducted from the total hits for undue exposure. The cup and £12 were won by the 2nd V.B. Oxford Light Infantry, who obtained thirty-three hits out of their seventy shots, and lost no points for want of taking cover. The 1st Royal Lancaster came next with thirty-one hits, and they, too, lost nothing from failing to take cover. The third team made the highest in number of hits. These were the Queen's Edinburgh R.V. Brigade, who had thirty-nine hits, but lost nine points because they were too slow to grasp the imaginary detail that they were being fired at. Probably the success of this experiment will lead the authorities to go further in the direction of encouraging quick firing at the short ranges. It is obvious, after South African experience, that no civilised enemies will ever again permit men to stand up in the full light of day and plug at them from distances of only 200-yds. The most expert shooters in the world under such conditions would be dead men before they could shoot once.

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THE COLONIAL DEFENCE MOVEMENT.

THE "HANDY-MAN" TO THE FORE.

WHEN, in the early days of January, in this year of grace, the Cape Government issued a "call to arms," and asked loyal sons of Britain there resident to take their part in sweeping back the then audacious invaders of the Colony, the response was as quick as it was staggering to the foe. With Boer-plus-rebel commandoes striking down towards the sea, menacing railways, looting defenceless villages, and generally acting the part of desperate highwaymen, it became imperative to raise some force to bar any further progress towards the seaboard. We used to imagine that this sending round of the "Fiery Cross" eighteen months ago would have stopped any idea of rebellion in the Cape Colony proper. Had that been done by the Schreiner Ministry, we should have been spared the troubles of rebellion, for any burgher (and be it noted by English readers that every registered voter in the Cape is a burgher, with responsibilities) not responding to the call could have been treated *ipso facto* as disloyal, and so dealt with. But that is ancient history. Suffice it that when the tocsin sounded every loyalist in Cape Town sprang to arms. Companies were formed, drilled, armed, and exercised at the rifle ranges. In three weeks, 10,000 men had enrolled between Sea Point and Simon's Town, many of them with long years of experience in home Volunteer corps, ex-R.N., ex-H.M. Army. Among the first to flock to the standard were a round hundred of old (in the sense of having served the Queen on land and sea) "salts"—men-of-war's men, Marines, Naval volunteers, and the like. They had a leader, Captain Gustaf Von Zweigbergk, Scandinavian by birth, but a naturalised Briton, master-mariner, old prospector, pioneer, gold-miner, and colonist; a man used to "war's alarms," inventor of the "shield," a combination of entrenching-tool and bullet-proof shelter in the open, which had been tried by the base officers, and, more successfully, later, but not adopted, and also of the canvas bandolier, designed to prevent the waste of cartridges from the old leather equipment, and afterwards ordered in scores of thousands from local makers.

Photo. Copyright. *Peters.*
CAPTAIN G. VON ZWEIGBERGK, F.R.G.S.
Commanding Sailors' Company, Cape Town Guard.

The idea of a "Sailors' Company" caught on. Rear-Admiral Harris handed over a 12-pounder Naval gun from the "Monarch" for the company's use in drill and, if need be, in sterner exercises. Captain Luscombe, R.N., Chief Transport Officer at Cape Town, gave the company his special approval; the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes, knowing the value of the "Handy-man," sent a handsome donation to its funds. When the plague broke out, fully one-half the contingent was at once taken on by the Government to help in various ways to combat the pest. It is practically certain that when the Town Guard is finally disbanded, and peace settles upon the land, the Sailors' Company will form the nucleus of a permanent Naval Brigade (volunteer) for Table Bay defence, exactly on the lines of the excellent force at Durban.

Photo. Copyright. *T. D Ravenscroft.*
THE SAILORS' COMPANY OF THE CAPE TOWN GUARD.
The officers and 12-pounder gun's crew, including Captain G. Von Zweigbergk, F.R.G.S; Lieutenants Spencer, Lee, De Gruch, Pedersen; Rev. Alan Williams, Chaplain; and Gunnery-Instructor G. Smith, of the "Monarch."

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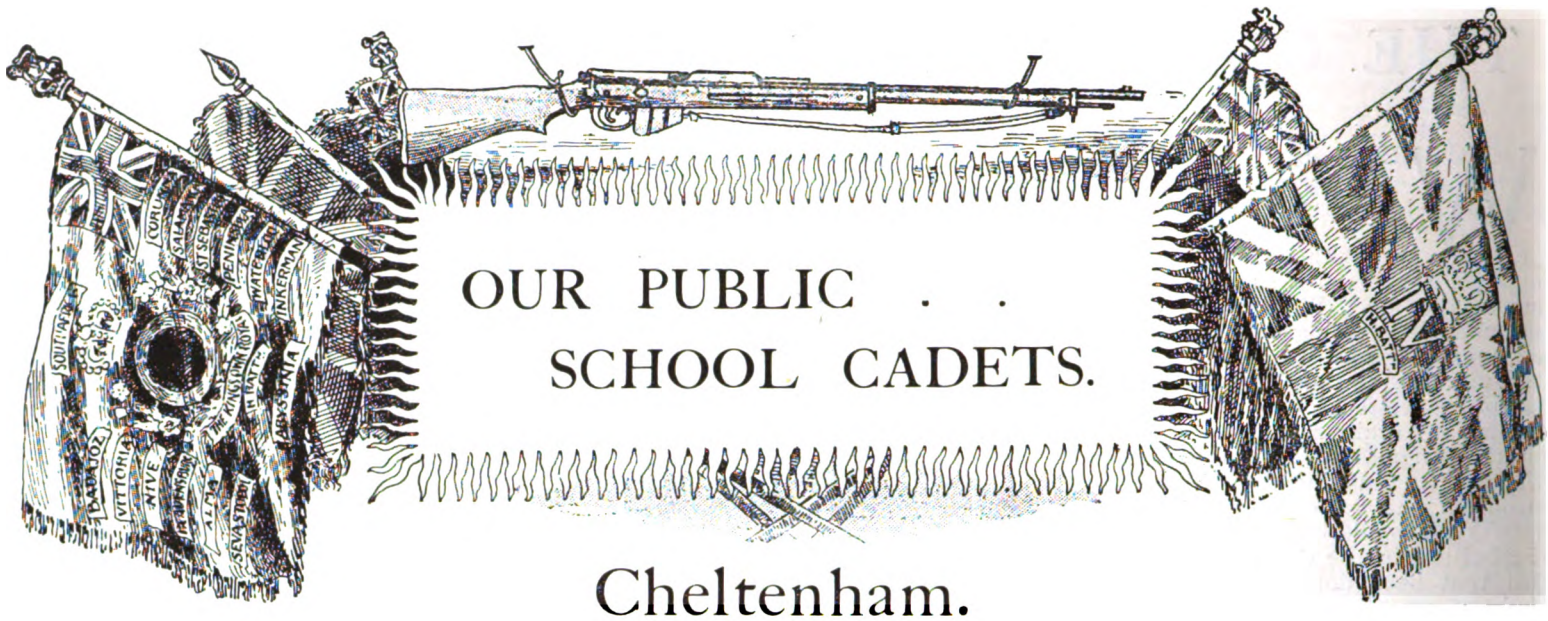

Cheltenham.

By Callum Beg.

THE Cheltenham Cadets were originally organised as a rifle corps in September, 1862. The first uniform was light grey, and was chosen at a general meeting of the members. It was not, however, until February, 1863, that officers were appointed, namely, Captain Nat. Baker, commanding, with Lieutenants J. Reid and E. H. Glencross as subalterns. A month later the corps celebrated the wedding of the Prince of Wales, by attending a review and subsequent dinner with the town corps.

The ladies then connected with the college showed their appreciation of the corps the same year by subscribing to a pair of colours, which were presented by the wife of the Principal at that time, who, by the way, is now well known as Bishop Barry. About this time the strength of the corps was one captain, two lieutenants, two ensigns, eight sergeants, and ninety-eight rank and file. Until April, 1867, the cadets were not connected with any adult battalion, but at that date were attached to the 10th Gloucestershire Administrative Battalion, and W. R. Porcher, a master, was appointed as captain.

In July, 1881, the corps sent a strong company to the Great Volunteer Review held at Windsor to commemorate the coming of age of the Volunteer Force. On this occasion no fewer than 52,000 Volunteers were present. From this time onwards, however, until 1889, the corps dwindled considerably, and in that year mustered only thirty members. This state of things was, naturally enough, deplored by the friends of the corps, and by none so much as by Captain M. Tanner, then honorary captain. He determined to raise the numbers of the rank and file, and to this end suggested the conversion of the corps into Engineers. The change was carried out, the cadets joining the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineers (Volunteers), and the

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THE OFFICERS OF THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ENGINEER CADET CORPS.

First Lieutenant I. G. Lloyd-Jones, 1st G.R.E.V
Second Lieutenant W. H. Fowke. First Lieutenant A. P. S. Newman, 1st G.R.E.V. Second Lieutenant H. J. Blockley.
Captain K. R. B. Fry. Captain W. Bell Haworth, 1st G.R.E.V. First Lieutenant G. M. Clark.

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A GROUP OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Back row: Lance-Corpl. R. B. Langrishe, Lance-Corpl. S. Collett, Lance-Corpl. G. F. Armstrong, Lance-Corpl. C. W. Edwards, Lance-Corpl. W. A. Wilson, Lance-Corpl. H. B. Porteous, Lance-Corpl. E. N. Russell, Lance-Corpl. T. A. Hodson, Lance-Corpl. F. F. Thrupp, Lance-Corpl. V. H. F. Fawkes, Lance-Corpl. F. S. Beadon, and Lance-Corpl. H. D. Saward.
Middle row: Corpl. H. Greer, Corpl. St. G. J. C. Heath, Corpl. J. C. H. Holliday, Corpl. T. H. M. George, Corpl. E. C. C. Lloyd, Corpl. W. T. Allen, Corpl. C. C. R. Biedermann, Corpl. E. S. Nathan, and Corpl. W. G. Borchardt.
Front row: Sergt. W. G. B. North, Sergt. C. S. Campbell, Sergt. A. H. A. de Lucovich, Sergt. L. V. Bond, C.S.M. J. R. Winne-Edwards, Sergt.-Maj. W. Musgrove, R.E., C.S.M. F. Jacob, Sergt. G. P. Oppenheim, Sergt. K. B. Bickerdike, Sergt. C. F. Fraser, and Sergt. H. R. C. Balfour.

numbers soon rose to eighty. The Cheltenham boys have taken part in the competition for the Ashburton Shield since 1863, and in 1877 and 1881 the Shield was captured by the Cheltenham team. The school was equal in aggregate with Eton in 1880, and with Clifton in 1888, but lost in each case on the longer range. In 1884 and 1894 the Cadet Trophy was won by the team, and the Spencer Cup has gone to Cheltenham on no fewer than seven occasions, namely, in 1864, 1867, 1869, 1872, 1874, 1876, and 1894. Cheltonians too have captured the Public School Veterans' Trophy ten times—in 1878, 1883,

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ON PARADE IN FRONT OF THE COLLEGE.

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PRACTICAL BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

Cheltenham College Engineer Cadets at work.

1885, 1886, 1888, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, and 1897. Like so many more schools, Cheltenham is unfortunately placed as regards its range. The latter is four miles from the college on the hills, and is a difficult one to shoot on. Moreover, it is not the property of the corps, which is only permitted to use it on certain days. Despite these drawbacks, a lively interest in shooting is evinced by the members of the corps, and several of the "old boys" are now well-known shots. Among these may be mentioned Major T. Lamb, South Lancashire Regiment, Major J. H. Cowan, R.E., Major T. E. Mayne, Captain J. L. Horner, Major R. P. Sandeman, and Captain E. J. Lamb.

Several matches take place yearly with other schools. The corps has competed with Rugby since 1873, winning fourteen times, with an equal number of losses; with Marlborough since 1866, registering fifteen wins and sixteen losses; and with Clifton since 1880. It has beaten the latter school nine times, and has been beaten twelve times. As far back as 1873 four representatives of the cadets obtained fifth, eighth, tenth, and twelfth places in the "Twenty" at the County of Gloucester Rifle Association Meeting, and at the same meeting the corps secured third, fourth, and sixth places in the shooting for the Members' Cup, open to all the county.

The corps is at present organised in two companies, according to the grouping of the houses for football and other games. Each house is represented when large enough by a section, and the section commander is always, where practicable, a member of the house. This system has been in vogue since Captain W. B. Haworth took command, and has worked most successfully. To the commissioned ranks the boys supply a cadet captain and three cadet lieutenants. The present commanding officer has the assistance of two other masters—Lieutenants A. P. S. Newman and I. G. Lloyd-Jones, and all three are officers of the 1st Gloucestershire Royal Engineers (Volunteers). The present cadet captain is K. R. B. Fry, a member of the cricket eleven and football fifteen, and the cadet lieutenants are G. M. Clark—who assisted in winning the Public Schools' Gymnasium Shield for the college this year—W. H. Fowke, and H. J. Blockley.

The masters take a lively interest in the affairs of the corps. The sergeant-major in each company is a master, and not a few serve in the ranks. A regular course of engineer training is carried out during the year. Drills are held as a rule in uniform on Friday mornings, between 12 and 1.30, during Christmas and Lent Terms. During the drill hours no member of the corps is allowed without special leave to take part in games.

During the Christmas Term there are in addition parades for sand modelling, knotting, lashing, etc.; and during the Lent Term extra instruction is given in bridging. Encouragement in these works is given in the shape of three house competitions. The House Drill Cup is held early in March for squads of twelve men with a commander. The competition consists of selections from manual and firing exercises, physical drill with arms, drill for a section in attack, etc. The House Engineering Cup, which was recently presented by an old captain of the corps, Captain C. C. W. Troughton, is given for practical work—bridging and shelter-trench digging. A competition for the Sand Modelling Prize is held at the end of the Christmas Term. The teams consist of six cadets, under a commander, and the prize, which is in money, is spent by the house in decorations for the walls, etc. There are also three competitions designed to stimulate shooting, namely: The House Pair Challenge Vase, shot for at the end of the Summer Term; the Challenge Vase (the best three shots out of four), held for the year by the winner; and the Thomas Cup, presented by Mr. Thomas, the corps' tailor, which becomes the property of the winner each year.

The band has seen many "ups and downs." In the days when the cadets were "Rifles" there was a drum and fife band, but since the corps has been an Engineer one there has been a bugle band. To encourage the buglers, the Frankland Challenge Bugle has been given by Captain Frankland for competition. The band at present consists of twenty-one members, the "efficients" being distinguished by the bugle badge in silver, instead of in cotton, on the arm.

The corps is fortunate in having as its sergeant-instructor Sergeant-Major Musgrove, late R.E., who is distinguished for his tact and the way in which he manages his subordinates. He takes a great interest in shooting, and performs the duties of "coach" on the range. The cadets are inspected once a year by the District Engineer, Western District, usually at the end of the Lent Term, and they take part in the Aldershot Field Day and the Western Schools' Field Day. In short, the Cheltenham corps is one that is thoroughly "up to the mark," not only in drill, but in the many more scientific duties that fall to the lot of the Royal Engineers.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29, and Haileybury on July 20.*]

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ON THE MARCH.

Cheltenham Cadets "Foot Slogging."

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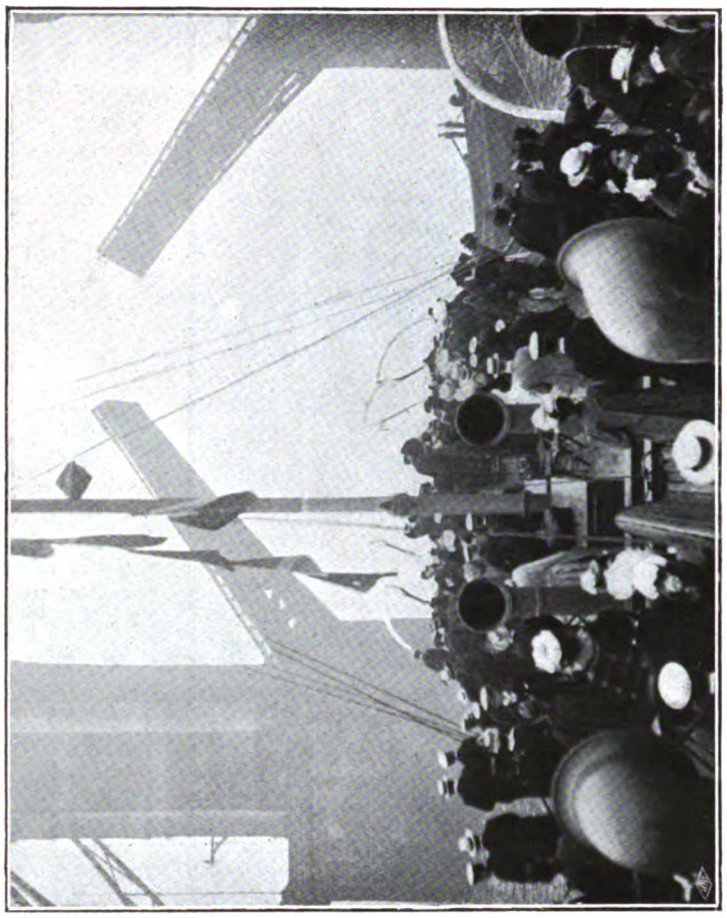
Annual Prize-giving ON BOARD THE "Worcester."

THE COMMITTEE.

A group of patriotic shipowners.



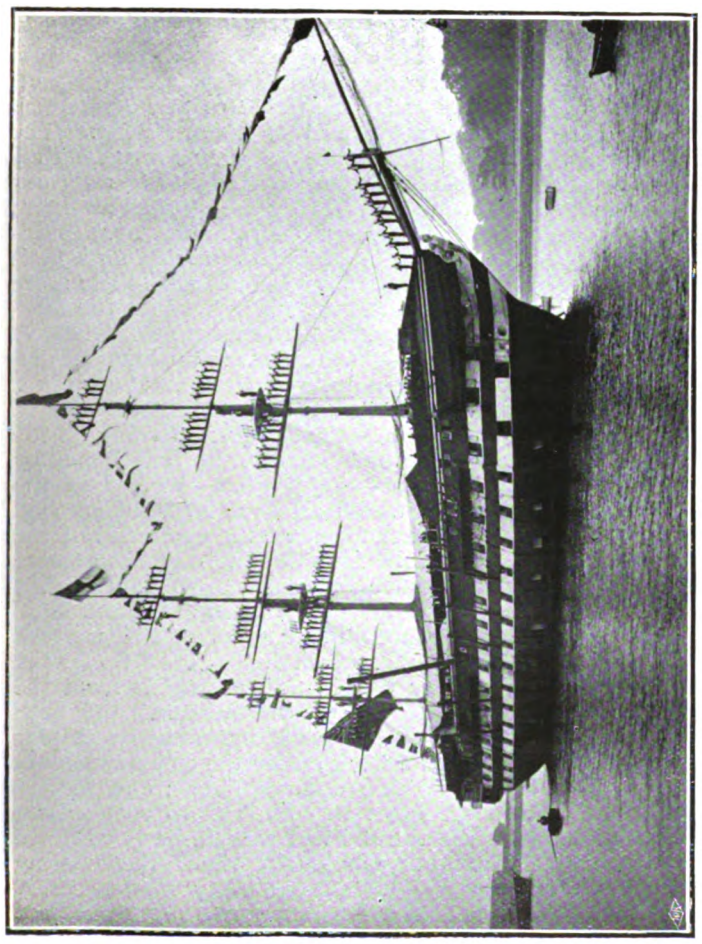
HOMEWARD BOUND.

The visitors in the "Oriole" passing beneath the Tower Bridge.

"Navy & Army."

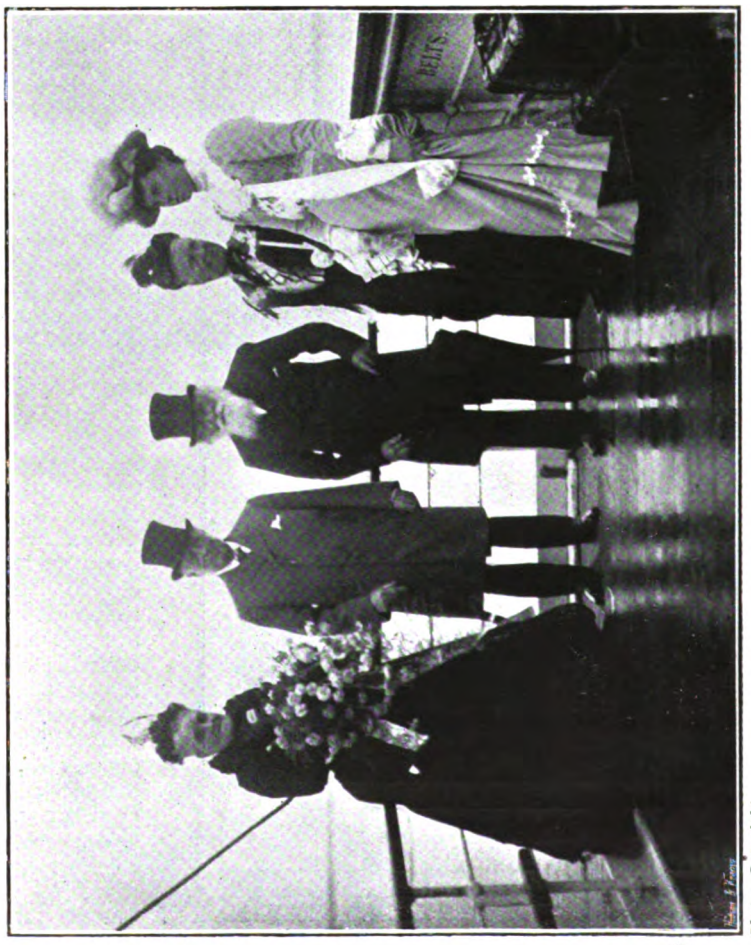
THE GENIAL SECRETARY.

W. M. Bullivant, Esq., has been Hon. Sec. of the training-ship since its establishment in 1862.



HEARTILY WELCOMED.

The "Worcester" cadets man the yards.



BY ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR EDMUND FREMANTLE, G.C.B., C.M.G.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

The Admiral and his party, with Sir G. Chambers, the Chairman.

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LIFTING A PICKET-BOAT.

MANNED AND ARMED.

LASHING UP HAMMOCKS.

MIMIC WAR IN THE CHANNEL.

The Departure of the Fleets.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

THE idea of having Naval Manœuvres—of engaging one squadron against another, and thus learning something of what a national fleet would be capable of accomplishing in time of war, and of the most favourable conditions under which it could be employed—has been adopted long since by all Powers which possess Navies whose fighting strength is worth considering. Never, perhaps, has the value of the work thus accomplished received a more practical exemplification than in the recent manœuvres of the combined French squadrons in the Mediterranean, manœuvres which were almost avowedly intended to represent an attempt on the part of this country to unite its Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, and an effort on the part of the fleets of France to prevent that union, or, failing that, to defeat the combined squadrons. Here and now, however, we need not discuss foreign methods or foreign manœuvres. The latter are all grafted on a British stock, for it was the assembly of a strong squadron at Spithead, to celebrate the Jubilee of the late Queen in 1887, and the tactical exercises which subsequently took place, which originated the idea of Naval Manœuvres. Foreign Powers can claim the credit only of having quickly—almost immediately—recognised the value of the new departure, and of having promptly made the most of their opportunities. For the rest, the British Naval Manœuvres for the past fourteen years—this is the fifteenth year since they started—have been accompanied with varying success. Sometimes they have taught valuable lessons. Occasionally it has been found possible to drive the proverbial coach and four through the Admiralty scheme, and there has been little to learn. But the one lesson which has been laid to heart has been the value of these manœuvres—the way in which they convert a squadron into a homogeneous entity instead of a heterogeneous collection of disconnected ships; the training they afford to officers and men in smartness, and in all that goes to make a sailor. It is certainly not likely that, except, of course, during a period of war, this country will ever again omit its annual mimic Naval war, or be content to lose the lessons to be learned from it, until that fateful day comes, if ever it does come—and some people tell us it is not so far away, unless we hasten to set our house in order—when Britannia, ousted from the Mediterranean and beaten in the North Sea and the Channel, has to drape herself with what grace remains to her for that fall, that national extinction, which will then have become inevitable.

This year the problem which the opposing squadrons are fighting out is one of grave importance, and of great practical utility. But it is also one which, as viewed at the outset and before the clash of battle began, seemed to be beset with difficulties; and with two such admirals as Knyvett Wilson on the one hand and Sir Gerard Noel on the other—both men famed for their tactical skill and for their keenness to grasp the value of any strategical advantage—there loomed before us every prospect of a hard fight. The Admiralty regulations, moreover, were significant, not only for what they said, but for what they left unsaid. There was no statement, as in former years, that one battle-ship was to be regarded as being as good as another; there was no announcement that hostilities were to terminate, say, at midnight on a given day. On paper the scheme appeared to provide for a fight to a finish, and a very well-conceived scheme it was. Let us look a little more closely at it. The fighting area was confined to the space between the fifty-sixth and forty-seventh parallels—say, roughly, from the latitude of Glasgow to that of halfway across the Bay of Biscay—but there was no longitudinal limit, and into this area both the opposing main fleets were to pass at midnight on July 28. Presumably they were not entitled to subsequently leave it. But what were these opposing fleets? The one—the X Fleet, cruising off the North Coast of Ireland—was really the Channel Squadron, strengthened by the addition of certain cruisers. The other—the B Fleet—located in the North Sea, was the Reserve Squadron, to which also various cruisers had been added. The object of each opponent was to secure the command of the entrance to the English Channel and the St. George's Channel. The commerce entering these channels must obviously have belonged to B in the first instance, since the object of that fleet was to cover the trade in those waters, but the strategical position given to X placed the control of the western entrances in his hands, and left B to fight to regain his rights. So far the matter looks simple enough, and not very different in essentials from the problems of previous years. But there were two other features, and both were of importance. In the first place, it was decreed that no battle-ship or cruiser should coal after July 21, which left a week before the commencement of hostilities in which to make a heavy drain upon bunkers; and in this connection it must be noted that the X Fleet was allowed to coal only at Queenstown and the Scilly Islands, while the B Fleet was similarly confined to Portsmouth, Portland, and Plymouth. Obviously, then, the coaling difficulty was one which it was necessary to take seriously from the very outset. But in the second place, each fleet was supported by subsidiary

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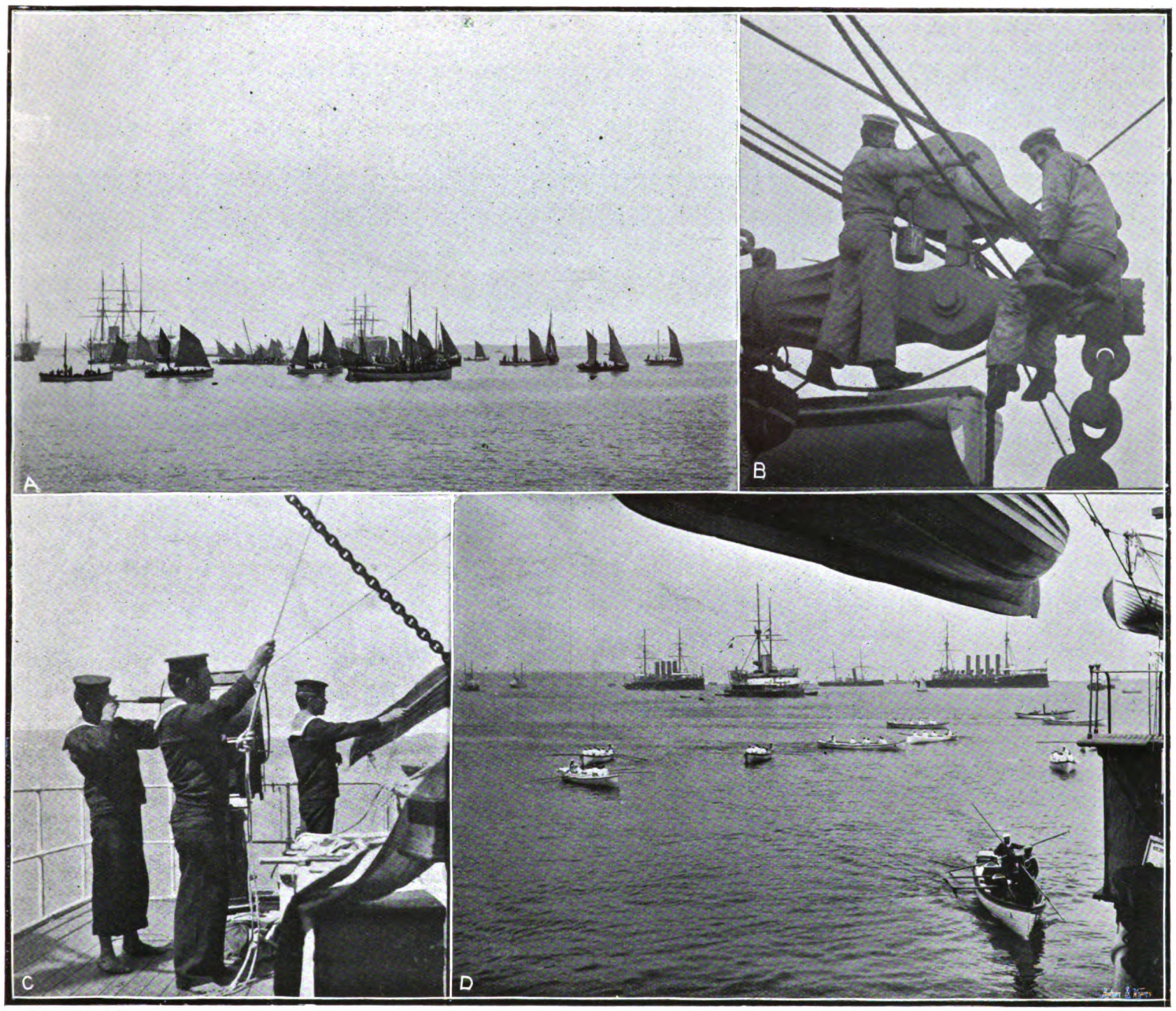
squadrons. B had two torpedo flotillas, one at Plymouth and the other at Portland and Portsmouth; while X was supported by similar flotillas at the Scilly Islands and the Channel Islands, both of which stations were supposed, for the purposes of the game, to be proof against attack.

Let us pass away from the details of the game, however, to look at the opposing squadrons themselves. I was familiar with the ships of both fleets, but it is not every day that one gets an opportunity of seeing either the Channel or the Reserve Squadron lying at anchor and strengthened with additional cruisers and a torpedo flotilla. Hence came visits both to Torbay and to Portland, and the acceptance in both cases of some of that hospitality for which naval men have acquired a remarkably well-merited reputation. But what a wonderful thing is a modern squadron—not more instinct with life, perhaps, than a squadron of the sailing days or of the early days of steam, but suggestive of a different life. To one who can carry back his memory, how enormous are the changes of the last forty years! Try to imagine now ships, fully rigged, not differing in essentials of construction and rigging from those which fought at Trafalgar, but provided with steam power which was concentrated in a single screw that might possibly give a speed in smooth water of from ten to twelve knots. That screw, too, lay in a well, and could be raised from its position abaft the stern-post when it was not in use, and the regulations in force at the time provided that it should not be used except when speed was a matter of moment. At all other times, ships proceeded under sail. Then came the days of the early ironclads. But the "Warrior" and "Black Prince" were fully-rigged ships—some of their immediate successors had five masts—but unless memory is playing a remarkable trick, the early specimens of our ironclad Navy were provided, equally with their wooden predecessors, with a well in which to hoist their screw. After all, these first ironclads of our Navy were only protected frigates—or armoured cruisers, as we should call them now—and yet we accepted, and rightly, the chance of sending them into action against the "first-rates" of the old days. But what a change now! Masts and sails have disappeared; we have got rid even of the idea that a ship must lie low in the water; and in our latest ships we seem to have a union of the types of beauty and strength. There is a great difference in this respect between the ships of this country and those of France. Our ships always seem to ride easily on the water, while French ships are, in the main, the victims of top hamper.

But let me carry you in imagination to Portland to have a look at the B Fleet. We shall agree with the critic—who probably has never been on board a battle-ship in his life, but who, from much book study, knows far more than any sailor—that they are a heterogeneous collection. The "Revenge," one of the "Royal Sovereign" class, is flag-ship; the "Sans Pareil" flies the flag of the second in command. The latter is not much good as a fighting ship, except at close quarters, when her 111-ton guns would talk rather seriously to her opponent. The "Benbow," armed with similar guns; the "Nile" and "Trafalgar," perhaps the best ships of this fleet for fighting; and then some of the *Admiral* class, with one or two even older ships. Yes, it is a mixed lot; but when we condemn it utterly, are we not forgetting the human factor? Note the smartness at their work of the men on board those ships. See the way in which they do everything at the double. Observe the celerity with which any order is obeyed. Remark, once more, the boats moving in all directions; the genuine, even generous, impulse that is given to life. Is all this worth nothing? Does it mean nothing as a sign of preparedness? And, mark you, this is the Reserve Fleet, the squadron composed of ships which have passed the heyday of their perfection, and which are now sliding gently down their declining years. The work connected with them has been galvanised



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WITH THE FLEET AT TORBAY.

A.—Boat-sailing: The start. "Up Masts." B.—The finishing touch. Painting the blocks of the main derrick. C.—An important duty. Signalling to raise steam for a start at daylight. D.—A council of war. Boats waiting to take captains back to their vessels from the flag-ship.

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into the life of to-day by earnest officers and willing men, and it is to the credit of both that the ships should be as fit as they are. Some of us know the difficulties which have had to be surmounted in certain cases, but we do not tell tales out of school. Still, it is a national matter that those difficulties have existed where they ought not to have been present, and the lessons of this year should prevent a recurrence of the trouble.

And at Torbay? The ships are newer and bigger, but there is the same ever-present sense of intense life; the same absorption in their work on the part of all; the same duties being carried out; the same incessant movement on the part of boats and of the smaller units of the squadron. One realises more thoroughly the intensity of that life when one gets afloat one's self and lives in the thick of it.

Now let me change my character a little, and tell the story of our departure from Torbay to face the solution of the difficult problem. It was a weird scene. We were going to attack England, and yet we were leaving England's shore in all friendliness. Somewhat after seven in the morning the "Niobe" began to creep away as if ashamed of herself, and anxious to slink off. Very slowly did she move, and equally slowly the "Furious" followed her. Then the other cruisers in the same line adopted the same lines, and by-and-by the "Diadem" started, and we began to realise that we meant business, and not merely getting out of port. The cruisers formed in two lines, and then the battle-ships made a move too. Meantime, the torpedo flotilla had been "playing about," but its units got very rapidly into order and left for their destinations. The big ships went their way, and though the actual fighting was not to begin for another week, the mimic Naval war of 1901—as determined by coal endurance—had already begun. And there was not a man on board any of the ships who did not know it.

There is an ancient objection against being in two places at once. It is as valid now as ever. Hence I could not see the departure from Portland. But I hear that the ships got out of Portland Harbour through "The Hole in the Wall," which is quite wide enough to allow of the passage of a battle-ship when that battle-ship is handled as British tars know how. Then the fleet formed in four lines—the cruisers on each flank, and the battle-ships in double column in the centre. It ought to have been a pretty sight. But was it the same with them as with us? The battle-ships and cruisers made hardly any smoke, having in view, doubtless, the keen vision of the Commander-in-Chief, but the destroyers and torpedo-boats, well, they "defiled the face of heaven." It is a way they have, which should prove of inestimable value to the enemy in real war.

WITH THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES FLEETS OF 1901.

A.—WITH THE CHANNEL'S DEFENDERS—B FLEET AT STEAM TACTICS. COLUMN OF DIVISIONS, LINE ABREAST. B.—THE ENEMY'S RAIDERS—A "STAND EASY" IN X FLEET, BEFORE DECLARATION OF HOSTILITIES. C.—SOME NAVAL MOLTKES. A STRATEGIC DISCUSSION IN Z SQUADRON INTERRUPTED BY A REPORT FROM THE MASTER-AT-ARMS. D.—PRACTISING BATTLE FORMATIONS—B FLEET IN LINE AHEAD.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 236] SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th 1901.

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BANK HOLIDAY: BACK FROM THE FRONT.

"I did not stay to enquire, but if that gallant soldier was not dilating on the advantages attaching to a wife 'on the strength,' I am much mistaken."—*A Correspondent.*

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Earl Roberts's Grant.

CONTEMPT and amusement struggled hard for the mastery over our mind when we read the debate last week on the grant to Lord Roberts. To hear men like Mr. John Dillon and Mr. Swift MacNeill, and other Irish members who have not yet succeeded in making themselves equally notorious for boredom and bad taste—to hear these men rise one after another to sneer and snarl at their own countryman, made one's gorge rise with disgust and disdain. And then to listen to the criticisms of those eminent military experts, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Bryn Roberts, and Mr. Labouchere, filled one with a desire to laugh long and loudly. The only comment suited to the occasion would have been Maria's comment upon Malvolio's infatuation. "You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him." Who are the people who submit to be represented in the House of Commons by these ill-conditioned snarlers and clowns? Opposition with a show of reason behind it—even to a proposal for rewarding a distinguished soldier for great services to his country—one can listen to in patience; one can respect it when it is offered temperately and with such an absence of mean party spirit as characterised Mr. Edmund Robertson's speech, for instance. But mere stupid obstruction, based upon nothing but bad manners and inability to see things as they are—this only makes those who indulge in it despised by all sensible men, to whatever party they may belong. And this was the kind of obstruction by which a certain number of persons of no account in Parliament or anywhere else tried to delay the passage of the motion for Lord Roberts's well-deserved grant.

Can any reasonable observers of events doubt that Lord Roberts has deserved well of his country? If they do doubt, they must have short memories. Have they forgotten the disastrous situation with which we were face to face in the second week of December, 1899? Do they not recollect now, only eighteen months later, the consternation that was spread amongst us by repeated tidings of reverse and ill-success? First Stormberg, then Magersfontein, then, to make a black week end in even deeper gloom, Colenso. Ladysmith and Kimberley were closely invested, and not a blow had yet been struck at the Republics on their own ground; all the fighting had been on British soil. We were almost afraid to open our newspapers. We asked ourselves in lowered tones "What next?" No one dreamed of going back from our resolve to teach the Boers the lesson we had set out to give them. No one had any thought of making terms. We were in a tight place, but we were Britons.

> "Beneath the bludgeonings of Fate
> Our heads were bloody, but unbowed."

We realised that we had once more underrated our opponents' strength. We saw that we must reconsider our dispositions for meeting and beating the foe.

It was at this moment that the Government took the one rapid and absolutely right decision which stands to their credit in connection with the war. They lost no time in deliberation. They gave no further hostage to misfortune by "waiting for something to turn up." The telegraph clicked out the bitter news of our defeat at Colenso late on Friday night. Lord Roberts was sent for early on Saturday, and he accepted the chief command in the theatre of war. Lord Kitchener was ordered to start from Egypt at once, to act as Chief of Staff, and within a week both these great soldiers were on their way to retrieve the position. Arrived in South Africa, less than a month after their hasty appointment, they found that, before they could win battles, they must organise an army. With extraordinary despatch, and with resolute thoroughness, they forged out of the confused mass of materials which they found awaiting them a coherent force, equipped for the hard work that lay before it, and provided with such means of transport as made it for a time, at any rate, independent of the railway. This latter point was of the utmost importance, for it was Lord Roberts's plan to strike across country, and by forced marches to come between General Cronje's force, which was besieging Kimberley upon the west, and the army of investment which surrounded Ladysmith upon the east. It was, as Mr. Balfour admitted, a bold scheme—a scheme that was by no means certain to succeed. How well it did succeed we all know—all of us except a few members of Parliament like Mr. Dillon and Mr. Bryn Roberts. They would have acted quite otherwise, no doubt, if they had been in Lord Roberts's place. Mr. Dillon possesses such remarkable qualities of leadership that even the Irish party will have none of him. Mr. Bryn Roberts is such a master of strategy that, when he has charges to bring against British troops, he cannot even carry in his mind the particular regiment at which he wants to throw his dirt.

From the moment at which Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener began their advance all went well up to the capture of Pretoria. In June, 1900, in fact, the Boers were crushed and humiliated. The army had done its part well. It was then the moment for statesmanship to step in. We could at this juncture have imposed upon the enemy our own terms, so long as they were not unduly oppressive or vindictive terms. We could even have afforded to be generous, seeing that we were victorious all along the line. But the moment was allowed to pass without action, and the Government threw away, by their inability to grasp the situation, half the advantage that had been gained by sending Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener out. This, however, was none of the generals' fault, and, though we may be sick and sorry when we reflect upon the course of events since June, 1900, and upon the possibility of the war dragging on for a long time yet, we must not allow ourselves to forget the change from defeat to victory which was wrought between January and June last year by means of Lord Roberts's strategy and Lord Kitchener's genius for organisation. For this they both merit the lasting gratitude of all Britons and such rewards as a thankful country is proud to make to soldiers who serve it well. No Englishman, Scot, or Irishman worthy of the name grudges Lord Roberts his Earldom or his £100,000, nor shall we be any less ready to honour Lord Kitchener when the time comes.

COMPULSORY VOLUNTEERS.

WE are requested by Lord Roberts to state that he did not give utterance to the remarks attributed to him in an article in our issue of last week, under the above heading, on the occasion of his reception of a deputation from Glasgow, which wanted the Government to provide rifles for a town guard. We had been led to believe that he had said, "that only 17 per cent. of the Volunteer force would be of any use if their services were really required," and we much regret that we should have been misinformed as to the actual words used by Lord Roberts on this occasion.

MILITIA service, according to a number of unrepealed Acts passed in George III.'s reign, is still compulsory. The Militia Ballot Suspension Act of 1865, which suspends the operation of the Acts in question, is merely a temporary measure, and is continued annually by successive Laws Continuance Acts. But it is provided in the Act of 1865 that the Sovereign in Council may at any time issue an order for the proceeding to ballot, and enrol men to fill vacancies in the Militia. It is interesting to note that the Act of 1802 exempted from service peers, clergymen, constables, articled clerks, and "any poor man who has more than one child born in wedlock."

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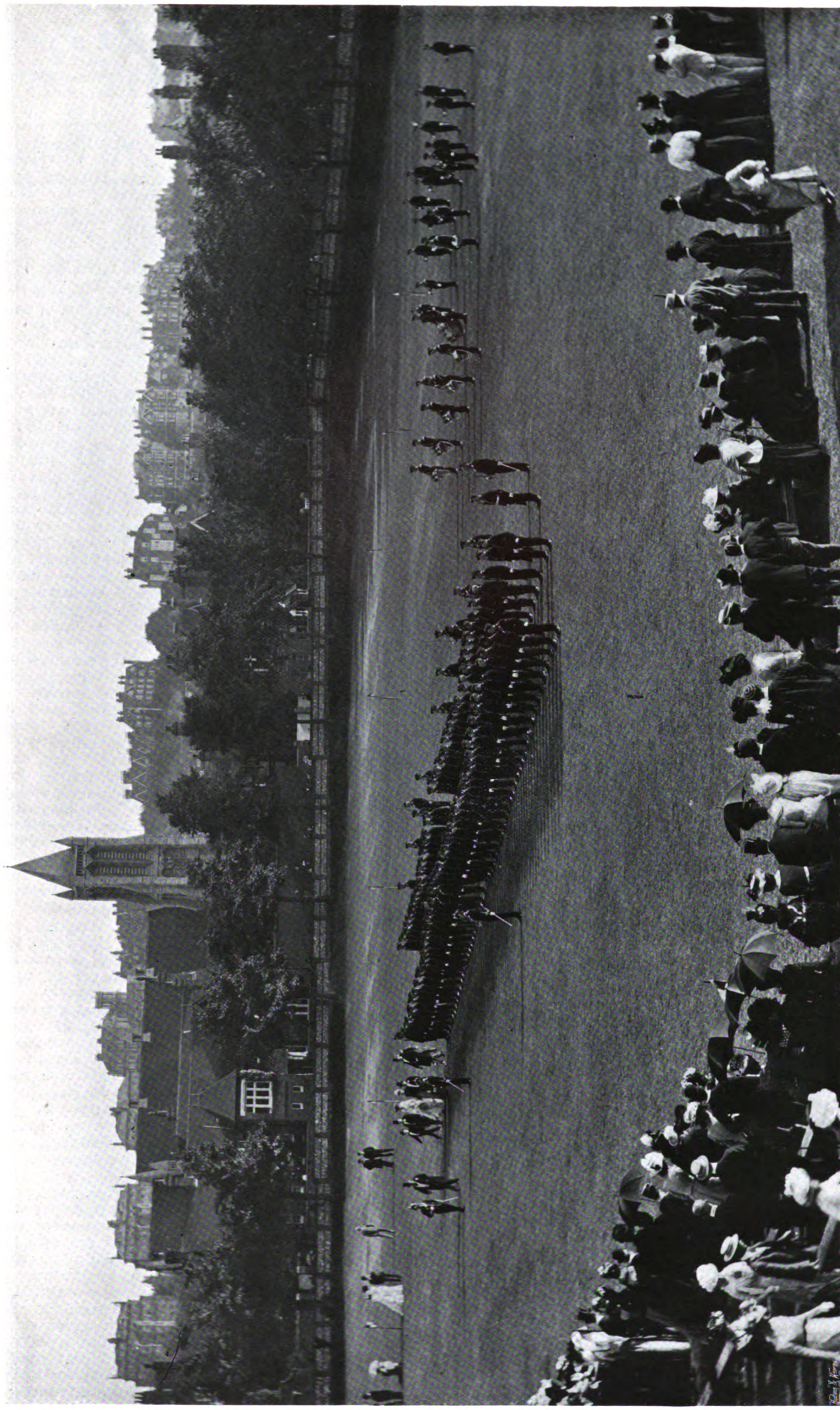
INSPECTION OF THE EASTBOURNE COLLEGE CADET CORPS.



Photo, Copyright. *J. Weston & Son.*

MOST PROMINENT AMONG PUBLIC SCHOOL CADETS.

The Eastbourne College Cadet Corps, which was recently inspected by His Serene Highness Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, are the winners this year of the Public School Cadets' Challenge Trophy.

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THE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES AT ALDERSHOT.

CAVALIER OR ROUNDHEAD?

An officer and two troopers making for the camp at Overton.

IN CAMP AT OVERTON.

The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards) relieving guard.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE CAMP WATER SUPPLY.

Army Service Corps filling carts from the River Test.

THESE three bright little pictures happily illustrate some very useful work which has just been carried out near Aldershot by the Cavalry Brigade comprising the 2nd Dragoon Guards—better known as the Queen's Bays—and the 7th Hussars, with S and Y Batteries Royal Horse Artillery, and two companies of Mounted Infantry. The manœuvres lasted eight days, and were under the direction of Major-General Hemming, C.B. The general idea was that of an extended reconnaissance in the direction of Salisbury Plain.

Although the scale of these manœuvres was by no means so grandiose and imposing as that on which cavalry operations in the neighbourhood of Aldershot have been carried out for several years previous to the absorbing—particularly in the matter of cavalry!—war in South Africa, there is no question that this "extended reconnaissance" has been productive of some most useful lessons, and, moreover, illustrative of very distinct progress in our capacity to get the utmost out of our mounted troops.

Those who have studied the peaceful operations of cavalry in this country for some years past, might have noted many points of difference between General Hemming's force and the brigades and divisions employed in the cavalry manœuvres, so-called, of previous seasons. Critics will recall, perhaps with some amusement, the undoubtedly dashing but exceedingly rash, and occasionally foolhardy, manner in which cavalry regiments used aforetime to move, even when supposed to be in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy. In these enlightened times officers and men who do not display proper caution are apt to be severely hauled over the coals, especially by such plain-spoken and keen-eyed General Umpires as Sir Redvers Buller. Nowadays, too, cavalry pay much less attention to pomp and circumstance in manœuvres than they did formerly. One is inclined to think that a good many cavalrymen of even fifteen or twenty years back would have demurred at showing themselves in public in the sensible costume adopted on this occasion by the Queen's Bays, one of the smartest and finest regiments in the Service.

Incidentally, an extremely interesting experiment was made in connection with these particular manœuvres, motor-cars being used for various purposes, and apparently with complete success. Those in authority are said to have spoken most highly of the innovation, which, by the way, can hardly be described as of British origin. For the French have already made successful use of the motor-car at manœuvres for the purpose of enabling a general officer to rapidly visit various sections of a scattered command.

Our pretty picture showing the watering arrangements for the camp at Overton is a happy reminder of the fact that even cavalry are glad to be attended by that most useful, obliging, and industrious maid-of-all-work, the Army Service Corps.

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The NAVIES & ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie by David Hannay.

AN ITALIAN GUARDSMAN.

MR. BRODRICK'S pathetic story of the six pennyworth of varnish ought with a little careful handling to become famous and remain on record for the instruction of future ages. But it requires fuller treatment than it received from the Secretary of State for War, or from any of the commentators on the Army debate of July 25. As it stands, it is obviously incomplete. Mr. Brodrick tells us that there is a certain general who had been eloquent before a committee on War Office organisation on the well-known text that gentlemen commanding in high places should have a larger discretion in the spending of money. Very shortly afterwards this same officer sent in an elaborate requisition in all the forms—blue paper, registered number, letter for reference, counter signatures, and the rest—for leave to spend sixpence on varnish. He had authority to expend up to ten pounds on petty emptions, and might very well have authorised the employment of the fortieth part of one pound on the necessary spit and polish. But he shrank from the risk, and so the controlling wisdom of Pall Mall had to bend its mind to the great question—to buy or not to buy varnish to the value of sixpence.

* * * *

This is all very well as far as it goes, but we want more. What did the Department say in reply to the general? Did it ask him in polite official language what the deuce he meant by pestering it on such a trumpery point? Did it call his attention to the tolerably obvious fact that a gentleman who is so nervous about a tanner would be still more frightened over half-a-crown? The question and the comment would have been very much in place. It is manifestly useless to give authority to spend money if those on whom it is conferred will not exercise their right. The moral of the sad tale seems to be understood to be that the general had been so worried over small details that his spirit was broken, and so, after uttering a despairing appeal for more freedom, he shrank from using the liberty he had. It may strike some that this is a deplorable story, and one which calls upon us to confer our heartfelt sympathy on the general officer. To me it seems to have another meaning, which is that some at least of our officers must suffer from abject fear of responsibility and a plentiful lack of common-sense. If they were entrusted with wider discretion, they would either not use it, or, after the manner of timid people who are worked up to the point of taking action, would become exceedingly rash. In neither case could they do without an accountant to look after them.

* * * *

We hear a great deal about the necessity for decentralisation, and for giving officers commanding districts larger powers to spend money, and greater rights generally to act as a final authority. This sounds rather well, and is imposing enough so long as one keeps to generalities. But a system cannot be worked with no more definite rules than that. More precision is required. Is it proposed that a lump sum should be assigned to each district, and that the general commanding should do just what he likes with it, and render no account? This cannot be meant, for it is an absurdity. One district may need more money than another. Then is the general to be bound to spend the money? If there is a balance at the end of the year, is it to be carried on, and added to the next, or is it to go to make up the allowance for the following year? An account, presumably, will have to be given to some central authority. We can hardly suppose that the officer is never to be asked a question, that his statements are to be taken without dispute, and that he is never to be called upon to justify any outlay. But unless this is to be the case, there must be centralisation.

* * * *

The example of the French Army might be very profitably studied by us just at present. In that country they have the system called "of the mass." A lump sum is assigned to a corps, and the officer commanding has a wide discretion as to how he spends it, but he is supposed not to go beyond his limit. I say supposed, because, as a matter of fact, the limit is exceeded, with the result that there have been formed a number of so-called *masses noires*, which means that various corps, more especially in the cavalry and artillery, have become indebted, and have to appeal to the Minister of War for grants in aid. Here is centralisation in its worst form. The theory is that, as the officer must not exceed his fixed allowance, he will be economical, and that, as he is free to use his discretion, he will spend the money to the best purpose. If anybody thinks that this is also the practice, let him read M. Camille Pelletan's Report for the Budget Committee, and he will be disabused. What really happens is that the door is opened to a great deal of eccentricity, and even to sheer pilfering. Let us suppose that this last is impossible with the British Army. The other causes of waste will still remain. An officer has fads, or is not a good man of business. He insists on carrying out some notion of his own, with the result that his corps has either to go without necessaries or get into debt. And wherever the wide discretion recommended by reformers is allowed, this must be liable to happen. "So many men, so many minds," says the proverb, and they will go their own way unless they are compelled to act on definite rules. But there must be a central authority to keep them together.

* * * *

As for the abuse of questions in Parliament, of which we hear so much, it is of course a very popular and telling cause of complaint. The evils of it are glaring. Some Members of Parliament seem to live for no other purpose than to worry Ministers. They are a very strange race of men, and whoever has attended the sittings of the House must have had occasion to marvel at them. We hear of them as a terror and a nuisance, but when you see them at work you discover that they are constantly snubbed without mercy. One ends by wondering how men who have, or must be supposed to have, some respect for themselves can deliberately incur the rough handling they constantly receive. Ministers speak of themselves as helpless victims, but they are not so meek as they would have us believe. They never have the least scruple in ignoring an enquirer, or in telling him in intelligible Parliamentary language that he is no better than a fool. Very often he is not; but he cannot be such a terrible fellow when he can be dismissed in this fashion. And this is the abuse of the thing. It has its uses, too. After all, Parliament is the final authority in this country for all practical purposes. Absence of questions can only be expected when Parliament does not care. Now supposing it had been in that state of mind as regards the Army or Navy, would either of them have been the better? I venture to doubt it very much. Questions are by far the best, if not the only effectual, way of getting at specific statements on matters of fact. When it comes to speech-making in debates, it is easy to ride off under clouds of rhetoric. It is quite otherwise when a member asks directly whether such and such is the case. Then the Minister must say yes or no, or must explain, and you frequently get at something which is worth knowing. Besides, is it certain that the Navy or Army would profit if the check constantly exercised by the knowledge that questions may be asked in Parliament were withdrawn? They weigh on the Minister who may wish to sacrifice the Services for political reasons. Reformers are eager enough to have them asked on their own behalf, and very rightly. If there had been a question-time in the French Chamber before 1870, and a body of deputies resolved to probe things thoroughly, it is at least possible that France would have gone into the war better prepared.

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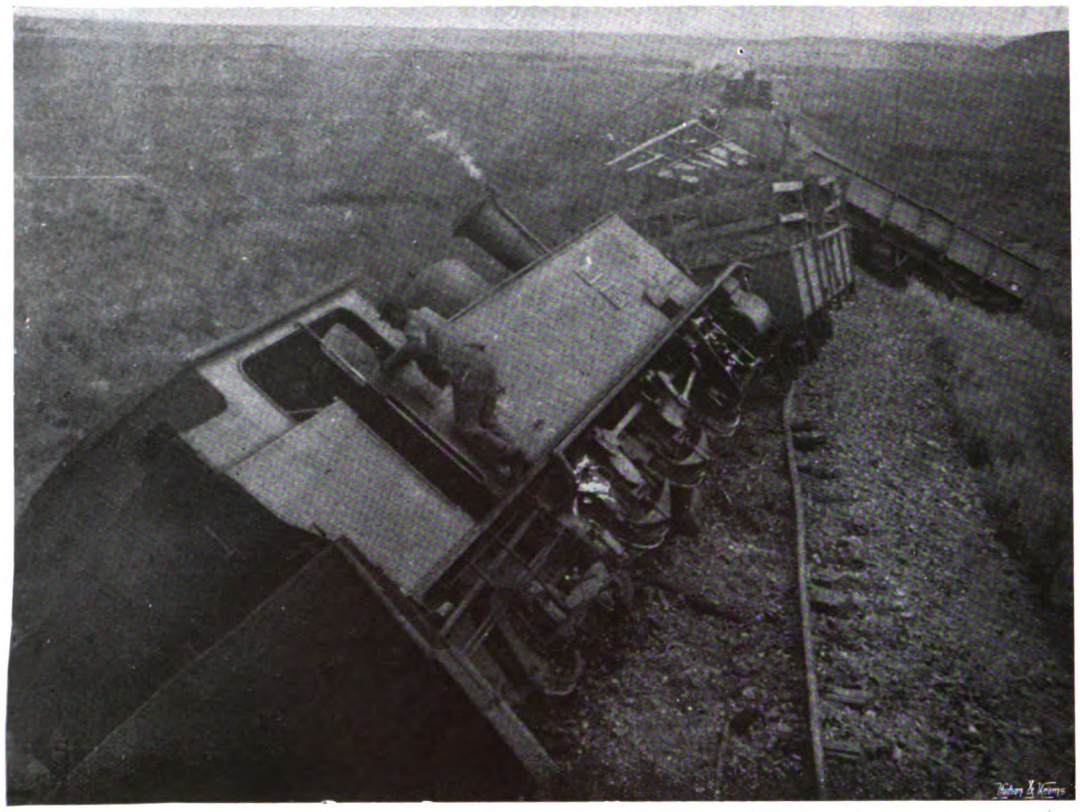
TRAIN-WRECKERS AT WORK.



WRECKED IN SIGHT OF PORT.

Derailment of a train on the line from Pretoria to Komati Poort.

THE BREAKDOWN GANG AT WORK.

Dragging the wrecked carriages off the rails.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ALL CLEAR FOR THE WEST BOUND TRAIN.

Smart work, debris removed, rails replaced, and damage repaired.

AMONG the most annoying of the pin-pricks which our forces in South Africa have to encounter is that of train-wrecking.

Possessing a remarkable cunning, coupled with a certain audacity and a perfect knowledge of the country, the Boers have met with considerable success in this particular direction in the past; but there are not wanting evidences that they have nearly come to the end of their tether, so far as this deadly practice is concerned, for, with the more constant patrolling of the various lines by armoured trains, and the complete establishment of the system of blockhouses which the Commander-in-Chief has initiated, it will become increasingly difficult for them to break through our defence. And we may reasonably hope that the day is not far distant when train-wrecking will cease altogether. That day, it is needless to say, will be a very happy one in the experience of our troops, for there is nothing more calculated to disturb their peace of mind than the uneasy feeling that any moment a hidden mine may explode beneath the train in which they are travelling.

A favourite *modus operandi* with the Boers in this nefarious work is as follows: A Martini-Henry rifle is procured. Both stock and barrel are cut off from either side of the breech-block, and the trigger-guard is removed. This is then placed beneath the line in a space where the sleepers are furthest apart, with the trigger resting against the bottom of the rail. A nitro-glycerine cartridge is substituted for the ordinary charge, while in front of the cartridge is placed a cylinder of the same deadly explosive, with several detonators. In the hole which has been made other cylinders are laid, and then the stones and earth are most carefully replaced, and made to resemble, as closely as possible, the surface round about. All this is usually devised in a spot affording the Boers plenty of cover for attack, and woebetide the luckless train which first passes over it. But sometimes the wreckers are hoist with their own petard, as was graphically shown in the wrecking of an armoured train at Brugspruit on June 26. On that occasion at least they "bit off more than they could chew," for the British gunners coolly waited until the enemy were within striking distance, and then, firing case shot, mowed a lane through their ranks.

The photographs which we reproduce are excellently illustrative of the effects of train-wrecking. The derailment occurred to an east bound train on the Delagoa Bay line, between Wilge River and Balmoral Station. Placed *hors de combat*, the train littered the veldt; but the driver averted a further catastrophe, for, with great presence of mind and pluck, he shut off the steam, running considerable risk in so doing. Then all hands were piped to clear away the *débris* and repair the damage, to allow the passage through of a west bound train.

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FOR SERVICE IN CHINA.
The Obverse. Imperial cipher and crown, with dedicatory legend.

FROM THE FAR EAST TO THE FATHERLAND.

ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

A GERMAN WAR MEDAL
The Reverse. The German Eagle triumphs over the China Dragon.

EVERYONE is agreed that the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Australia was in every way more of a success even than it was expected to be. In each colony the outburst of loyal enthusiasm was entirely spontaneous. The official world did its part well. There was no lack of addresses and triumphal arches and receptions. But it was not these which made the real impression upon the Royal tourists. Such things are all part of the game, and, however well they are done, they cannot escape sharing in the tediousness which attends all formal ceremony when once you are used to it. It was the behaviour of the unofficial world that struck the true note of fervent patriotism—the attitude of the undistinguished masses of the people, of the thousands who had nothing to gain by throwing up their caps and shouting themselves hoarse with cries of welcome. It is worth noting that the only occasion on which any ill-feeling was shown was when the fury of the winds and waves compelled the Duke to change his plans, and when a number of dwellers from up country had to go home without a sight of their future King.

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VERY soon the "Ophir" will be landing its passengers in South Africa, where an equally warm greeting awaits them, though it will be a greeting with a shade of sadness in it. We all hoped that by this time the war would have been over, and that the Heir to the Throne would have been able to take part in the thanksgiving for peace in the colony which has especial reason to long for peace. Unfortunately this cannot be, and still more unfortunate is it that our Dutch fellow-subjects are inclined to hold aloof from the public acts of welcome. All we can hope is that when the Duke and Duchess actually arrive, the contagion of enthusiasm may spread amongst the Dutch, and that the Royal visit may do something to heal the breach and to reconcile them to the inevitable, and to convince them that the privilege of British citizenship is one to be prized and fought for, not to be contemned.

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THE King's appointment of Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Sir Edmund Fremantle to be Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom set the world wondering what the duties of these offices are, and why they should be filled up at this moment, seeing that they have been vacant for a number of years. The explanation is, no doubt, to be found in the fact that the holders of them will be required to take part in the Coronation ceremonies. In ordinary times there are no duties for these admirals to perform, and the salaries they receive are not so much salaries as extra pensions. There are also vice-admirals of the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, but they are quite different; their duties are connected with the Court of Admiralty, and concern the wreckage washed up on our shores. The other titles are not of ancient origin, though there have been Rear-Admirals and Vice-Admirals "of England" from very early times.

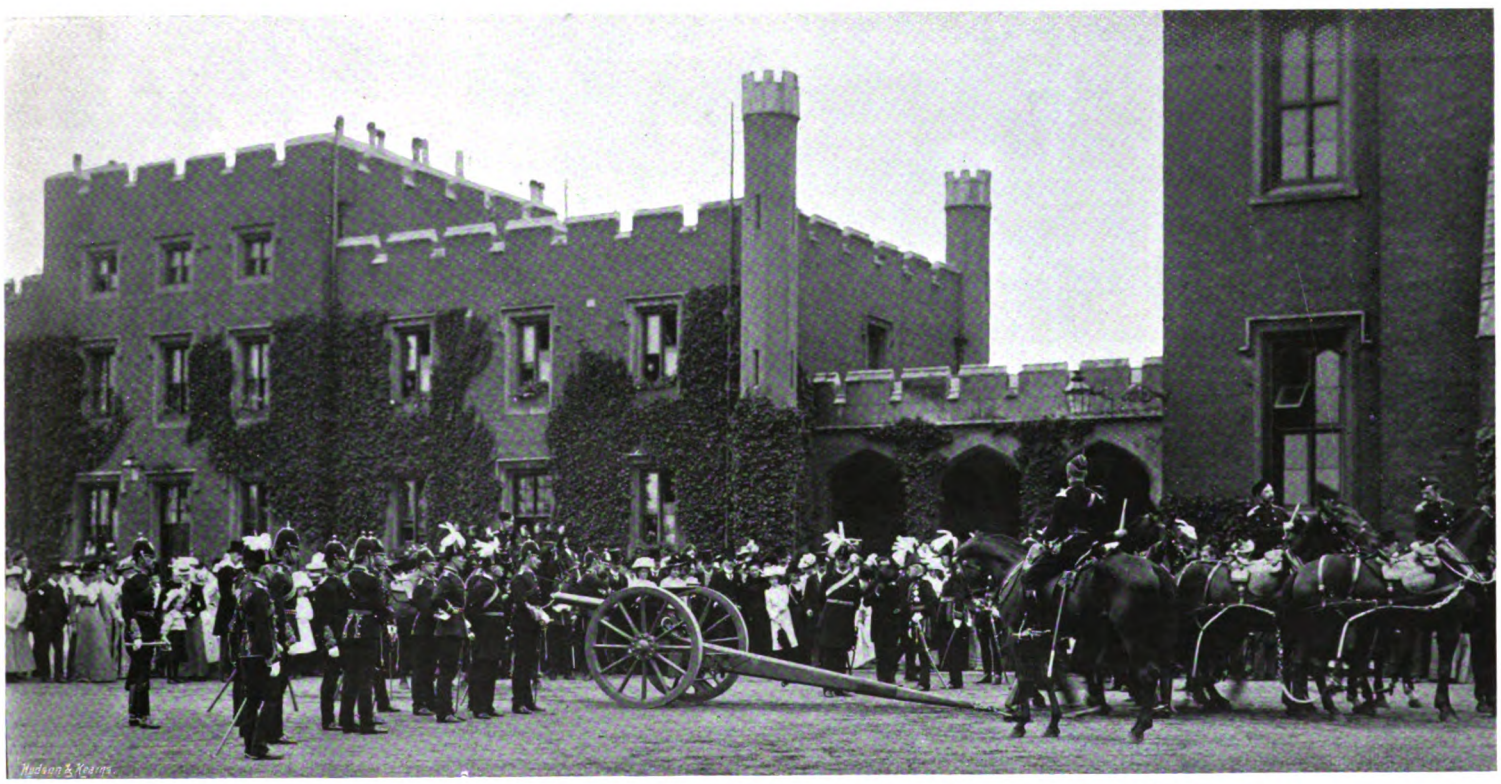

Photo. Copyright. *George Higgens.*

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VISITS THE "SHOP."

As an old "Gunner"—his corps was the world-renowned Bengal Horse Artillery—Lord Roberts naturally takes a special interest in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, of which he recently made the usual half-yearly inspection. Though never himself at the "Shop," he passed from Addiscombe as an Artillery cadet to the "Company's" service.

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THE Commonwealth of Australia is settling down, but it has not yet got a flag or a seal. A committee have been appointed, however, to consider designs, and they are already hard at work. Why a Federal flag should be wanted may not seem quite clear. A seal, of course, is a necessity; but "what is the matter," some people may ask, "with the Union Jack?" Naturally, the Union Jack will be the common flag of Australia, as well as of the rest of the Empire, but there is no reason why the Commonwealth should not have one of its own as well, so long as it does not compete with the Union Jack as the paramount Imperial emblem. We have not been told whether any artists are serving on the committee. It is important that a respectable design should be chosen—something simple and effective—not a pattern that tries to express a great deal and only succeeds in being confused and grotesque.

FLAGS mean a great deal to the majority of people, and are a powerful stimulant to feelings of nationality and patriotism. But to the Eastern races portraits mean more than flags. Therefore, it is a wise step that the Government of India has taken in deciding to provide all official residences and buildings with suitable portraits of King Edward. There will be three classes of these portraits—three-quarter lengths in oils for Courts of Justice, Governors' Houses, and Conference Halls; smaller oil-paintings for the officials in native States; and coloured lithographs or engravings for the less important official buildings throughout all India. One point is worth noting. The King, in all the portraits, is to be represented either in uniform or in his robes of State, since the natives would not be able to understand that it was the King if he wore the ordinary costume of an English private gentleman. The unchanging East still judges by the exterior, and loves pomp and gorgeousness for its own sake.

ANOTHER interesting piece of news that has lately come from India concerns the recent political history of Nepal. Here the real ruler is not the native Prince, but his Prime Minister. For many years power has been in the hands of one Deb Shamshere Jung. Jung, however, seems to have dropped behind the times, and there was great popular discontent on account of his unsatisfactory administration. It was difficult to displace him, though, for a Nepalese Prime Minister holds office until he dies or is forcibly removed. Jung has met with the latter fate. His younger brother, Chandra Shamshere, made himself a favourite with the army, and, having won it over to his side, he brought off a *coup d'état*. The result of this bold stroke is that Jung is now in exile on the Darjeeling frontier, and that Chandra holds the reins of government. The change appears to be, from the British point of view, a change for the better. Chandra is a graduate of an Indian University, a cultured, broad-minded man and a mighty soldier, keenly loyal to British rule. When Lord Roberts visited Nepal some ten years ago, it was Chandra who asked anxiously when a Russian invasion might be expected. "I wish they would make haste," he said; "we have forty thousand soldiers in Nepal ready for war, and there is no one to fight!"

ONE of the less fortunate consequences of our continued preoccupation with the affairs of South Africa is an inevitable slackening of our interest in other parts of the world. This explains why the progress of the French railway in Yunnan has excited less attention in this country than one might have expected. This railway can never pay as a commercial speculation, but it may have a political effect that would be decidedly prejudicial to the interests of British Burma. Yunnan is the hinterland of Burma, and if the French were to become the exclusive "friends" of this Chinese province, they could damage our trade to a very serious extent. By treaty they are bound not to indulge in "exclusive action" in Yunnan; but it is always necessary to see that treaties are being strictly kept. The popular idea in France is that France and Russia should establish a solid chain of possessions and protectorates right across Asia, from the Baltic Sea, in fact, to the Gulf of Tong King. To do this Russia would have to secure a firm footing in Tibet and France in Yunnan. We must not forget that a Tibetan mission recently visited St. Petersburg. It is true that its aims have been stated to be entirely non-political, but we are accustomed to that sort of disclaimer. The situation requires watching.

BUCKINGHAM'S SWORD OF HONOUR FOR LORD CHESHAM.

This handsome sword of honour, the work of the Wilkinson Sword Company, has been presented by the County of Buckingham to Major-General Lord Chesham in recognition of his services in South Africa. These services were mainly in connection with the Imperial Yeomanry, of which he was the early organiser.

Photo. Copyright. *W. O. Cooper.*

SIGNALLERS OF THE 2ND LEINSTER REGIMENT,

Who have the proud record of being the best signallers in the British Infantry, their figure of merit being 134·33 out of a possible 135. Lieutenant Wakefield (instructor) is in the centre, with, on his right, Corporal Lennox (asst.-instructor), and on his left, Corporal Harrison. In the back row (standing), from left to right, are Privates Driscoll, Mahony, Frith, Fahey, O'Mahoney, and Spillane.

ANOTHER railway in which we in this country are interested, though not quite in the same way, is the Great Siberian. Not very long ago remarkable forecasts were indulged in as to what this great undertaking would do for the traveller as well as the trader. The globe-trotter was to be taken from Moscow to Port Arthur in a week in luxurious saloons, and with every comfort and convenience on the way. This presumed a speed of some thirty-five miles an hour. As a matter of fact, the actual speed of the trains at present is from seven to nine. This lengthens out the journey just mentioned to a month instead of a week, and it is even stated that during certain seasons of the year the railway authorities will not guarantee to accomplish it under a month and a-half. It is beginning to be felt, even in Russia, that this gigantic undertaking, which during the ten years of its construction employed 76,000 men, and necessitated the cutting down of thousands of acres of forests to supply its 70,000,000 sleepers, is not going to be a success—at any rate, not so soon as was expected. Will the Cape to Cairo line when it is constructed do any better than the Great Siberian Railway? Is it not always a mistake to make communications before there is any real demand for them in the hope that the demand may grow in time?

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THE OXFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY.

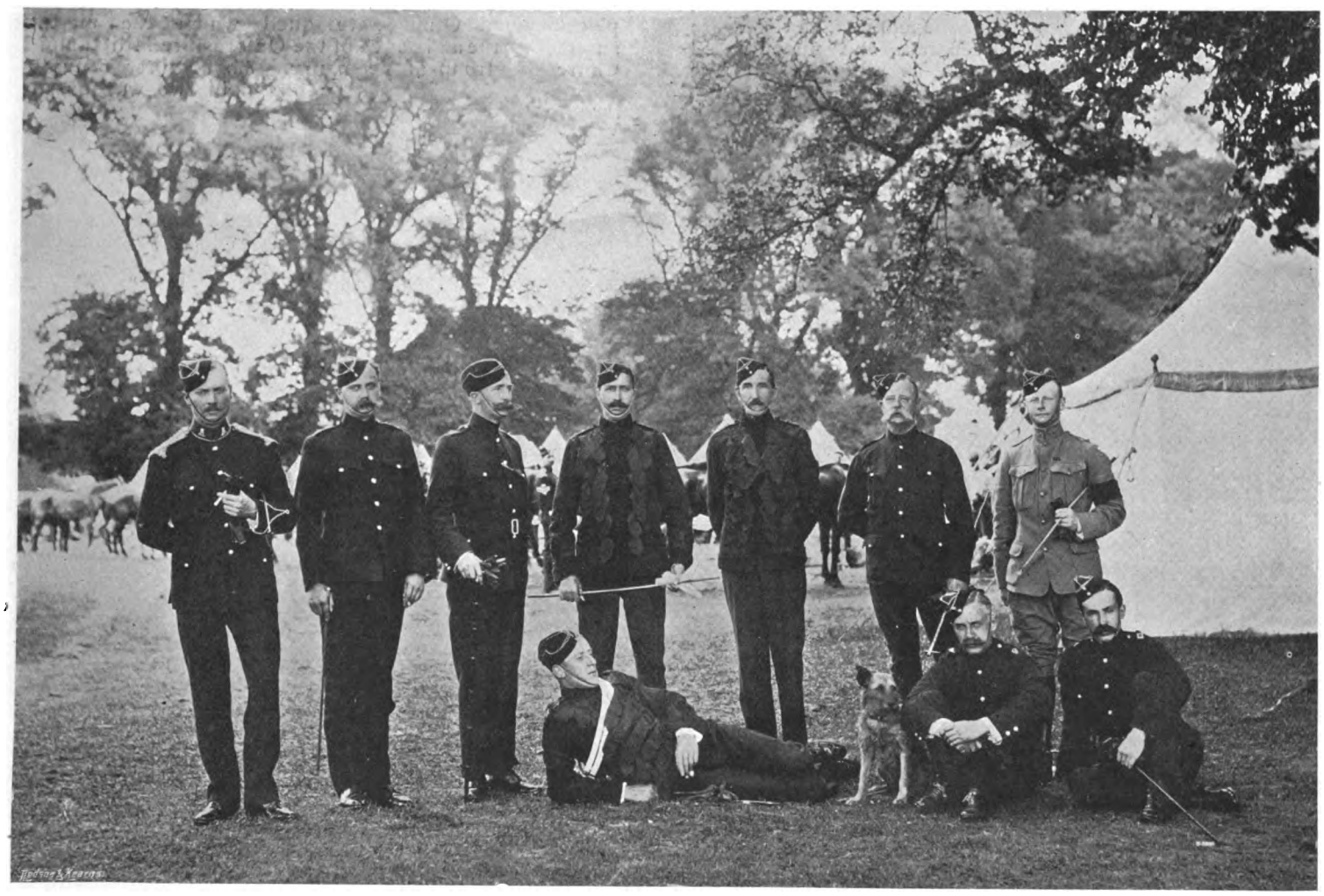
The Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.

THE DRUM HORSE OF THE CORPS.

THE Yeomanry force was originally constituted in 1761 by Lord Chatham, and the corps then raised were known as the "Hunter" Volunteers, and, later on, as the Volunteer or Fencible Cavalry. Between 1793 and 1794, when the outbreak of the great war with France rendered it the imperative duty of all loyal subjects on this side of the Channel to unite in taking steps to protect their country, the force was practically reorganised by Pitt, who also increased the establishment to 20,000. Pitt's Act "required that upon invasion, or any rebellion or insurrection arising out of or existing as invasion, the Yeomanry of each county, on the summons of the Lord Lieutenant, are bound to assemble." Unfortunately the efficiency of Yeomen Cavalry was at first much hampered by the fact that the Government neglected to supply them with instructors, and, consequently, the men were drilled by officers equally uninformed and inexperienced as themselves. Subsequently, retired sergeants of cavalry were permitted to join as instructors; but since the majority of these had been many years invalided, the drill and exercises which they introduced were mainly of an obsolete character, and, what is more, included so many different methods, that a field day in which two or more distinct corps took part was wont to be attended by considerable confusion.

In the year 1798 another Act was passed to facilitate the training of volunteer corps of cavalry, who are called in the title to the Act, though not in the body, Yeomanry Cavalry. It authorises the billeting of the privates when called out for training, and it exempts from taxation the horses used in the service. After the short peace in 1802, the provisions of the preceding Acts were renewed, and the existence of the volunteer corps of cavalry (called by this Act for the first time Yeomanry Cavalry) was revived or continued, without reference, as in the previous statutes, to the then existing war.

As might be expected, the early history of many of our Yeomanry regiments is very difficult to trace. In order of precedence, the Royal Wiltshire, dating from 1794, stands first; the Lincolnshire, raised during the present year, last; while the Oxfordshire is numbered thirty-four in a total of forty-four. The low precedence awarded to the Oxfordshire regiment, however, is due to the fact that the various



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THE OFFICERS OF THE OXFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY.

Capt. Sir A. F. Peyton, Bart. Capt. A. N. Hall. Maj. R. T. Hermon Lodge. Lieut.-Col. Viscount A. Valentia. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Norris. Lieut. and Quartermaster Owel. Lieut. A. Dugdale. Lieut. and Vet.-Surg. Jaggard. Maj. L. Noble. Lieut. Hon. G. V. Peel.

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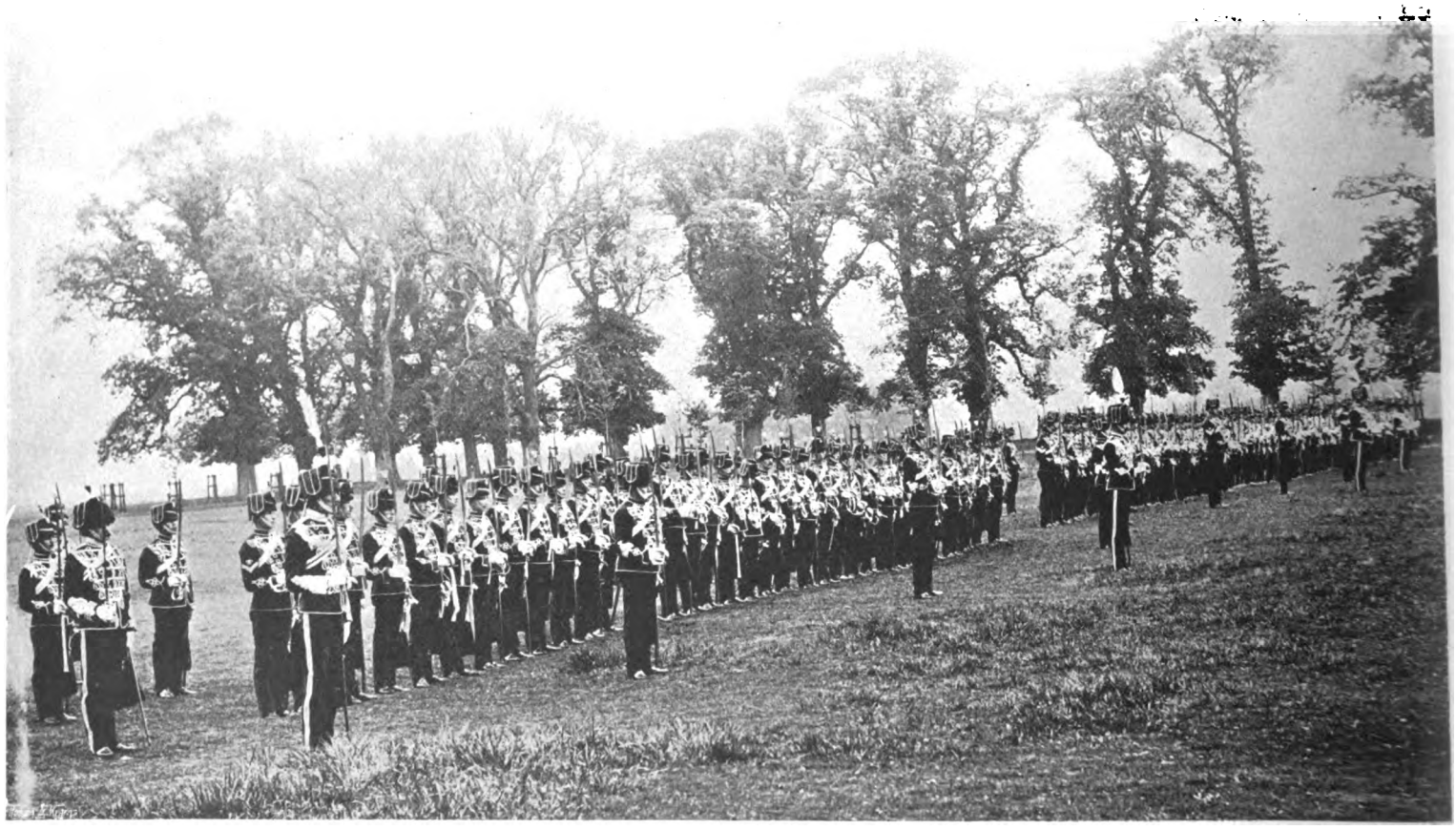
MOUNTED PARADE.

A smart turn-out under the trees in Blenheim Park.

corps long existing in the county delayed their amalgamation into a regiment until the year 1831. Of course, the nucleus of the regiment is much older than this. Scattered troops, mostly over 100 strong, are known to have existed at Watlington, Wooton, Bullingdon, Bloxham and Banbury, and Oxford, in the year 1806. Further, it is known that the uniform of each of these troops consisted of blue with white facings, white breeches, and large all-rounder white scarves, thus distinguishing them from the Volunteer Cavalry existing in the county at the same time, who wore scarlet with buff facings and white breeches. Each unit was a separate and uncontrolled command under its captain, who as often as not had raised and equipped it himself. Lord Villiers, who, commanded a troop in the twenties, had his own private military band, which played only for the delectation of his own troopers. It is told of this dandified commander, that when on a certain occasion he and his troop were ordered to take up a position *not* on the right wing, the officer in charge of the review was staggered by receiving a polite but blank refusal—Lord Villiers's troop was accustomed to the right, and the right it intended to have, otherwise it would leave the ground.

In September, 1830, there occurred a formidable riot at a place named Otmoor, to quell which the magistrates summoned the assistance of the Oxfordshire Militia and Lord Churchill's troop of Yeomanry. About forty rioters were apprehended, and were then placed in two waggons, to be



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A CHURCH PARADE

Of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.

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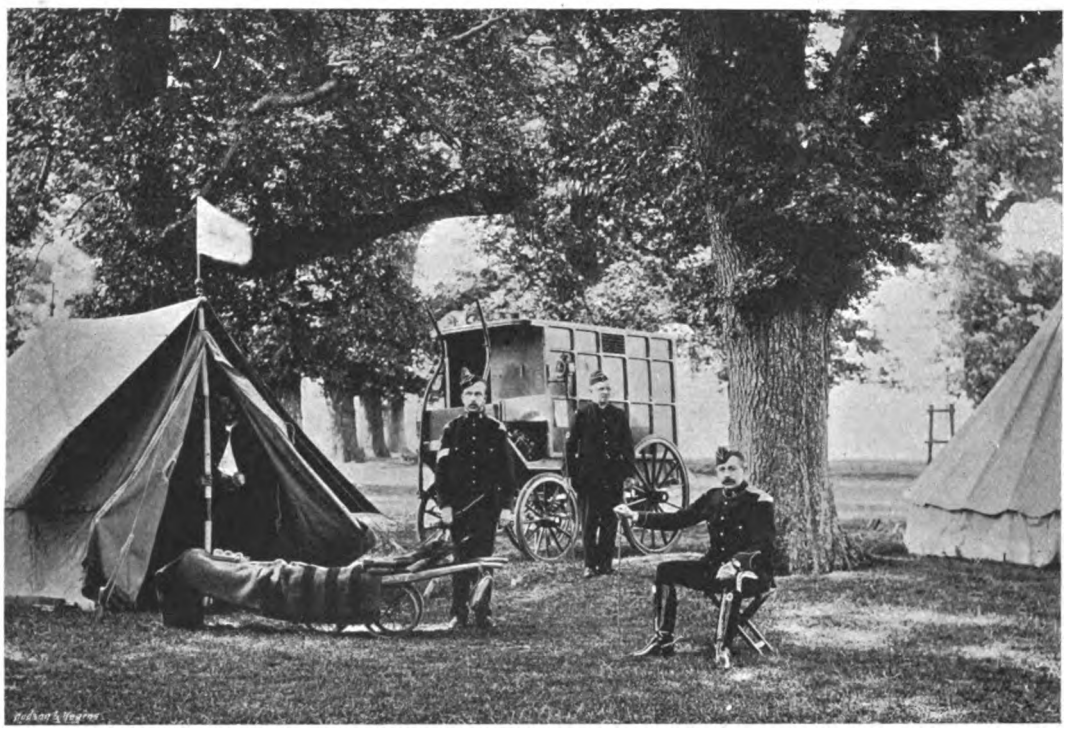
conveyed to the Oxford gaol, under an escort of twenty-one Yeomen, commanded by Captain Hamilton. On entering the town, however, where a fair was in progress, the little escort were suddenly attacked by a mob over 1,000 strong, which hurled stones, bricks, and sticks. It soon became utterly impossible for the small party of the military to prevent the prisoners, who were unbound, from making their way out of the waggons, assisted as they were by the mob. Finally, Captain Hamilton, finding it impossible to secure them, and that the lives of his own men were uselessly endangered, ordered the party to retire. During the whole affair the Oxfordshire Yeomen evinced great steadiness in sustaining the attacks and insults of the mob, without availing themselves of their firearms. The prisoners were eventually recaptured, and at their trial the Judge publicly thanked Lord Churchill for the services rendered by the Yeomen, and testified to the discretion displayed by Captain Hamilton in refusing to fire upon the mob. This, and similar disturbances arising from the discontent existing among the labouring classes, were very thankless jobs for the Yeomanry, who, of course, were villified by the gutter Press. In October, 1835, William IV.'s consort, Queen Adelaide, came to Oxford, and remained some days. Her Majesty held a drawing-room and levees, while guards of honour, escorts, etc., were furnished by the county Yeomanry. The latter were rewarded with the conferment of the title "Queen's Own," whereupon Royal mantua-purple was adopted as a new colour for the facings and plume.



THE RED CROSS IN EVIDENCE.

Part of the ambulance section of the corps.

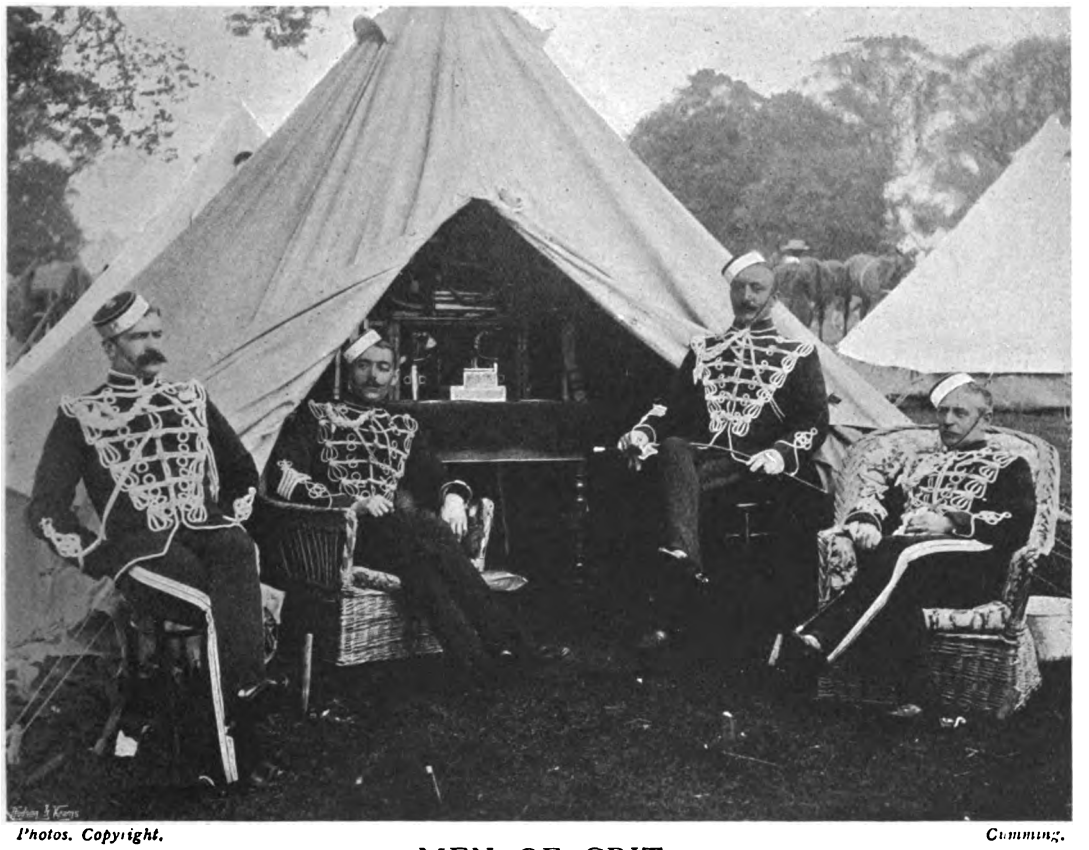
At that training, in 1896, sheepskins were issued to the rank and file, and the full dress of the regiment then became complete, which it had not been hitherto.

Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Symonds also presented the corps with a pair of handsome kettledrums, which were very much needed; and a shabracque for the drum horse was given by Lieutenant-Colonel (then Major) Noble. Lastly, in the Gazette bearing date July 29, 1896, it was announced that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had graciously accepted the vacant colonelcy of the regiment. Consequently, when His Royal Highness honoured the Duke of Marlborough (who holds a lieutenant's commission in the corps, and commands the Woodstock troop), with a visit at Blenheim in the following autumn, guards of honour were furnished by the Yeomen. At the close of the visit the Prince returned to town *viâ* Oxford, the Royal carriage being escorted thither by the Woodstock troop as far as Yarnton, where the Oxford troop relieved the latter and accompanied the distinguished party into the "loyal city." The Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars have now the distinction of being the only Yeomanry regiment of which His Majesty the King is colonel-in-chief.

A circumstance that tends to the reputation for efficiency enjoyed by our Yeomanry regiments is the large number of commissions held by officers who have seen service in the Guards and "crack" cavalry corps. For example, in the Oxfordshire, the colonel, Viscount Valentia, who has commanded the regiment since 1894, is an ex-10th Hussar; the second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Norris, formerly served with the 52nd Light Infantry and the 8th Hussars; and Major Sir A. Peyton spent several years in the 11th Hussars.

The Churchills had so much to do with the formation and training of the regiment in early days, that one is glad to see the family still represented in it through the Duke of Marlborough, who takes the keenest interest in promoting the efficiency of the Woodstock troop, and Lieutenant J. S. Churchill.

Of course Oxfordshire responded with alacrity to the call to arms sounded in January, 1900, and their Service company of Imperial Yeomanry are credited with sharing in one of the most brilliant engagements in which the Yeomanry contingents have taken part. On April 5, 1900, the Oxfordshire and Lincolnshire Imperial Yeomanry, with the Kimberley Mounted Corps and 4th Battery Royal Field Artillery, under Lord Methuen, attacked the Boer force at Boshof. The fight lasted four hours, and ended in the most crushing defeat being inflicted upon the enemy, whose commander, the notorious General Villebois-Mareuil, was numbered among the slain. The British loss was comparatively small, but the Oxfordshire men had to mourn the death of a gallant officer, Captain Cecil Boyle, who was treacherously shot after the enemy had hoisted the white flag. It should be added that the Duke of Marlborough went to the front in the capacity of staff-captain for Imperial Yeomanry, and that Colonel Viscount Valentia aided the authorities at home as an assistant adjutant-general for the force, which post he still holds.



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MEN OF GRIT.

Some of the non-commissioned officers of the corps.

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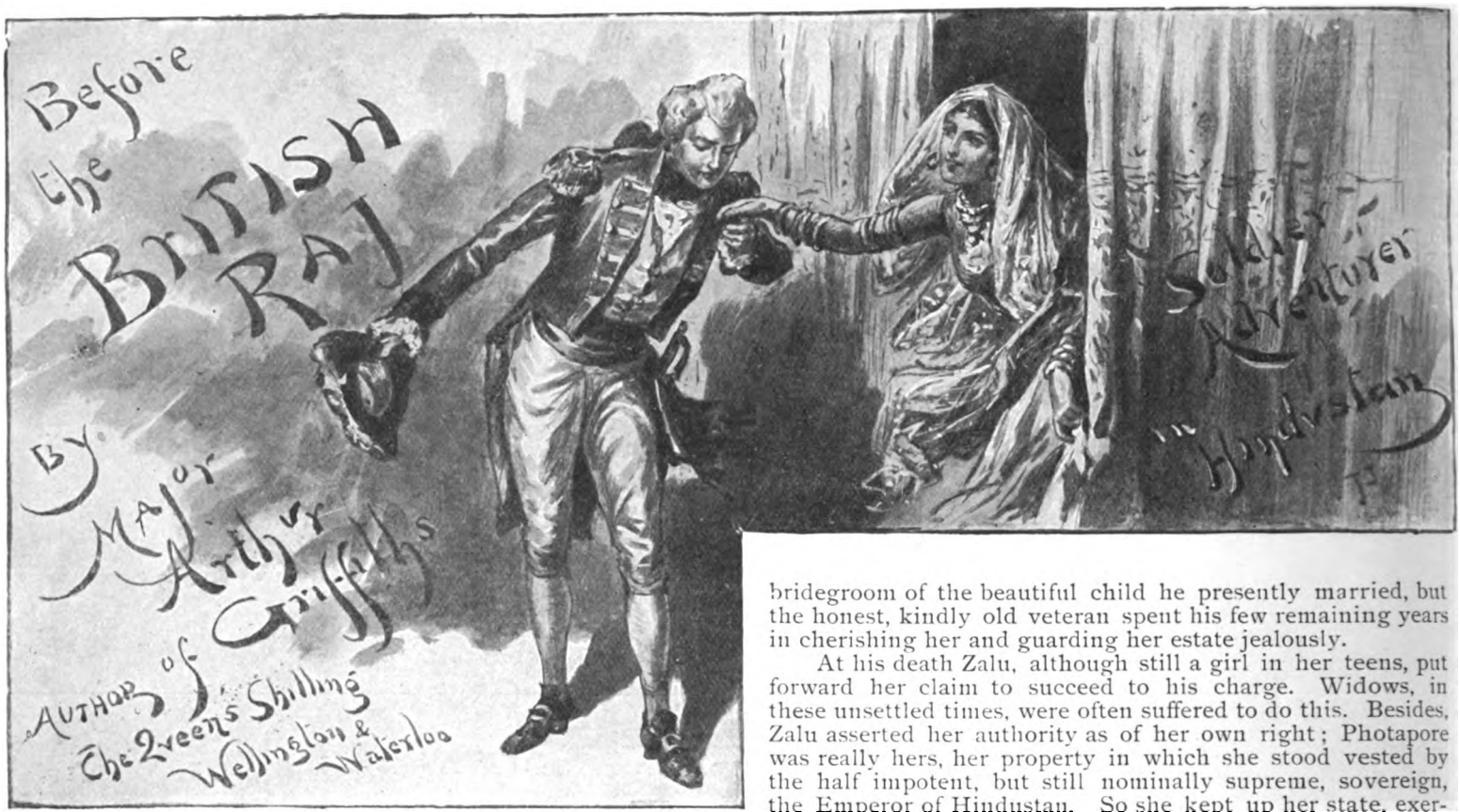

CHAPTER IV.

PHOTAPORE.

THE fortress and territory of Photapore lay on the frontier of the Punjab under the shadow of the hill country, and the stronghold was esteemed an important outpost against the incursions of the ever-turbulent and aggressive Sikhs. It had once been the independent fief of an enterprising chief, Pertab Singh, a successful freebooter and something more, who had sought to extend his possessions southward, where he had come into collision with the Mahratta power now predominant along the line of the Jumna. General De Boigne's last act before surrendering the command of Scindia's army had been the complete overthrow of Pertab Singh, who was defeated and killed under the very walls of Photapore. The fortress, which had great defensive advantages, was taken over, strengthened scientifically, and garrisoned with a respectable force. It might at any time be called upon to play a leading part in the frontier warfare, the smouldering embers of which were continually bursting into fierce flames.

One of these periodical disturbances blazed up in 1798, not long after Perron had succeeded De Boigne at Alighar, and threatened very serious consequences. It arose when differences and dissensions split up the various sections of the Mahrattas. Lakwah Dada was in open revolt against Scindia, other chiefs resisted Perron, the strong place of Agra still held out and was still besieged fruitlessly. This was a propitious moment for attack, and an offensive movement of Afghans and Sikhs combined now promised enduring success.

Photapore stood directly in the line of invasion, blocking the defiles, and was of immense strategic importance. Yet now, when this doorway to the plains should be held fast shut by some indomitable guardian, it was in the keeping of a woman; in female hands that were presumably weak, and it might become an easy prey to any determined assailant. The present killadar, or commandant, was the Begum Zalu, widow of the last governor, and she had claimed to exercise authority no less in succession to her late husband than by personal right as the jaghirdar, or feudal holder, of the territory of Photapore, granted to her in dowry by the great Mogul.

The Begum's story was romantic. She was of high rank —a Rajput princess of ancient lineage, directly related to the Rajahs of Bikaneer; but she had been spared when all her family had been put to the sword in a frontier fray, and her captors had carried her to Delhi to be sold as a slave. The Emperor Shah Alam, then possessed of some power, had heard of her pitiful condition, and afforded her his protection. She became his adopted daughter, and, when marriageable, he gave her with Photapore to one of the most stalwart of De Boigne's French officers, Colonel Felix Marillier. The fortress might at any moment play a great part in the incessant warfare in progress, and required a strong capable governor. Marillier, although of advanced age, readily accepted the military trust, but demurred a little at the boon which accompanied it. He was fitter to be the father than the bridegroom of the beautiful child he presently married, but the honest, kindly old veteran spent his few remaining years in cherishing her and guarding her estate jealously.

At his death Zalu, although still a girl in her teens, put forward her claim to succeed to his charge. Widows, in these unsettled times, were often suffered to do this. Besides, Zalu asserted her authority as of her own right; Photapore was really hers, her property in which she stood vested by the half impotent, but still nominally supreme, sovereign, the Emperor of Hindustan. So she kept up her state, exercised her prerogatives, was surrounded by semi-regal pomp, held her durbars, and made much show in processions, with stately elephants and much following of military guards and attendants.

Perron, in the course of his military duty, had visited Photapore. He had been sent by his then chief, De Boigne, to inspect it, to judge from its position and resources, whether it was capable of strong defence and should be firmly maintained as an outpost. Armed with such a mission, he demanded an audience of the Begum, and she, as a Rajput Princess, received him, a high official, in open durbar, seated upon her musmud, disdaining to hide behind the screen.

The susceptible Frenchman fell at her feet straightway, smitten by her grace and loveliness, impressed by her stately self-reliance and the evidences of much decision of character. He was conquered at first sight by her rare personal charms, but he saw, too, that with such a woman by his side, and with the firm basis he would acquire as master of Photapore, he might rise to great things. This was at a time when there was no sure sign of the larger fortune that was to come to him as De Boigne's successor.

So he paid the Begum assiduous court, and promptly offered himself as her second husband, backing the proposal with a vague promise of what he would do for her, how high he would raise her if she would but give him the right.

Zalu would have none of him. She refused him point blank, but would give him no reason save that she did not care to marry again. He was not to her taste, that was the real truth; a rough, coarse, swashbuckling soldier, who showed his mean origin in his manners and looks, the very converse of her courtly, kindly, handsome old Marillier.

Perron took his refusal in very bad part; it did not cure his love, for he was still eager to possess her. She and her Photapore could no longer advance his ambition—he was now above that, but he could not tolerate the idea that another should win her, and she had many suitors. Appa Tantia Rao we have heard of already; he was driven from the field. But now he heard with jealous rage of a great combination of chiefs and rajahs in the north-west to seize Photapore, and that Zalu was to be the prize of the principal among them, Aman Shan, the King of Caubul.

This, at least, was the ostensible motive for despatching Latouche post haste five days by forced marches from Delhi to Photapore. He was to forestall the enemy, secure the fortress and the person of the Begum, whom he was to send a prisoner to Delhi. The step was no doubt politic, for Photapore must be held at all costs. This was reason enough for Latouche; it was needless to tell him that his general sought before all things to get the Begum Zalu into his power.

A hurkaru, or special post, brought Latouche the order to get possession of Photapore by *coup-de-main*. He was soon on the road, his cavalry and light guns in the advance, his infantry, four battalions, following by easier stages, but never more than a day's march to the rear. He had resolved to push on with his mounted troops so as to reach the garrison before the news of his approach.

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In this he was bitterly disappointed. Report travelled then, as it does now, by strange impalpable channels. Facts are often known in the bazaar curiously in advance of ordinary information, and this was so, long before the days of electric telegraphy. The explanation is still far to seek, but it affected Latouche also in his day, and his plan of a surprise failed. When he galloped up to the gates of Photapore he found them closed.

It may be well to continue the narrative by quoting from his own journals, which have been preserved, and which now lie before me.

"I rode up to the outer gates," he writes, "and demanded admission. My answer was a hail from the top of a tower that overlooked the approach, and a peremptory order to halt.

"'Who are you? Draw back, or we shall fire.'

"'I am Alexander Latouche, colonel of horse in the army of Scindia,' I replied. 'I come from the great Maharaja Dowlut Rao and his ever valiant soldier, Perron Sahib, his viceroy, to take possession of Photapore.'

"'This fortress is already held by the very perfect and most transcendent lady, the Begum Zalu, whose property it is by right of gift from the Great Mogul. Begone, or harm will befall you.'

"'Worse would follow for you, I replied. 'I will parley with you no more. Convey my message to her highness herself. Tell her I have force, great force, at my back, and that unless admitted peaceably I will tear down your walls, put your garrison to the sword, and send the Begum a prisoner to Delhi.'

"There was no answer to this. It may be that my threats affrighted them, and that they carried on my cartel to someone in greater authority.

"Presently I was again challenged, now from a wicket window in the great gate.

"'Go back,' now said a fresh voice, 'to those that sent you, and say that while the governor of this fortress recognises the authority you quote, she will not acknowledge you as its representative, nor surrender to any that which has been granted to her as her own.'

"'Is it the lady herself who now speaks?' I then asked.

"'Shame on you, foul-mouthed dog. Dost suppose a Rajput princess would come from behind the curtain to parley with a low-born, ill-bred impostor, who comes like a thief and dacoit to steal her property?'

"'Call her,' I repeated, sternly. 'My message is to her, and not to you, whoever you may be.'

"'I am her naib—her lieutenant and deputy, Azizudeen, the Persian, and what I say her highness says, and what I hear her highness hears. Now she bids me tell you to depart while you can do so in safety. You shall never gain admittance. What were the Maharajah's words to our khodawand, the brave but unhappily deceased Colonel Marillier Sahib, when he entrusted this fort to his keeping? "Let no one enter—none, not even myself, until I have thrice thrust in my head at the wicket, and thrice thou hast looked at my beard." It is useless. Begone! I have spoken. The rest be on your head. Our jezails are laid upon the walls with a true aim, our matchlock men are ready. Five minutes hence you will be swept out of existence.'

"In the face of this truculence it was but common prudence to retire out of gunshot. Many heads showed upon the wall above, and the battlements of the fort beyond seemed alive with men. So I withdrew to a place of safety, and proceeded without delay to make the circuit of the fortress and reconnoitre it minutely under all aspects and from every point. I was accompanied by my cavalry commandant, Surfuraz Khan, who had some experience in mountain warfare, and with us rode the Pathan, Nand Gopal, who had once served the old Sikh chief in this very Photapore.

"I was satisfied by my examination that although the fortress was of considerable strength, it was no more than I could cope with when all my force was collected. Photapore, is a hill fort of the most approved Indian style, perched on a wide-topped conical hill, an 'outlier,' standing alone, and isolated from the lower spurs of the Photapore Range. Its position seems admirably suited for defence, the swift deep River Khalsa flows round three sides enclosing it almost entirely with a wide, wet ditch; on the fourth side the slope drops precipitately into a nullah, or gully, which cuts the fortress off completely from the neighbouring highland of the Khalsa Gunge, part of the mountain range.

"'NEVER!' CRIED THE BOY, 'I WOULD SOONER DIE.'"

"The walls of the fort had been cleverly contrived to follow the ground, towers had been raised at projecting angles to afford flanking fire; it had two gates, or points of ingress. The main entrance—that to which I had ridden—was on the north-east; the other faced west, on the side of the gully, and that was used by the hill men and country folk, who came regularly with supplies for the markets and the bazaar. The water in the river was in most cases breast high, yet passable, for I myself had crossed it twice, although I questioned whether it was not too deep for my artillery. The one bridge, a drawbridge, was at the great outer gates protected by flanking towers; at the end of the bridge on the fort side there were inner gates set deep in the line of wall.

"'It is a hard nut to crack,' I said aloud to Surfuraz Khan. 'What think you, rissaldar? Shall I try it?'

"'With submission, khodawand, I am against attack, except in the last resort. It is of iron set in stone. You would break yourself on it as water thrown against a rock. Wait at least till other means have failed.'

"'What means do you counsel?'

"The wily old Rajput twirled his grizzled moustaches upward, and bent his eyes thoughtfully on the ground.

"'There are many keys to fortresses, khodawand. Starvation may fit the lock, or gold, or guile. Why waste brave men's lives unless naught but direct assault will prevail?' said my staunch old rissaldar, with whose views I willingly concurred. I wished from the bottom of my heart

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to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, yet great delay was not to be tolerated. I saw its risks; at any moment the fortress might be succoured, the opportunity for attack be lost.

"'I will wait one day, no more. Let it be known, my good Khan, throughout the force, that if anyone can open negotiations with friends inside, he shall be handsomely rewarded. I have no desire to fight for what may be attained by peaceable means.'

"I little thought that I should be the first, myself, to have dealings with the beleaguered garrison. That same night, soon after I had thrown myself down for a brief snatch of sleep between making my rounds of sentries and outposts, I was roused by the news that a messenger under a flag of truce had come from the fortress.

"There were three persons. One who took the lead, a Persian, as I saw from his high-crowned headdress of black lambswool; a youthful attendant or page, a slim, delicate-looking lad richly dressed, and with them their escort, a grizzled Rajput warrior in helmet and coat of mail, armed to the teeth.

"'After salutation,' began the Persian, 'I am the Naib Azizudeen, servant and deputy of the high-born Princess Zalu, of the house of Bikaneer, the sole survivor of Aman of this territory, and this is my petition, that you should give ear to the voice of my exalted mistress as spoken by these unworthy lips.'

"'It is granted. Begin, then, and be speedy,' I replied.

"After many more long-winded compliments, with innumerable quotations from the poets, the envoy came at last to the point, the terms I was empowered to give for surrender.

"'It must be absolute and complete,' I said; 'all guns, stores, buildings must be given up, the garrison must lay down their arms. As for the killadar, the Princess Begum——'

"'Yes, yes, what of her?' interrupted the young attendant, with an effrontery that would, I expected, have brought a sharp reproof from the naib. But it passed unnoticed, and I soon knew why.

"'Her highness is to be held in close custody, and so transported, a prisoner, under escort, to Delhi, there to await the will and pleasure of his excellency, Perron.'

"'Never!' cried the boy. 'Never! I would sooner die under the last stone of the fort. I, I—I mean her highness.'

"The slip was too manifest to mend. I smiled, the Persian turned white, the dark-skinned Rajput soldier rolled his eyes and scowled, with his hand upon his tulwar.

"'Your highness does me too much honour in coming thus to my tent,' I said. 'But why not have done it openly? You would have been safe enough, I promise you. I am an Englishman, a gentleman, one who honours and respects your sex and race.'

"'And yet you would obey the behests of this base hound, this insolent and presumptuous wretch, who would take me and treat me as the lowest slave girl, who has sent you here to rob and misuse me because, forsooth, I would not yield myself to him. But it shall never be. Photapore shall be in ruins first, and my soul gone to the gods. You will make but an empty capture. Come, naib.'

"With that she hurriedly left my tent, while I, hating myself, and still more Perron for the dirty task he had imposed on me, followed close to see her safely through my sentries."

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"BRITISH ORDERS."—The oldest order is that of the Garter, which was instituted by Edward III. in 1348, and consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five knights, exclusive of honorary knights; the ribbon of the order is dark blue. The Scotch order of the Thistle was revived by James II. in 1687, and consists of the Sovereign and sixteen knights, the ribbon being green. The Irish order of St. Patrick, instituted by George III. in 1783, consists of the Sovereign, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who is always Grand Master, and twenty-two knights; the ribbon is sky blue. The order of the Bath was instituted in 1399, and has been several times enlarged. It now consists of three classes, Knights Grand Cross, Knights Commanders, and Companions; the ribbon is crimson. The order of the Star of India, instituted in 1861, also consists of three classes. The ribbon is sky blue, with a narrow white stripe towards each edge. The order of St. Michael and St. George, instituted in 1818, has been several times enlarged. It now has three classes like the Bath; the ribbon is Saxon blue, with a scarlet stripe in the centre. The order of the Indian Empire was instituted by the Queen Empress in 1878, and also consists of three classes; the ribbon is Imperial blue. The latest order is the Royal Victorian Order, instituted in 1896. This consists of five classes; the ribbon is dark blue, with three stripes, red, white, red, towards each edge. The Distinguished Service Order has only one class, Companions; it was instituted in 1886 to reward conspicuous bravery of junior officers; the ribbon is red with blue edges.

* * * *

"SCOTSMAN."—The tartans worn by our Scotch regiments are as follows: The Black Watch and the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders wear the dark tartan known as the Black Watch tartan, which was made up from the black, blue, and green which predominated in the costume of the independent companies from which the 42nd was originally formed, as their first colonel, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, being a Lowlander, had no family tartan. The Seaforth Highlanders and the Highland Light Infantry have each a different tartan called the Mackenzie; but that worn by the former is evidently the true one, as the 72nd was raised in 1778 by Kenneth, Viscount Forbes and the clan of the Caberfey (as the Mackenzies are called); and the 78th by the clan under Humbrother Mackenzie in 1816. The Gordon and Cameron Highlanders each wear the tartan of the clan and those names. The Scottish Rifles have the Douglas tartan, and the King's Own Scottish Borderers the Leslie; the pipers of the Scots Guards and the Black Watch wear the Royal Stuart tartan; all other pipers wear the regimental pattern.

* * * *

"DIPLOMATIST."—Few sailors have been renowned as orators. A negative incident is that related by Dean Pellew, in his "Life of Lord Sidmouth," of Admiral Alan (afterwards Lord Gardner), when he was to receive the thanks of Parliament for his share in Howe's victory on "the glorious First of June": "On the day appointed, before the commencement of business, he entered the Speaker's private room in great agitation, and expressed his apprehensions that he should fail in properly acknowledging the honour which he was about to receive. 'I have often been at the cannon's mouth,' he said, 'but hang me if ever I felt as I do now! I have not slept these three nights. Look at my tongue.' The Speaker rang for a bottle of Madeira, and the admiral took a glass. After a short time he took a second, and then said he felt somewhat better; but when the moment of trial arrived, and one of the bravest of a gallant profession, whom no personal danger could appal, rose to reply to the Speaker, he could scarcely articulate. He was encouraged by enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the House, but, after stammering out with far more than the usual amount of truth that 'he was overpowered by the honour that had been conferred upon him,' and vainly attempting to add a few more words, he relinquished the idea as hopeless, and abruptly resumed his seat amidst a renewed burst of cheers."

"ANGLO-SCOT."—Your question as to whether German soldiers are, on an average, of finer physique than our soldiers, amounts practically to a question as to whether the Germans as a nation are physically finer men than we Britishers are. For you must recollect that every man fit for service in Germany is liable to serve, and though there may be exceptions in the way of standards for certain regiments or certain branches of the Service, yet the average German soldier must practically be of the same physique as the average German civilian. In our own Army we are obliged to keep the standard somewhat low in order to cope with the difficulties of keeping a constant supply of recruits, and for Infantry of the Line the standard is as low as 5-ft. 3½-in., and for the Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Medical Corps 5-ft. 3-in. On the other hand, our Household Cavalry, with a standard of 5-ft. 11-in to 6-ft. 1-in., may safely be said to be as fine a body of men as could be found in the world. I am sorry that I cannot offer you statistics, as none are published, but I think that most of our regiments would compare favourably with those of foreign Armies, and that some of them could not be beaten for stature and physique all over the world.

* * * *

"PUNCTILIOUS."—Mrs. Humphry ("Madge," of *Truth*) may be an authority on "Manners for Men," and her book of that title may be quite modern and on sale at the Stores, but it is quite wrong in the paragraph you quote. The paragraph says: "In the Navy, admirals of the flag—white, blue, or red—are addressed as 'The Honourable,' this being prefixed to the name. . . . Commodores, captains, and lieutenants in the Navy are all addressed in the same way" (p. 157). Now there are no admirals of the white, red, or blue nowadays, and the prefix "The Honourable" is not employed. You should address Charles Brown, lieutenant, R.N., as Lieutenant Charles Brown, R.N., H.M.S. "Paragon," China Station. Some officers, like Lord Charles Beresford, prefer R.N. written in full as Royal Navy. There is no rank of lieutenant-commander in the British Navy, such as exists in the American and German Navies, though it is customary to style lieutenants commanding vessels, as happens in the case of destroyers and gunboats, as lieutenant and commander.

* * * *

"PADRE."—Chaplains and acting chaplains in South Africa, if still serving, should submit their claims for the South African Medal, through their senior chaplain, to the G.O.C. Lines of Communications; if not still serving, they should send in their claims direct to that general officer. Chaplains and acting chaplains now at home should submit their claims direct to the Under Secretary of State for War, marking the envelope "Chaplains' Department." It is impossible in a short space to give all the information you ask for as to clasps. You should consult Army Order 94 of 1901. It has recently been ordered that no one who receives a clasp under paragraphs 12, 13, 14, or 15 of that Order is entitled to receive a clasp under paragraph 16.

* * * *

"MUSICIAN."—The pictures to which you refer are accurate. Negro bandsmen were formerly to be found in the British Army. Frederick II. of Prussia was struck with the black performers in the Janissary bands, and introduced them into his own army, and when the Duke of York in 1800 sent from Hanover a band composed of Germans, with three black men to play the cymbals and tambourines, to supply the places of refractory bandsmen in the Coldstream Guards, the fashion was introduced into this country. It was a fashion which did not last for more than about forty years. Francis, the last of the blacks in the Grenadier Guards, was discharged in 1840; the Coldstream Guards got rid of theirs about the same time; and the last black in the Scots Fusilier Guards, who was a native of Martinique, was discharged in December, 1841. The distinctive dress of these blacks—scarlet overalls, and jackets with white sleeves, but not the turban—was retained in the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards until the year 18[illegible]6.

THE EDITOR.

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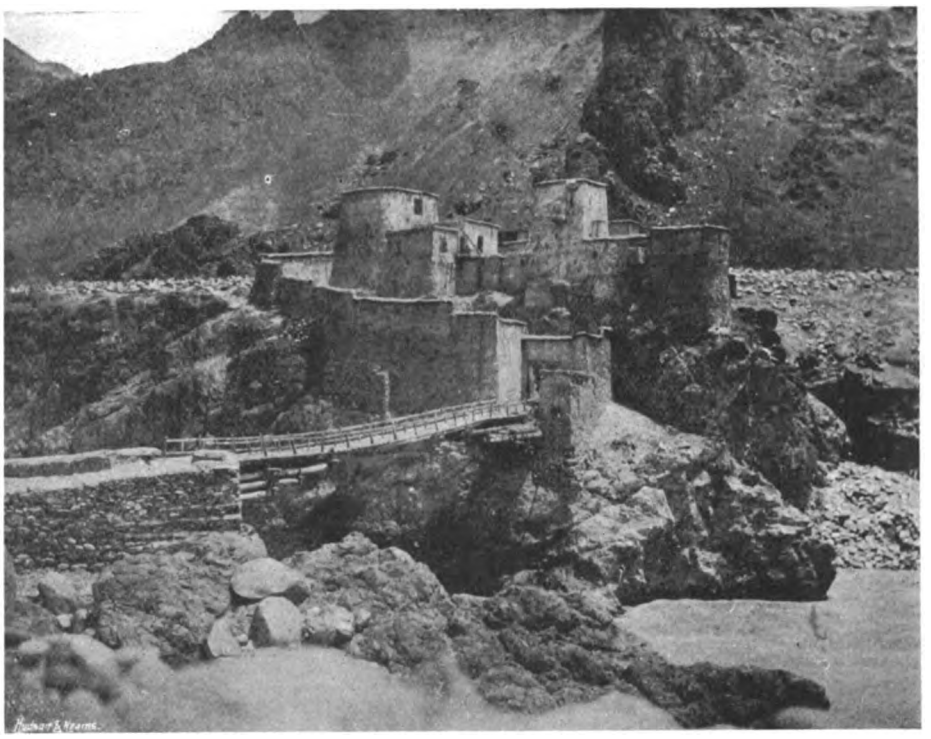
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

By Lal Baloo.

SHAPOO (Ovis Vignei).

THE month was June, and my leave of absence was drawing to a close; I had shot my allowance of ammon and burrhel according to the Kashmir game laws—two of the former and four of the latter—but on the third species of wild sheep, the shapoo, I had not hitherto been able to draw a bead, although allowed to kill four rams by the said game laws. To my mind there is no prettier head amongst ovis than that carried by this very sporting animal, which, although somewhat less wary than the ammon, requires much more careful stalking than the burrhel. The desire for two fair specimens to add to my collection was enhanced by the fact that there were only two or three localities on the road I was travelling, between Leh and Kashmir, where it was at all probable that the animal might be met with.

En route from Kashmir to Leh in April, I had one day happened upon a fine herd of rams near Lama Yuru, but for once in his life Russla Malik, my shikari, one of the finest stalkers in Kashmir, made a mistake, and they escaped without being shot at. I had watched them through the telescope for nearly two hours, and there were one or two heads that made my mouth water!



FORT AND BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS.

Near the Home of the Shapoo.

On June 9 I had arrived in camp after a long march, and was having tea, when Russla, who had been behind with some of my baggage, turned up with the following report. He had discovered some big rams near the road about two miles back, in an easy place for a stalk, and he thought we should be almost sure to find them there next morning. Accordingly, on the following day Russla started at 5 a.m. to reconnoitre, leaving me to follow an hour later, after I had breakfasted. I found him on the road waiting for me, with the good news that the rams were on the hill above, and that we should be able to get a shot almost at once, and then proceed on our march without losing a day. However, it proved otherwise, for when we arrived at the place where we expected to find them, they had vanished. Russla said they must be over the next rise. We walked with difficulty along the side of the mountain, which was steep and composed of loose shale, and looked over very cautiously; no sign of any living animal.

We then "opened" a lot of fresh ground, by going up the mountain nearly to the top, and spotted eight ewes and lambs feeding up the slope opposite to us, which necessitated our keeping under cover of a rock until they had fed on over the sky-line. A short distance further on, and we at last came within sight of the big rams (three of them), lying on the open plain, about 500-ft. below us, with their heads facing in different directions. There was a nullah running down to the plain, and we crawled down it till we were within about 1,000-yds. of them, with no possibility of a nearer approach unperceived.

There was now nothing for it but to lie still and watch them till they might choose to feed into a place where a stalk might be a possibility. It was 10.30 a.m. For an hour I lay and looked at them through the glass with the greatest interest, till looking palled. At 2 p.m. they were joined by two smaller rams, and at 3 p.m., by four others, smallerstill. Several times they raised our hopes by getting up and beginning to feed, and as often lowered them by lying down again. I tried to console myself by philosophising, that if it were possible to walk up behind a hedge and shoot a shapoo the other side at a few yards' range, the quest of him would not be a sporting one; but these rams were decidedly aggravating. However, after more than five hours of waiting, at about 4 p.m. they all got up, and began to feed slowly and surely towards a spur of the mountain. We climbed back up the nullah, and made such a long detour, that I marvelled how Russla could keep his bearings; but he did so, and made the most beautiful stalk possible, and I found myself within 120-yds. of the three big rams, which were again lying down,-but now close to the foot of the mountain.

A RIGHT AND LEFT AT SHAPOO.

Two very fine heads and my shikari.

A shot at an animal lying down is not a desirable one, especially if you are above the object, which then affords you a bad target, and it is not easy to hit a vital spot; that, at least, is my experience. I selected the one that I considered had the best head, fired, made sure that I saw him wince, and the bullet kicked up the sand on the other side of him: but they all three galloped off, and I missed clean with the left barrel. They were then joined by the other six, and stood for a second about 300-yds. away. I fired at one of the big ones as he stood, and again at the others as they galloped off; all my shots were a shade too high, and I then found I had raised the 400-yds. sight by mistake. I told Russla I was certain I had hit the one I fired at first, and he was equally certain that I had missed. "Well," I said, "the one I fired at first went down the hill, and the others across the plain, and there they are climbing up the mountain; look through the glass and see how many there are." Russla looked, and said there were eight. "Then the ninth, the one I shot at, went in that direction; take my rifle and two cartridges, and see

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if you can find him, and I shall go back to camp." On my way, I went to the place where the one I had fired at first had been lying, and from what I saw was convinced that my shot had told; but I felt much disgusted with myself, for I ought to have had a couple instead of one, and that a doubtful one.

Russla turned up an hour later, with the intelligence that he had found the wounded ram lying down, and we could get him in the morning. "Why didn't you finish him?" "The Sahib gave me no nookhum" (permission). I thought to myself that a rifle and two cartridges constituted sufficient nookhum; but it is always a mistake to encourage a shikari to shoot, and I said nothing more.

Next morning I got up at 4 a.m., and found the ram dead where Russla had seen him lying. I waited for half-an-hour, until the sun was rising over the snow peaks, and then "telegraphed" him, as my tiffin coolie calls it.

Two days after I was at Lama Yuru, having crossed the Indus at the fort and bridge near Khatsi, a picturesque place, of which I enclose a photograph which will, I think, interest your readers. Here I met Mr. Powell Cotton going East; we dined together, and he gave me some useful information. The next day I was at Huniskote, where I expected to find shapoo, but was told that Harvey Sahib (Sir Robert Harvey) had been there the previous week and had not found any, which was discouraging. However, as this was the last chance, I took a small servant's tent, and went to the top of the mountain. The weather was lovely, and so were the flowers and butterflies; amongst the latter I noticed a species of colias that I had not met before, of a sulphur colour with dark and somewhat ill-defined borders. Between Leh and the Zo gi La pass into Kashmir I noticed five different species of our clouded yellow—edusa, hyale, and helice were common; the one I have just mentioned, and one other, a very magnificent insect, almost copper coloured, and apparently very local. Papilio machaon (our swallow-tail butterfly) was here plentiful, and higher up the mountain I found in some abundance a really glorious species of Apollo, nearly three times as large as the ordinary Apollo, and with wonderful powers of flight. Near the summit, and amongst patches of snow, I came upon a bed of primulas with small blooms, some mauve and others pure white, with a distinct clove smell, like a clove carnation, only not so strong. I dug up many roots, but, alas! the heat of the plains in India killed them. Meantime Russla had gone in another direction, and in the evening rejoined me, with the news that he had discovered a herd of rams not far off, all good ones. The thermometer in my tent at 5 p.m. registered 95-deg., and at 6 a.m. the following morning 32-deg., and there had been a little snow in the night. To cut a long story short, we found the herd described by Russla in a deep precipitous nullah. I had a long shot at the biggest I could see, and was quite satisfied that I had found the mark. The herd disappeared round a spur, to reappear higher up the mountain, one short of their number. I had four more long shots, and killed one dead at my second shot. After an awful climb down into the ravine and up the far side, we found the first one I had fired at lying down, as I thought, *in extremis*. I told my tiffin coolie to "hal lal" him, to make him meat for good Mussulmen, but directly he touched him the ram got on to his legs, and galloped off as though unhurt. A lucky snap-shot rolled him over, and the tiffin coolie went up to him and took him by one horn, when the ram again got on to his feet, and galloped down the slope into the ravine like a racehorse, although the place he galloped over was so steep I was unable to climb down it. However, this was his expiring effort. I carried the other ram down, "telegraphed" both, and, as I had now three fair heads, was well content. They measured respectively 27½-in., 26½-in., and 24½-in. The horns of the shapoo are not so long as those of the allied species, the oorial, which inhabits the salt range in the Punjab, but are thicker and heavier, and a 27½-in. head is something better than a *fair* one.

(To be continued.)

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

ONE swallow does not make a summer, of course. Nevertheless the victory of the Birmingham Miniature Club team at the long ranges at Bisley, and with hardly any previous practice at those long ranges, points to the correctness of the views frequently expressed in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. One of the team was the Mr. Jones whose invention of the try-gun brought him into notice some years ago, and it was he who first called my attention to the fact of the success of a miniature club in so important a long-range competition. His opinion is very decided that this miniature-club movement will be a great thing for the country. That seems to me to depend very much upon our rulers. At present, it must be confessed, the work has been done in spite of the Government, not in any sense by its aid. The Birmingham M.C., it will be remembered, was one of the principal clubs which stood out and would not join the National Rifle Association, believing, truly enough, that the assistance given by the Government would be of little or no use until extended to individuals, and not merely to clubs. Personally, I think, unlike the Scotch tourist, that a tooth-brush should not belong to the ship. I am exactly of the same opinion, no less and no more, about a rifle with which one intends to learn to shoot. That is the view which the Birmingham club took; whether they have modified it since they have been successful at Bisley, I do not know.

* * * *

I do not think it would injure the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take off the duty upon all rifles. The loss would be far more than compensated by the gain. What, for instance, would be the loss? As far as deer-stalking goes, not a single penny. How many there may be who shoot rabbits and rooks with a rifle who do not also, for other reasons, take out a game or gun licence, it is difficult to say; but my experience is that they must be very limited indeed, because I cannot remember ever to have met anyone who used a rifle for bird or beast who did not also use a shot-gun. It is clearly not those who use rifles for target shooting that should be taxed. They are the very people that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has shown his anxiety to assist in their practice. If, therefore, it is only the few shooters who shoot game birds and beasts with the rifle who should pay for the luxury, according to the views of the national financier, then he would be quite safe in altogether abolishing the gun tax on rifles. That the gun and game licence duties are very ill collected, everybody is aware; and I do not think that it would be difficult to devise means of inducing the majority to pay. I believe that there are about ten times as many permits to kill game issued in France every year as there are in England; but possibly that is to some extent because the officers of the law are more active. In England it is a most unusual thing to be asked for either game or gun licence.

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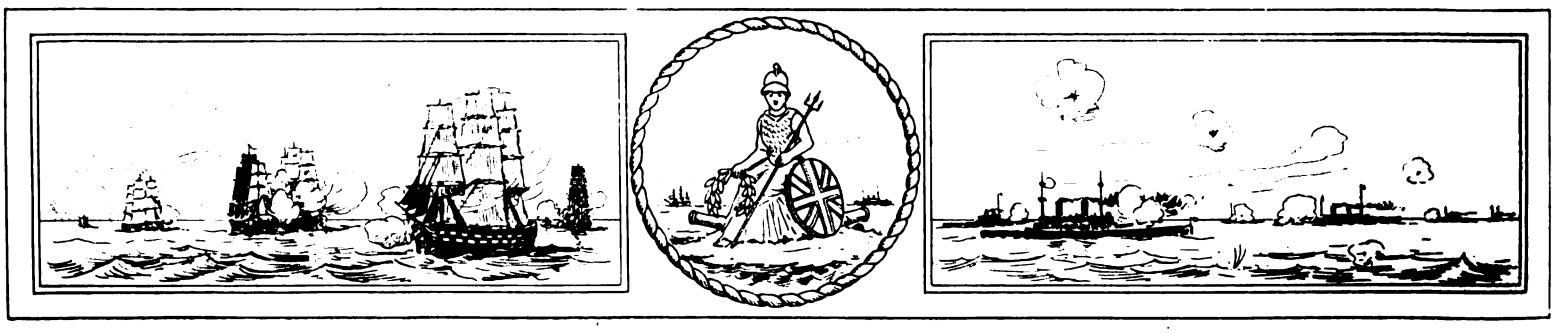
It is not only the experience of the Birmingham team that goes to show what a great deal those qualities that can be as well learnt at a 25-yds. range as at one of 1,000-yds. have to do with success. I think no better evidence of this exists than is to be found in the Elcho Shield Competition. It is often said that miniature ranges are of small value, because they do not teach judgment of wind, light, and distance. But if these were the most difficult accomplishments to acquire, it goes without saying that the best shot in the Elcho would ensure, by his coaching, that his should be also the best team. But that, in practice, is far from being true. Lieutenant Rankin of the Scotch team was this year far the best shot; his team was, on the contrary, the worst. He, at least, must have profited most from the knowledge of wind and light that was equally free for all the team; and there seems to be only one way in which he could profit more than the others, who all alike had to look through orthoptic sights with the same elevation and the same wind allowance. It must be in the "let off" that the born shot is, in a coached team, always a little ahead of all other competitors; and the let off can be practised as well at 25-yds. as at 1,000-yds.



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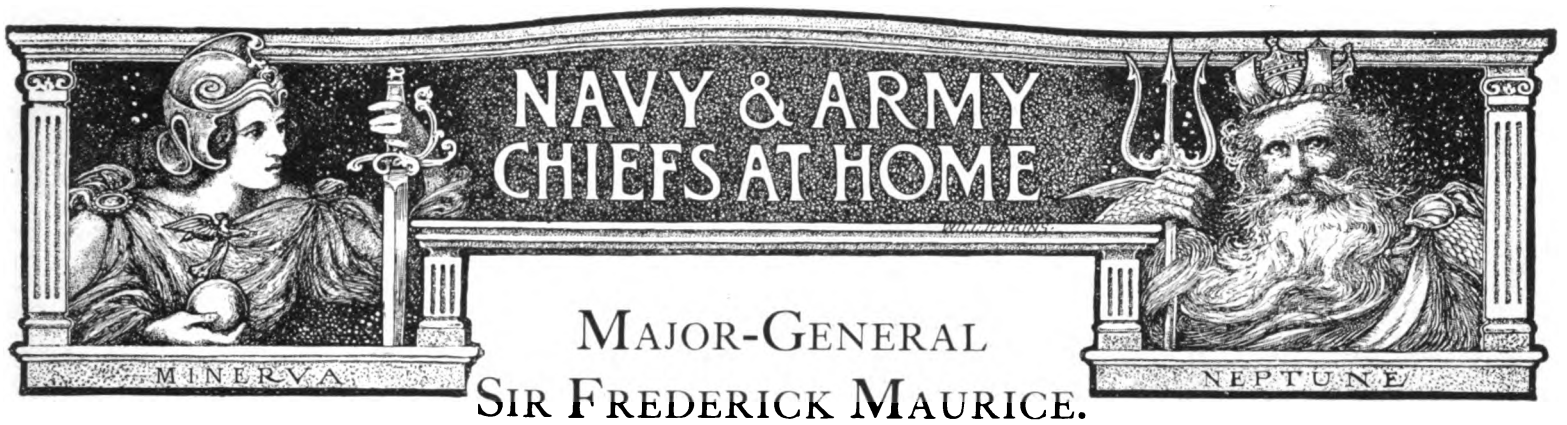
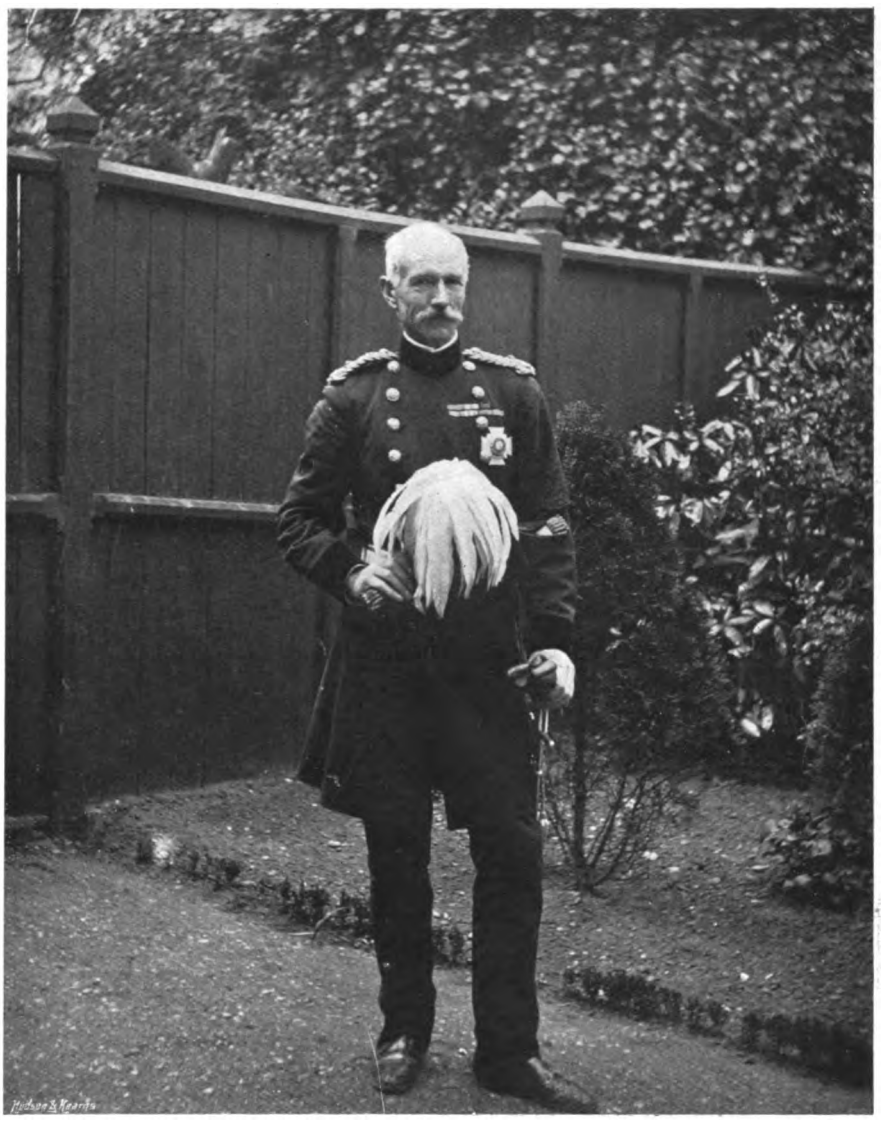


MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE.

NEVER perhaps were sword and pen more happily married than in John Frederick Maurice, whose distinguished career as a soldier is run close by his literary achievements. His taste for letters was no doubt inherited from his famous father; his military instincts, which led him to embrace the profession of arms, were all his own. In him, however, are blended the two distinct sets of qualities—the gentle, lovable nature of the eminent divine, the combativeness and sturdy self-reliance that are indispensable traits in the successful soldier. We may be sure that of the two qualities he thinks most highly of that that made his father eminent.

It is abundantly plain from the "Life of Frederick Denison Maurice," written by his son, that the latter worshipped his father with the tenderest filial affection. In the wide circle of the elder man's deeply affectionate friends, a circle which included Charles Kingsley, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, and many more leaders of religious thought, there was none more devoted than his soldier son. It is a curious instance indeed of the conquest of early surroundings, of the innate preference for a particular calling, that young Maurice steadfastly resolved to go into the Army and not the Church.

Not strangely the lad was led to seek the scientific side of the Service, and he entered Woolwich Academy, to pass through it into the Royal Artillery as a lieutenant, in December, 1861. He found himself at the bottom of a nearly interminable list of lieutenants, for those were days of great stagnation of promotion before the adoption of the rank of major for the Artillery branch of the Service, and there seemed but little hope of future advancement. As a matter of fact, Maurice served thirteen and a-half years as a lieutenant, and thereby lost the rewards by brevet which he had fairly earned in the field. But although Army promotion was withheld by causes beyond his control, he owed so much to his own energy and intellectual gifts, that he soon made a name for himself outside the grooves of regimental routine.



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GENERAL MAURICE IN THE GARDEN.

At the Commandant's House, Woolwich.

Between 1861 and 1870 nothing was heard of young Maurice. He was pining for an opportunity, and at last it came when the second Duke of Wellington, as the best tribute to his great father's memory, offered in 1871 a prize for the best essay upon the mode by which a British army could most effectually encounter a continental enemy in the field. Maurice eagerly embraced the chance, and became a competitor. He found himself peculiarly well equipped for the task, because he numbered amongst his friends officers who were intimately acquainted with foreign Armies. One had served in the Prussian Army, another in the Austrian Army, and several had been present in the operations of the Franco-German War.

Maurice, moreover, was a close student of German newspapers, in which the lessons of that war were fully and freely discussed, and, best of all, he had the leisure, and the access to good authorities afforded by his employment as a professor at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The result was a masterly production, which not only won the prize, but also the ungrudging praise of one of the first of English military writers.

Sir Edward Hamley, the principal judge, in reporting his opinion to the Duke of Wellington, spoke of Maurice's monograph as follows: "It may be doubted whether any essay in any language has handled the subject with a more comprehensive and vigorous grasp, or discussed it with more logical precision. . . . It displays in an eminent degree the qualities which it was the object of the prize to elicit, viz., knowledge of the theory of modern war, extensive reading of contemporary military literature, and the power of drawing from theory and fact new and original deductions." This was praise indeed, coming from the pen of one who had shown himself such a master of satirical criticism.

The winning of this prize was the turning point in Maurice's career. He had gained it against strenuous opposition, and not only the prize, but the generous esteem of those he had beaten, particularly of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley, who from that time forth became his warm supporter and best friend. Maurice owed to Wolseley his first employment in the field, and accompanied the young general, then on the threshold of success, to Ashanti, where, being still a subaltern, there was no opening for him except as private secretary, and, as has been already said, he had no immediate reward for good service performed.

But from henceforth the two worked together; whenever Wolseley was called to active service, Maurice was summoned to go with him. He was vegetating in Nova Scotia,

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LADY MAURICE AT THE WRITING-TABLE.

On hospitable cares intent.

ONE OF GENERAL MAURICE'S DAUGHTERS.

A corner of the drawing-room.

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ONE OF GENERAL MAURICE'S SONS,

With pet dog, in the dining-room.

where promotion to the rank of captain at last reached him, when he was recalled to accompany Lord Wolseley to Cyprus. Thence he proceeded, still with his chief, to South Africa to see the termination of the Zulu War and take part in the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold, where he was severely wounded, and gained at last the brevet majority he had so long deserved.

Next came an appointment upon the General Staff under Lord Wolseley in the Tel-el-Kebir Campaign. Then followed a spell at the Intelligence Department with Colonel Home, who was so prematurely lost to the service of his country, but did such excellent work. He was helpfully assisted by Maurice in the working out of the great railway scheme for the concentration of forces throughout the kingdom at the first call to arms.

Egypt claimed Maurice once more when the Nile Expedition was despatched, too tardily, to relieve Gordon, and he was once more on the General Staff, but in a higher grade. The end of the war saw him a full colonel, with a brilliant record and an assured reputation.

All this time, however, his pen had been busy, and he had been also winning literary laurels. His life of his father, a labour of love most admirably executed, appeared in 1875. About this time, too, a new edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" was being produced, and the article on war was entrusted to Maurice on Sir Edward Hamley's recommendation—a sufficient refutation of a report often circulated that Hamley was inimical to the military school to which Maurice belonged.

Maurice was also the author of two weighty books, one of which, "The Balance of Military Power in Europe," originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, caused a great sensation, and the other, "Hostilities without Declaration of War," has since become a text-book on the subject. Moreover a mass of mere ephemeral, because anonymous, writing issued from his pen—lectures, articles, and lengthy memoranda, official and private, which would, if reproduced, fill many substantial volumes. Nor must his monograph on "National Defences," contributed by him to Messrs. Macmillan's English Citizen Series, be overlooked. It appeared in 1897, a date long antecedent to the pregnant lessons so recently taught us with regard to the national armaments, and it is interesting to note how Maurice was the first to enunciate principles now generally accepted as the essence of the question. He was of opinion, with other great authorities, that what we must always need is a "supreme navy, an adequate army, and an incomparable diplomacy." His views as to what we need, what we have to defend, against whom and how we do it, may be commended for the perusal of all who have the safety of the Empire at heart.

In later years Maurice was chiefly engaged in the work of military education. For seven consecutive years he was Professor of Military History at the Staff College, and thus lost all opportunity for further field service. The value of so high an authority in such a place was obvious, but it chafed Maurice to be so long shut out from active soldiering, and at length, in 1892, he obtained a transfer to the command of a brigaded division at Aldershot, and a couple of years later was appointed to command the Artillery in the Eastern District.

Yet still his assistance was sought in educational matters, and while at Aldershot he was associated with the late General Alleyne in working out the details for the first examination for the promotion of majors. It is interesting to note that the board on which they sat

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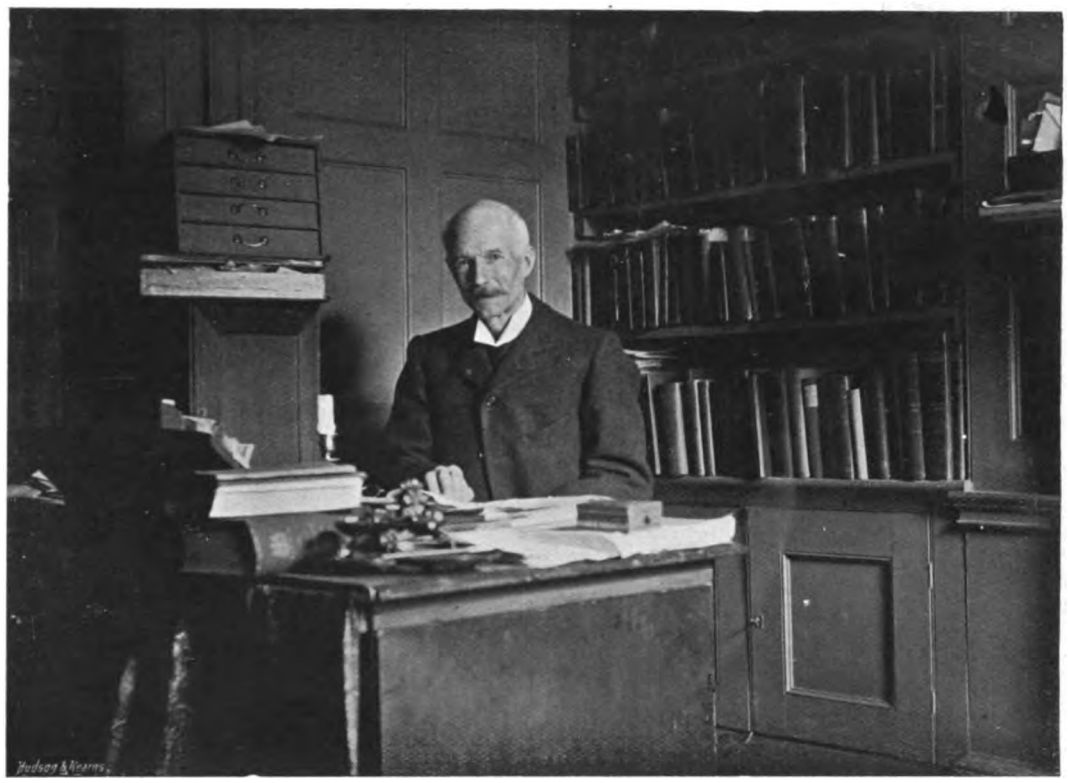
laid it down as a first principle that purely theoretical questions should be barred, but that the knowledge of theory should be judged by practical performance.

From Colchester Maurice was promoted to major-general, and given the command of the Woolwich District, which he still holds. It was, of course, a deep disappointment to him to be shut out from a share in the South African operations; but although his services were sought more than once by Sir Redvers Buller, the principle was strictly held at the War Office that no generals actually commanding districts at home could be permitted to leave them for the front. In point of fact, they were as much wanted at home, and their work was, in its way, quite as useful here as at the front.

The business of preparation, both of men and material, has been colossal at Woolwich. Nowhere, save at Southampton, have there been such large embarkations, and nowhere perhaps in the United Kingdom has so much work been done by such a small but indefatigable staff. In all this the general took the most prominent part, but, despite the incessant labours thus imposed upon him, he found time to work out a scheme for the comprehensive employment of cyclists in the field, a plan which, if properly developed, may appreciably increase our military strength. Again, the near neighbourhood of Woolwich to London has constantly led to his being called up in consultation on business questions of much moment. He gave evidence before the Dawkins Committee on War Office reorganisation, and his opinions carried great weight.

Although Sir Frederick Maurice was denied all further distinction at the front, he was well represented in South Africa by his eldest son, a young soldier who is following fast in his father's footsteps, and of whom, if he be spared, much more will be heard. Captain Maurice, who belongs to the Derbyshire Regiment, had already done good service in the Tirah Campaign, and on the outbreak of the Boer War he went to South Africa as a special service officer, where he did excellent work upon the lines of communication. Here General Kelly-Kenny found him, and eagerly secured him for his personal staff. As A.D.C. he rode with his chief at the head of the Sixth Division in its great march to forestall Cronje at Paardeberg, and was actively engaged throughout the advance on Bloemfontein.



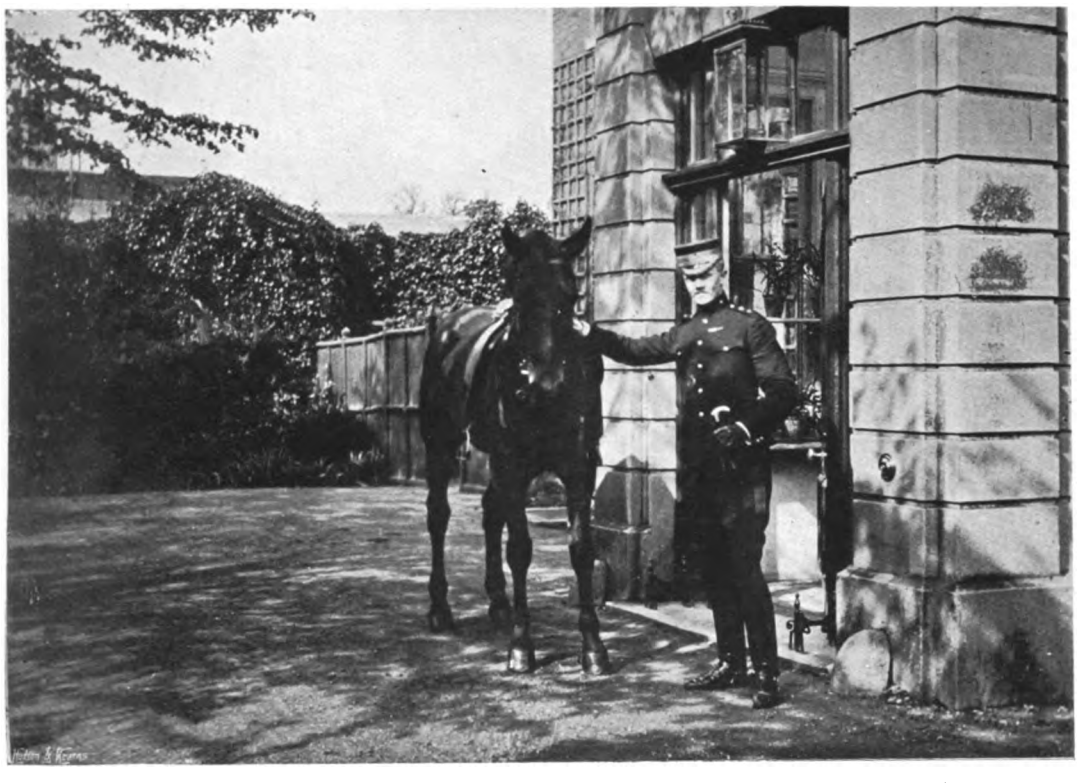
GENERAL MAURICE IN HIS STUDY.

At the Commandant's House, Woolwich.

The residence of the General Commanding at Woolwich is not exactly a palatial building. The façade, as seen from the main road, is ordinary and unpretending, but viewed from the garden within the walls, it has a more striking appearance. The Royal Engineers are famed for the simplicity of their architectural designs, and as the demands of successive occupants for increased accommodation have been irresistible, a number of irregular excrescences of varying size have been added at the rear of the house. The effect is to class the house with the architectural style seen in most Government buildings of the Victorian age, not perhaps the highest and most artistic. Internally, however, the building is commodious. The reception-rooms are large and well lighted, and there are a number of bedrooms, many quaint in shape, and some most inconvenient. Windows abound, there are half-a-dozen in the drawing-room, and in one of the bedrooms three too many, as well as a couple of doors. A bedroom is still known as "The Duke's," as Woolwich was a favourite stopping-place with the Duke of Cambridge in the days when General Albert Williams commanded the garrison and district.

The house was once occupied by the D.A.G. of Artillery, and at that time the commandant was lodged in the Arsenal in a corner of Dial Square. It was called the Commandant's House when he moved into it, and although the major-general has now a much larger district, that, in fact, which lies within the jurisdiction of the London County Council, and includes those parts of Kent that lie north and south of the Thames, the old name of Commandant's House is still retained. This has been found convenient to distinguish it from the residence of the major-general who governs Woolwich Academy. Not strangely the appellation gives rise to occasional misconception, and tradesmen have been known to look askance at the respectable lady who orders the goods she has bought to be sent home to her at a "Common Dance House."

Behind the house lies a good garden with some fine old trees, and still further back are the stables and a paddock. The kitchen garden is distant half a mile from the house, below the saluting battery. Here there is a large pond formed by the excavation, where roach and perch wax fat and become the prey of immemorial pike who disdain the common or garden worm.



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CAPTAIN F. B. MAURICE, A.D.C.,

With a favourite charger.

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FOR VALOUR.

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

"What is a riband worth to a soldier? Worth? Everything! Glory is priceless!"—*Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons."*

THE five medals which illustrate this page are those which are the most prized honours of the soldier and seaman, and which are to the man in the street those of the most enthralling interest. The reason is not far to seek, for these medals are those which set the hall-mark of personal valour on their recipient. They are the reward not of reckless foolhardiness, but of that courage with which men, well knowing the risk incurred, calmly face an almost certain death in the endeavour to save a wounded comrade, to stay a momentary panic and rally faltering troops, or in some other fashion to aid the cause and the flag for which and under which they fight and are gladly willing to die. The earliest decorative reward for personal valour adopted in this country was the Forlorn Hope Badge, instituted by Charles I. Beyond this, though rewards for distinguished bravery were occasionally and individually given, there was no recognised award for service of this character until the institution of the medal "For Distinguished Conduct in the Field," during the late reign, with one exception. This was the award made to those who distinguished themselves in fire-ships, a hazardous service, rewards for which we find authorised as far back as the "Fighting Instructions," issued by Lord High Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of York, and which bear date April 20, 1655.

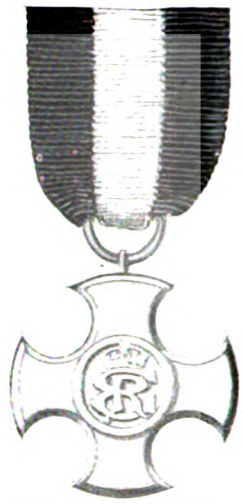
The Victoria Cross is naturally the highest prized and most honourable of the five distinctions here dealt with, for, in the words of the original warrant, it is the one "We are desirous should be highly prized and eagerly sought after by the officers and men of our Naval and Military Services." This decoration is worn in precedence of all others, except those belonging to Orders of Knighthood—*i.e.*, on the left breast, and nearest to the centre (the D.S.O., though an order, is not an Order of Knighthood). It is the simplest and of the least intrinsic value of all our military decorations, being but a small bronze Maltese Cross, 1½-in. square, and worth but a few pence. On the obverse, in the centre, is the lion and crown, with, on a scroll beneath, the legend "For Valour." The reverse is plain, and the decoration hangs from its bar by a loop in the shape of the letter V. Army recipients wear it with a red ribbon, those of the Royal Navy or Royal Marines with a blue ribbon. It was the idea of the late Prince Consort, and is said to have been designed by him. In the original warrant its issue was restricted to officers and men of the Regular Forces, but subsequent warrants have extended the scope of its issue, and it has been won and is worn by, our Colonial soldiery and by civilians. Alone ineligible for its award amongst all the King's forces are the native officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Indian Army, who, in the Order of Merit, have a corresponding decoration of their own. The services for which the V.C. has been awarded have all been acts of personal valour, but very varied in character, and a very large percentage of crosses have gone to recipients whose courage has been specially displayed by succouring or rescuing wounded comrades at the risk of their own lives. Other cases have been those of officers or men taking special risks to encourage their following or comrades, or in the rallying of troops disorganised, in confusion, or faltering; for effecting specially dangerous reconnaissances, or the carrying of despatches; or in saving life by seizing live shell before its explosion, and hurling it outside a ship or fortification.

FOR DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT IN THE FIELD.

It is generally supposed that the V.C. has only been conferred for deeds of valour in war-time and in the presence of the enemy, but there have been exceptions to this rule. The most pronounced is in the case of a gallant Irishman, Private Timothy O'Hea, of the Rifle Brigade, who, in 1866, at Domville, near Quebec, entered a burning railway waggon containing ammunition, and extinguished the flames at the most imminent risk of his life, thus averting a most terrible catastrophe.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

This, the most noble of all British awards for valour, was instituted by Royal Warrant dated June 29, 1856. The medals "For Distinguished Conduct in the Field," and "For Conspicuous Gallantry," are prior in date to the V.C., having been authorised December 24, 1854, and August 13, 1855, respectively. The issue of the former is restricted to non-commissioned officers and men of the Army. It has on the obverse the Royal Arms quartered on a shield and supported by a military trophy, and on the reverse the legend that gives the medal its title. The medal is suspended by a red ribbon, and is worn immediately after the medal that commemorates the campaign in which the recipient gained the award, *i.e.*, nearer to the left shoulder. The ribbon is crimson, with down the centre a blue stripe one-third of the total width. The medal "For Conspicuous Gallantry" is the corresponding reward for petty-officers and seamen of the Royal Navy, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marines. On the obverse is the diademed head of the Sovereign with title above, and on the reverse the legend "For Conspicuous Gallantry." The ribbon is blue, with a central stripe of white one-third of its width. Both these decorations are highly prized, and rank only second in honour to the Victoria Cross.



THE CONSPICUOUS SERVICE CROSS.

The Distinguished Service Order, which is worn after the V.C. but before all other war medals, was instituted by Royal Warrant bearing date September 6, 1886, and was designed not only as a recognition for particularly distinguished service but also to mark any special act of gallantry, and is fully entitled to take rank amongst rewards for valour. It was instituted, moreover, to fill a long-felt want. The Bath, by the limitations of the statutes, was confined to field officers in the Army, and to officers of corresponding rank in the Navy, and, apart from the V.C., not always suitable for the purpose, there was no method of recognising by decoration distinguished service on the part of junior officers. This defect in the system of decorative rewards the D.S.O. remedied by allowing for the recognition of merit and valour in any commissioned rank. The decoration is a white enamelled gold cross, having in the centre of the obverse a gold Imperial Crown on a red enamelled ground, and within a wreath of laurels enamelled green. On the reverse, similarly placed and on a similar ground, is the Imperial and Royal Cypher. The ribbon is red, with blue edging, and the decoration is worn before all war medals, but after the Victoria Cross. In the Navy, however, two very deserving classes were still ineligible for any reward for valour other than the V.C. These were subordinate officers, *i.e.*, midshipmen, Naval cadets, clerks, and warrant officers.

For the former titles, it must be remembered, are a rating and not a commissioned rank. To supply this omission the King, on June 15 last, instituted the Conspicuous Service Cross, open only to these ranks of His Majesty's Navy. The C.S.C. is a silver Maltese cross, with, on the obverse in the centre, the Imperial Crown and Cypher, and having the reverse plain. The decoration hangs from a similar ribbon as the medal "For Conspicuous Gallantry," but the cross is suspended from a ring and not from a bar.

FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY.

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MIMIC WAR IN THE CHANNEL.

Blazing with the Big Guns.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

AFTER all the excitement of the actual manœuvres it seems strange to go back to the time when the X Fleet left Torbay. And yet it is necessary, in order that there may be some continuity in the story. It was a quiet business, of course—economical speeds, and not too much tactics. Admiral Wilson wanted to save coal, and he guessed—as the papers kindly explained, from time to time, was the case—that Admiral Noel was doing the same. With him, too, it was economical speeds and anchoring at night. But, really, when it comes to actual fighting the freedom of correspondents afloat will have to go by the board. There were many paragraphs printed in the daily papers that were of use, and if real hostilities were in progress, a casual cruiser might send a party ashore at some unconsidered town or village, seize the contents of a newsagent's shop, and gain a lot of valuable information. The only thing one can hope for is that, if shells were flying about, correspondents would not be quite so eager to go afloat, and that nothing would be allowed to be published until the time when it could do any harm was past.

The X Fleet first visited Alderney, one of its bases, and then proceeded to the Scillies, where all the ships anchored off St. Mary's. An act of heroism ought to be recorded. While the ships were at general exercise, an ordinary seaman of the "Hannibal" fell overboard. He was a poor swimmer, and his life did not seem like a valuable purchase. But a Marine named Harper—let his name be remembered, for it is the second life he has saved recently—plunged after him. He did not wait to remove tunic or boots, and the result was that both men were very much exhausted when the "Hannibal's" life-boat picked them up. It is just such incidents as these which show the instant decision of our men afloat, and the comradeship of a man-of-war.

Bad weather detained the Fleet at Scilly for a day or two; but then came tactical manœuvres against the destroyers—assumed for the nonce to be battle-ships—and then against the same craft in their normal capacity. It was all very pretty, but everyone wanted the actual Manœuvres to begin. It should be explained here that a somewhat doubtfully expressed clause in the rules governing the fighting seems to have been interpreted by both sides as meaning that only the battle-ships of the respective Fleets were to be necessarily to the north of the 56th parallel, which marked the northern limit of the manœuvre area, at midnight on July 28. The cruisers were to be allowed to roam wherever their respective commanders-in-chief chose to send them, and the result was an interesting and instructive episode. The object of the B Fleet, be it remembered, was to protect the commerce entering the English and St. George's Channels. But X had a magnificent strategical position at the Scilly Islands, with the opportunity of stretching his arms to the Irish Coast on the one hand and to the Channel Islands on the other. As I pointed out last week, he practically controlled the situation, and B could recover his rights only by fighting, and fighting in force. He pushed forward a strong cruiser squadron to "observe" the Scillies, to guard against the obstreperous attacks of torpedo flotillas while his battle-fleet was reaching Portland in order to coal, and to obtain generally as much information as it could. For the object of scouts is to obtain precise information—and to report it. The purpose for which they are intended, when detached from a fleet, is not to fight, but to see as much as possible and then to run away and report. It may be admitted that it is difficult to induce captains to take this view. It is contrary to human nature—particularly the human nature developed by the pugnacious instincts of the average Briton.

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THE X FLEET IN SIGHT.

Admiral Noel's battle-ships start in chase.

The result was that after some preliminary skirmishing, which did not turn out well for the B cruisers, the X cruiser squadron with twelve ships met the B cruiser squadron with eight. The latter seem to have been in somewhat loose formation. They did not even know that war had been declared until they signalled to ask the question after the action. They were apparently ready to fight first and discuss the question afterwards—a method which has been adopted by British ships on former occasions—but, in spite of the eulogies of some of the officers in the B Squadron, it seems impossible to get away from the conclusion that the formation of the squadron was not what it would have been if the consciousness of actual hostilities had been present. It is noticeable that the same old tactical principle was adopted on both sides, though it was differently applied. It was the principle upon which Nelson worked both at the Nile and at Trafalgar, and it may be shortly described as endeavouring to crush the enemy's squadron in detail. The B line was not locked up. There were two gaps in it, and through these the X cruisers found their way, thus attacking six of the B squadron on both sides, and, as the action was fought at full speed, isolating the two which happened to be in the rear. This was the utilisation of numerical strength for the purpose of crushing an adversary. It was an adaptation to modern tactics of the principle which has been accepted ever since the idea of breaking the line was first evolved. In old days, the wind had a good deal to

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BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE X FLEET.

Admiral Wilson's command in the roadstead at the Scillies.

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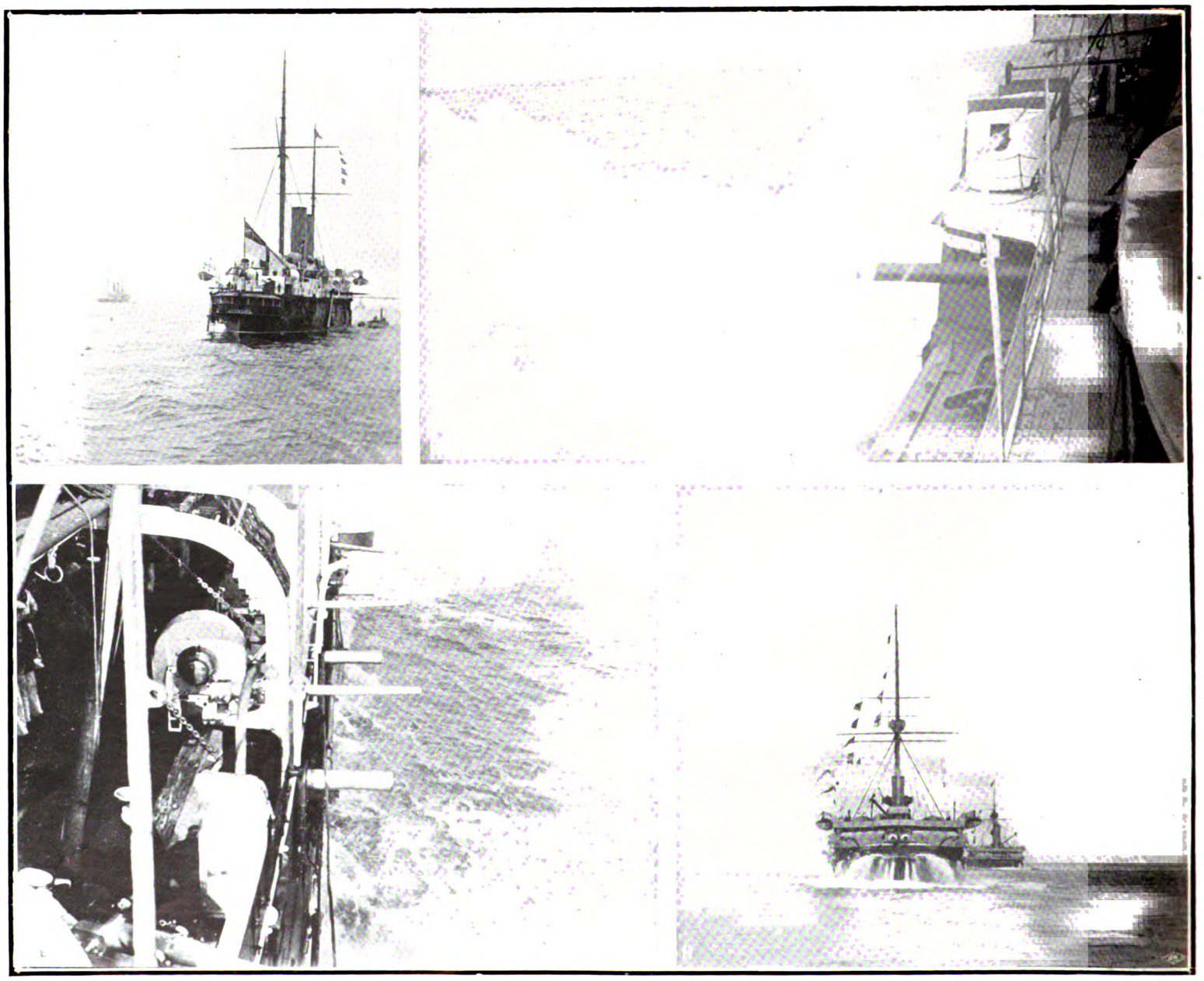
CRUISERS OF THE X FLEET.

These are some of the vessels which were engaged in the action off he Wolf.

do with the success of the manœuvre. Nowadays it would seem to depend upon the speed of the isolated and isolating ships, and upon the willingness of the latter to diminish the number of revolutions in order to obtain reinforcements. But if the X Squadron thus made use of its numerical superiority, the B cruisers equally endeavoured to utilise the idea of crushing an adversary. Several vessels concentrated their long-range fire on one of the enemy's ships, and as she could only bring to bear her end-on fire, it is evident that she would have had a very unsatisfactory time of it in real war. In fact, a very few minutes would probably have put it out of her power to take any further part in the contest. The difference in numbers, however, was so great that Captain Callaghan, who, in the "Edgar," commanded the B Squadron and happened to be senior officer, was perforce compelled to admit that he was beaten and that all his ships were out of action. He ordered, however, that eight cruisers on the other side should also be put out of action, and under the rules he could hardly have done anything else. Nor, perhaps, could the umpires, in their turn, overlook the fact that the stronger of two opposing squadrons is likely to suffer very much less damage than the weaker one, and that it is thus hardly fair to impose an identical penalty on both sides. This was not done, for while the B Squadron lost four ships, that of X was mulct only to the extent of three. But the misfortunes of B were not at an end. On their way back to Scilly,



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SIGHTS AND SCENES IN THE MIMIC WAR.

1. THE "EDGAR," FLAG-SHIP OF B's CRUISERS, IN THE FIGHT OFF THE WOLF. 2. THE FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR 3. REPLYING TO THE ENEMY. 4. THE "HOWE" DIPS HER NOSE TO THE SEA.

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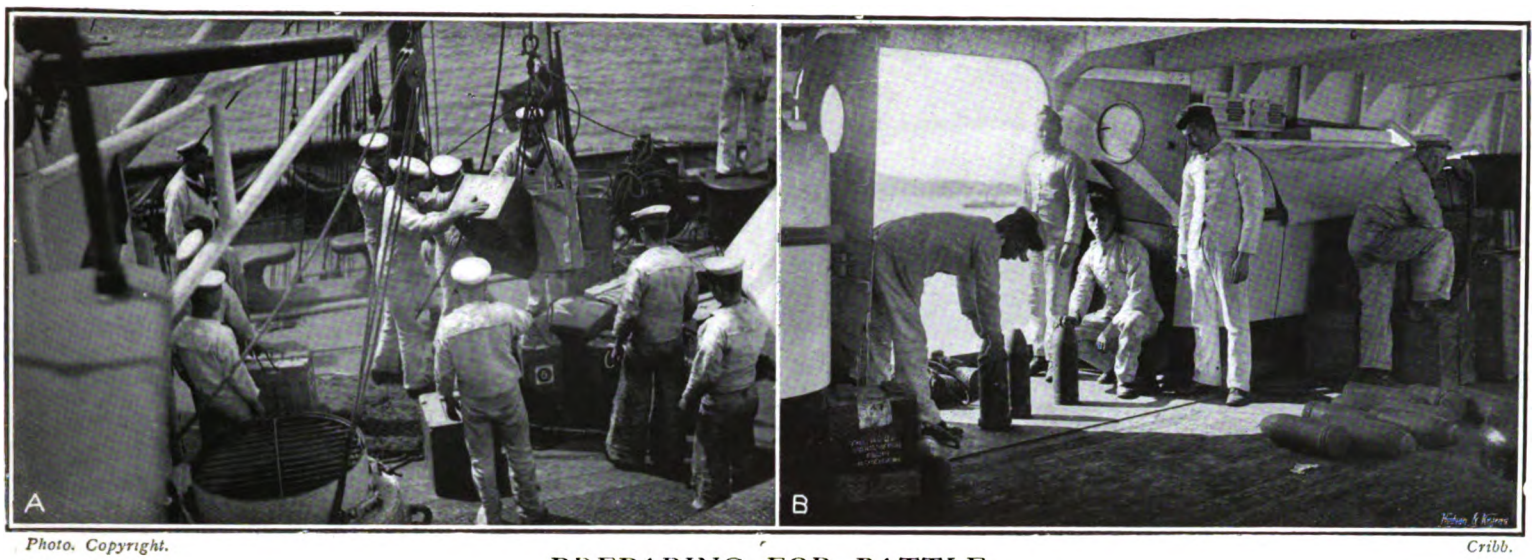

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PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

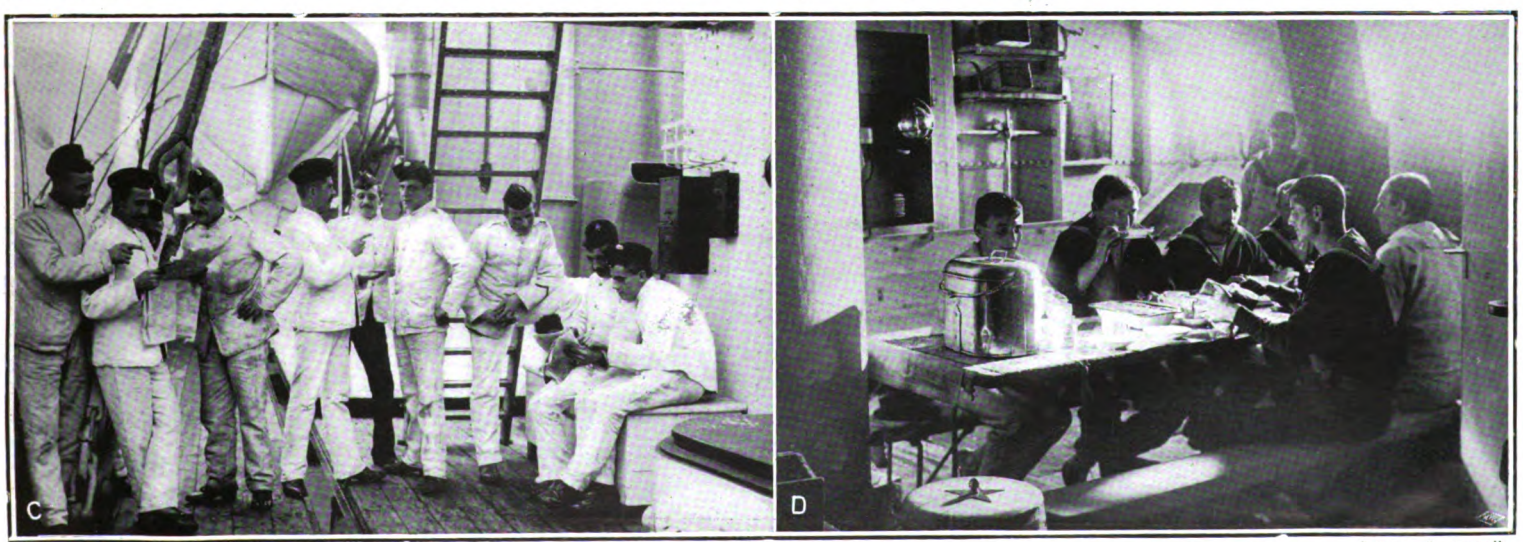
Hoisting in ammunition. *Food for the heavy guns.*

the four remaining X cruisers fell in with the "Spartan" and "Sirius," and the "Spartan" was sent into port.

Now, save that the ships would have been captured or destroyed instead of merely having to hoist the Blue Peter and to resort to port, this is exactly what might have happened in actual war. The cruisers on both sides would feel the way. One or two would come into contact, and with the innate fighting instinct would proceed to settle the matter forthwith, instead of retiring. Others would appear upon the scene on both sides, and we should have an important cruiser action, ending probably in great destruction and heavy loss on both sides. This shows how important it is that this country should possess a large reserve of cruisers, for they are certainly the vessels which will be most rapidly used up at the beginning of a war. The result of the early fighting, then, was to place the stream of commerce flowing into the St. George's and English Channels in the power of the X Fleet, and to render it more than ever necessary that B should fight a decisive action in order to regain it.

The main battle fleet of the X Squadron did not waste any time in crossing the 56th parallel as soon as the hour allowed, but it had difficulties to encounter in the way of fog. Nevertheless it crept onward, and finally entered St. Mary's, in the Scilly Islands, in the midst of a dense fog—a piece of daring seamanship which reflects the highest credit on Vice-Admiral Knyvett Wilson. There were destroyers lying in wait outside the line of safety prescribed by the rules, but once again fog acted as an important factor in the Manœuvres, and the speedy hornets of the sea failed to find their prey. Practically, then, the X Fleet had the control of the whole line from Queenstown to the Channel Islands, with the Scilly Islands as an intermediate impregnable base, and, of course, all British merchant vessels off Ushant or the Lizard were at the mercy of that squadron. A large number were nominally captured. Let us hope that this will be a useful lesson, and will teach the country the absolute necessity, if our national life is to continue, of having such a Navy as shall ensure that neither at the beginning of a war nor during its continuance shall it be possible for an enemy, by means of the result of a chance cruiser action, to seat himself astride of any one of our great commercial routes and to practically stop our carrying trade.

At the Scillies the battle fleet of the X Squadron heard that the main B Fleet was at Portland, and that Alderney was blockaded by a flotilla superior in strength to that by which it was held. The first thing, therefore, was to raise the blockade of Alderney. The result was that the blockading flotilla was fairly caught in a trap. The X Squadron possessed eight battle-ships, and in spite of its ships ruled out of action it had still eleven cruisers. The vessels of the latter class were grouped into two divisions, and as Alderney was approached—after leaving the Scillies again in a fog—it became evident that the blockading flotilla must have heard of the approach of the X Fleet. Two cruisers, four torpedo gun-boats, and eight destroyers were in full retreat, pursued by the Channel Islands flotilla, which, of course, had gained in "cheek" as it found its tormentors vanishing. One of the divisions of cruisers headed off the retreating flotilla, and prevented it from retiring on Plymouth. The battle-ships and the other division of cruisers proceeded by devious ways to the southward and westward, and the recent blockaders were caught in a trap. Recognising the hopelessness of their position under the rules of the game, they all surrendered, and thus the X Fleet got another big haul. But would this have been the case in real war? It is necessary to have rules and to abide by them, and they are made as nearly akin to the probabilities of warfare as is possible. But they cannot reproduce the real thing. In the present case, is it quite certain that the destroyers would have surrendered without a fight? Cervera's sortie from Santiago da Cuba is not in point. It was badly arranged, and his destroyers simply gave themselves away. But no one impugns the daring of their crews. And in the next great Naval war in which we are engaged our destroyers and torpedo-boats will be manned by officers and men who will recognise that they are engaged on a desperate service. Would not these eight destroyers have made a dash for one ship or the other on the chance that, at the speed at which they were going, one or other of them might escape the hail of shell, and might get a torpedo home? These are matters that can be decided by actual warfare and by that alone. We shall not be able to ascertain for some weeks the true story of all the details of the Manœuvres and of their bearings upon our future strategical and tactical knowledge. But it is obvious that many of the lessons to be learned do not lie upon the surface, and that, in the main, the Manœuvres of this year have been far more fruitful of experiences than those of a good many preceding summers.



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AFTER THE FIGHT.

The Marines discuss the situation. *The seamen utilise a quiet moment.*

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THE MAD MULLAH ONCE MORE.

RETURNING FROM A RAID.

Camel Corps and Mounted Infantry bringing in captured camels.

A WARM CORNER.

The cairn in Macneill's zeriba where the Maxim was posted.

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CAPTAIN MACNEILL'S ZERIBA.

This was attacked four times by the Mad Mullah's following.

VERY recent advices from Aden indicate that the Mad Mullah Expedition may be considered to be satisfactorily at an end. This expedition, it will be remembered, was a conjoint Anglo-Abyssinian one, despatched with a view to smashing a sort of inferior Mahdi, whose raids upon the Somali tribes under our protection had become altogether outrageous. In previous articles we have dealt with the formation of the force under Colonel Swayne, consisting wholly of Somali levies under a handful of British officers, which advanced from Berbera inland *viâ* Burao. We have also, as far as possible, marked the simultaneous progress of the Abyssinian force, which has done its best to co-operate with Colonel Swayne in ridding Somaliland of this troublesome upstart. At present we have no very connected or complete account of the operations subsequent to the temporary junction of the Abyssinian and British forces, which appears to have taken place towards the end of June. But it seems likely that about this time an animated game of hide-and-seek took place, the Mad Mullah for a time successfully concealing his whereabouts, although hotly pressed by the Abyssinians. Eventually Colonel Swayne must have received information of the presence of the Mullah with a considerable force at a place called Hassan Ughaz, lying on or near the edge of a waterless desert known as the Haud. In a map which we published on July 20, and which was sent us by an officer serving with the force, the northern boundary of the Haud is shown as running about 150 miles south of Berbera.

On July 17 Colonel Swayne attacked the Mullah's position at Hassan Ughaz, and completely routed him. His huts were burned, his cattle captured, and several of his relatives were killed. His following was pursued into the Haud, where it broke up into small parties and scattered in all directions. It is not likely that after this defeat, which cost us one British officer and nine Somalis killed, and one British officer and sixteen Somalis wounded, the Mad Mullah will ever recover his prestige. This had previously suffered a severe shock in the fighting at Macneill's zeriba in the early days of June, to which two of the accompanying pictures allude; but, by shifting his ground and acquiring a new set of supporters, the Mullah appears to have partially recovered from this initial reverse. He should now be completely discredited, more especially as he has not much to recommend him, beyond a singularly bloodthirsty and barbarous disposition, and is by origin a man of very inferior class.

The defence of Captain Macneill's zeriba was a most brilliant little affair. The zeriba was heavily attacked on June 2 and June 3 by the Mullah with 5,000 men, who, however, were splendidly repulsed. Macneill's loss only amounted to ten men killed and ten wounded, while the enemy left 340 dead within a few hundred yards of the zeriba, and 300 more in the low hills in the immediate neighbourhood.

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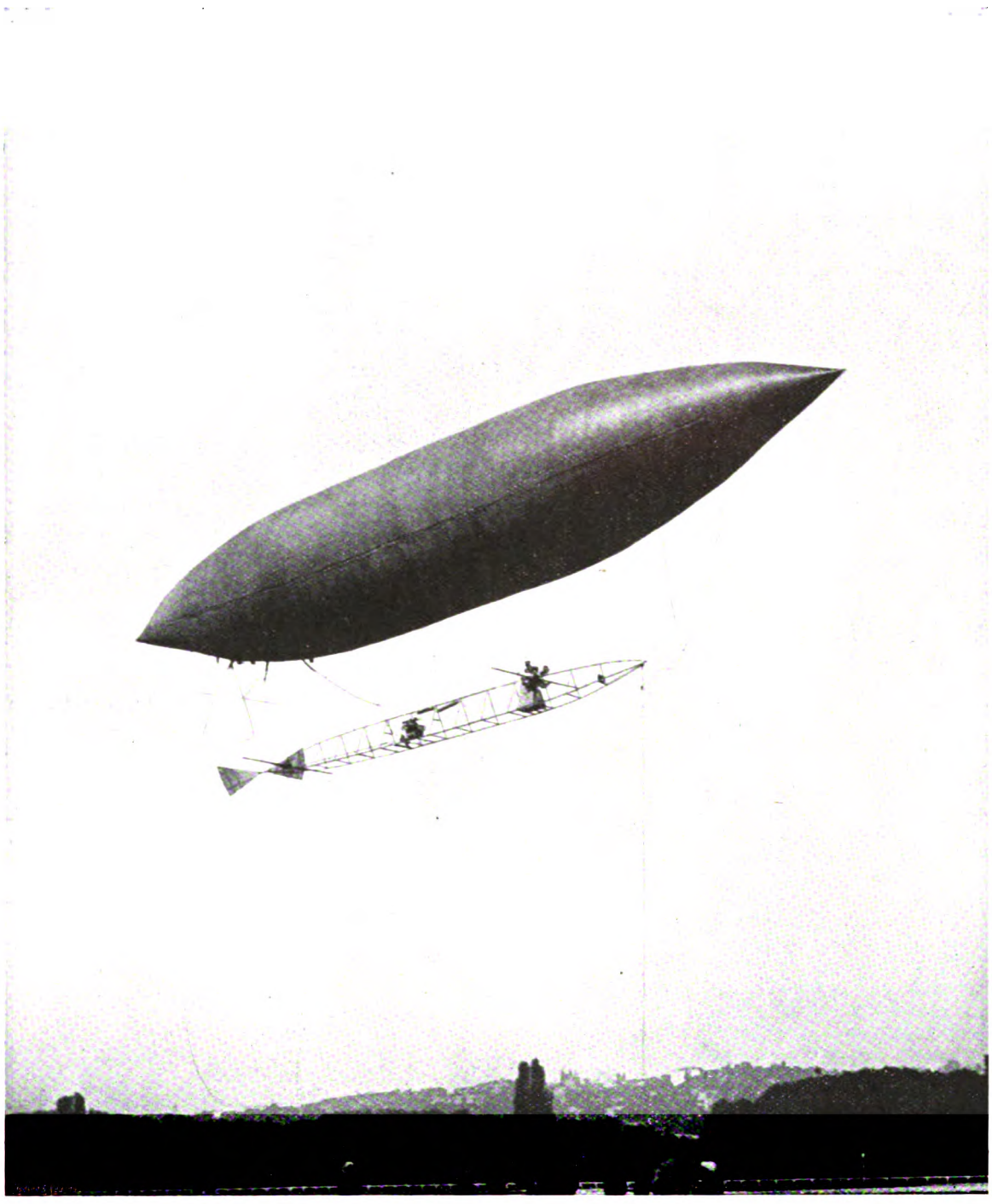
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 237.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th, 1901.



THE SANTOS DUMONT AIR-SHIP.

This interesting picture illustrates the last cruise of the navigable balloon in which M. Santos Dumont attempted to win the prize which M. Henry Deutsch has offered to the first aeronaut who, starting from the Aerostatic Park, doubles the Eiffel Tower and returns to the point of departure within half-an-hour. On more than one occasion recently M. Dumont has essayed to win the prize, and last Thursday he had sailed gracefully round the Tower and was on his homeward journey when the wind proved too strong for him, and the balloon, doubling up, fell on the roof of a building. Half supported, half suspended in mid-air, M. Dumont in his wicker basket was exposed to the danger of tumbling to the ground. Most fortunately the plucky young aeronaut managed to escape from his perilous predicament, and no sooner reached terra firma than he explained that he should lose no time in repairing the damage and making a fresh attempt.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

The Value of Mimic War.

THE Naval Manœuvres gave the chronic grumbler a great opportunity. "What's the use of all this sham fighting?" he grumbled. "You spend a lot of our money on firing off guns, and run two ships aground, and what does it all come to? Who is any the better for it? One never heard of Nelson having Naval manœuvres, any more than Wellington had Military manœuvres. It's all of a piece with our craze for imitating the Germans, who think they can reduce warfare to an exact science." Many people have been saying this sort of thing during the past few weeks. What is the proper answer to make to them?

Well, in the first place, we can admit that the grumbler is right on one point. We are trying, just as the Germans and the French are trying, to reduce warfare to a science, and manœuvres are a great help in this effort. We want to do away with haphazard rules of thumb, and to introduce rules based on knowledge and recorded experience. This is not to suggest for a moment that we wish to see laid down such hard and fast lines as to tactics as were contained in the Fighting Instructions of the early part of the eighteenth century; these led, as we know, to the many indecisive actions of that period. But there are many matters in which rules can be made useful and valuable. Of course, the personal element must always count for a very great deal. But we cannot afford to rely entirely upon the personal element. We cannot count upon having always in our service, when we want him, a Nelson or a Rodney or a Blake. We can, however, if we go the right way to work, count upon having our officers and our men well trained in the science of war; and a fleet so manned, even though it had no Naval genius to command it, would probably be quite as successful in the long run as an ill-trained fleet directed by the greatest admiral that ever lived. Scientific methods must be followed in this scientific age, and the basis of science is experiment. Naval manœuvres are experiments designed to show us what our ships and our officers and our men can do under the kind of conditions that prevail in time of war.

Most of the improvements that have been introduced into our ships during recent years were the direct outcome of manœuvres. That is to say, they were suggested to alert minds during manœuvres, when needs were perceived and possibilities made evident which, at ordinary times, would never have been revealed. Again, when a vessel is being worked at the pitch of her capacity, her capabilities are patent to the officer in command. He knows exactly what can be got out of her. He has the materials for a comparison with other ships of later and earlier pattern. He reports to the admiral in command, and the admiral reports to the Admiralty, and so we are enabled to take stock of our sea defences. In the same way the dockyards are tested. They have, no doubt, a longer time to fit out ships from the Reserve for the manœuvres than they would have if war broke out. But, obviously, they will be able to fit out more quickly because of this practice than if they had never practised at all, and not only will speed be increased, but efficiency will also be heightened. Any defects in the vessels which the dockyards get ready for sea are reported, and the dockyard officials are called to account, and more care is taken next time. In such matters, too, as coaling, valuable experience is gained at manœuvres. When a fleet has to coal in a great hurry, it is easily seen which vessels are most convenient for this purpose, and which coaling stations have the best facilities for getting the job done quickly. As to the benefit to our officers, especially to commanding officers, of handling ships and fleets, and making dispositions for attack and defence, and being obliged to take responsibility and to act upon their own initiative, there is no doubt that it is very great. The late Admiral Colomb, the most enlightened writer on Naval subjects whom England has produced for many years, insisted strongly upon this, and all Naval officers will tell you the same thing.

Then as to the value of the Naval Manœuvres to the public. They were instituted almost as much by way of instructing the nation, and giving it an added interest in the Navy, as for the other purposes which we have just enumerated. At first, therefore, the schemes were drawn up on popular lines, which made it easy for the newspaper reader to understand what was being done. After a time, the popular element dropped out; the Manœuvre schemes became severely technical, and quite unintelligible to the public at large, of little enough interest even to the expert writers on Naval affairs who go to the Manœuvres as special correspondents, and explain them to the world in the columns of the newspapers. Now this year we came back to a "general idea" which everyone could understand, and the consequence was that the operations excited general interest and were keenly followed by the country. What lessons, then, has the country learnt from them? The old lessons that have been taught these many years—that we must go on steadily increasing the Fleet, especially our cruiser strength, if we intend to secure our commerce against attack; that fears for the safety of particular coast towns are groundless, since a hostile fleet would have more important work to do than to bombard forts; that speed is a very important factor in a modern sea fight; that torpedoes will play a smaller part in a Naval war than we have been invited to believe.

If we digest these lessons and act upon them, the Manœuvres of 1901 will have been of lasting value. There is no need to go about in a panic (as we notice some people, even people in responsible positions, are inclined to do) or to cry out for heroic measures to be taken at once. Our safety lies in steady work and continuous progress, not in fits and starts with intervals of inertia in between. The entertaining letters from correspondents about our food supply being cut off and London being starved while the X Fleet commanded our trade routes were all part of the game, but they seem to have been taken a little too seriously by readers inclined by nature to take a hysterical view of things. They were, perhaps, designed to pave the way for the determined agitation in favour of a more energetic Naval policy which seems likely to be got up early next year. Lord Charles Beresford is coming home, it is said, full of energy and ready for a stirring political campaign. However, the Admiralty are working quietly and efficiently in various directions. Perhaps—who knows?—they may take the wind from the agitators' sails by leaving them very little of importance to complain of.

PERHAPS the most striking instance of the extreme value of early training in pilotage was the conduct of the British fleet at the battle of Aboukir. The disposition of the French fleet was such that Admiral Brueys believed it to be practically beyond the reach of attack, lying as it did in front of the roads of Aboukir, the rear supported by coast batteries, the centre and van, although more out at sea, composed of new and formidable vessels comprising several eighty-gun ships, for which the English seventy-fours were, theoretically, no match, while shoals extended from the van to the shore. Yet Nelson, from his early training, saw that with dexterous handling the feat was possible. Part of his fleet were told off to attack the enemy to the landward, through the intricate passage which he alone had perceived, while the remainder were to attack from the sea. The result is too well known to need description. Suffice it to say that though the French fought with their traditional courage—their rear and centre placed between two fires, for only one British ship failed to get through the passage—they were gradually overpowered and destroyed, and of the entire fleet two only succeeded in effecting their escape.

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AIR-SHIPS UP TO DATE.

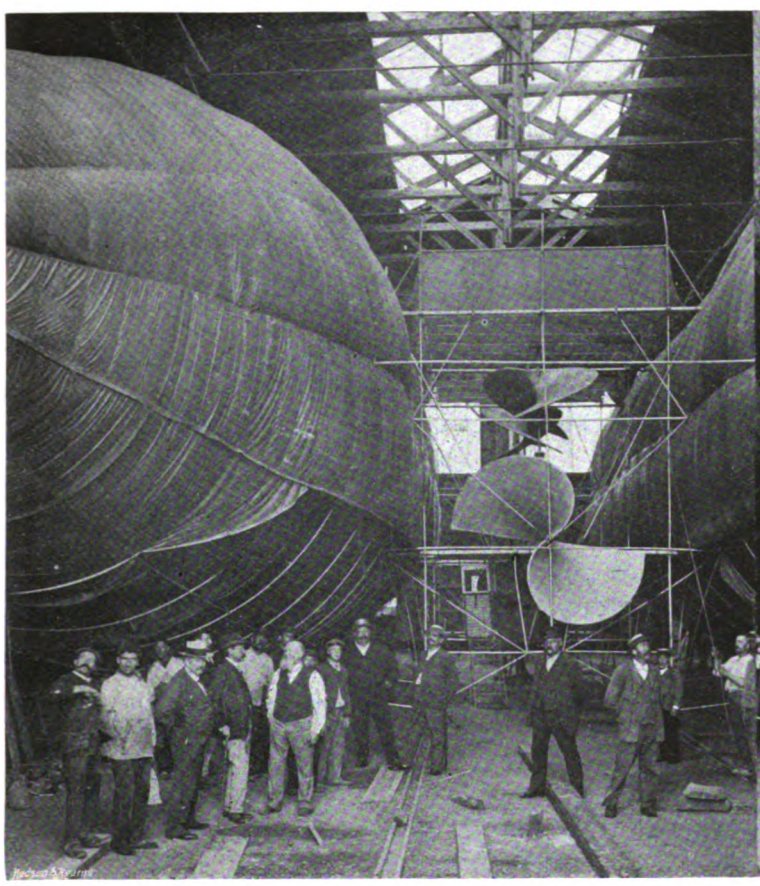
Photo. A NEW COMPETITOR. *Copyright.*

The Roze Air-Ship in its shed at Colombes.

IN the attempt to produce a really practicable and navigable air-ship our friends across the Channel have for years been honourably to the fore, and just now they are attacking the solution of this great problem with more than ordinary vigour and enthusiasm. No doubt the offer of a handsome money prize by M. Deutsch for an air-ship that shall fulfil certain conditions has stimulated competition in this direction. But one cannot help thinking that the ardour which at any rate the French public displays in the matter of "navigables" has a source not widely removed from that whence French enthusiasm for submarines is derived—a consuming anxiety, namely, to bring about, let us say, a Naval equilibrium with ourselves. Be this as it may, the French are undoubtedly going ahead in the matter of dirigible aerostats, and it gives us great satisfaction to be able to present to our readers some striking pictures of the very latest new departures in this interesting, not to say exciting, direction.

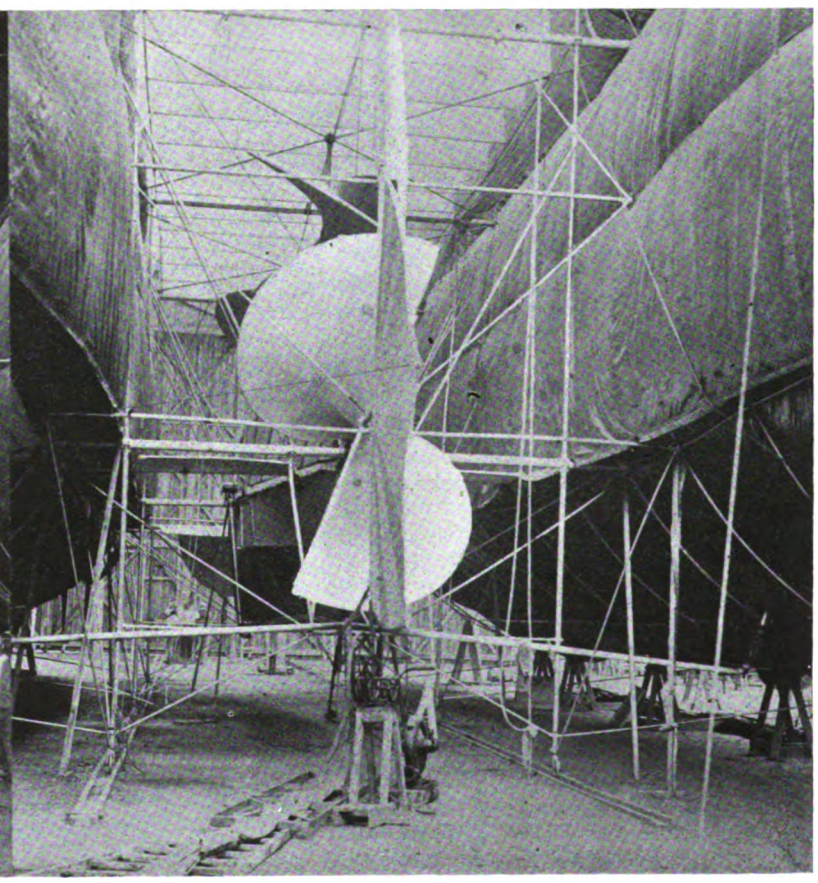
Probably there are few of our readers who do not understand that a "navigable" is a very distinct and important advance upon an ordinary balloon of either the captive or free variety. A navigable is an air-ship that can be steered, and an ideal navigable is one that can be propelled, like a steam-ship, against the wind. It would take a good many numbers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to describe in detail the various attempts that have been made to produce a perfect navigable, but it is sufficient to say that such attempts fall under one of two heads. Either the air-ship has been (1) of the balloon type—*i.e.*, a car depending for its support in the air upon a gas-inflated balloon, and for its propulsion and steering upon motor-worked fans; or, (2) a car similarly steered and propelled, but supported while in the air by aeroplanes, as a bird is by its wings during a soaring flight. In this case artificial means have to be resorted to to give the machine a fair start, corresponding to the little hop which a bird has to give before it gets its wings to work. Of the former kind of navigable the "Aviateur" of M. Roze, and the balloon of M. Santos Dumont are up-to-date examples; of the latter a well-known type is the air-ship projected by Sir Hiram Maxim, of which a good deal was heard some years back, and of which very possibly we may hear a good deal more in the future.

M. Roze, conspicuous in his shirt sleeves in one of our pictures, is a veritable enthusiast, who has simply given up the best years of his life to the navigable problem, and who, at the age of sixty, believes that at last he has hit upon a model which will meet every requirement. His apparatus, it will be seen, consists of a double balloon, with the propellers and cabin between. The propellers are driven by a petroleum engine of 20 h.-p., and the "screws" are about 9-ft. in diameter. Some idea of the size of the apparatus may be gained from the fact that in the construction of the double balloon some 10,000-yds. of silk have been used. The one disadvantage under which the "Aviateur" appears to labour is that she has not yet been tried, and until she has undergone this ordeal, it seems unnecessary to enter more fully into the details of her construction. In the history of aeronautics, nothing has been more painful than the manner in which air-ships, constructed on apparently the soundest possible principles, have failed in practice, sometimes, alas! accentuating their failure by bringing about deplorable casualties. We say this in no croaking spirit, nor with any



Photos. Copyright. THE "AVIATEUR" AND HER SKIPPER.

Showing the position of the propellers and cabin.



"Navy and Army." TO BATTLE WITH THE BREEZES.

The steering gear of the "Aviateur."

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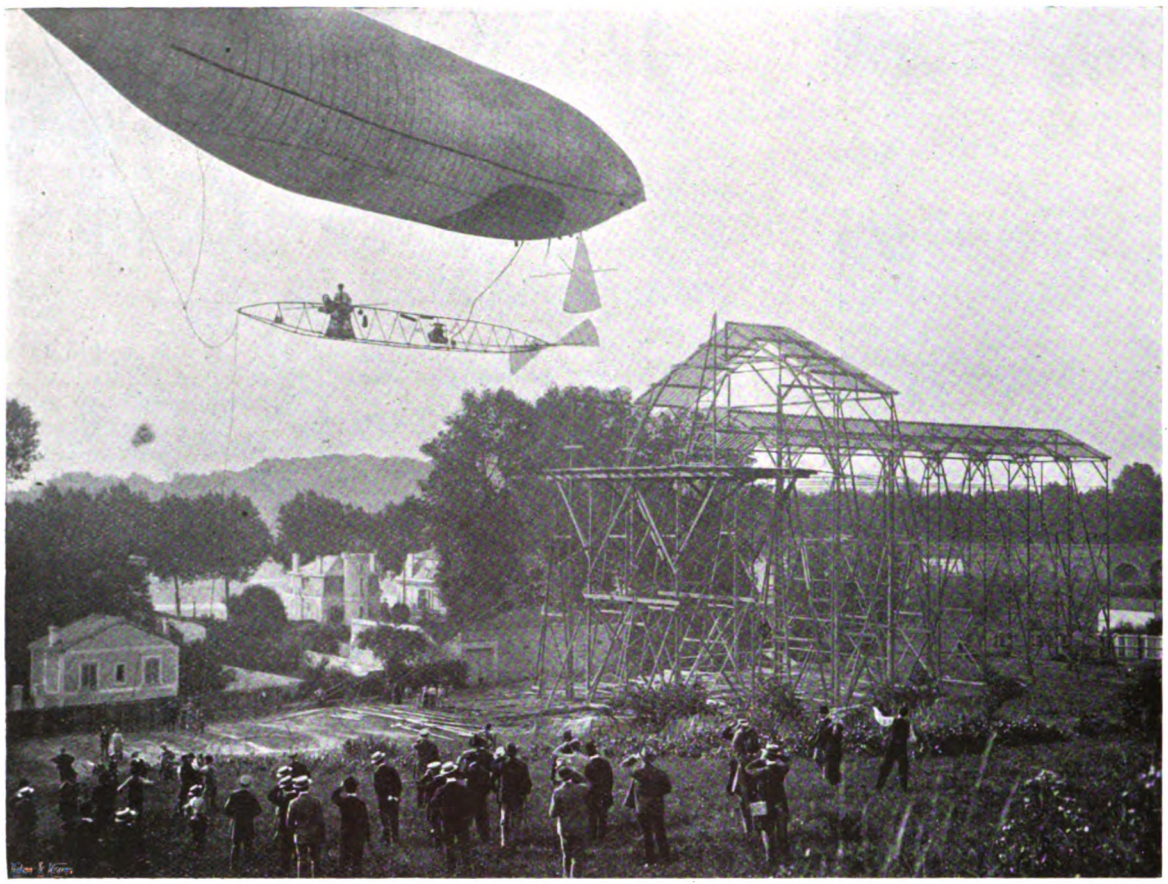


A LIKELY WINNER.

M. Santos Dumont, first favourite for the Deutsch prize.

but the warmest wishes for M. Roze's experiment, but rather by way of emphasising the interest attached to the rival balloon of M. Santos Dumont, which *has* achieved some measure of practical success, and that, too, in the presence of crowds of spectators, some of them experts of the highest class.

The lines on which M. Dumont's balloon is constructed may be gathered from the two very striking pictures we give of the aeronaut actually engaged in flying from the Parc Aérostatique of St. Cloud in the direction of the Eiffel Tower.

Some idea of the risks inseparable from the employment even of such an up-to-date machine as M. Dumont's, may be gathered from the record of a very recent flight, which very nearly terminated in M. Dumont's death, and would infallibly have done so had he not displayed the most extraordinary coolness. Starting from St. Cloud, M. Dumont made an excellent ascent, and not only reached the Eiffel Tower, six kilomètres distant, in nine minutes, but gracefully doubled it, and started on the homeward journey. Here, however, the wind proved too strong for the machinery, and, to the consternation of the spectators, the pointed end of the balloon was seen to double back, the balloon subsequently, to use the graphic language of a newspaper report, "withering up," and assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes. Then suddenly the whole ship collapsed and fell on the roof of a restaurant, M. Dumont being left suspended in his wicker chair, to which he was fortunately attached by a belt.

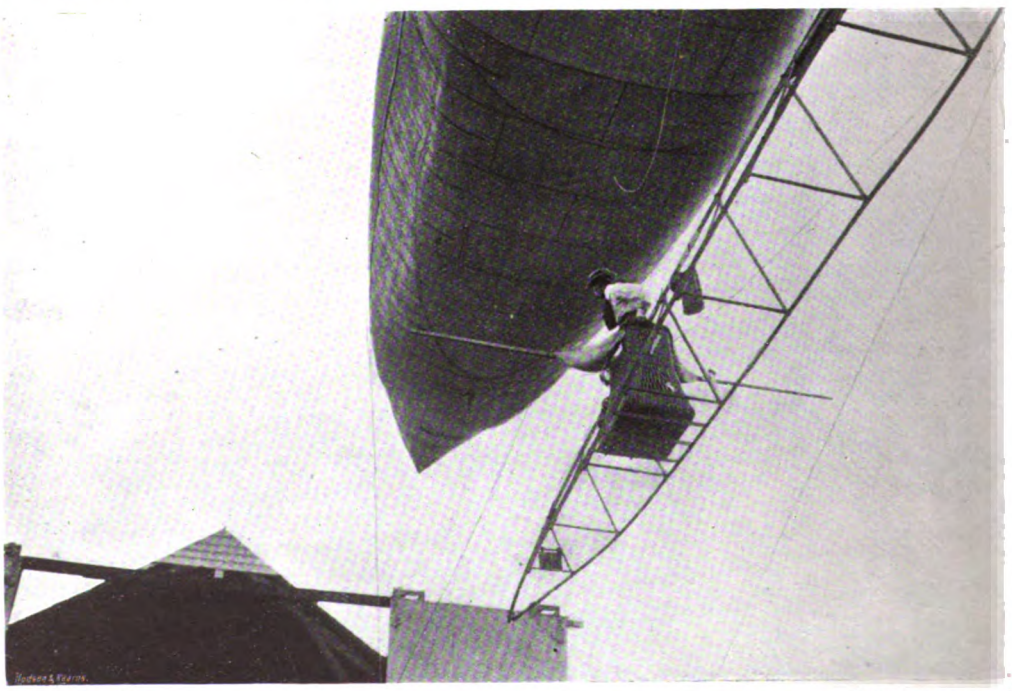
M. Dumont saved his motor, and has expressed his intention to begin again as soon as he can effect the necessary repairs. It seems certain that if he had not stopped his motor in time, a feat which he appears to have accomplished when the air-ship was hundreds of feet above the ground, the car must have been detached from the balloon and the aeronaut would then have fallen unchecked to the earth. Still, though so far he has failed, M. Dumont may be regarded as a likely winner of the 100,000 franc prize offered by M. Deutsch to the first aeronaut who starting from the Aerostatic Park at St. Cloud doubles the Eiffel Tower and returns within half an hour.

According to an expert the weak point of M. Dumont's machine is the motive power, not because it is not strong enough, but because the refrigerating apparatus does not, or did not, work satisfactorily What is said to be needed is a special machine which can give enough air to prevent the heating of the cylinders in which explosions of gas generated from petroleum are taking place at the rate of thirty a second.

M. Santos Dumont is only twenty-seven years old, and is a coffee planter in Brazil, on a very large scale, with, consequently, large means at his command. He is of French origin, and was educated at the leading Paris engineering college. He has been an enthusiastic aeronaut for years, and has completely won the hearts of the Parisians by his gallant attempts to sail his balloon round the Eiffel Tower in spite of *contretemps* which would have discouraged many a bold man.

Another very promising air-ship is one which has been constructed in Italy. It is the invention of Signor Almerico Da Schio, a native of Vicenza, who has been working on the ship for years, and has received substantial encouragement from the Italian Ministries of War and the Navy. In Signor Da Schio's machine the balloon, as in most modern air-ships, is cigar-shaped, its greatest diameter being 20-ft., and the length 107-ft. The car is an empty cigar-shaped aluminium tube, 55-ft. by 3-ft. 9-in., with room for three seats, and with a large motor in the centre. The motor is similar to that used in motor-cars, and one is being specially constructed almost entirely of aluminium, which will give 6 horse-power, with a weight of 270-lb.

There will no doubt be many sceptics to laugh at the notion that the problem of aerial navigation is within measurable distance of solution. But it is an unquestioned fact that there are some very practical, hard-headed men among those who believe that the day is not at all far off when Tennyson's dream of the "Nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue" will be realised. We must remember, too, what an age of meteoric progress it is, especially as regards appliances connected with locomotion. As M. Santos Dumont himself asks, "Ten years ago, where were the motors that are going by us? Where, a generation ago, were a thousand and one accomplished facts of to-day?" Progress similar to that which has been made in these cases may well bring the navigable into the domain of practical politics within a very few years.



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"LET HER GO!"

M. Santos Dumont navigating his aerostat.

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Photo. Copyright.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT DISTRIBUTING MEDALS.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

THE revival of the titles of Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom is to be taken as a compliment to the Navy, and also as a proof that the penetrating economy of a generation or so ago has diminished in intensity. They were, in their later stages, ways of conferring honour, and a modest increase of pension on distinguished officers. By the way, however, it is not strictly accurate to talk of their later stages. Vice and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom are very modern names. It used to be "of England" before the early part of the last century. The old form lingered in use, for Sir T. Byam Martin, writing as late as 1849, speaks of the appointment of Vice-Admiral of England as "the most distinguished compliment belonging to our profession"; whereas he says, "the appointment of Admiral of the Fleet is no compliment whatever, it is a *professional inheritance*, the *gift of old age* and *survivorship*; it follows as matter of *right*, as one of the gradations of rank in the Service and no thanks to anyone." Sir R. Vesey Hamilton, in his notes to Admiral Martin's papers published by the Navy Records Society, rather protests against this description; but, on the whole, I think it is sound. The establishment of the Navy in the early eighteenth century is given as one Admiral of the Fleet, one Admiral of the White and Blue, Vice-Admirals and Rear-Admirals of the Red, White, and Blue—nine in all—and the Admiral of the Fleet was the senior man. Sir T. Byam Martin was substantially accurate in saying that he got it by inheritance.

* * * *

If anybody asks why we had no Admiral of the Red, and on what system we went in fixing the ranks and titles of our Navy, the answer must be that there was no system at all. Our organisation arose by use and wont, from hand to mouth and by following precedents. It was utterly different from the French, which was all "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," and settled by the great Ordonnance of Colbert promulgated in 1689. In the seventeenth century the theory, I take it, was that when the grand fleet was collected it was commanded by the Lord High Admiral or his deputy. As he would be in the centre or red division, there was no need for an Admiral of the Red. The Admiral of the White commanded the van, the Admiral of the Blue the rear. When we began to have a fixed staff of admirals this division was perpetuated. The ideal—never, as far as I know, expressed on paper, but floating in the heads of men—was that the Royal Navy was one united force acting in a body, with the Lord High Admiral in command, or his representative. As he must have general authority, Admiral of the Fleet was a natural name for him, Admiral of the Red would have seemed to limit him to one squadron. If it is answered that our practice never squared with this theory, one can only reply that theory and practice do very commonly fail to square in our ancient and admirable constitution. Look at the *congé d'elire* in the case of a bishop. We habitually keep on names and forms when circumstances have changed, so that they have no meaning or one quite other from what they originally had.

As for these titles of Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral of England, it is very difficult to say how they arose or what they really signified at the beginning. The word admiral does not necessarily mean a seaman, or even a man at all. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was quite as often applied to a ship. The officer commanding in Elizabethan times is spoken of as "the general," and you often come across the statement that he was "in the admiral," meaning his flag-ship. Milton, whose authority is final for the correct use of an English word, plainly employs it in the sense of ship in the lines:

> "His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great ammiral, were but a wand."

When it did signify an officer, he was not, and is not, necessarily a seafaring man. He may never have gone, or intended to go, to sea. Sir Francis Jeune is a vice-admiral because he is judge of the Admiralty Court; and the Vice-Admirals of Counties are Justices of the Peace in Admiralty matters. The Lord High Admiral besides being a military was a great judicial officer, and a subordinate might be "vice" to him in the second as well as the first division of his functions.

* * * *

The Vice and Rear-Admiral of England were always seamen. In their origin they were probably revolutionary. When the Council of State had to send great fleets to sea during the interregnum, it named Popham, Blake, and Deane in a commission to take the place of the Lord High Admiral at sea, and named a Vice and Rear-Admiral of the Fleet under them—John Lawson and Nehemiah Bourne. No such officers are named in the report of the commission of 1618. We hear of the Lord High Admiral and his lieutenants, "which was not bestowed all Queen Elizabeth's time." There is mention of a Captain-General of the Narrow Seas with his 20s. per diem, his clerk, his servants and extra allowances, a vice-admiral and "another," to serve under him, but no Vice or Rear-Admiral of England or of the Fleet. On the whole it seems very probable that the creation of these offices with general authority was due to the Council of State, and was an attempt at a permanent organisation. It must be remembered that it was only quite recently that a gentleman could become admiral in the Navy. The practice of the seventeenth century, and the theory of later times, was that he was appointed to a squadron for a particular service, and that when the fleet he was serving in was paid off his commission as admiral came to an end. In the reign of Charles II. it actually happened that a man might command as captain after he had been an admiral. In the Four Days' Battle Captain Utber appears as Rear-Admiral of the White. When Rupert was detached from Monk's fleet before that famous fight, he took Sir Christopher Myngs with him. Myngs had been vice-admiral of the Red, and was succeeded by Jordan, who received his appointment *ad hoc*. Pepys does not speak of Harman as Admiral Harman when he was ashore and not in commission. The formation of the corps of Naval officers was begun by granting allowances to a few gentlemen who had been "flagmen," and whom the King might wish to employ again. In the interval they held no rank. These allowances grew into half-pay, step by step. But it was only by degrees, and grudgingly, that the right to support when not on service was conceded to all officers. The various establishments of King William and Queen Anne limit the number of admirals, captains, lieutenants, and masters entitled to half-pay. It is specially provided that if one of them goes into the employment of the merchants he shall forfeit his half-pay. When one who was in receipt of the allowance went on full sea pay, his place on the half-pay list might be taken by another. A regular engagement continued, in fact, for long to be treated as an exception and a favour.

* * * *

The first officers other than the Admiral of the Fleet, and the Vice and Rear of the Fleet or of England who were recognised as admirals "at large," so to speak, appeared during the war of the Austrian succession. It was then

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found necessary to clear the list of aged captains and promote younger men. At the same time it appeared unjust to subject aged officers to the indignity of passing subordinates over their heads. So it was provided that as regards all of them who had held commands during the war, the promotion of a junior man should supersede them altogether, and they should be named "Rear-Admirals in general terms." Promotion to active service was made to the Blue Squadron. Therefore the mere title of Rear-Admiral standing by itself was a proof that a man's service was over. The only officers who belonged to the Navy as a whole—in theory—were the Admiral of the Fleet and the Vice and Rear of England, or of the United Kingdom. The second and third were honours conveying a moderate increase of pay. Nobody, as far as I know, ever commanded at sea as Vice-Admiral or Rear-Admiral of England. He was always admiral of a squadron besides, and it was as that that he exercised authority.

THE LOSS OF THE "VIPER."

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SHIP WHO HAD SO NARROW AN ESCAPE FROM BEING DROWNED.

There was a picture of the "Viper" in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of June 8. We see her there as the fastest destroyer in the Navy. She was the only exponent, if we exclude the "Cobra," of the turbine principle. Of the speed which this system could produce there was no question, of its efficiency in squadron tactics there was a great doubt, and unfortunately the "Viper" did not live long enough to thoroughly solve the problem. If there is any defect, surely our engineers should be able to remedy it. But then will come the question whether it is worth while to preserve the boat's enormous speed, or whether a knot or two might not be advantageously sacrificed to such protection as would at least exclude the projectiles of machine guns. It is obvious that in all future warfare this must be a matter of the highest importance, and the present scantling does not provide for it. The unfortunate little vessel, which was one of the destroyers attached to the D Squadron of the B Fleet, was wrecked on the Renonquet Rock, near Alderney, on the evening of Saturday, August 3. She was employed on scouting duty and was going at about 22 knots when a fog fell. Speed was reduced, but she jumped a ledge of rock and the bottom was torn out of her. The bows went under water, but the rock held the vessel amidships, and the stern was out of the water. It was decided to abandon the ship, and this was carried out with exemplary discipline. Minute guns were fired, and so cool was everyone that when the boats were lowered and a hole was accidently torn in the bows of the Berthon collapsible boat, the boat was got on board and the rent repaired as methodically as if it had been merely an ordinary matter of drill. There was a strong tide running, and for a time the position of the boats was perilous, as the help sent from Alderney had no longer the minute guns to guide them. When, however, the fog lifted, rescuers and rescued were speedily brought together, and the crew of the "Viper" were sent on to Portsmouth. They had lost their kit, but they saved the two pet kittens of the ship.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

THE deliberate policy of shooting natives in British military employment, which the Boer general, Kruitzinger, has announced, must come as a shock to all who had believed that, while acts of brutality may have been committed by individual ruffians on the Boer side, their leaders were determined to wage war according to the laws of civilisation and humanity. It also puts us in an awkward position. We cannot retaliate by threatening to shoot all natives in Boer employment. We can hardly undertake to hang all the Boers who have any hand in these cold-blooded murders, for we should have to erect gallows enough to accommodate whole regiments. And yet we must devise some means to safeguard the lives of the unfortunate Kaffirs who look to us for protection.

THE incident only makes it clearer that what we are fighting in South Africa is a war for the ideals of life and government as we conceive them in opposition to the racial ideals which have been cherished by the Boers. A distinguished professor puts this point well in the *Times* the other day. The Boers, he said, considered that the bond of unity for a political commonwealth states that all the members belonged to the same race. Anyone outside this race they wanted to keep outside the circle of privileges and rights, *e.g.*, the Outlanders in the towns and the Kaffirs in the country districts. We have advanced a step beyond this. We think of a "nation" as a community of people who agree to be bound by the same laws, to adopt the same institutions, and to hold the same political ideas. We do not admit the racial element into our calculations more than we can help. It cannot be kept out altogether. Not even our conception of nationality would go so far as to put the black races upon an equality with the white, or to contemplate with equanimity the grafting upon European modes of government the mysterious methods and interpretations of the yellow man. But to hold the racial ideal, as the Boers hold it, we believe to be retrograde, and in reality, so our professor put it, this is what we are fighting against in South Africa.

IT is a plausible theory, and there is much of the truth in it. But it is difficult to be quite sure that our ideal is the one that is destined, in the long run, to come out victorious from the struggle. Race is a tremendous factor in the arrangements of the world. It sets up barriers that have never yet been broken down. It keeps certain people apart from all the rest of mankind by a subtle compelling force, which neither their own efforts nor the efforts of other peoples can evade or defeat. It is quite possible that reason may in future supersede racial prejudice, but there are not many signs of it as yet. Is not even the British Empire founded more upon community of race than upon any wider basis? It includes all kinds of peoples, it is true, but if you look closely you will see that the actual governing is done by the British race, and that the other races are mostly in the position of subject-peoples.

EVERY year adds largely to our knowledge of the youthful races of mankind—their history, their arts, their influence upon later peoples. In Crete, as we showed some little time ago, the most valuable remains of the island's early inhabitants are being gradually uncovered. In Zambesia Dr. Carl Peters has been engaged in the same kind of exploration. He has found traces of large settlements at least 5,000 years old; mine-workings which were sunk many centuries before either Greece or Rome had come to the fulness of their supremacy; and a statuette and painting which point towards an Egyptian occupation of South Africa in the dim ages before history began to be recorded. After the Egyptians appear to have come the Phœnicians, who were in possession when the country was called the Land of Ophir, and when Solomon sent an expedition thither to collect materials for the Temple. The Phœnicians were followed by the Arabs, who at one time or another seems to have overrun a good half of the world's surface, and the Arabs were still there when Vasco da Gama "discovered" the country, and took possession of it in the name of the King of Portugal. Dr. Peters's book on the results of his expedition is likely to be very interesting indeed.

THE methods of colonisation which our rivals on the Continent adopt are very often of a nature to arouse our merriment. It is not that we are exactly jealous of their success—indeed, they seldom gain enough success for us to be jealous of. What amuses us is the contrast between our plan of leaving everyone alone, and their plan of doing all they can to encourage settlers, and their failure to coax and coddle their colonies into anything like the hardy manhood of ours. Here is a comical story, for example, from the Congo State. Anxious to be able to show that the State had a great coffee-planting industry, the authorities offered rewards to everyone who could show a plantation of a certain size filled with trees of not less than a certain height. The consequence was that coffee trees were planted in great haste wherever they could be made to take root, and without any consideration, in most cases, of their ultimate chances of doing well and adding to the wealth of the country. As soon as they got to the necessary height, the reward was claimed, and then the planters lost interest in them, and went off to force other trees elsewhere. Therefore there are large areas in the Congo State covered with these immature and decaying plantations, and the Government has paid away its money for no other recompense than this.

NO sooner does the situation in the Far East seem to be clearing up than the Near East begins to threaten serious trouble once again. There is always a

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDAL.

Our picture shows the medal granted for South Africa with the whole of the twenty-four clasps issued up to July 1, 1901. The names themselves suggest that no man could possibly have the whole of the bars, but the specimen here shown was specially constructed by order of Earl Roberts for the Naval and Military Exhibition at the Crystal Palace.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

ON THE NORTH ATLANTIC STATION.

This is a favourite landing-place for drill purposes. In our picture some Bluejackets will be seen in the foreground, while the boats of the flag-ship, the "Crescent," tell a tale of others having gone up the estuary. This work ashore is useful in many ways. It trains the seaman in the work he may have to do if landed as part of a Naval Brigade, and it relieves the monotony of life at anchor.

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A STRANGE SORT OF FISH.

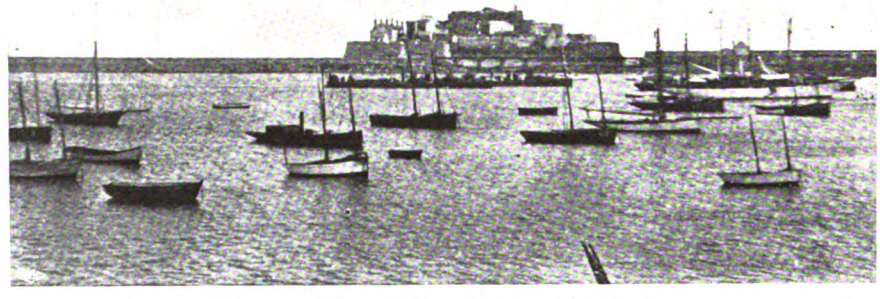
The Boers have hidden their ammunition in all sorts of unlikely places. Upon one occasion the 2nd Dorsets arched a pond near Ermelo, and their wading was rewarded by the discovery of a number of shells.

certain amount of unrest in the Balkans, and this always will be until the wild mountain tribes are tamed and civilised, and until the Turkish Administration becomes strong and honest instead of being corrupt and weak. But at this moment the outlook is darker than it has been at any time during the last four years, since the conclusion of the informal agreements between Russia and Austria in 1897. Russia seems to have got the best of this bargain, as she does of most bargains. She has been quietly increasing her influence in all the Balkan States, and now the influence of Austria, which once balanced that of Russia, is at a very low ebb. Russia has in reality little enough to gain from a disturbance, but it is her traditional policy to stir up strife, and in this case she has certainly stirred it up with a will. Indeed, Russia has managed to foment the chronic excitement in the various Balkan countries to such an extent that there may be an outbreak of some kind before she is ready to profit by it.

THE court-martial which at Admiral Schley's request is to sit in the United States to decide who shall have the chief credit for the defeat of the Spanish Fleet at Santiago, is on every account a deplorable incident in American Naval history. There has always, unfortunately, been a certain amount of ill-feeling between the partisans of Admiral Sampson, who was in command at Santiago, and those of Admiral Schley, the second in command. The quarrel has become more and more bitter, accusations of neglect and pusillanimity, even of personal cowardice, have been bandied about, and in a history of the Spanish-American War, published with semi-official authority, the conduct of Admiral Schley has been severely condemned. To clear himself, therefore, the Admiral demanded a court-martial, and the result is that all the idle gossip and malevolent innuendo which has gathered round the subject will be given wider publicity than ever. It is hard to believe that the admirals themselves would lend any countenance to such an undignified squabble. In the circumstances it is not surprising also that among their brother officers senior in rank there is great disinclination to sit on the Court.

AMONG THE ROCKS ON A KOPJE.

A natural loophole among the rocks on a kopje on a rocky ridge west of Ermelo, from which the 2nd Dorsets were fired on in May last. A night march was made, and the position was carried at daybreak.



JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The picture shows the Harbour of Guernsey and a couple of torpedo-boats which came into port to water on the day before hostilities began.

RECENT news from Morocco will recall to admirers of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novels an episode in that delightful tale of his called "Miranda of the Balcony." In the book an Englishman is carried off from Tangier by Moors and taken far up into the interior, where another Englishman, disguised as a Moor, eventually finds him, buys him in market overt as a slave, and takes him back to the coast in safety. In the actual event of the other day a Spanish woman and a little boy, her brother, were stolen by Moorish mountaineers from a town not far off Tangier. Immediate demand was made by Spain for their release, but they had been spirited away into the remote mountain fastnesses long before the slow machinery of the Sultan of Morocco's Government could be got into motion. The Spaniards are supposed to have been carried off in order that they may be trained as dancers for the entertainment of the Moors. The affair may possibly have serious consequences. Public opinion in Spain will certainly not allow the matter to be dropped, and the Sultan will be called upon to find the lost pair.

THE recent trial of Lord Russell by his Peers, with all the costly formalities of such an unusual proceeding, has led to some recalling of similar privileges enjoyed by titled persons on the Continent. In Germany, for instance, all the members of the numerous families which once reigned over small States subject to the paramount power of the Holy Roman Empire, can lay claim to exemption from ordinary legal customs in many respects. They are not obliged to take an oath in the German courts; their word is held to be sufficient, on the principle that *noblesse oblige*. When they are accused of any offence, they must be tried, if they so desire, by the Supreme Court instead of by the ordinary criminal tribunals; and their family disputes of all kinds are not submitted to the State legal authorities, but are thrashed out before a special family court. Up to 1878 they were altogether exempt from the jurisdiction of the national tribunals, but their special rights have been and are still being gradually whittled away.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A VERY PEACEFUL-LOOKING HARBOUR.

There are few harbours that look more quiet than St. Johns', Newfoundland, during the summer months, when everything is growing. The woods are green, and the beauties of the place are at their best.

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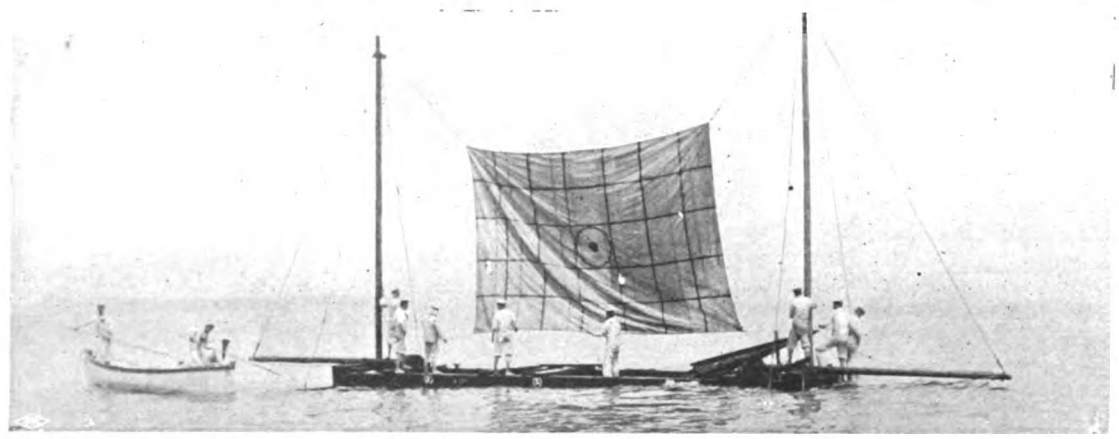
CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT, R.N., C.B.



A NASTY TIME FOR THE WATER-LINE OF A SUPPOSED SHIP—A SHOT SPLINTERING THE WOODWORK.

GUNNERY IN THE NAVY.

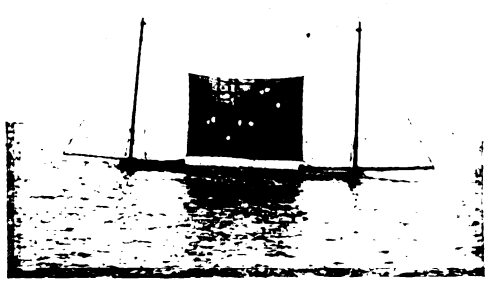
As a war-ship is generally a moving platform, and the moment for firing her guns has to be nicely timed when the motion brings the sights on the object, it stands to reason that Naval gunnery is an art unto itself. However, it was not ever thus. In the good old days of smooth-bore muzzle-loading ordnance, accurate marksmanship was seldom encouraged, for the simple reason that the means of attaining it did not exist. Owing to the short range of the puny "Long Toms," carronades, etc., sights were not used, and the primitive method of aiming consisted in running the eye along an imaginary line on the exterior of the gun, parallel to the centre of the bore, until it reached the object. At that period—we are speaking of the Great War with France—some revolutionary spirits did go as far as to urge upon the Admiralty the feasibility of fitting the heavier guns with sights, but they were only snubbed for their pains. The great Nelson himself refused to have anything to do with the new-fangled idea, expressing a hope "that our ships would be able, as usual, to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss the object." War was not then the subtle art it has since become, and point blank ranges, at which the men could obtain ocular proof of the efficacy of their handiwork in the shape of flying splinters and mangled rigging, were infinitely more to their taste than would have been any attempt at playing a game of long bowls.

After the Great War with France, sights and elevation scales, to give the line of direction and the necessary elevation at the same time, were devised; but for the first systematisation of scientific sighting the Navy had to wait until the late Lord Armstrong's barrel sights were introduced, when his breech-loading guns were adopted early in the sixties.

The barrel sights allowed for the effect of a side wind and deviation of projectile, and also instituted other marked refinements in the art of gun laying. From that date progress has been continuous, and at the present day the guns themselves, and the sighting apparatus with which they are fitted, would appear to represent the last word in mechanical ingenuity, had we not been taught by past experience that the science of destruction must have more wonders in store for us. There is one thing, however, that science cannot do, and that is to convert the man behind the gun into an infallible machine. Consequently, although a modern battleship may be able to boast artillery capable of hurling projectiles at enormous ranges, and be fitted with labour-saving devices enabling the heaviest material to be moved in any required direction by the mere touching of a lever, yet all is vain if the guns' crews are not sufficiently trained to make sure of registering a due proportion of hits. Again, consider the huge cost of modern ammunition, and the terrible waste involved by inaccurate shooting will be manifest. A 12-in. gun discharges an armour-piercer, misses, and, as the proverbial Scotchman would say, bang goes £60 into the water—irretrievably lost. For the 9·2-in. gun the same kind of projectile is estimated to cost £25, and for the 6-in. quick-firer, £8; while the common shell for the three guns costs respectively £15, £10, and £2 10s. Some idea of what an important Naval engagement will cost the taxpayer in expenditure of ammunition alone may be gleaned from the reports recently issued by the Washington Bureau of Ordnance. The latter states that Dewey's victory at Cavité cost 45,000-dol. in this respect, and the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron outside Santiago 100,000-dol., or £20,000. It was the Spanish-American War which brought the question of Naval gunnery and marksmanship into the great prominence in which it is now found. The efficiency of the American gunner, as judged from the ridiculous ease with which he wiped the enemy off the face of the ocean, was lauded to the skies. Is his British contemporary as good? Very contradictory opinions prevail upon the subject, but in the light of some remarkable results recently achieved by certain of His Majesty's ships, it has been proved that at very little expense he could be made not only to equalise with, but to excel.

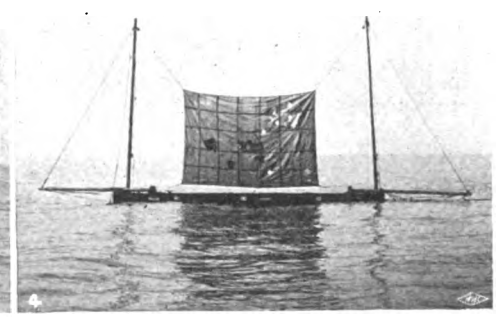
First, however, a few words descriptive of the methods of the gunnery practices carried out in the British Navy. Of course, aiming and loading drills are of almost everyday occurrence, while miniature-target practice is also frequently obtained by the use of Morris tubes. Every ship receives a quarterly allowance to be expended on real shooting, and annually a realistic course, known as prize-firing, is carried out.

The conditions of prize-firing vary according to the nature of the guns. The 12-in. and 9·2-in. guns fire for 6-min. only, with the vessel steaming at 8 knots, and at a range varying from 1,400-yds. to 2,000-yds., at a target of 15-ft. heighth, top 20-ft., and bottom 50-ft., the whole giving an area of 525 square feet. The 6-in. quick-firing guns fire for 2-min., with the vessel steaming at 12 knots, and at a range varying from 1,400-yds. to 1,600-yds., at a target giving an area of 300 square feet. It will thus be seen that the heavy



2.—No. 1, 6-in. PORT GUN, 12 ROUNDS 9 HITS IN 2-min.

3.—No. 3, STARBOARD GUN, 11 ROUNDS 11 HITS IN 2-min.



4.—No. 5, PORT GUN, 8 ROUNDS 8 HITS IN 1-min.

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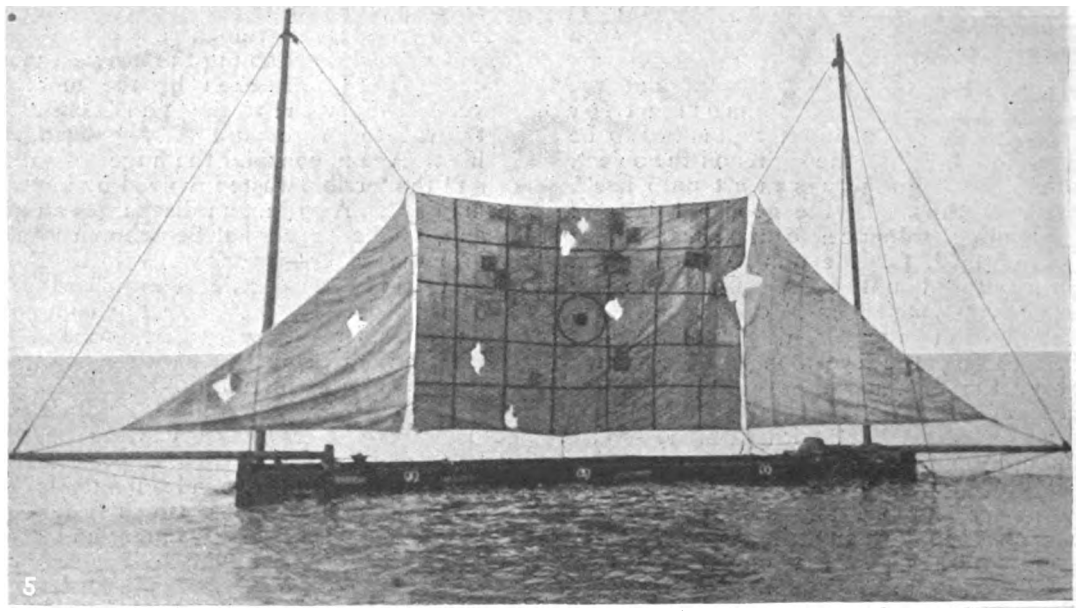
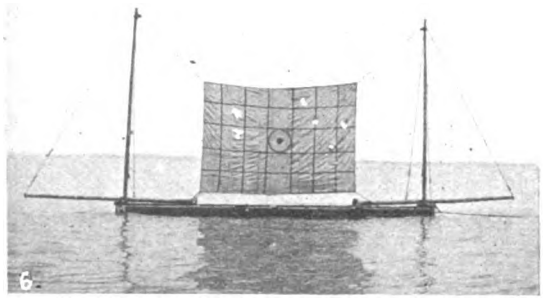
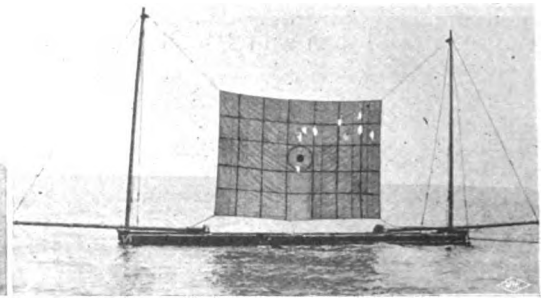
guns fire at longer range than the quick-firing, but their target is larger and the speed slower. On the other hand, as their rate of fire is slower, the distance varies more with the big guns than with the quick-firers. The function of the heavy gun is essentially to pierce the armour which stops the quick-firer's projectile, hence practice with the former is mainly judged by the number of hits, whereas the capabilities of the quick-firer are better estimated according to the weight of metal hitting.

Again, the efficiency of either type of gun entirely depends upon the rapidity with which it can hit. Consequently, rapidity of fire must, or should, conduce to more hits, as there is less time for the distance to change between the rounds. Indifferent gunnery has invariably been ascribed to want of sufficient practice by the gunners, and to obviate this state of affairs one well-known Naval officer, Captain Percy Scott of the "Terrible," has long devoted himself to the perpetration of a system of his own for training men to shoot accurately. The system has included the invention of what is known as a "dotting machine," which enables the men to keep the sights always on the object, independently of the rolling of the ship; also that of an extemporised loading apparatus, making loading an easy operation, and with the latter daily exercise is carried out.

In 1899, when in command of the cruiser "Scylla," armed with six 4·7-in guns and two 6-in. guns, Captain Percy Scott astonished the gunnery world with a score of 86 per cent. at the prize-firing that took place in October of that year. Later, when he went to China in the "Terrible," that ship, in 1900, made the best target practice on the station, with a percentage of hits of 76·8, and now she has beaten her own performance of last year. The analysis of firing just received shows that her two 9·2-in. guns fired 22 rounds and made 14 hits, thus giving a percentage of 64; while her twelve 6-in. guns fired 128 rounds and made 102 hits, giving a percentage of 80. The 9·2-in. guns averaged 1·1 hits per minute, and the 6-in. guns 4·2 hits per minute, as against 3·33 last year. The 4·2 hits is four times the average number of hits for guns of this nature in His Majesty's Service, namely, 1·1. Ten men made possibles—each gun being fired by the Nos. 1 and 2, that is, 1-min. each man—one man making 8 rounds 8 hits in his minute.







5.—AFTER 9·2-in. GUN, 12 ROUNDS 9 HITS IN 6-min. 6.—No. 6, 6-in. PORT GUN, 13 ROUNDS 8 HITS IN 2-min. 7.—No. 1, 6-in. STARBOARD GUN, 10 ROUNDS 10 HITS IN 2-min.

The shooting and loading of the after 9·2-in. gun is worthy of notice. In 6-min. this gun fired 12 rounds and hit the target 9 times, which is 1·5 hits per minute. This is more than the Fleet average for 6-in. quick-firing guns. As it was anticipated that the firing would be more rapid than it is generally accepted 6-in. guns can do, and in order to obviate all suspicion regarding the results obtained on this occasion—for the shooting of the "Scylla" in 1899 and that of the "Terrible" in 1900 was barely credited in the Service—the time and marking of each gun were taken by several independent observers in addition to the five umpires, though the regulations state that two umpires from another ship are all that are necessary to witness prize-firing.

The targets depicted in the accompanying illustrations were of strict Service dimensions, but Captain Scott's pattern was used, the only difference being that two masts were fitted to this target instead of three, the canvas being triced out from each corner and no spreaders used. It should be added that the weather was fine throughout, with a moderate swell. Such is the general enthusiasm for attaining good marksmanship that Captain Scott's indefatigable efforts have aroused, states an eye-witness's account, that from the vociferous cheering greeting the finish of a possible (and ten of these were made), one might have imagined a regatta was being held instead of sober prize-firing.

The climax of enthusiasm, however, was reached when Petty Officer Grounds, who has always made a high score with the "Dotter," and whose gun's crew are among the best at loading drill, made his possible with 8 rounds 8 hits inside the minute, and, again, when Petty Officers Taylor and Kewell scored 9 hits out of 12 rounds from the after 9·2-in. gun. At the conclusion of the firing the unprecedented result obtained was hailed with congratulatory signals from the ships in harbour, and Gunnery-Lieutenant M. Woollcombe and his staff were the recipients of much praise from the captain and the umpires. After this it is no surprise to learn that the "Terrible" leads well in the competition for the challenge cup presented by Admiral Sir Edward Seymour to his squadron for the best shooting with heavy guns and small arms; but the "Barfleur," which has adopted Captain Scott's system of training, and has been working hard at it for six months, has also just achieved some splendid shooting with her 4·7-in. guns, knocking the "Scylla's" 1899 record to pieces. In 1899 the "Scylla's" six 4·7-in. guns fired 70 rounds, making 56 hits, which pans out to 4·6 hits per minute. In 1901 the "Barfleur's" ten 4·7-in. guns fired 159 rounds, making 114 hits, thus giving 5·7 hits per minute.

This beating of the records in Chinese waters should put the gunners in the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons on their mettle, and it would be an excellent idea if the Admiralty would institute a prize to be competed for in inter-squadron trials.

What an enormous advantage, pertinently remarks a Naval correspondent, our ships would have in an engagement if they could all make such good shooting against their opponents as the "Terrible's" men recently made against a prize-firing target. The issue would probably be settled in the first 5-min., at anything like a moderate range, for no ship's company could fail to be utterly demoralised in that time if shot and shell rained upon them with the same precision as Captain Scott has trained his gunners to direct upon a small canvas screen.

The fact that Captain Scott's methods of training are now being followed in other ships, proves that a greater interest is being taken in heavy gun shooting than heretofore; but it is not only the officers who must take an interest—the Admiralty must give encouragement by letting officers know that "spit and polish" is no longer the beginning and ending of everything, and by instituting competitive trials with money prizes for individuals, and trophies to be held by winning ships. What the "Terrible" and "Barfleur" can do the remainder of His Majesty's Navy could be taught to do, and the efficiency of the whole Fleet thus raised by 40 per cent.

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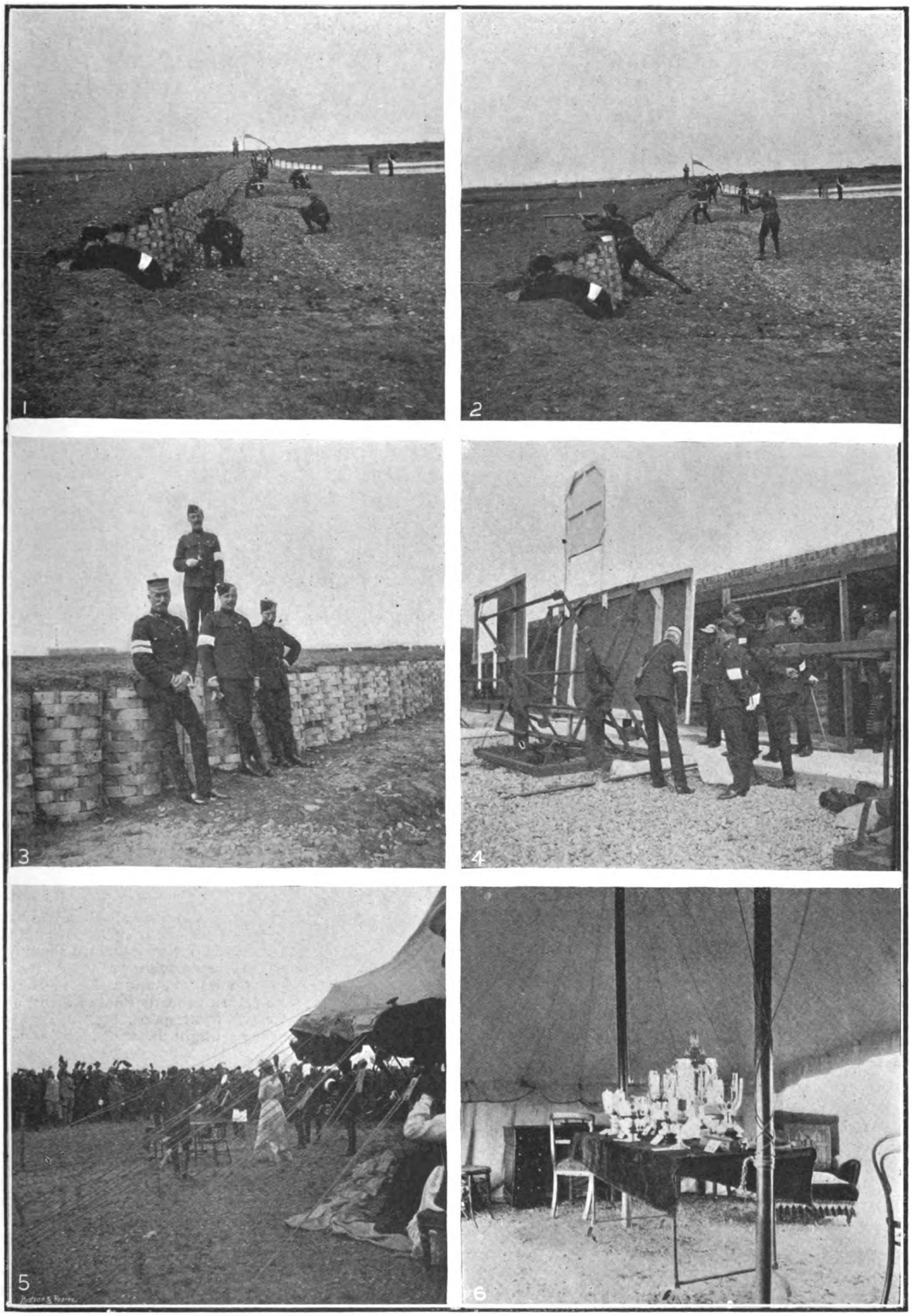
AT THE SOUTH-EASTERN DISTRICT RIFLE MEETING.



From Photos. *By a Military Officer.*

1. COMPETITION FOR THE FOLKESTONE CUP, 1ST POSITION. 2. COMPETITION FOR THE FOLKESTONE CUP, 2ND POSITION. 3. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. W. SMITH-REWSE, C.R.E., SHORNCLIFFE, MAJOR WARNER, CAPTAIN E. S. FINN, AND LIEUTENANT MARTIN. 4. THE RALSTON TARGET. ITS MECHANISM EXPLAINED. 5. AFTER THE PRIZE-GIVING BY MRS. HALLAM PARR, COLONEL COLLINGS, D.S.O., CALLS FOR THREE CHEERS FOR THE KING. 6. THE PRIZES.

These Illustrations were taken at the first South-Eastern District Rifle Meeting, held at Lydd recently.

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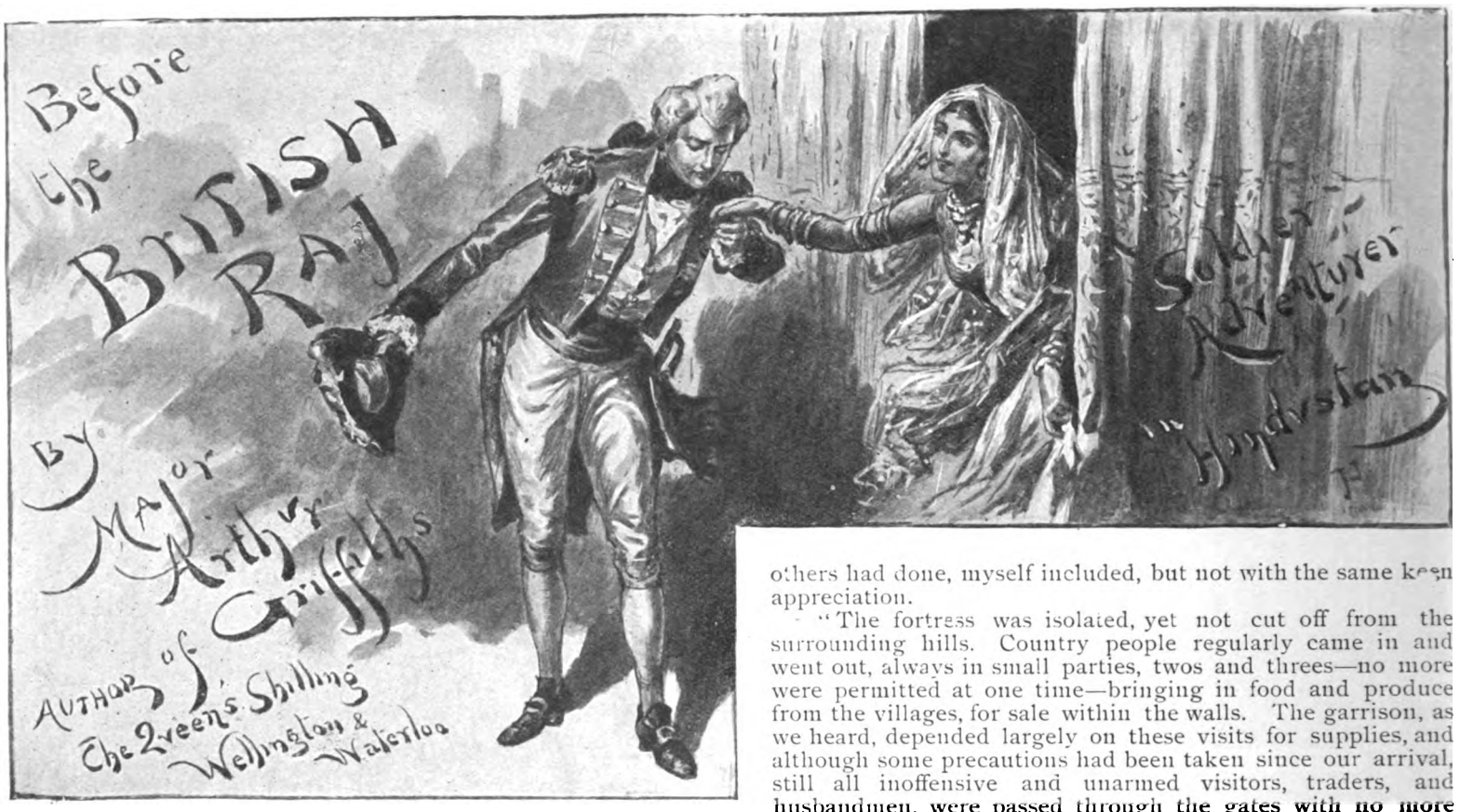

CHAPTER V.

The Capture of Photapore.

LET us still follow the record in Latouche's journals of his doings before Photapore.

"I pondered long and deeply through the silent watches of the night that the Begum Zalu had visited my tent. My anger rose against Perron after what she had told me, and I bitterly resented his choice of me as the minister of his sorry vengeance against the stout-hearted woman who had scorned his advances. I was resolved that he should have no help from me in getting her into his power. She should go free, where and how she chose, if I should ever compass the capture of the fort.

"As to that, it was my bounden duty to strive to the utmost for success. I was a soldier, under orders which must be obeyed. The possession of Photapore was deemed essential by my superiors as a part of their military policy, and, one way or another, I was bent upon taking it.

"The more I considered the ways and means, the more clearly I saw that there was nothing for it but to attack; it must be carried by storm, and at once, unless I wished to see it reinforced from outside, and to have double, perhaps treble, the number of enemies to deal with.

"All my command had now joined me, and I had made up my mind as to the most feasible plan—that of a simultaneous assault at several points, but throwing the chief weight at the main entrance, after blowing in the gates with a petard; and this was a service of danger for which I was sure to find volunteers, and, failing them, I meant to perform it myself.

"Before proceeding to extremities, however, I made repeated attempts to bring the Begum to reason. I wrote several letters offering liberal terms for surrender, which included a safe conduct for her person to any point within reasonable distance. Clearly she had little confidence in my promises, and her only answer to my last proposal was an abrupt letter, in Persian, warning me that if I sent another messenger, he would be flung from the battlements down the steep crags into the Khalsa River.

"I was all the more set, now, on immediate action, and having carefully thought out my plan of operations, I was on the point of issuing the final orders for attack, when old Surfuraz Khan came to me, praying for an early interview.

"'I come in the presence with a humble request,' he began. 'The khodawand knows I am no coward. Let not my face be blackened in his sight if I urge him to postpone the attack.'

"'What is your reason, friend?' I replied cordially, for I have grown to greatly like the rissaldar. 'You have a good reason, I feel sure.'

"'It is this, great lord. That which may not be effected by force—and who shall say that the best plans in war will always succeed?—we may secure by stratagem. A scheme has come into the head of your slave which I will now unfold.'

"He proceeded to set before me what he had observed, as others had done, myself included, but not with the same keen appreciation.

"The fortress was isolated, yet not cut off from the surrounding hills. Country people regularly came in and went out, always in small parties, twos and threes—no more were permitted at one time—bringing in food and produce from the villages, for sale within the walls. The garrison, as we heard, depended largely on these visits for supplies, and although some precautions had been taken since our arrival, still all inoffensive and unarmed visitors, traders, and husbandmen, were passed through the gates with no more than a cursory examination.

"'My idea is that some of us should enter that way,' suggested Surfuraz Khan. 'Disguised as villagers and hillmen, who will suspect us? There are men in the force who speak the mountain bat (dialect), who are true Patiaris, and have actually come from the mountains up yonder. Give me but the power, and I will call for a couple of hundred volunteers, all bold and sturdy fighters, whom we will smuggle through by the western gate, that used by other country folk, and if the part is played properly and prudently no questions will be asked. When we are once inside, a hundred or more of us, the rest will be for you, khodawand, to take advantage of the stratagem.'

"'It is a daring device; but with bold men it might answer,' I replied, quickly discerning the advantages of this scheme. 'Let us talk it over,' and we proceeded to discuss every detail long and earnestly. When I at last dismissed my wise and valiant rissaldar, I had decided on the course to pursue.

"My first step was to counter-order the other attack, the next to break up my camp, and march. Our force lay almost entirely on the Delhi side, and I held no more than a cavalry post on the western heights of the Khalsa Gunge. My object now was to convey the impression that I was beating a retreat, to make believe that the stubborn attitude of the Begum Zalu had forced me to abandon my project, and that I meant to resign the fortress of Photapore in her hands.

"I continued the retrograde movement until nightfall, but as soon as it was dark, when I had gained a distance of ten miles, I called a halt. Here my force was to divide. Half the main body of the infantry was to stand fast till an hour before daylight, and then to return towards Photapore, taking up its old ground, opposite the front gates, but ready to advance further or retire as events might dictate.

"The remainder of my infantry, two battalions, was to follow my own movement, that of the principal importance. It was to march direct to the Khalsa River, cross by the fords, and retrace their steps, close behind me, along the eastern gully. I calculated that this body would reach Photapore by the time I was well committed to my onslaught, when they could support me if I had succeeded or cover my retreat if I had failed.

"I did not pause long, but soon after midnight continued the march, with all my cavalry and my field guns, pushing steadily for the river, which I crossed, and then threaded the gully leading back to Photapore. The strictest precautions were observed. We moved in dead silence, not a word was spoken aloud, orders were whispered from leader to leader, even our arms were muffled and the wheels of my artillery.

"Within a short mile of Photapore, I chose a suitable spot under overhanging cliffs, and there awaited a signal or messenger from Surfuraz Khan. He was to inform me directly any considerable number of our disguised forlorn hope had gone forward and gained ingress through the postern gate.

"They went unarmed, as we had arranged, save for their lathis, or staves, the stout iron-headed sticks that all men of their supposed class—mountaineers, cattle lifters, country

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labourers—invariably carried. But they had their baskets of produce—fruit, vegetables, sweetmeats, cakes.

"By the time fifty had passed the gatekeeper's suspicions were aroused. Something in the demeanour of my men—bold, arrogant fellows—who pressed on resolutely, as if swayed by some common intention, betrayed their real character, and with a loud shout to his assistants, he ordered the postern gate to be closed. This precipitated matters. Surfuraz Khan, who had been one of the first to enter, and who was loitering around idly as it seemed, but full of suppressed anxiety, raised his voice with a loud order to wedge the gate with stones brought for the purpose. The mob outside—our men mostly—which had been quietly but quickly collecting, rushed forward, and a sharp conflict began. The gatekeeper, warders, sentinels, all were overpowered instantly. Surfuraz Khan sent a selected party to occupy the guardhouses in one side of the gate, the matchlocks were seized and distributed, and within a few moments a barrier was thrown across the narrow street to beat off any rescue coming from the interior of the town.

"While the fight above had been thus sharply begun, I was advancing by the gentle slope, pushing my horses to their utmost speed. My foremost files, myself at their head, reached the gate just as it had been wedged open. We rode on, constantly reinforced from the rear, till I found myself beyond the guardhouse and at the head of a hundred horsemen.

"I resolved to charge forward at once, so as to turn the first surprise to the greatest profit, and, wiping away all resistance, to reach the main gates upon the northern side. By taking these in reverse I hoped to gain possession of the drawbridge, and so admit my subaltern, Donaldson, who only awaited the signal to advance from the side of the Delhi road.

"I was guided by the Pathan, Nand Gopal, who assured me he knew his Photapore by heart. He proved it by leading us by narrow winding alleys, from which, dreading to be involved and taken at a disadvantage, I gladly emerged into the open chauk, or central square and market-place.

"It was almost deserted; the little shops—no more than boxes—that filled three sides were securely closed, but in and about the woodwork many affrighted bunnias (tradesmen) lurked and hid; while now and again, with shouts and scurrying feet, a swarm of fugitives from the conflict at the postern gate ran across for their lives, and disappeared into the dark gaping mouths of the streets on the far side of the square. On the fourth side, filling it entirely, rose a high blank wall, which my guide informed me was the outer barrier of the palace; within, somewhat withdrawn, rose a mass of imposing buildings, the nearest being, as I was told, the governor's official residence, while behind and beyond, looking down into the deep bottom of the Khalsa River, was the Begum's anderoon, the private apartments of the ladies of the palace.

"There was much stir and noise within; the murmur of many voices, the clash of arms, the tramp of feet, and I quickly understood that this palace was intended to play the part of an inner citadel, the last entrenchment, the heart and kernel of the whole defence. As it covered much ground it might hold an ample garrison. It was stoutly built with massive walls, and no weak points for ingress that I could see; I greatly feared that it might take time and trouble, the lives of many men, perchance, to become possessed of.

"Prompt action was called for, the more so that the occupants of the palace were clearly resolved to show fight. While I stood talking to Nand Gopal several shots were fired into my party from the roof of the nearest building, and one of my horsemen was struck down.

"'Hasten forward,' I cried to an officer. 'Take fifty sowars, seize the main gates, let down the drawbridge, and make all easy for Donaldson Sahib. Bid him advance and join me, bringing the field guns.'

"Then, ordering the men who remained with me to quickly withdraw from the square, seeking cover from the marksmen, I desired Nand Gopal to take me where I could look down into the palace enclosure and get some idea of what was in progress within.

"A NEIGHBOURING ROOF GAVE ME THE ELEVATION I NEEDED."

"A neighbouring roof gave me the elevation I needed, and I saw that the courtyards below were filled with troops, that more were constantly arriving, many of them the fugitives I had already noticed, others more compact, unbroken bodies, called in, no doubt, from distant points on the walls.

"I was clearly right in my conclusion that the palace was to be held to the last, and that all remaining strength was being focussed and concentrated here. I soon singled out as the principal leader one whose fierce eager spirit might be judged from his energy in stimulating his troops with voice and gesture as they poured into the courtyards.

"I watched this leader keenly and closely as he rode to and fro marshalling his forces. I wondered greatly, doubted greatly, yet was still unable to discredit the evidence of my eyes.

"His figure was slight and small; he wore a complete suit of armour, chain mail that clothed him from head to foot and was composed of finely woven steel links that glittered and shone in the sun and showed every movement of his limbs. Around the low-crowned circular helmet was twisted a turban of crimson silk, richly embroidered, with hanging ends that hid the face.

"But I recognised her, for it was no man, but one of the softer sex, the intrepid descendant of a long line of noble Rajput warriors, the Begum Zalu in person, unflinchingly resolved to fight for her independence to the bitter end.

"It shamed me to be her antagonist. I hated, loathed the duty that, as I felt, loyally obliged me to become the master of Photapore, and I would have hailed with delight any means of gaining it without doing battle with this lion-hearted woman.

"How was further conflict to be avoided?

"Surfuraz Khan had now joined me, bringing with him considerable numbers, the rest of my own following and all his own. I conferred with him briefly, then issued my orders, for I had made my plan.

"'Cross the square at once with all your rissala. Seek out the entrance to the palace on that side, bar it with your

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force, and if any would pass in, engage them, drive them back; destroy them if it be necessary. We will deal with those inside, but no reinforcements must reach them. Donaldson is coming up on that side. Dispose of him so that between you the palace is invested on the north and overawed.'

"My object was to draw in and closely beleaguer the palace with my superior numbers, occupying every coign of vantage in great strength, then, showing my hand, prove plainly that resistance was hopless. Such a display of force would probably have had no effect upon English troops, but it would shake and unsettle these native levies.

"Within an hour all was ready. The garrison had kept up a desultory fire, which did no great damage, although my people when moving into their appointed places came under it continuously. My matchlock men and jezail men had crept up into the surrounding houses, and dominated every court and corner of the palace, horsemen guarded every issue in position behind a hastily-erected breastwork, whilst others commanded the principal entrance.

"The moment for action had now come, and I meant to play the principal, the only part, myself. It was a hazardous, dangerous, perhaps fatal, risk, and I had no wish that others should share it. Taking a trumpet from the hands of my orderly trumpeter, I walked alone to the chief portal of the palace, and, having sounded a flourish, I knocked loudly, boldly demanding admission as a herald and parlementaire.

"Rough voices bade me begone, but I persisted, declaring that I came unarmed and unattended, and spoke in the name of the most exalted sovereign and Emperor, Shah Alam, whom no one dared defy. Then, as I continued to blow my horn, and hammer upon the door, many eyes were bent upon me through the judas, or spy hole, in the gate, and there was much smothered disputing within. Opinions were divided, I could see, not only as to my admission but in regard to the attitude of the garrison.

"They opened the wicket at last; I entered, was searched, my empty pockets turned out, I was suffered to keep my trumpet as my badge of office, but they blindfolded me, and led me into the first yard, that adjoining the square. When the bandage was at length removed from my eyes, I found myself in front of a little group of superior officers, and a little to one side stood the slight figure I had already recognised as the Begum Zalu. It was she who spoke first.

"'You are bold, sahib, in venturing here, and carry your life in your hands. It is forfeit if we chose, or at least we may hold you as a hostage until you withdraw your troops and your pretensions. Why should I not strike you down where you stand?' she asked, fiercely.

"'Because it would be traitorous and cowardly,' I answered calmly, although the situation was disquieting enough. 'And, I warn you, I should be amply avenged. See,' and I blew a long G on my trumpet.

"At this, the concerted signal, my troops showed themselves at all points around, great numbers in commanding positions, threatening to pour in death and destruction.

"'You may kill me, to your everlasting disgrace, but I promise you not a single man of you shall be spared. My naib has his orders, and my men, who are devoted to me, will exact life for life, all yours for mine.'

"There was a murmur among the assembled officers, which I rightly interpreted as weakness, and I went on.

"'Come, gentlemen, be persuaded. Resistance is hopeless; it must end in bloodshed and ruin. I offer you fair terms. Take service with me under Perron. You shall be confirmed in your positions, your followings shall be incorporated with mine. United we can defy all foes from outside. What is your answer?'

"It was prompt and satisfactory. The whole of the Begum's officers came forward, offering me the hilts of their swords in token of submission and fealty.

"Only the Begum stood aloof, alone and abandoned; and before I could approach her, to plead with her further, she burst into loud reproaches:

"'Shame on you! cowards and sons of dogs! I disown you; I spit on you! May you die in torments, disgraced and defiled! And you, sahib, think not you have triumphed entirely; I, at least, shall ever defy you!'

"With that she turned away, and, without let or hindrance from me, disappeared into the palace."

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"PENSIONER."—The terms of enlistment have been varied by several Acts of Parliament, and so many Royal Warrants relating to pensions have been issued since the dates of your joining and leaving the Service, that I should not like to advise you as to your claim to an old-age pension. I should recommend you to send all particulars of your service to the Under-Secretary of State for War, War Office, London, asking whether you are eligible for such pension.

* * * *

MOBILISE.

HAST seen those ships, near dockyard slips, so tidy, neat, and clean
Each side to side so closely tied, there's hardly room between?
No seaman's word is ever heard from out their holds to ring,
For here are stored, like miser's hoard, Reserve ships of the King.

But now is sent, with full intent, along the mystic wire,
A cypher wise, to mobilise—as if in earnest ire.
Soon barrack squares and depôt stairs are all alive with Tars,
Whilst tramping feet and bugles' bleat the sombre stillness mars.

See, here they come with fife and drum, and swinging sailor tre ad,
Each file abreast correctly "dressed," each head in line with head.
Marines in blue, and scarlet too, follow their dusty wake,
Whilst dock-pontoons with lively tunes resound, vibrate, and quake.

And once aboard all gear is stored, with many a gay hurrah,
For each man knows to where he goes, and what his duties are.
Ere eve the smoke the funnels choke, the lock-gates open wide,
Whilst screws are turned, and waters churned, as through the docks they glide.

Thus seamen wait their ocean fate, to fight, to sink, or swim,
Each ready now the seas to plough, to either Polar rim;
For war's fierce blast will come at last, when we must ready be,
To guard by sword and help of God our heritage the sea. F.

* * * *

"AMERICAN."—A little observation will show you the difference in uniform of the three regiments of Household Cavalry. Taking the tunic first, you will see that the 1st Life Guards wear one of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar and cuffs and blue cloth edging. The 2nd Life Guards' tunic is of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar, cuffs, and edging. The Royal Horse Guards wear blue cloth tunics with scarlet cloth collar, cuffs, and edging. The helmets of the three regiments are of German silver, with gilt ornaments and silver garter star in front. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards wear white horsehair plumes and the Royal Horse Guards red. In full dress all three regiments wear white leather pantaloons and jack-boots. In undress the trousers of all three regiments are blue, but the stripes differ. The 1st and 2nd Life Guards wear two red stripes welted, 1¼-in. wide and ½-in. apart, a scarlet welt between the stripes; and the Royal Horse Guards have a single red stripe 2½-in. wide. The stable jackets for the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are of scarlet cloth with blue velvet collar, cuffs, and edging, and of the Royal Horse Guards of blue cloth with scarlet cloth collar, cuffs, and edging. The forage cap of all the regiments is of blue cloth with a scarlet band. The cloaks of the 1st Life Guards are scarlet with blue cloth collars and capes and scarlet serge lining. The 2nd Life Guards wear scarlet cloaks with blue capes and scarlet collars and scarlet shalloon lining. The Royal Horse Guards have blue cloaks with scarlet collars and scarlet rattinet lining. These are a few of the most conspicuous distinctions, but there are several other points of difference.

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"CONSTITUENT."—The retirement of Commander Oliver Young leaves three ex-Naval officers in Parliament, all of whom terminated their Naval careers prior to 1887. They are E. M. Archdale, representing Fermanagh, left the Navy as lieutenant in 1881, the Earl of Dalkeith, representing Roxburgh, left as lieutenant in 1885, and Captain Sir William Horaby, representing Blackburn, left the Navy in 1882. In the old days politics figured largely in the careers of active list Naval officers, as can be seen by a perusal of the lives or journals of former admirals, as Vernon, Parker, St. Vincent, and Sir T. Byam Martin. Sir George Elliot some time ago said, at the Royal United Service Institution, that he believed that he "was the first instance in which the door was completely closed against a Naval officer on the active list, because he was told, 'You must give up your seat in Parliament, or I cannot give you the command.'"

* * * *

"CELER ET AUDAX."—Men enlisted for short service who do not extend their Army service are transferred to the Army Reserve on the expiration of their period of service with the colours. Men serving at home are, after five years' service with the colours, permitted to pass to the Reserve, if the requirements of the Service permit, and men serving abroad may also be allowed to pass to the Reserve after seven years' service. While in the Reserve a man receives pay at the rate of 6d. a day, viz., 4d. ordinary pay and 2d. deferred pay. He is liable to be called up each year for twelve days' training, or twenty drills, but in practice Reservists have only been required in peace-time to perform three days' training, or twelve drills, about once in five years. When so called out for training they receive pay at Army rates, according to the rank they held on their transfer to the Reserve, or if they elect to perform drills, in addition to their ordinary and deferred Army Reserve pay. A new section of the Army Reserve (Section A) has recently been formed, and in this section the men are liable to be called out for service abroad, if required, during the first year of their Reserve service. The rate of pay is 1s. a day. The numbers in the section are limited, and restricted to certain arms of the Service.

* * * *

"BOSTON."—The Nelson Column is 145-ft. high, and the statue of Nelson on the top is 17-ft. high. The column, which is of granite, is a copy of a Corinthian column of the temple of Mars at Rome. The statue was the work of E. H. Baily, R.A. The four reliefs on the pedestal are as follows: On the north is the battle of the Nile, on the south the death of Nelson, on the east the bombardment of Copenhagen, and on the west the battle of St. Vincent. The bronze lions at the foot of the column were added by Landseer. The Duke of York's Column is 124-ft. high. The bronze statue on the top represents Frederick Duke of York, second son of George III., and is by Westmacott. It was erected in 1830. THE EDITOR.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

SCANDINAVIA (*continued*).

RED DEER (Cervus elephas) are indigenous to Norway, and may still be found on the mainland in the vicinity of the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords, where big stags are occasionally killed by the farmers; but to find them in any quantity one must go to the islands, notably on Hitteren, a large island lying off the entrance to the Trondhjem Fjord.

Hitteren has for many years been leased by Englishmen, and grand sport has been obtained thereon, but of late years it is said to have deteriorated. As my experience applies solely to this island, I will relate some of my adventures there, going back some twenty-three years, when I visited Norway for the first time. One dark night in September I was put ashore from a Norwegian steamer, on what I believed to be the mainland of Hitteren, but after groping about and stumbling over boulders, I found it was an outlying islet, where I had to remain till daylight, when a boat fetched me and landed me at Havn. Havn is the principal settlement of Hitteren, and a port of call for the steamers. From thence I hired a boat with four strong Norsemen, and rowed to the south end of the island, twenty-eight miles distant, and put up at a farmhouse, which became my headquarters for the next three weeks. Here I hunted with indifferent success, though I worked hard; but that part of the island was not suited for deer, and I only succeeded in bagging three stags during that time.

I met with some friends at Havn, father and son, both keen sportsmen, and we agreed to leave for England by the same steamer on a given day. So when the time arrived for my departure, I started on my return. I must explain that the centre of the island, where Havn is situated, is the best locality for deer, being more thickly wooded than either of the extremes, which are bare and rocky. As we coasted along I could not but be struck by the inviting appearance of the ground. So, knowing that my friends had left off stalking, and were waiting in their snug farmhouse for the steamer, I thought I would do a little prospecting on their ground. With this view I landed with a Norwegian hunter, directing the boat to pick us up some miles further on. It was now rather late in October, and the rutting season was well advanced. We had not gone far in the forest when we heard a stag roar. The Norseman immediately put his hands to his mouth, and so exactly imitated the roar of the stag that the challenge was repeated much closer to us. After they had roared defiance to each other some three times we saw a splendid stag running through the forest towards us.

HEAD OF RED DEER STAG, 8 POINTS.

Length of horn, 30-in.; circumference at base, 6-in.; brow antler, 12-in.; tip to tip, 28½-in.

HEAD OF RED DEER STAG, 11 POINTS.

Length of horn from tip to base, 29-in.; circumference round burr, 7½-in.; brow antler, 7-in.; tip to tip, 21-in.

Dropping on one knee, I cocked the rifle, and when the stag stopped and turned broadside, waiting for the next challenge, I let him have it. He moved a few steps forward, when I gave him the second barrel. The stalker said he was hit, and, running forward, we found him dying; so, giving him his *coup de grace*, we cut off his head—a magnificent one (*see* sketch) of eleven points—and made tracks for the boat. Darkness was coming on, so we had no time to gralloch him, and we reached Havn long after dark.

My two friends were greatly excited over my good sport, and questioned me very closely as to where I had killed the beast. They had done very well, but not one of their heads could compare with mine I felt rather guilty, knowing that I had been poaching on their ground, and when we got on board the steamer I made a clean breast of it.

"We knew it!" they both exclaimed; "we knew that stag well, and have been after him for weeks," said the elder one, "and Bob—that's my son—had a shot at him only last Sunday. I am glad you got him, although you poached him on our ground. You must come and see us in Ireland."

And so I did. And the friendship thus made with these two warm-hearted sportsmen only terminated with their death—for, alas! both father and son have joined the majority.

In connection with this episode, a rather amusing—I had almost said tragic—affair happened, for when we were ready to embark, and our traps packed, the steamer stopped off Havn, and blew her whistle; but we were unable to get on board, as our host, a surly Norwegian farmer, refused to launch his boat, but looked on at our vain endeavours, smoking his pipe, and thinking it a good joke, his object being to keep us longer as paying guests. It was most aggravating, to say the least of it, and we had to remain in his house four days longer, till the next steamer came in, when we got the boat launched and got aboard.

I cannot help thinking, however, that the laugh was not altogether on his side, for some time after we got home I heard that, on the farmer applying a match to his stove, there was a terrific explosion, and it was reported that the family

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were employed picking pieces of iron out of his stern quarters! It was rumoured that the stove had been salted, but, though careful enquiries were made, the perpetrators of the "outrage" were never discovered!

Deer are killed in Hitteren by two methods, either stalking them or "still-hunting" in the woods, or by driving. The former is the more sportsmanlike way, but is not so easy, as the deer lie very close during the heat of the day, only feeding in the early morning and the evening, and the silence is so complete in the forest that an animal can almost always hear the footstep of an approaching sportsman—be it ever so stealthy—and slip away. Consequently, there is not much chance, unless it is blowing hard, when one may come upon them at any moment. It is therefore necessary to be continually on the alert, with rifle in hand. I lost a chance at a good stag from neglecting this precaution whilst hunting in the dense forest on the south side of the island. I might be excused for not having the rifle in my own hand, seeing that I had followed in the steps of my hunter for a week without seeing a beast. The day was close, not a leaf stirring, and rain falling steadily, so the rifle was in its cover. Suddenly, without a second's warning, a stag crossed in front of us not 5-yds. distant. He was walking quite slowly, and took no notice of us. His footsteps made not the slightest noise on the soft wet ground, and before we recovered from our amazement he vanished like a phantom. My stalker and I looked at each other in blank dismay. I could not speak Norse, nor he English. We got the rifle out of the cover, and followed in the direction the stag had gone, but we saw no more of him. However, we hunted about, and presently saw another stag quietly feeding about 150-yds. off. It clearly was not the same, as this was a red beast and the other was very dark. I dropped behind a fallen log, drew a bead on the stag, and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I saw his heels in the air; but on proceeding to the place we found nothing. Again the stalker and I looked at each other like a pair of fools. Where could he have got to? I swear I saw him fall—it must be that phantom again. We searched around for several minutes, and were about to give it up in disgust, when I heard a groan, and, going to the spot, found the stag at the point of death. He was shot through the heart and had rolled down hill and was lying in a hole, where we might easily have missed him but for his dying cry.

Another very curious adventure befel me in Hitteren, one I have often related, which, though not generally credited, is perfectly true.

I was out alone for a stroll one day with my rifle, when I spotted a splendid stag standing under a tree. He had evidently either seen or heard something, but was not quite sure. I was dressed from head to foot in a grass-green suit (Glen-tana mixture, given me by the late Sir Will Cunliffe Brooks), a capital colour for the woods. Sinking slowly to the ground, I put my glasses on the stag—a noble animal with a grand head, distant about 250-yds. I proceeded to crawl towards him, but when passing an open glade in the forest there was a sound as of a mighty wind directly overhead. Looking up, I beheld a splendid white-tailed eagle beating the wind within 10-yds. of me. The bird must have seen something unusual moving on the ground and swooped down on it, but, finding its mistake, recovered itself and rose again. I raised the rifle and covered the bird, which I could have easily shot, but did not fire. The action lost me my stag, for when I looked again it had gone; so I lost both eagle and stag.

There are many eagles in Hitteren, and they do much damage amongst the farmers' lambs, red deer calves, grouse, etc. I have seen an eagle swoop three times at a deer calf; the little creature ran under its mother's belly each time, and thus saved itself. Driving the deer is reduced to an art in Hitteren; the farmers know the run of the deer, and post the rifles accordingly. I have killed some very fine stags in this way (*see* sketch of an 8-pointer), but it is rather monotonous waiting for two or three hours, and probably seeing nothing but hinds and calves. The old stags have, from constant driving, become so cunning that they will seldom come forward to the guns, but lie low till the beaters have passed, and then sneak off in the opposite direction.

It is said that the old stags harbour on the mainland, and swim across the fjord in the rutting season, and I believe this to be the case, as few big stags are seen till September, or even October, by which time the season for shooting them is over.

Altogether, I consider that Hitteren is a disappointing place for sport, and I am sure that many sportsmen will endorse this opinion. This is due to the scarcity of stags, the undue proportion of hinds, which are never allowed to be shot, and, lastly, to the rapacity of the farmers, who have been so spoilt by wealthy tenants that they will not move under five kroners per head for a day's driving. Their terms for board and lodging are also extortionate, and their honesty is questionable.

I well remember, the last time I was on the island, how our "gammel" (old) port wine mysteriously disappeared. We knew the culprit, but could not prove it, so I left him a bottle as a parting present; and as a whole box of Cockle's pills, well pounded, was mixed with the wine, I feel sure that my name will be long remembered on the island, and handed down by those simple folk as a benefactor to mankind.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 16, *April* 13, *May* 18, *June* 1, 15, *and* 29.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

THE event of the last week in July that most interests shooters is probably the grouse trials of pointers and setters. Last year the Gun-dog League held their annual autumn meeting on the moors of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, where birds were few and far between. This year the League had lent to them the grouse moors belonging to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn on the north side of Bala Lake. Beautiful moors they are, too; not quite so well stocked as I could wish, but with plenty of grouse for field trials. The event is of interest for several reasons. First, it shows the head of game on the spot; secondly, one gets to know the prospects of the season from the contending breakers, who have been educating their pupils on young grouse for weeks past in all districts (reports are very favourable from Scotland, especially from Perthshire, where I expect there will be quite a record season, unless disease spreads itself from the few moors in Aberdeen and Caithness, where it has been rumoured to exist); and, thirdly, we see the best dogs in the country at work; and during the week in question we saw them do well under such adverse conditions, that it is very certain they will be helps to bag filling on and after August 12. The impression given to me by three days of work was that dogs and breakers are growing more even every year; still, there are differences quite big enough to swear by even now. Mr. W. Arkwright some years ago presented a "pure type trophy," to be run for at every meeting of the Gun-dog League. Last spring he won it himself, and at these trials he again retained it, as his brace were placed first by the judges on the first day of the meeting. Probably better work was done by a brace belonging to Sir Watkin Wynn, but the others were lucky enough to commit their faults on the other side of the hill from the judges. Captain Heywood Lonsdale took third with a first-rate brace of setters, and Mr. Warwick fourth with a less well-matched brace. The puppy stake was won the following day by Captain Heywood Lonsdale's Carlsbad, a pointer which only cost him 31 guineas at Colonel Cotes's sale in June. Next was the Hon. G. Lascelles's Dora of Lyndhurst, a lemon and white setter. The best dog in the stake was either Sir Watkin Wynn's Ring o' Gymru or Mr. Butter's Banner Faskally. Not that these should have won necessarily, because they, "with *malice prepense*," cut their own throats after practically winning the stake.

* * * *

The all-aged stake on the last day of the meeting was the only one run in fine weather, and, of course, it was much more satisfactory, and came nearer to finding the best dogs for winners—that is, there was less chance work. Syke of Bromfield, the dog with which Mr. A. E. Butter scored champion at the National Trials at Shrewsbury, again came out top of the list in his stake, and also took the prize for the best dog at the meeting. Captain Heywood Lonsdale was second with Ightfield Gaby, winner of the stake last year, and Mr. Warwick scored third with Compton Sam, Mr. Williams fourth with Rose of Gerwn, and Mr. Butter, again, fifth with Faskally Bragg. This judgment is so near to the average form of the dogs, that I should be sorry to have to select one of the remaining dogs in the stake and back it to beat any one of the five winners.

* * * *

An account of the Championship Meeting of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, held in the worst of wet weather, must wait for another week.

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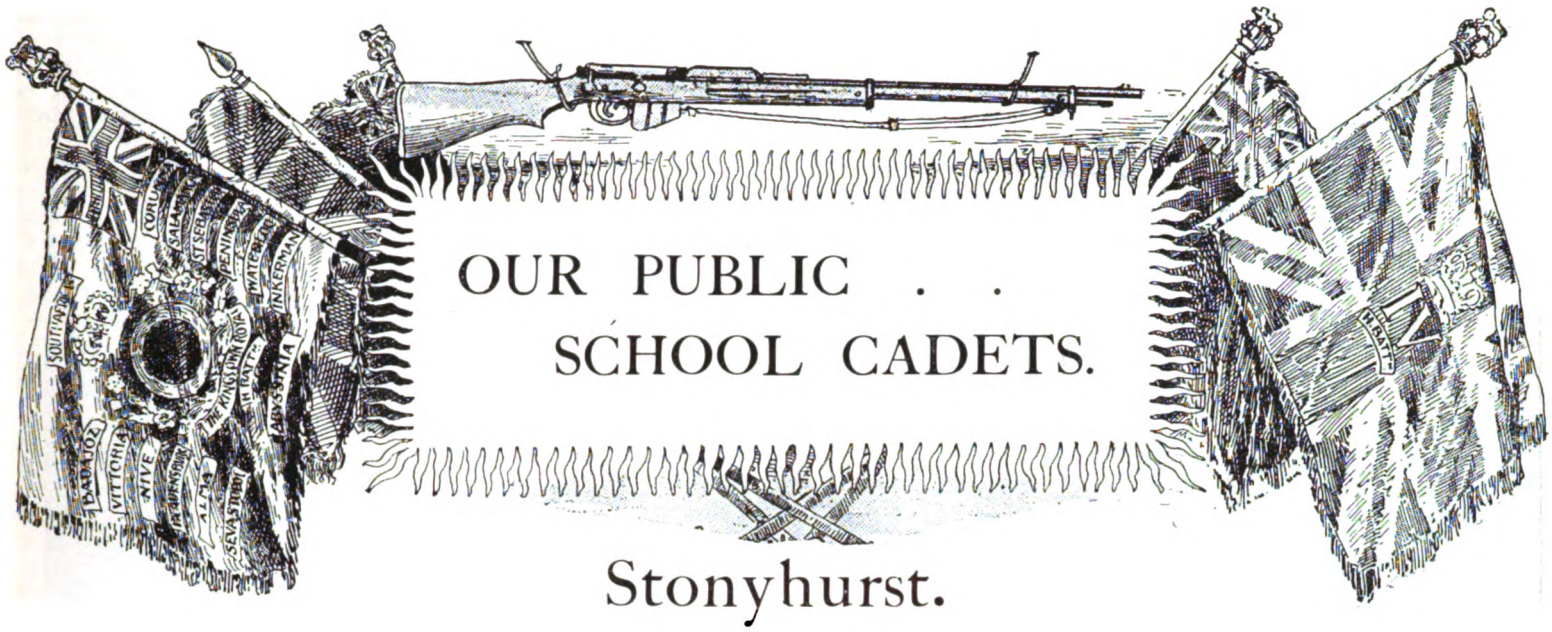

Stonyhurst.

By R. R.

STONYHURST, with its tradition of 300 years, has never yielded to anyone in loyalty to King and country. And this, though it may sound to some a mere platitude, is by no means so to such as are acquainted with the story of the trials undergone during its exile in the first period of its existence.

Those who have had opportunity to read the history of Stonyhurst, lately published, will remember that the college dates its origin back to Elizabethan days, when Catholic families were obliged to send their sons abroad to be educated in the faith of their fathers. St. Omer, in the province of Artois, saw the foundation of the college; and of the boys assembled there we find it written in Reeve's MSS. preserved in the Stonyhurst archives, that "Though forced by oppressive laws to cross the sea for an education conformable to the religious dictates of their conscience, they never could forget that they were Englishmen, an inbred love of their country always accompanying them in their temporary exile, a love which on occasion they could not help discovering." He then goes on to narrate how the boys were reported to Louis XIV., their patron and protector, for throwing up their caps and cheering at the news of an English victory over his forces, to which the King, however, sensibly remarked that they would be of little worth if they did not love their country.

From St. Omer to Bruges, from Bruges to Liège, the spirit of loyalty flourished, and when, finally, in 1794 they ventured to settle in their own country, their joy and gratitude knew no bounds. The mansion of Stonyhurst was a gift of Mr. Thomas Weld, of Lulworth, an old pupil of the Jesuit fathers, and it is here that from that day to this the descendants of the old St. Omer exiles have lived and prospered, until at length the name of Stonyhurst has found a well-

GENERAL BROWNRIGG AND OFFICERS OF STONYHURST COLLEGE CADET CORPS.

Sergt.-Instructor Gladwyn. Corpl. M. Ryan. Capt. Robinson. Corpl. W. Sandiford. Brigadier-General M. S. Brownrigg. Sergt. F. Davis. Sergt. H. Jump Lieut. P. Butler. Drill-Sergt. Buckley.

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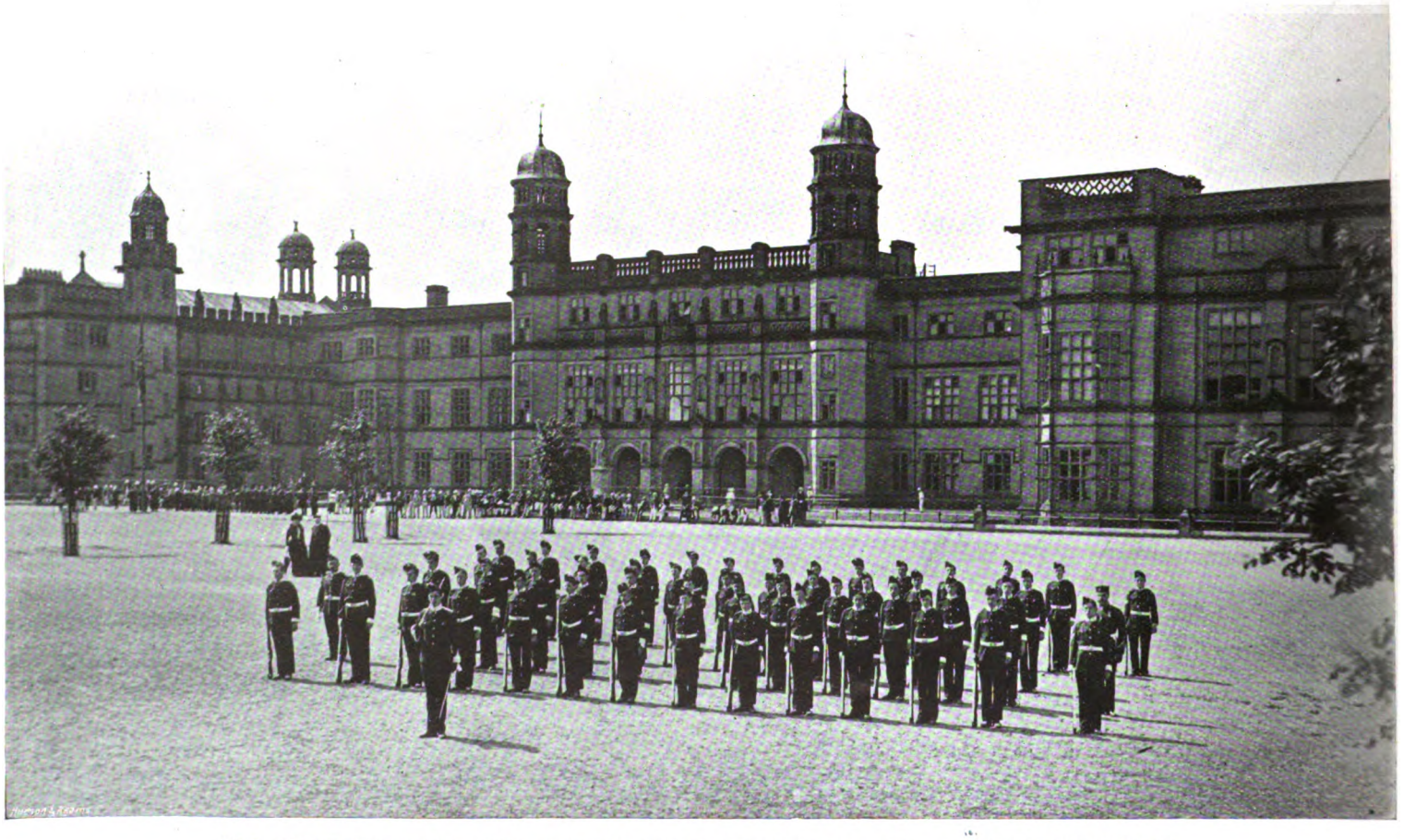
STONYHURST.

The old college of the Eagle Towers.

merited position among the great public schools of England.

The cadet corps is as yet only in its infancy, as out of the 280 students only sixty of the boys of the upper forms have been allowed to join, though it is expected that as time goes on the privilege will be extended to others. The corps was started by the rector, the Rev. J. Browne, in the latter half of 1900, after the necessary permission had been obtained from



AN INSPECTION BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. S. BROWNRIGG.

Stonyhurst College Cadet Corps on Parade.

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the War Office. The cadets were attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment, whose headquarters are at Burnley, and the officer commanding the battalion is Colonel Henry J. Robinson of Blackburn. One honorary officer is appointed to each company, on the recommendation of the officer commanding the battalion, whilst the company commander appoints his acting subaltern officers. At the suggestion of Colonel Robinson, it was determined that the cadets should wear the same uniform (scarlet, with white facings) as the battalion to which they are attached, the same, that is, in colour, cut, and badges, though much lighter than the ordinary uniform. The first inspection was held on December 5, 1900, when the cadets appeared for the first time in their new uniform. They were inspected first by Colonel Robinson, and afterwards by Brigadier-General M. S. Brownrigg, commanding the regimental district. The Brigadier-General, having spoken a few words of encouragement to the corps, appointed P. Butler, the son of Lieutenant-General Sir William F. Butler, K.C.B., lieutenant of the company, and announced the names of those who had been selected to fill the posts of non-commissioned officers.

VOLLEY FIRING.

Stonyhurst College Cadets in the ambulacrum.

After some delay a grant of seventy carbines for drill purposes was obtained from the War Office, together with ten Lee-Metfords for rifle practice. As yet the authorities have been unable to fix upon a suitable spot for a rifle range, owing to the numerous footpaths with which the country is intersected.

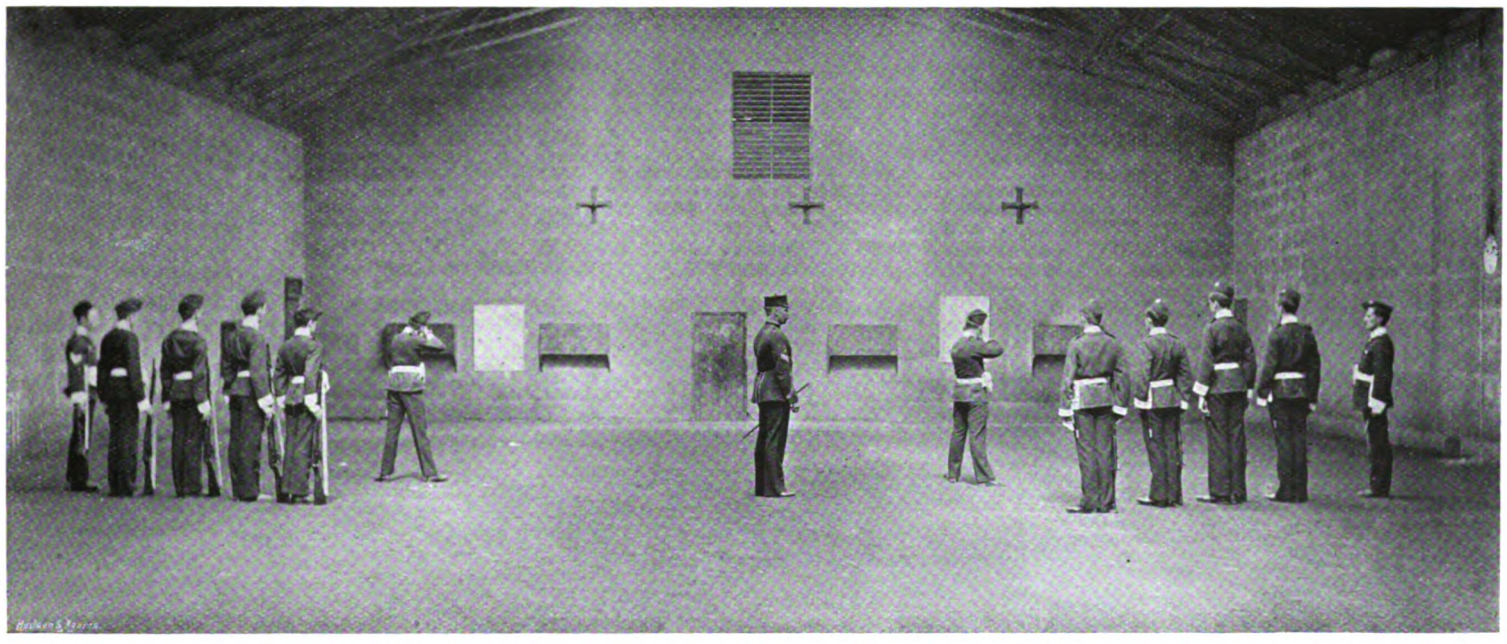
A short range for the Morris tube has, however, been conveniently set up in the ambulacrum, or species of covered playground, thus enabling the cadets to practise rifle shooting even during wet weather. The corps is drilled twice a week by Sergeant Buckley, of the 1st East Lancashire. Attendance at these parades is compulsory, but a fair number of the cadets assemble for voluntary drill during the week under one of their own sergeants. Many also attend the gymnastic classes under Sergeant Gladwyn, of the Connaught Rangers.

Last month the cadets were again reviewed by Brigadier-General Brownrigg. At the close of the review he spoke a few words to the corps, expressing his satisfaction with the progress the cadets had made, and encouraging them to carry on with spirit the work which they had begun, and to show themselves worthy of the college to which they belonged and the regiment to which they were attached. In common with so many of our public schools, Stonyhurst has sent its contingent to fight its country's battles in South Africa, and amongst the sixty alumni known to have been at the front five have already given up their lives, chief amongst them being Lieutenant-Colonel McCarthy-O'Leary, of the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, who fell at the head of his men at Pieter's Hill.

Other distinguished and more fortunate names are those of Lieutenant-Colonel T. J. Gallwey, R.A.M.C., Colonel J. A. Clery, R.A.M.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Gerard, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, and many others. Stonyhurst is fortunate also in having comparatively lately added two V.C.'s to the laurels of her alumni, one being secured by Lieutenant E. Costello on the Indian Frontier in 1898, and the other by Captain Paul Kenna of the 21st Lancers, in the celebrated charge of that regiment at Omdurman.

In conclusion, we may notice that the only School Cadet Corps whose services have been requisitioned during the present war is that of St. Aidan's College, Grahamstown, a sister college of Stonyhurst, since both are under the tutelage of the English Jesuit fathers. That their chance may one day come in like manner is of course the dream of the Stonyhurst cadets.

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 23, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29th, Haileybury on July 20, and Cheltenham on August 3.*]



EXERCISE IN THE SHOOTING GALLERY.

Cadets practising at aiming drill and with the Morris tube.

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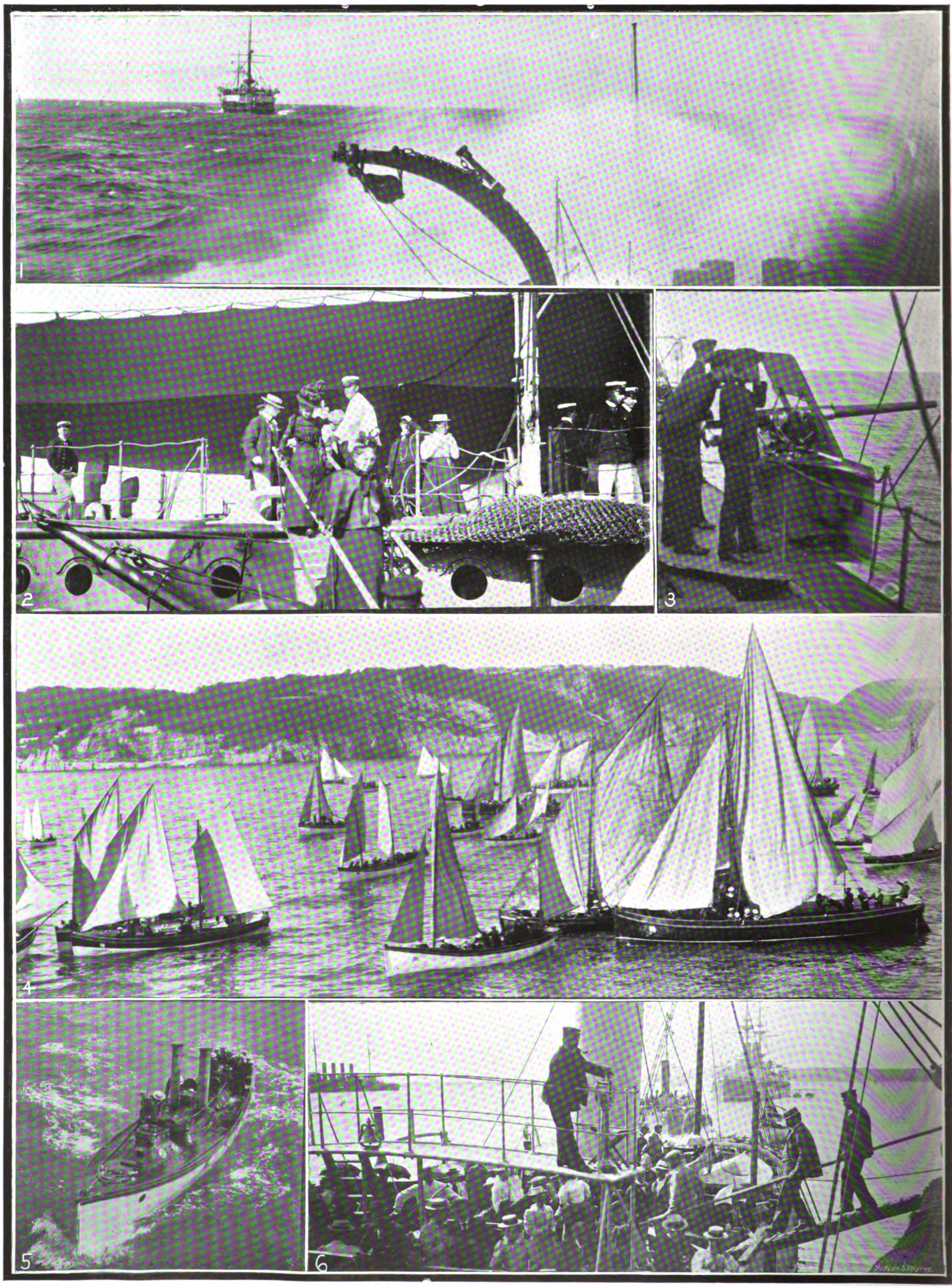
AFTER THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

SCENES AT PORTLAND AND TORBAY.



Photos. Copyright. *Crockett & "Navy & Army."*

1. ON THE WAY HOME—HOSTILITIES AT AN END. 2. SOME OF THE "OWNERS" ABOARD AT PORTLAND—VISITORS LEAVING THE SHIP. 3. A GROUP OF CONNOISSEURS—WITH AN EYE TO THE VISITORS. 4. ALL SORTS AND SIZES—EXERCISE AT BOAT-SAILING. 5. A BUSY LITTLE CRAFT—THE PICKET-BOAT OF THE "MARS" IS KEPT HARD AT WORK. 6. THE "HURRAH" BOAT TAKING VISITORS ASHORE.

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MIMIC WAR IN THE CHANNEL.

The Dispersal of the Squadrons.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

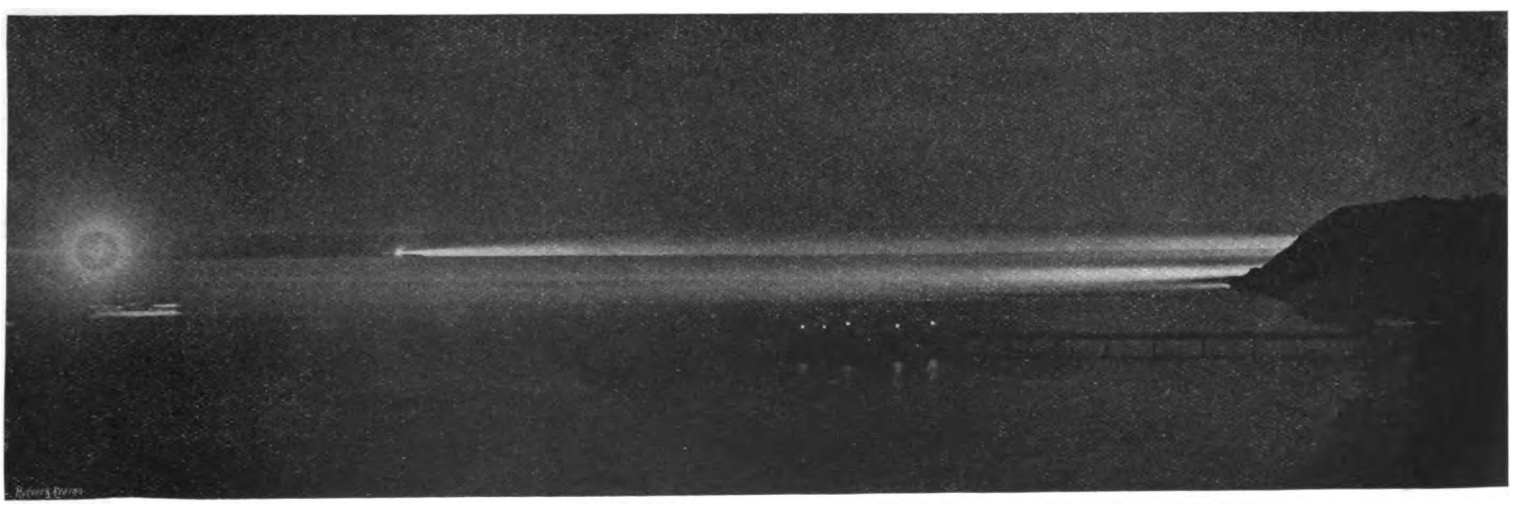
THE NEWS OF THE GREAT FIGHT.

Tossing the carrier pigeons.

AFTER all, the Manœuvres of 1901 came to a fitting and dramatic termination. They ended in a sea-fight which gave one a very clear idea of what the reality will be like when it comes. It must have been stirring to any landsman on board any of the ships to see these mighty monsters approaching one another in serried rank until they were so close that in more than one case torpedoes were (theoretically) discharged, for the sight stimulated the pulses even of men accustomed to the intricacies of manœuvring, and made one speculate as to the possibilities of actual war.

As far as one can judge, the difficulties of coaling seem to have hampered the B Fleet, which made several little excursions from Portland and found it necessary to return again. Certainly the battle-ships of the X Squadron had a considerable advantage in speed, and with the advantage of the strategical position, which gave them at the outset the control of the entrance to the Channel, it rested with the slower B Fleet to find them and to bring on an action. Owing to the heavy loss in cruisers which Sir Gerard Noel had sustained, his scouting could not be efficiently performed. It is doubtful, indeed, whether in the British Navy sufficient attention has hitherto been paid to this important branch of duty. But there can be no doubt that after the battle of Alderney there was a moment when the two squadrons were only a few miles apart, and when the fog alone kept them from discovering one another. Both admirals were eager for a decisive action, when, as we now know, the "Melampus," early on the morning of Monday, August 5, communicated with the B Fleet, and announced that she had been in touch with the X Squadron. She had not, however, escaped observation, and the signal of impending action was hoisted in the "Majestic." The ships fell into their stations in single column line ahead, and presently the B Fleet was seen on the horizon. It looked bunched up, and it was hardly possible to tell what was its formation, but presently it was seen that it was in four columns of battle-ships forming a square, and so disposed in echelon that the whole of the broadsides could be brought to bear. It looked from some standpoints as if the enemy's ships were endeavouring to adopt a similar formation to our own, but this was a mistake, and was simply the result of the clever manœuvring of the B Fleet. The square formation was preserved until the end, although the "Dreadnought" rather spoiled it in consequence of being unable to keep her place owing to lack of speed. Each little column of these ships moved to the north-west—they had been heading about north-east when the X squadron had sighted them—the port group becoming the starboard one, and the others following in succession in rear of their predecessors. Once in the new formation, helms were ported, and the port broadsides were brought to bear on the X Fleet, which had in the meantime used its speed to circle round the head of the manœuvring B Fleet and to approach within a comparatively short distance. Would it have done so in actual war, or would it have taken advantage of the power of its modern guns and of its speed and have played a game of long bowls? It is very chivalrous to give an enemy a chance and to approach him at a range at which you know that his guns can be made effective. But is it war? On land, at any rate, the Boer rebellion has taught us many things, and we have learned to regard as legitimate tactics which no self-respecting British regiment would have adopted three years ago. Is there not a similar process of disillusioning in progress in the Navy? In old days, a line-of-battle-ship must not fire at a frigate, unless attacked. Would a similar rule hold good in regard to an armoured cruiser and, say, a second-class battle-ship at the present day? Hardly; and the most modern type of armoured cruisers would be the most ready to commence the attack.

We are going on much too fast, however. Let us now return to the sighting of the two opposing Fleets by one another, and to the incidents of the battle. First of all, the two cruiser squadrons became engaged. Meanwhile the two squadrons of great ships converged on one another, and one could not but wonder if the whole thing were real and not a mimicry of the stern pomp and panoply of war, when the fire would begin, and what it would be like. Alas! and alas! it would have been a terrible scene of havoc and desolation on which the blue sky would have looked down after an hour's devil's work, if those guns had projected their hurtling bolts of steel, their bursting shells instead of mere harmless charges of powder. The two squadrons were about 5,000-yds. apart, drawing nearer to one another in grim silence and mighty majesty, when the first puff of smoke broke forth, and quickly all was noise and excitement. The X Fleet is doing about fifteen knots, steaming faster than its adversary, and the distance is gradually reduced to about 1,200-yds. Then the "Jupiter" and "Prince George" fire torpedoes, but it is rather a forlorn hope at such a distance, even with the gyroscope, and then, at a quarter-past two, when the fighting has lasted an hour, Admiral Wilson signals, "Propose to refer action to decision of umpires." Admiral Noel assents, and adds, "Have just received intelligence from Rame Head that hostilities are to cease."



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A SHAFT FROM TOTLAND BAY.

How the entrance to the Solent is Guarded.

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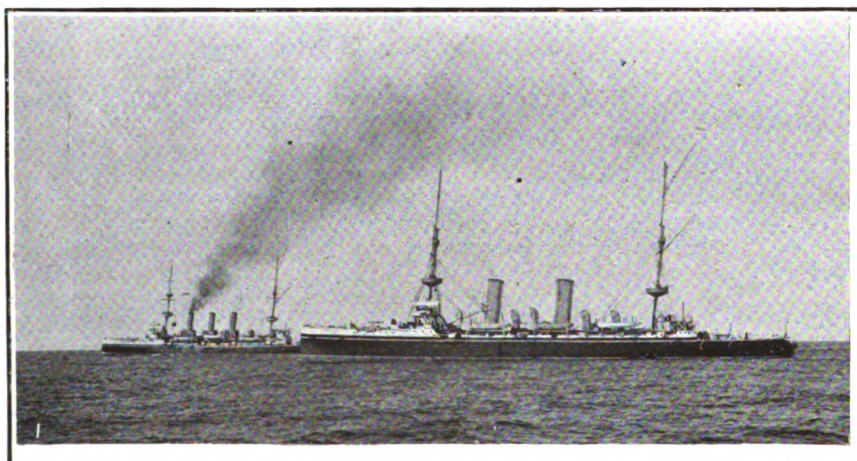
And so ends the battle of the Land's End, and therewith the Manœuvres of 1901. Into the result of the action, into the lessons of the Manœuvres, this is not the place to enquire. All this will be told doubtless in due course, when the umpires make their report. But it is certain that the torpedo flotillas did not prove as formidable to the battle-ship squadrons as it was anticipated that they would do, and it is equally certain that the B Fleet—which is the Reserve Squadron to whom would be entrusted the defence of home waters in the event of war—did not prove itself capable of driving away the X Fleet and protecting the commerce making its way up and down Channel. If indeed this country became involved in war, it is hardly open to question that, in the early days of hostilities, before merchant-ships were duly warned and new routes were adopted and effectively patrolled, there would be a great many losses, and that the news of them would have a tendency to create an exaggerated apprehension and to raise the price of food. To pass from these considerations to minor matters, one thing which was very noticeable during the Manœuvres was that the ships which were painted black formed excellent targets, and were more distinct in outline than the other vessels. This is a point which is obviously not devoid of importance.

And so the various ships returned to their normal duties. Each had its special work, and the B Fleet went to Portland and the X Fleet to Torbay. Then came the inevitable inspection, and then the B Fleet broke up, the portguard and coastguard vessels of which it is composed returning to their respective stations, and those of them which had been specially commissioned proceeding to the port at which they had hoisted the pennant. This, at least, was the general fate of the ships, but the "Galatea" had developed such defects that she had to be assisted to Sheerness for repairs before she could resume her duties as coastguard-ship for the Humber district.

Another "lame duck" was the "Arrogant," which just before the Manœuvres had been three months in dockyard hands at Devonport. Truly our modern war-ships are very fragile articles, in spite of their fighting strength, and the only consolation is that our possible foes are probably no better off in this respect than ourselves.

The X Fleet had been considerably reduced by losses during the "war" when it returned to Torbay, and took up its position in three lines. The "Magnificent" led the centre column, and at the head of the other two lines were the "Majestic" and the "Diadem." There were eight battle-ships, four cruisers, a gun-boat, and eight destroyers. It was a bright and picturesque and animated scene, pretty as the ships entered the bay in the evening sunlight, and pretty after they had dropped anchor. The mere everyday life of a squadron brings with it a lot of animation. There is always something doing. Each ship is instinct with life in itself, but beyond this there is what may be called the combined life—the life which is focussed in the squadron as a whole. Boats are always on the move, and if a steam-launch can hardly be described as a thing of beauty, there is surely a suggestion of grace and brightness in every curve of the bellying canvas of a ship's cutter or gig, in every line of the boat herself as she sways gently to the breeze and drives her stem through the foaming wavelets. A war-ship, too—still more a squadron—is a potent attraction to the average landsman. He—or she, for the gentler sex yield equal allegiance to the feeling—is always ready to go afloat for the purpose of "going round the fleet," and finds an indescribable charm in being allowed on board. Everything is so different from life ashore; every detail, every incident is something unexpected. The very cleanliness and order that are part of the necessary life of a British man-of-war, the precision and smartness with which everything is done—all these things are abundant and never-failing sources of wonder. And the result is that a big battle-ship or cruiser—still more a group of them—will always attract a crowd of highly-interested visitors. Moreover, it is well that it should be so, for the existence of the nation depends on the Navy, and the more landsmen see of the component parts of the Navy the more they are likely to take an intelligent interest in it and to grasp its needs. The inhabitants of Torquay see a good deal of the Navy; but the sight is evidently not one that has yet begun to pall upon them, and the X Fleet in Torbay got its full quota of visitors. Not for long, however, was it allowed to remain in the quiet Devonshire haven. Inspection over, the specially-commissioned ships returned to their posts, while the Channel Squadron started for Gibraltar to eventually join the Mediterranean Squadron, and to carry out a series of combined manœuvres under the supreme command of Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher. The manœuvres are to extend over a fortnight, and instead of being carried out in the Mediterranean, the two squadrons are to meet at some appointed rendezvous in mid-Atlantic. About this, of course, there will be no difficulty. The noticeable point is that though the Channel Squadron is always regarded as the first reinforcement of the Mediterranean Squadron, the exercising of the two Squadrons together is an unusual, if not an unprecedented occurrence. Another point is that the Mediterranean will be left without any representative of the White Ensign, except a guard-ship or two and a few unimportant vessels. Britain, however, abandoned the Mediterranean under stress of war a hundred years ago, though the British Fleet speedily re-entered it, and it is quite possible that in any future hostilities a junction between the two squadrons might be effected, as in this case, at some convenient spot in the Atlantic.



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THE BATTLE OF THE CRUISERS.

1.—The "Minerva" and "Hyacinth" on their way to the fray. *2.—Ship to ship: The "Hawke" and "Pactolus" engage.* *3.—Warm work in the midst of the contest.* *4.—The confusion of the melee.*

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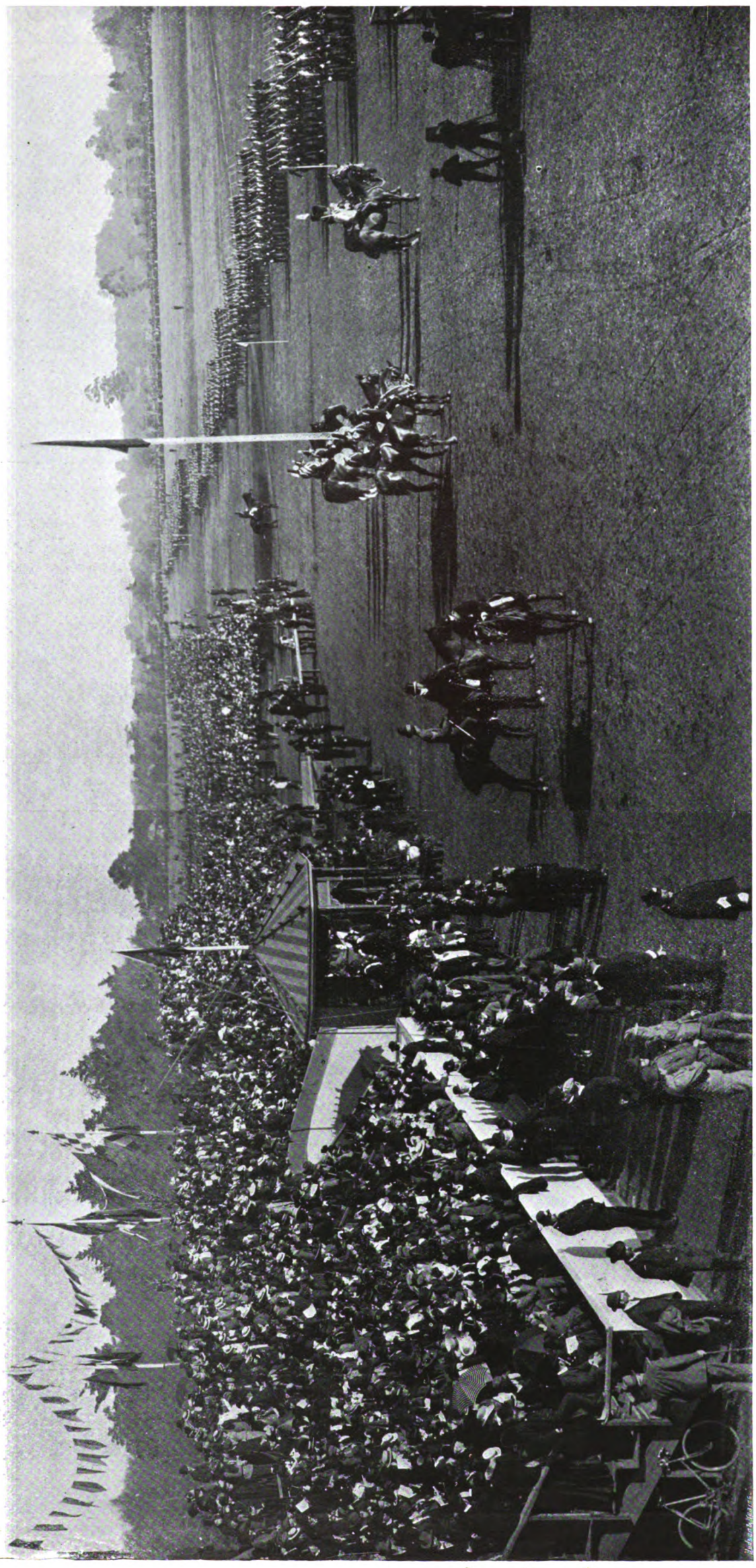
A ROYAL REVIEW IN NEW ZEALAND.



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SPLENDID MILITARY DISPLAY AT CHRISTCHURCH.

On June 24 a notable review was held at Christchurch in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. On a most picturesque ground were assembled 11,000 troops of all arms, of whom 3,000 were cadets, the excellent discipline and bearing of the latter evoking the particular admiration of the Royal party. All those present were Volunteers, and the review which is generally interesting as being the greatest gathering of purely Volunteer troops that has ever assembled in any colony south of the line. Many of the men had travelled over 300 miles, and some even 500 miles, to take part in the review, a notable proof of the military ardour which is prevalent in the Colony, as well as of the extraordinary interest inspired by the Royal visit.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.

SPLENDIDLY productive of loyal fervour and colonial good feeling as the Royal Tour has been throughout, it may be questioned whether anywhere else the welcome which has awaited the Duke and Duchess at every stage of their voyage has been more frankly, more profoundly enthusiastic than in New Zealand. As a correspondent succinctly remarks, the New Zealand democracy are loyal to the core. "They have shown it by sending an *eighth* contingent to South Africa, and they are ready to send many more." Small wonder, then, that when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York came among them the New Zealanders "let themselves go," with a deep-throated loyalty which it is evident their Royal Highnesses keenly appreciated, judging by the Duke's recorded utterances. "We shall always treasure," he said, "the recollection of our first visit to New Zealand, and of the loyal and warm-hearted reception accorded to us by its people." And from the "Ophir," as she steamed away from Lyttelton, a special message was signalled, conveying the Royal farewell in terms of the friendliest regret at parting.

Photo. Copyright. IN MEMORIAM. *Taylor, Christchurch.*

The Duke laying the foundation stone of a statue of Queen Victoria.

The Royal party landed at Auckland on June 11 and re-embarked at Lyttelton on June 27, having in the meantime performed wonders in the way of sight-seeing and public ceremonial. A most interesting feature of the visit was the participation in several of the receptions of a number of pure-blooded Maories, while at others a number of veterans who had fought in the Maori Wars were given due prominence. The Maori ceremonies were concentrated at Rotorua, and were exceedingly impressive, the chiefs presenting most loyal addresses, and providing a special welcome in the shape of a tremendous war-dance executed by 2,000 Maories in native costume.

By a happily-arranged coincidence the Royal party landed in Wellington on Waterloo Day, and were welcomed with a fine display of military ardour. On the following day medals were distributed to 300 of the returned South African warriors, a gold ring being specially presented by the Duchess to Trooper Morgan, and some Royal words of commendation bestowed on Nursing Sisters Monson and Warmington and Lieutenant Collins.

On June 22 the Royal party reached Christchurch, where the Duke laid the foundation stone of a statue of the late Queen which is to be erected in Victoria Square. Of this ceremony we give a picture. We also illustrate the Royal Review at Christchurch, and the presentation of medals to returned troopers of the New Zealand Contingent.

From Christchurch the Duke and Duchess journeyed to Dunedin, where the Duke received the loyal addresses under the shadow of Burns's statue, and, in returning thanks, alluded very happily to the Scottish perseverance, courage, and tenacity displayed by the people of Dunedin. From Dunedin the Royal party proceeded to Lyttelton, where they rejoined the "Ophir," *en route* for Hobart, Tasmania.

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THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE, CHRISTCHURCH.

A tremendous reception was here accorded to the Royal party as they left the Cathedral.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII — No. 238] SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Taylor, Christchurch.*

AN ECHO OF EMPIRE.

After the extremely interesting review at Christchurch, New Zealand, which was held in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on June 24, the Duke presented war medals to a number of troopers of the New Zealand Contingent who had returned after doing excellent service in South Africa. The historical character of the occasion was heightened by the presence of eighty veterans of the Maori Wars. It would be difficult to picture a scene more brightly illustrative of the Imperial idea, or more impressively typical of a great colony's growth. It was a happy thought to associate the memory of New Zealand's early troubles with her recent splendid exhibition of loyalty to the Mother Country, and we may be sure the "true inwardness" of the idea was not lost upon the future king of "the British Dominions beyond the Seas."

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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

Science and Warfare.

ALREADY the thought has suggested itself to some of us that the battles of the future may be fought not on the earth or upon the surface of the sea, but in the heavens above and in the deep places of the waters under the earth. Submarine vessels and air-ships that can be steered against the wind are changing our ideas altogether. Wiseacres say they will come to nothing—these marvellous productions of scientific inventors who seek ever to circumvent the forces of Nature and to pass the bounds that separate man from the elements in which birds and fishes have up to now held undisturbed dominion. But does our experience of the previous efforts of inventors confirm such a view? Look at the telephone. Twenty years ago it was little more than a toy. If you had told any miscellaneous collection of people that a couple of decades would bring it into daily use as a convenience of life they would have laughed at you. Yet these same people now regard the telephone as a necessity of existence; they talk every day to their friends in Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow—even in Paris—without thinking anything of it. If the air-ship develops in the next twenty years in the same rapid and wonderful manner as the telephone has developed in the past twenty, we shall, by the time 1921 comes round, be grumbling at the unpunctuality of the balloon service between London and Brighton, and thinking it just as much a matter of course to take a journey through the air as to entrust ourselves to the tender mercies of the Underground or the South-Eastern Railway Company.

The curious thing is that the people who derided the idea of telephone development are equally scornful about the possibility of making the air-ship anything but a toy. They have learnt no lesson from having been proved so egregiously in the wrong. They have probably forgotten that they ever were in the wrong. They have neither imagination nor a memory. There is a story of an Irishman who landed in a South American Republic at a time when a periodical South American revolution was going on. As he walked up the main street, dodging the bullets that flew around him, a heated partisan enquired, enforcing his enquiry with the butt-end of a rifle, which side Pat was for. "Faith, I can't tell," was the ingenuous reply, "but annyway I'm agin' the Government." So it is with the majority of respectable, unimaginative Britons. They do not trouble about the merits of the case, but, on principle, if a thing is new, they are agin' it. Just think of the stupid opposition railways had to work through. We have been reminded of the character of such opposition quite lately by the kind of arguments that have been used against the mono-rail, the system by which Mr. Behr proposes to run from Liverpool to Manchester in twenty minutes. Every species of obstruction was tried before the Committees of Lords and Commons, and even now, when the Bill has been passed which authorises the construction of the new line, dull people write anonymous letters to the *Times* to caution the investing public against having anything to do with so novel a venture.

The motor-car is just beginning to make its way, in spite of the people impervious to new ideas who pronounced solemn curses upon anyone who wished to see anything but horse traction used on roads. It has been taken up warmly, we are glad to see, by the military authorities. In South Africa self-propelled waggons have been of great service to our troops. Now, the War Office is making experiments with self-propelled lorries in order to discover which system of propulsion and which type of waggon is most suitable for Army purposes. A series of trials upon country roads has been arranged to take place shortly, and the next step is likely to be the definite adoption of such aids to warfare by the officials in Pall Mall.

Nor are the chiefs of the Army blind to the possibilities of the steerable balloon. Many inventors are at work upon machines of this kind, though they have not any of them yet got as far as M. Santos Dumont. We believe that the War Office keeps a sharp eye upon the progress that is being made in this direction, and we have even heard that one inventor, whose plans have been highly commended by expert engineers, is receiving direct encouragement and assistance in the task of carrying them out. Should war balloons ever come to be employed in actual warfare—perhaps, by the time they can be used, war will be out of date—it will be an interesting question whether they should be manned by soldiers or seamen. The Navy would no doubt put in a claim to fight for the dominion of the air, as they are ready to fight at present for the dominion of the sea, and the handy man would be certain to make a good job of it. But will the Army acquiesce? One thing is certain that in an air-ship fight the risks would be terribly great. It would be a duel *à outrance*, for the crew of a beaten balloon would be dead men to a certainty. The carnage would be more appalling than in a battle-ship action at sea—something to stagger humanity.

It is curious, by the way, to note that all the modern changes in warfare on land brought about by the developments of science have tended to reduce the slaughter of troops; whereas, on the other hand, the introduction of new methods of warfare on the sea seems likely to increase enormously the danger to life. In a pitched battle between armies nowadays the losses on either side are small—very small in comparison with the immense numbers of men who were killed in big engagements even as late as the Franco-German War. The difficulty of taking accurate aim at long range, the disuse of close formation tactics, the practice of entrenching and taking every advantage of natural cover, all make the soldier less likely to be hit. At sea there is no cover to be taken, unless a mist happens to come up out of the sea at an opportune moment, and the increased difficulty of laying guns truly is counterbalanced by the disastrous effect which a well-aimed shot must necessarily have if it takes effect upon an unarmoured portion of the ship or drills its way through the armour sheath. In old days a vessel could go on fighting, as the little "Revenge" did after being pounded for hours, and could keep afloat still, even when she was shot-shattered and incapable of further action. We have not many facts to go upon when we discuss the probabilities of a Naval battle under present conditions, but there is little doubt that the loss of life and the total loss of ships would be heavy beyond calculation. Science, therefore, while it has given the soldier more chances of surviving a campaign, has done the seaman a bad turn by seriously reducing his prospects of coming out of action unharmed.

"TOO OLD FOR SANDHURST."—If you join the West India Regiment you cannot expect to avoid being stationed for part of your service at Sierra Leone, for it is the headquarters of the regiment, and one battalion is always stationed there. The length of stay is one year for European troops and three years for West Indian troops. Officers obtain six months' leave to Great Britain after twelve months' service on the station. Besides this, the usual short leave can nearly always be obtained, the places to visit being the Canaries, six days distant, Gambia, two days distant, and the Gold Coast and Lagos, six days distant. Freetown, the port of landing, does not boast of any society, and recreations are limited. There is very little shooting to be had, there being nothing to tempt a sportsman except a few coast fowl and small deer. There is no riding in Sierra Leone, for no horses or draught animals can live there. Indeed, the station is generally considered to be the worst in the world. The only compensation is the frequent long leave

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA.

A WELCOME TO ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

Photo. Copyright. *Heath.*

ADMIRAL SIR E. H. SEYMOUR, G.C.B.

Recently Commander-in-Chief on the China Station.

NOT Britain only gives them praise,
Each nation claims her own,
On all the breezes of the sea
Their splendid fame is blown;

But England, stretching forth her arms,
Leans forward from her coast,
To draw him in, her son who led
The nations' sailor host.

. . . . .

They gathered on an alien shore,
An alien speech was theirs;
One voice those navies understood—
The leaguered women's prayers.

Above the clamour of the land
They heard that cry of grief;
One rivalry those navies knew—
Who first should bring relief.

Red flames of rapine ringed the host,
And cut them from the shore,
Ever the wail for succour rose
Above the cannon's roar;

Ever the cry for succour rose,
And mocked their labouring breath;
The cry of anguished mothers rose,
Whose lightest fear was death.

So onward thro' the flaming land,
With strong unwavering soul,
The stubborn handful Seymour led,
Fought to the crumbling goal.

No common speech: no single flag:
So let the legend run,
How these two thousand ancient foes
Marched to the goal as one.

And when upon the little band
The Yellow Dragon sprang,
They stood at bay, they hurled him back,
Death-stricken from Lang-Fang.

With food that wasted mile by mile,
With ammunition spent,
They forced the bloody path, and nursed
Their wounded as they went.

Two thousand, in a land that reeked
With all the hate of hell;
One aim—to reach the shattered gates
Ere the eight banners fell.

And tho' by other hands was brought
Relief's most precious balm,
Into these hands, these ocean hands,
Let Europe thrust the palm.

For never yet so small a host,
With ancient hates to hide,
Marched in a brotherhood, and broke
Red murder, stride by stride.

And when the deeds of valiant men
Are told in days to be,
This tale shall stir the sailor's blood
In every ship at sea.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

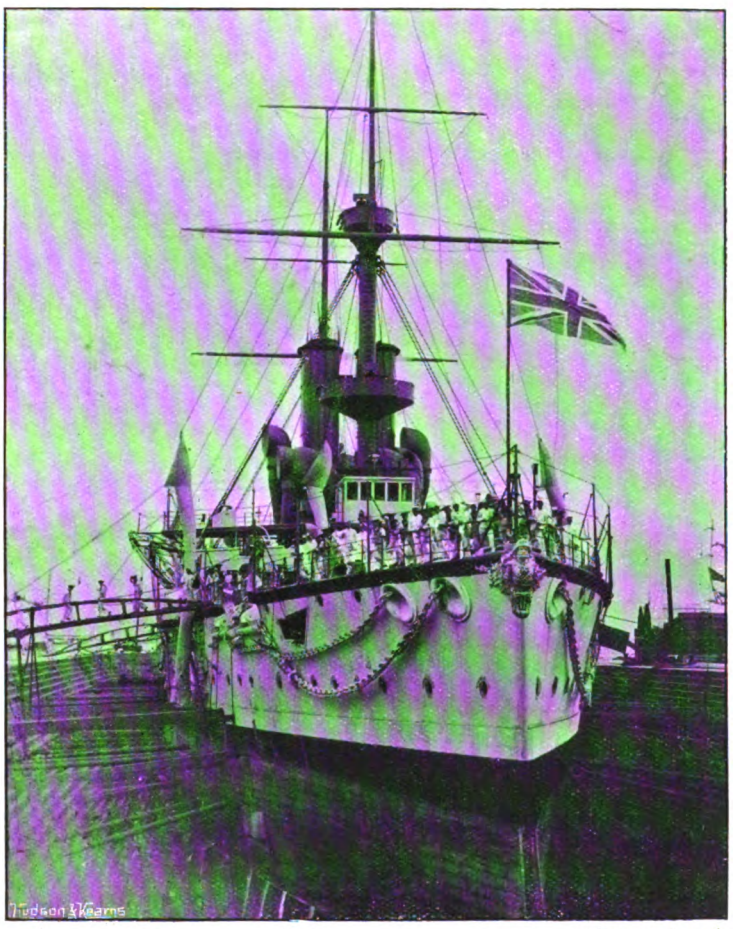

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

THE "CENTURION."

Which returned home this week.

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THE WRECK OF THE "VIPER."

BROKEN CLEAN IN TWO.

The "Viper" as she now lies on the Renonquet Rock, off Alderney.

Photos. Copyright. *H. O. Odiwe, Alderney.*

SALVING THE TORPEDOES AND STORES.

The group on the rocks includes Mr. Picot, H.M. Procureur, Lieut. H. H. Smyth, "Latona," and Messrs. A. Gaudion, N. Gaudion, and D'Arcy Locke.

"The vessel had been broken clean in two, the break being in the boiler-room. The foremost portion had been swung round, and lay at right angles to the stern portion in an upright position. It was entirely separate, and had been carried towards the stern. This portion was half submerged at low water. The after portion had been capsized, and lay keel uppermost on the rocks, where it was a long way clear of the water at low water, owing to the large rise and fall of the tide. The "Thames," Captain A. C. Clarke, and "Latona," Captain F. R. W. Morgan, carried out the salvage of guns, torpedoes, stores, etc., from the "Viper," and they were successful in recovering the whole of her armament, with the exception of one torpedo. The various guns, etc., were distributed in deep pools and clefts in the rocks, some at quite 35-yds. from the wreck. The salvage operations were carried out under difficult conditions, the diving being rather dangerous, owing to the currents. The currents also rendered the getting a boat over the various sunken articles a ticklish job."—*From a Correspondent.*

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Photo. Cozens.
TORPEDO-GUNNER ERNEST E. LOWE,
Who has been decorated with the Conspicuous Service Cross for his services with Captain Beatcroft's Brigade.

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

Photo. Cozens.
TORPEDO-GUNNER GEORGE WRIGHT,
Who won the Conspicuous Service Cross outside Ladysmith and behaved with conspicuous gallantry at Colenso.

IN time we shall be told what are understood to be the lessons of the Naval Manœuvres. Meanwhile, it would not be uninteresting to know what kind of lessons these periods of practice are expected to give. I do not say what kind of training. That is another matter. It is quite obvious that much may be, and is, gained by setting squadrons to cruise and act together. That is a version of regular Fleet manœuvres to which peculiar interest is given by the introduction of an element of uncertainty—what may be called a sporting element. It gives zest to the work, and brushes men up, besides affording an officer here and there a chance of showing that he has originality of mind and promptitude of decision. On this point there can be no dispute. But the question as to the lessons remains. What are they, and what are they likely to be? The fact that it is difficult to find a squadron when once it has been allowed to get to sea unobserved, cannot, for example, be one of them. We knew that already, and it is quite superfluous to verify the multiplication table. When Drake sailed to the West Indies in 1585 the Marquis of Santa Cruz wrote a long letter to Philip II., pointing out that it was impossible to tell where the English corsair was going. He might be on his way to the West Indies, or bound to the South Sea by the Straits of Magellan, for the purpose of sacking Lima. The truth of the proposition was unquestionably obvious to the Consul Duilius, or to the Carthaginian Admiral Bomilcar in the First Punic War.

* * * *

Neither can the lesson be that a fleet composed of much swifter and stronger vessels than its opponent has an advantage, even though outnumbered. This also had been amply demonstrated already. Now and then a swarm of inferior craft, when very much superior in numbers, might get the upper hand. Hawke defeated L'Eténduère, though his ships were weaker than the Frenchman's; but then he was nearly two to one. If he had been, say, ten to eight, it is highly probable that he would have been as severely mauled as his enemy. If a swarm of Angria's grabs and gallivats had caught a British frigate on the coast of Malabar, in a long dead calm, they might have pounded her into a wreck. But if she could move, her broadside would have made short work of dozens of them. In a general way, and the skill of the combatants being fairly equal, superior quality would always counterbalance numbers. Then these last Manœuvres have certainly proved nothing as to the protection of, or interference with, commerce. The fleets might be imitating war, but trade was going on as in peace, a fact which entirely vitiates the whole experiment. Wars rarely come without a previous quarrel, and we may be very sure that if a conflict were coming with France, the only Power which would molest us at the mouth of the Channel, every shipowner and merchant would telegraph at once to tell his skipper to avoid that route. Besides, the Government would send cruisers to warn homeward-bound ships to take a sweep out and come back by the West of Ireland. Some could not be reached in time, but a very large number would.

* * * *

One would like to hear more about the question of attack at night. The romance about the torpedo is that it is to work fearful destruction under cover of darkness. This sounds tremendous, but when it comes to actual work, will our officers, or any others, rush at the first bulk they catch sight of in the middle watch? In the old wars a night action was not supposed to be fought until the private signal had been made and not answered. There are instances in which proper precautions were not taken, and men fired into their friends; but this was bad management, and did an officer no good. If a private signal is made, you show the enemy that you are there, and the element of surprise disappears entirely. It is all very well to chance it in manœuvres, when no harm can be done, but the case would be wholly altered in war. Unless, however, the practice in peace is to be kept as rigidly as may be to the conditions of the real game, the Manœuvres become mere play acting. The same observations apply to the capture of merchant ships, of which so much has been heard. When a prize has been taken, you can either put a prize crew into her and send her into port, or sink or fire her. If you take the first course, you diminish your own crew. Ten prizes would take away at least a hundred men, which is more than the crew of a destroyer, and enough to leave a small cruiser practically unmanned. Supposing you sink them all, are you to send everybody on board to the bottom, after the manner of the ferocious Blackbeard, or are you to take them into your own ship? Ten prizes might, taking one with another, produce 200 prisoners; and where are they to be put in a destroyer or third-class cruiser? To me, most of this prize-taking appears in the light of a summer holiday for Mr. Midshipman Easy and his friend Jack Gascoigne.

* * * *

What one would most of all like to learn is precisely what manœuvres cannot show—namely, the influence which changes in the construction of ships, in armament, and the position of the armament, must have on the method of conducting battles. With the wooden line of battle-ship, the best way of concentrating a superior force on an opponent was to bring two or three of your own ships close to him. It was not the only way, for when the combatants were at half cannon-shot range, or more, it was possible to combine the fire of several on one. The French usually did this to cripple the leading vessels of our line as they came down from windward. Leading examples are to be found in Byng's battle near Minorca and Byron's action with D'Estaing off Grenada. But as guns were then fired through ports, and could be trained over only a limited arc of a circle, the nearer fleets were the less was it possible to concentrate fire in this way. When they were at half musket-shot distance, the only possible concentration was by putting two on one, either on bow and quarter on the same side or on opposite sides of the ship attacked. Hence the advantage of doubling on the end of an enemy's line, or breaking it and placing yourself on the leeward side, which was the obvious road of retreat for a sailing ship. But with the steamer, to which windward and leeward are indifferent, when the range of guns is incomparably greater, and there is all-round fire, do these conditions prevail? It would seem not, and that there is no advantage in seeking to concentrate in the old way.

* * * *

Again, is there any advantage in crossing the head of an enemy's line, or breaking it, or doubling on it with modern war-ships? What was gained by raking an adversary, particularly from the stern, in the wooden sailing ship was manifest. You were protected from retaliation while doing it, because your adversary could not bring his guns to bear. You hit him on the weakest part and swept him from end to end. Hence the advantage of crossing the head of his line

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or breaking through it. But when the unarmoured ends are of no importance, when the turrets and central batteries are at least as strong against a raking fire as any other, when the best of the armament can be trained fore and aft, and when the raking ship presents her whole side, and is firing at a reduced target, is anything gained by this old movement? "Breaking the line" has, for historical reasons, a sound of victory to us. But, after all, if the advantage it gave can no longer be secured, it may become just as great a superstition to aim at breaking as it once was to make a fixed rule of preserving the line. Also, given the penetrating power and range of modern guns, will it be safe for two ships to place themselves one on either side of an adversary? Even in Nelson's time there were officers who thought it a doubtful advantage. Sir James Saumarez, for one, attributed a large part of our loss at the Nile to our own fire, and if this were true then, it is far more likely to be true now.

LORD KITCHENER'S PERSONAL STAFF.

THE reproduction below of a portrait group taken at Pretoria is of many-sided interest. From the historical standpoint alone these figures stand out prominently among the hundreds of those who have distinguished themselves in connection with the South African War. Rarely has so difficult a task been imposed upon any British commander as that which Lord Kitchener has been, and is, carrying out with characteristic energy and thoroughness. He and those associated most intimately with him may not, perhaps, in contemporary estimation, have achieved such glittering success as that which produced such a plentiful crop of laurels in the earlier stages of the war. But posterity, at any rate, will have the opportunity of seeing these things in their proper focus, and will assuredly accord a very hearty recognition to the difficult and often thankless task which the suppression of guerilla warfare in South Africa has caused to devolve upon Lord Roberts's successor.

Photo. Copyright. *Nissen.*

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The five officers seated in the group are Lord Kitchener in the centre, with, on his left, Major J. Watson and Colonel Hamilton, A.A.G., and on his right Captain Maxwell, V.C., D.S.O., I.S.C., A.D.C., and Major Marker, R.A., D.A.A.G.

From the personal point of view there is not much that need be added to a pictorial presentment of faces for the most part very familiar, at any rate to the regular student of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. There is hardly a man in the British Empire about whom more is generally known than Lord Kitchener himself, the "Organiser of Victory" in the Soudan, and, in spite of his somewhat stern personality and drastic methods, a soldier who has a very close grip upon the mind if not upon the heart of the British public. It is characteristic of such a man that, although largely independent of his Staff, he should take care that that Staff is composed of none but very genuine fighters and workers, and that even his A.D.C. should be an officer of marked distinction. Next to Lord Kitchener himself, perhaps, the most interesting figure in the above group is Major J. K. Watson, D.S.O., the Commander-in-Chief's Military Secretary, and a very well-known officer of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Familiarly known as "Bimbashi" Watson, this excellent soldier has a notable record of service with the Egyptian Army, and has probably been more intimately associated with Lord Kitchener than anyone living. A few words of professional comment may be added by way of explanation of the term "Personal Staff." Strictly speaking, there are only two officers in the above group who come under this designation, Major Watson and Lieutenant, or, to give him his courtesy rank, Captain, Maxwell. Military Secretaries and A.D.C.'s are personally selected by the General Officer on whose Staff they serve, and their duties invariably bring them into closer personal contact with their Chief than is the case with ordinary Staff Officers. The latter, as belonging to the Staff of the Army, are supposed to be selected at Army Headquarters, but, of course, in the case of an army in the field, fresh appointments are made chiefly on the recommendation of the general or other officer commanding. In an army like that in South Africa, there are a number of A.A.G.'s and D.A.A.G.'s, and it is quite unlikely that any officer would be selected to serve in either capacity at Headquarters unless he were both highly competent and personally acceptable to the Commander-in-Chief.

Among the remaining figures of the group are included telegraphists attached to Army Headquarters. In a sense these may be described as belonging to the Personal Staff, and very often they come into very close and almost confidential contact with the G.O.C. Headquarters telegraphists are almost always picked men, as, indeed, they need to be, for their work is sometimes extremely hard, and it is commonly understood that Lord Kitchener takes a special interest in this section of his *entourage*.

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GRADUATES OF THE NAVAL COLLEGES.

TO CONTROL THE ENGINES OF OUR MEN-O'-WAR.

Students from the Royal Naval Engineering College, Keyham.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

TO WATCH AND GUARD THEIR NATIVE SHORES.

Midshipmen and cadets now leaving the "Britannia" for active service.

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THE "BRITANNIA" ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

"IN THE RING" WITH "THE NOBLE ART."

The final of the light-weights—Gloag v. Hillier

GYMNASTICS IN EXCELSIS.

The competition on the horizontal bar.

Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

A COMPREHENSIVE GROUP OF THE CADETS.

The exponents of boxing, fencing, and the bayonet

THE Assault-at-arms given by the cadets of the "Britannia" differs in every respect from an ordinary civilian athletic meeting. It is an assault-of-arms and nothing more or less—an exhibition of the skill of the cadets in gymnastic exercises and in the more sternly warlike procedure of bayonet fighting, fencing, and sabre play, to which may be added boxing, in which, as might be expected among a lot of lads who are rarely more than sixteen, and who have been brought up in the traditions, and practice, of ordinary English schools, a good deal of interest is taken. Discipline—not the discipline for which the authorities are responsible, but the mutual discipline which exists in every big school; and, after all, the "Britannia" is only a big school, though its methods of training are necessarily peculiar—has a grave effect; but even it can hardly tame in all cases the innate pugnacious instincts of lads of that age. After all, most Britons have been brought up in the notion of "A word and a blow—but the blow first," and boxing will be popular as long as the nation endures. One of our pictures shows the final of the light-weights, and another illustration depicts the fencers and bayonet fighters, as well as a number of boxers.

There were some very good displays on the horizontal bar and on the parallel bars, both by individuals and by teams, and the gymnastic competition on the horizontal bar—of which we give an illustration—went to Beadle, who beat Halahan by five points. Cadet Halahan, however, was in command of the port—and winning—watch in the physical competition which took place between the two watches. Each watch marched on to the ground separately, and went through a variety of exercises. The starboard watch was beaten on the principle that, in a competition confined to two, both competitors cannot win; but it was very smart, for all that, and its leader, Cadet Potter, deserves every credit. There were several new features, including "free gymnastics" for cadets of the first term. These are the youngsters who want, perhaps, just a little encouragement, and who are likely to find it in this special competition. Then, too, the Indian club display was very pretty, and there was a good deal of fun over the cockade fight and the wrestling on "horseback," which means simply that a lighter youngster mounts on the back of a heavier one, and that, opposed to a similar pair, each rider tries to pull the other off his seat.

Finally Mrs. O'Callaghan, the wife of the captain of the ship, presented the prizes. But the whole display was a useful exemplification of the manner in which our cadets are trained. Many of them will command ships or squadrons in the future, and not one of them certainly will ever regret the physical as well as the intellectual training which he gained as a cadet in the "Britannia."

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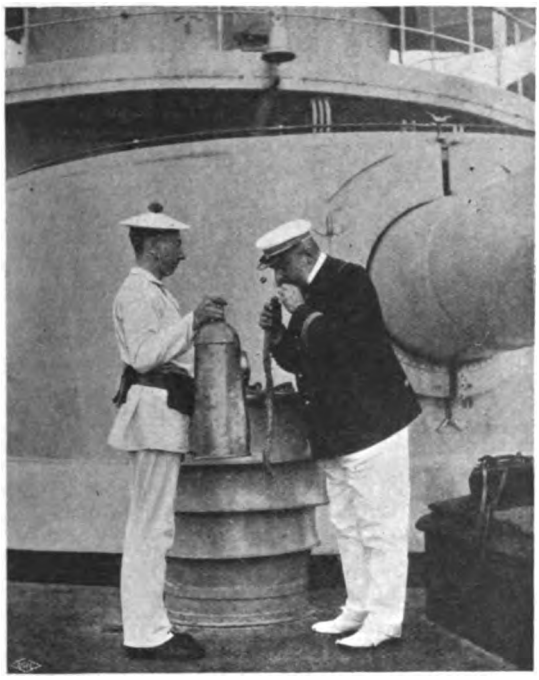

Photos. IN THE FRENCH FLEET.
Off duty. Lighting up.

THE NAVY LEAGUE AND THE PUBLIC.

SOME LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IN THE FRENCH FLEET. Bougault.
On duty. At the compass.

From a large correspondence elicited by our Mediterranean number of July 27 we select the following letters:

A NAVY LEAGUER.

YOUR recent Mediterranean number should be of value to those interested in the discussion now taking place as to the efficiency or otherwise of our Naval forces to fulfil the duty expected from them should they be called upon to maintain the safety of the British Empire; but it appears to me that your contributors have in some cases missed the vital point of the argument, which is summed up in very few words, and have wandered off to a side issue.

The debatable matter is this: The Navy League, in its recent official pronouncements, stated that certain essentials for the waging of successful Naval warfare were lacking in the Mediterranean Fleet. Have any one of these assertions been controverted? Members of the League say they have not been disproved, but rather admitted, by the responsible authorities, with a promise to make good defects with as little delay as may be. So far so good, for the recent Manœuvres, so far as may be judged by newspaper reports, accentuate very strongly the need for the British Fleet being composed of actually up-to-date war-ships, whether they are battle-ships, cruisers, or destroyers. But as a test of their usefulness, why were not our old friends the muzzle-loading squadron mobilised, and, let us say, formed into a separate fleet, with a view to ascertaining whether it is worth while to retain them on the effective list. The result of this experiment would have been interesting had they fallen across the X, or enemy's fleet. Captain Garbett accuses the League of proposing to fortify Alexandria, and then proceeds to demolish the suggestion, an unnecessary proceeding, as it has not been brought forward so far as I can discover. But in connection with this I am acquainted with many schoolboy members of the League who could have told him that the teaching of the League has always been that the strength of the British Empire lies in supremacy at sea. And they would probably have brought forward Malta as an instance of how fortifications and territory are held by the dominant sea power.

Let me recommend to those who may think that the Navy League overstated its case, a study of the map of the Mediterranean published with Mr. Arnold White's article in the current number of the *National Review*, they will there see that the whole of the western half of the Mediterranean is within the radius of action of the nests of French torpedo boats that abound in that sea. To ward off such attack destroyers are a necessity, and the way this class of vessel has been used up in the recent manœuvres shows very clearly that there should be a very great margin in calculating the numerical strength of the Mediterranean Fleet in destroyers. No, sir, members of the Navy League have studied these subjects for years, they may not be experts, nor do they profess to be, but they recognise the need for the British Navy being perfect in every detail, and, hostile criticism notwithstanding, I confess to being still an impenitent Navy Leaguer.

T. MILLER MAGUIRE, LONDON.

The members of the Navy League are the objects of scorn on the part of some newspaper correspondents and editors, of pity on the part of others, and of advice on the part of many. As far as I can gather from the correspondence which has appeared in your journal, we are assailed for the following reasons: (*a*) Because we talk unworthy fustian in magnifying the importance of efficient military service ashore and afloat, as compared with the supposed inviolability of our Constitution. (*b*) Because we are not experts. (*c*) Because we are not actually serving, and some of us have never served, afloat. (*d*) Because we write to the papers, and circulate placards, and hold meetings, and try to induce young boys to study our National History. (*e*) Because we do not trust officials. (*f*) Because we do our best to secure for the petty-officers and the humbler sailors of our Fleet enough food for the efficient performance of their public duties at the public expense. (*g*) Because we teach foreigners the weakness of our Naval system. (*h*) Because all associations of men who are not officials, and yet combine to influence public opinion, are dangerous to the State. (*i*) Because it is necessary, for party purposes, that the public services should be the sport of party schemers, whether these are wise or foolish, industrious or idlers. I have seen no proof, nor attempt at proof, to the following effect: That the Navy League has not so favourably impressed the public opinion of Europe that the patriots of other lands have hastened to imitate its methods; that its statements are untrue; that they are ill-timed; that it has betrayed Government secrets; that it has been influenced by unfair motives or by prejudice; or that it has maliciously attacked any individuals. Its enemies have never once suggested that it has advocated any course the adoption of which could by any possibility make our ships less formidable or their crews less comfortable. These would have been serious charges, but as they are not forthcoming, of your courtesy may I have space for comment on the other criticisms to which I have referred. (*a*) For my part, I quite agree with Lord Salisbury that our Constitution is no longer fit to cope with our necessities at home, I hold that it is a ridiculous anachronism as applied to our Imperial expansions abroad, and that, even as the titles of our Sovereign must be changed, so the parts of our Constitution relating to our Navy and Army and foreign policy must be forthwith altered. The American Constitution has lately been explained away by American judges, otherwise Cuba and the Philippines could not be governed. The Prime Minister says that our Constitution prevents our military resources from being effectively administered, and that our Treasury officials block efficiency. We are on the horns of a dilemma therefore; either our Empire must perish or our Constitution must be altered. This is neither the logic nor the "fustian" of the Navy League alone, it is logic set forth in most clear syllogisms by Lord Salisbury. For my part, I am driven, in spite of my constitutional prejudices, to assent to his arguments unreservedly, and if our people at home turn a deaf ear to this logic, our colonial friends and fellow-soldiers must adopt a logic of their own. (*b*) "Mr. Trower and his colleagues are not experts." True, but what is the value of merely expert opinion just now? Would any general in Europe have paid the least attention to the War Office experts in 1899 and 1900? What about the Royal Yacht experts, or the Belleville Boiler experts, or the food supply experts, or the "No horsemen required" experts, or the "man in the street" experts of the Committee of National Defence? Suppose Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard had been managed by Admiralty experts for the past twenty years, would it have attained its present position of fame and profit? I have little doubt, sir, that the average Naval or Military expert will soon be held in the same esteem by the public as the average "handwriting expert" is regarded in our Law Courts. I find that nine-tenths of the military experts over the age of sixty are objects of contempt to nine-tenths of the military experts under the age of forty-five. But, suppose that the experts contradict each other point black, as they do daily, is not the Committee of the Navy League just as competent to form a fair judgment on their evidence as is any other body of intelligent and educated middle-aged men, including the House of Commons or the Cabinet, and if not, why not? The names are before Captain Garbett; some are what he would call "experts." I could easily prove that two-thirds of the others would be held by the only authorities, according to the Cabinet Ministers, *i.e.*, "men in the street," or Primrose League Knights, to be at least as competent judges as were the late Mr. Smith or the present Lords Goschen and Selborne, before they were appointed to

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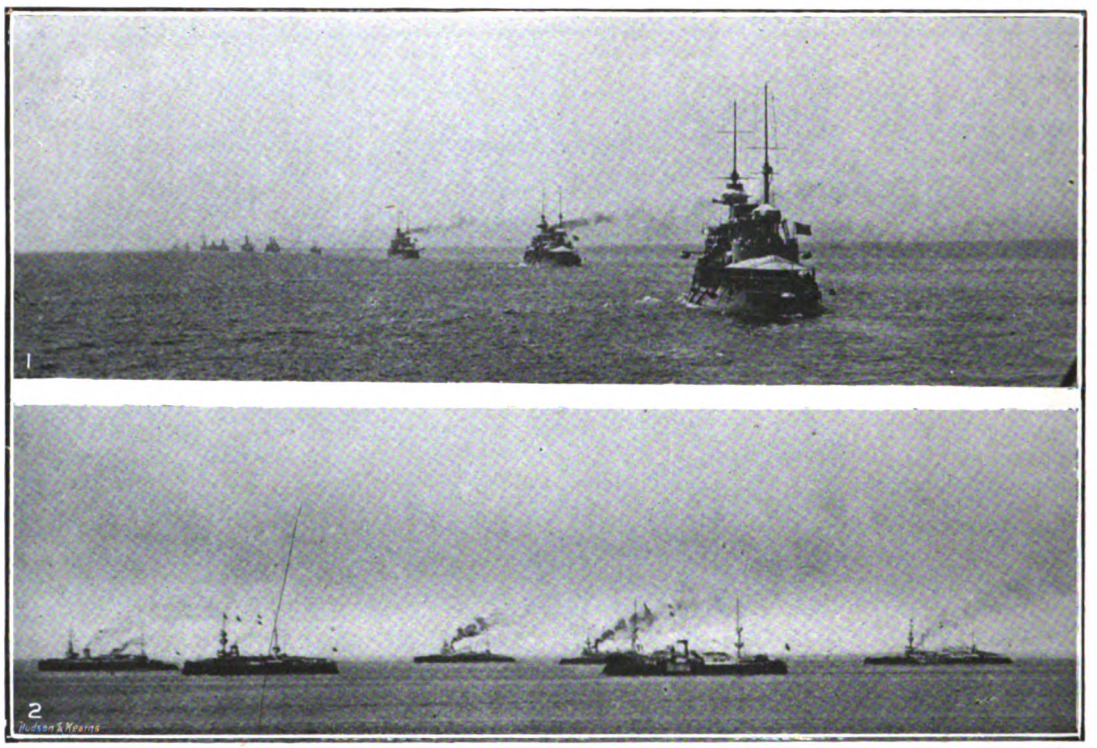
the highest pos's in the Admiralty. Captain Garbett's argument goes very far, because there is no expert, Naval or Military, and no one who can make any pretence to long and careful studies of Naval or Military history, or who has displayed any enthusiasm for the art of war in the present Cabinet, if, perhaps, we except Mr. Brodrick. Will our opponents then assert that the present Cabinet Ministers and the last five sets of Cabinet Ministers are quite unfit for the conduct of Naval affairs? If so, they can continue to sneer at our unfitness, but not otherwise. The only expertness that I can find in our Civil Lords of the Admiralty is the faculty of shifting and shuffling and contradicting themselves and their predecessors from year to year. I have before me the names of all the civilians who have been translated, sometimes much to their own surprise, into Admiralty and War Office experts during the past twenty years. I have also before me the criticisms of Mr. Arnold-Forster and many other present or past officials on their transactions. I shrewdly suspect that, if Mr. Arnold-Forster could be unmuzzled by irresponsibility, he would consider that to compare the average official with the average Navy Leaguer would be a great compliment to the former. (*c*) It is quite true that we are not serving afloat; if we were our adversaries know well that we would hardly be in a position to agitate; but men who are afloat are even more disgusted than we are, with the food of the men, for example, and the state of the Fleet equipments! Lord Charles Beresford is afloat, and is as much an expert as any of our critics. He says: "I am so extremely anxious considering the want of strength and want of proper organisation of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean." Some of our members are being almost persecuted for being parties to the publication of his letter. When Lord Charles Beresford himself publicly or privately blames any member of the League for the most opportune and most righteous publication of his most true and most patriotic letter, I will apologise for hereby strongly supporting the policy of its publicat on, but not till then. (*d*) Of course the Navy League agitates, and, as far as its funds will allow, tries to teach boys our Naval history, for which it is heartily complimented by every tutor worth his salt in England; and it circulates placards which have done an enormous amount of good, in forcing M.P.'s to shake off their apathy. It also follows the example of all earnest Englishmen of every party and creed in holding public meetings for which the intelligent public have very much appreciation, and at which there has been much enthusiasm. (*e*) "We do not trust official statements"; of course not! I attend the Royal United Service Institution regularly, and I find that admirals, captains, generals, and colonels have risen twice weekly for many a session to turn every official statement into ridicule; it is a maxim, never contradicted, of the "expert" speakers in that institution, that official statements are meant to deceive the public and to screen official carelessness, ignorance, and stupidity. Why, sir, these statements are invariably drawn up by the friends and colleagues of the very men whose conduct is criticised! Moreover, as half of them have consisted of elaborate explanations and contradictions of the other half, 50 per cent. of all the official statements for the past twenty years must have been false or misleading. (*f*) We shall, I trust, never cease to agitate until our ships are properly equipped and of the most efficient patterns and our sailors properly fed. Once our petty-officers are fed to the extent of two-thirds of the daily rations of the grooms and footmen of our opponents, we will cease to agitate on this point. (*g*) The notion that we educate foreigners is absurd. Captain Garbett could tell our critics that foreign experts know much more about our business and about our interests and about the scandalous incompetence of our official class than do our own "experts," and he deserves our thanks for circulating the views of foreign critics in his excellent journal. (*h*) Only for certain agitating societies the present Government would have lost touch with public opinion and its policy would have relatively failed. I have seen letters of thanks to certain societies of which I am a member, and which have agitated much more vehemently than the Navy League. Moreover, I am well aware that some of our very best sailors and officials and M.P.'s are very much obliged to the Navy League. If there had been an efficient Army League, with plenty of funds and as well versed in affairs as is the Navy League, from 1897-1899, I am well assured by scores of our best officers that either the present war would never have taken place, or that its most contemptible management from its start till now would have been impossible. Our Ministers are at pains to assure us, and our M.P.'s never cease assuring us, that no enterprise, no innovation, no zeal, no initiative can be expected from either expert or ordinary officials, or from the Mandarins of our Cabinets, except when their red tape bonds are cut off them by the public Press, or by public agitation.

For myself, I am thoroughly persuaded that I never invested any part of my small means on better security or at better interest for the benefit of my family, than when I became a member of the Navy League, and I wish thousands of my fellow-citizens would hasten to do likewise.



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THE FRENCH MANŒUVRES.

A.—In single line. *B.—In columns of divisions*

A BRANCH HON. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY LEAGUE, EDINBURGH.

In the discussion of allegations made by the Navy League about the state of our Navy, the supreme question for the British electorate is not "Who are the members of the League Executive?" nor whether they are "self-appointed public instructors," or Naval experts, but "Are their statements accurate and their inferences sound?" So far from "laying down the law dogmatically," they continually invoke expert opinion, official and unofficial, not infrequently cite the utterances of members of the Government, and, above all, appeal to the exercise of individual intelligence for confirmation of their assertions and arguments. Not until these have been carefully examined can their authors legitimately be condemned as "fools, panic-mongers," etc. Not merely, however, is the League averse from panic, but it expressly seeks, by timely exposure of defects in our Navy, and consequent exertion of public pressure upon the Government, to remove them, to avert that fright which belated and sudden enlightenment tends to produce. Nor is it unconditionally maintained that "ruin will supervene" upon the inferiority of our Mediterranean Squadron to the Naval forces there and in the Black Sea, of our probable enemies, but only that the peril provoked by our weakness is at once appalling and needless. It is the function of the Navy League, not simply to teach electors and non-electors the necessity, for the safety of the Empire, of British Naval supremacy, but also to assign to this phrase a more or less definite import, and to explain the indispensable conditions of our permanently paramount position at sea. This involves the determination or adoption of a standard of Naval strength. As Lieutenant Bellairs pertinently remarks, the errancy of Admiralties has been frequently exemplified; and instances of the mischief wrought by the supersession of expert advisers by a Civil First Lord influenced by political motives are too abundant. If details of Military and Naval policy are always to "be left to the proper authorities," public criticism of our lack of horses and of suitable guns in South Africa early in our recent war with the Boers, or of the inadequacy of our military forces there before hostilities were imminent, must have been wholly unwarranted. The term "command of the sea" seems, indeed, equivocal; and its two chief meanings should, perhaps, be discriminated by use of the adjectives potential and actual respectively. No objection, however, is made to that military sense of the verb, to dominate through possession of advantageous position, even when no contest is being waged; and if war alone can decide whether we have "lost command of the sea," no possible Naval superiority of one or more powers can justify the application of the phrase to a state of peace. It is evident that the two-power standard, which was fixed before the development of German aggressive ambition and the resulting significant enlargement of the German Navy, cannot now be adequate; and its acceptance as such is clearly incompatible with the pleasant, possibly true, but as yet unverified hypothesis, that in preparing its next year's shipbuilding programme the Admiralty will be regardful of German Naval progress. A Navy Leaguer, however, is correct in stating that hitherto we have not attained the two-power standard, interpreted according to the report of the Committee of three Admirals, appointed in 1888, which declared that five British for every three hostile battle-ships are requisite for efficient blockade of our enemies' ports. In his comparison of British with French and Russian construction of war-ships during the last seven or eight years, Captain Garbett ignores second-class battle-ships, and especially the grave reduction, in this period, of our Naval strength relatively to Germany, Russia, and France, singly or collectively, in battle-ships, in armoured ships, and in protected cruisers. Historical references to our position in the Mediterranean which fail to analyse complex situations into their simpler constituents are untrustworthy; and a consensus of expert judgment seems to affirm that, in present circumstances, the numerical superiority of our Naval detachment in that sea, at least to those of Russia and France combined, is essential to our general Naval supremacy, and to deny that such predominance now exists.

C. POYNTZ SANDERSON, WORCESTER.

A great deal of abuse has been lavished on the Navy League. Thus, for example, in your issue of July 27, Captain Garbett calls its language "fustian," and Sir John Colomb accuses it of "attempting to create a scare." These gentlemen miss the point. The question is not whether the Navy League Committee are masters of style, but whether they tell the truth. If a messenger, hot and excited, stammered out to Sir John Colomb or Captain Garbett, "Your house, sir, is on fire," would they refer him to Johnson's Dictionary or bid him read Tennyson for the improvement of his style? They would run and put out the fire. If, indeed, it proved a false alarm, then perhaps the language even of these

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gallant officers might not be lacking in emphasis. And if the Navy League is proved to have raised a false alarm they are welcome to call it hard names. But let them prove it first. Those who wish to silence the Navy League must prove that it does not tell the truth. The alternative does not lie, as Sir John Colomb thinks, between a breach of discipline in the admirals and a breach of hospitality in the civilians. The alternative—the only alternative worth considering—is between the falsehood of the charges and their truth. Our duty to our country overrules all other considerations. Decorum, etiquette, Naval discipline, are all good things in their way, but they become noxious when they interfere with our duty to our country. The issue raised by the Navy League is vital to the safety of the Empire. The Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons hold the keys of British power. They must be ready to fight at short notice, and to beat anything that is sent against them. These squadrons are the protectors of England's commerce and the defenders of her shores. Either they are strong enough for their work or they are not.

That is what the public wants to know. It is not enough to say that this is the business of the Admiralty. Everyone knows that it is the duty of the Government to provide for the safety of the Empire. But in 1899 the Government failed to do this, and the consequences of their neglect were seen at Ladysmith, at Stormberg, and Colenso. The inevitable result is a loss of public confidence. It is idle, after the South African fiasco, to blame private individuals for putting themselves forward. What has happened once may happen again. Nor yet is it fair to accuse the Navy League, as Sir Vesey Hamilton does, of seeking to dictate the strategical policy of the Government. There is no mystery in the matter. It is a common-place, a truism, that, whatever happens elsewhere, the British Fleet must be victorious in home waters and in the Mediterranean. Sir Vesey Hamilton knows this quite well. He knows that whereas a defeat on the China Station or in the Pacific could easily be retrieved, there is but small hope for England if her Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons are caught unawares and overmatched.

No, sir, there must be no trifling in this matter. Englishmen must know where they stand. In matters essential to the safety of the State modesty may easily become cowardice and reticence degenerate into treason. Men must speak out. Defeat in the Mediterranean and in the Channel would be irretrievable, and therefore it is the first duty of the Government to make it impossible.

ANOTHER NAVY LEAGUER, HOVE.

I notice with pleasure that in your issue of July 27 you have granted space to a Navy Leaguer to set forth his views on the late manifesto of the League, and on the criticisms which it has called forth. Would you kindly allow "Another Navy Leaguer" to put forward his opinion on the same subjects. When one considers the supreme importance, nay, the absolute necessity that exists that our Fleet should be ready at a moment's notice to meet any coalition which may, without warning, be brought against us, it is idle to say that such a body as the Navy League, with no interests of its own to serve, is to be blamed or held up to ridicule, if from time to time it calls attention to the shortcomings of the Admiralty, or to deficiencies in the Navy, not only as regards ships, but also in men and other essential requirements. For, remember, if we once lose the command of the sea, not only are we deprived of our food supplies—and therefore will soon be brought to a state of starvation—but thousands of our workmen must starve, for we will not be able to find an outlet for our manufactures, the mainstay of our working class.

Such watchfulness on the part of the Navy League is all the more necessary if we bear in mind the preparations of France and Russia, who, having but a small commerce of their own to protect, yet have greatly increased their Naval forces, with the object, we may assert, of menacing us and our widespread commerce, in the hope that by this display of a great force they may paralyse us and thus be enabled, in several parts of the world, to push with success their selfish policy, which is always opposed to our interests and to the legitimate expansion of our trade. But the critics will say, "Do not the Admiralty know all this, and cannot you trust them?" The answer to that is that the action of the Navy League in this respect has not been so much directed against the Board of Admiralty as against the system which subordinates the demands of the Board and the wants of the Navy to the exigencies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is naturally always anxious to produce a popular Budget, and to make both ends meet without additional taxation, and if the Cabinet thinks there are no clouds on the political horizon, and that the prospects of peace are good and no dangers looming in the distance, they will ask the Navy to wait. Nor must it be forgotten that in recent years pressure has on more than one occasion been required to arouse the Government to carry out necessary and urgent measures. Upon this came the letter from Lord Charles Beresford of June 10, in which he speaks of his extreme anxiety respecting the want of strength and of war organisation of the British Fleet in the Mediterranean; this fact, no doubt, strengthened the feeling that the League has all along entertained that the opinions of Naval men have not always received from the civilian members of the department that attention they deserve. Under all these circumstances, the statement from the Navy League was published, in which, after setting out the statement of October 20 last, they say that they believe the support of public opinion was necessary to enable My Lords to hold their own on behalf of the Navy, and they proceed to set out the various counts of their indictment. I agree that the language of these statements is not always well chosen, and is sometimes couched in too strong terms, but some allowance must be made for those who feel keenly on the subject, and who, convinced of the soundness of their views, are most anxious to see them carried out. The League has, I believe, a strong case, and it would only gain by being presented in plain and suitable terms. I now come to the offence alleged against the League. It is blamed for complaining that there is a deficiency in all classes of vessels, from battle-ships to destroyers. Now as to destroyers, I believe the impeachment has been admitted, and the Government thankfully acknowledge the gift of a hospital-ship. With regard to cruisers, some have been detached, and I think two or more battle-ships were sent from the Mediterranean to China. It is said that this was done without in any way affecting the safety of the Empire; but who can tell? A weak fleet may affect our diplomacy, and we may secure safety only by concession. What we did was to supply wants in one part of the world by weakening our forces in a very vital sphere. Besides, the fact remains that the ordinary proportion of cruisers attached to one fleet has been seriously, even if only temporarily affected and the reasons given for not commissioning other ships from the Reserve would go to show that we had not enough officers or men without interfering with the gunnery or torpedo schools. The complaint as to the deficiency of ships is met by the First Lord by the plea that he declines to accept the view that he should consider the Mediterranean as a strategic unit by itself—"The sea is all one, and the Navy is all one." But who asked his Lordship to look at it in that light? And further on he seems to answer all his critics by the assurance that the Mediterranean Fleet on its war footing will be absolutely adequate for any task that he could see would be assigned to it.

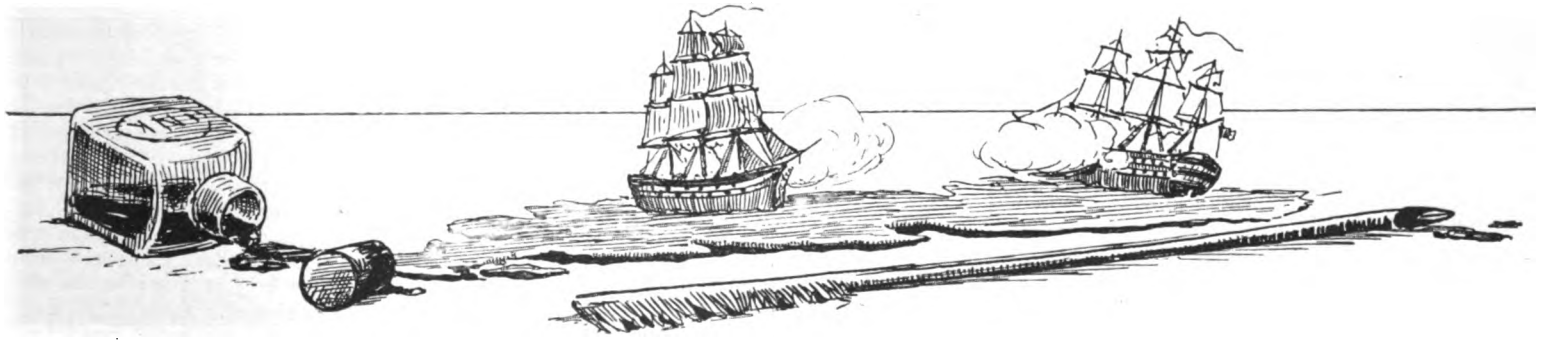
Brave words; but they may be over confident. If things are so satisfactory, why does Lord Charles Beresford feel extreme anxiety as to the strength of the Fleet and want of war organisation? Again remark that this assurance is given when the Fleet will be on its war footing. Is it on its war footing? Has it its due proportion of cruisers, destroyers, and is it furnished with all the first essentials of efficient fighting? What about armour-piercing shells, smokeless powder for certain guns, and telescopic sights? The want of these articles has, I believe, been admitted; the excuse is that they are being supplied. The speech of the First Lord seems to show that My Lords feel sure they will have due notice of any hostile intention or preparation, and that they will have time to augment the Fleet and to make up all deficiencies before war is actually declared; whereas others believe that the attack will come suddenly, and whenever our enemies think they are strong enough or that we are weak.

That is the difference between the Lords of the Admiralty and the Navy League. The League says: "Look at the consequences of defeat, and therefore be now and ever always ready; more than that, present such a force as will deter any attack, for you cannot be too strong," whilst the view of the Admiralty is that we are strong enough for present needs, and that we will have time and opportunity to prepare for all emergencies. There is no doubt that the "man in the street" will take the side of the League. What notice did Kruger give us?

A RUGBY NAVY LEAGUER.

I do not profess to be a Naval expert, but it does not require a Naval expert to see that our Navy is not large enough, nor strong enough, for safety. For three successive years Mr. Goschen brought in Navy Estimates, which were, in his opinion, the least compatible with safety. The ships demanded in those estimates are not yet built. Therefore the Fleet is not large enough, even on Mr. Goschen's estimate, and his estimate was a low one. The Navy is not strong enough, because, as the Navy League has shown, a number of the ships are old, slow, ill-protected, armed with muzzle-loaders, and use powder. We are always hearing demands for more cruisers, for hospital-ships, supply-ships, floating docks, and coast defences. It seems to the outsider that all this smoke means some fire, and that it is better to spend too much than too little.

Last, but not least, I call attention to the German Fleet. Who that knows German history, or the modern German soul, can doubt that they mean to attack us at the first opportunity? The opportunity which is suited to their hopes would be the time when we were exhausted by a critical struggle with someone else. We may expect Germany, then, to offer her friendly services to our foes on condition of receiving part of the spoil. I have known Germany and Germans for twenty years, and this is the thought which I have found in all classes—hatred and jealousy of England, and a desire to rob us. If I am wrong, it can do no harm to be prepared; if I am right, not to be prepared means absolute ruin, for no chivalry or mercy is to be expected from that nation of materialists. The German Emperor's famous telegram showed his hand, yet our "statesmen" shut their eyes and refuse to believe in German enmity. If our Fleet is not strong enough to make sure work against France and Russia, what will it do when the Germans are added? I hope the Navy League will go on agitating and making themselves disagreeable to all Governments. Their official rebuke is a compliment.



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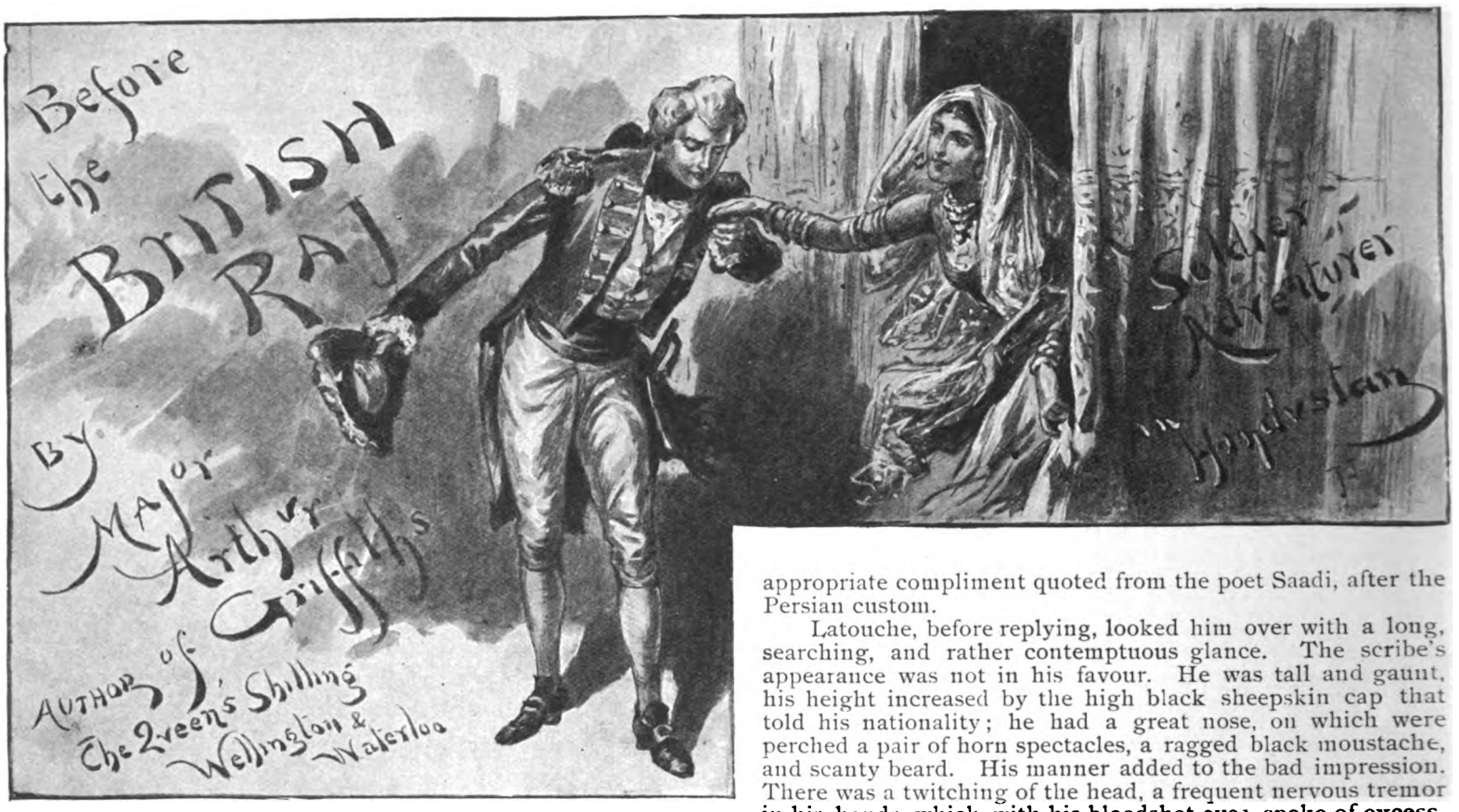

CHAPTER VI.

A Persian Rogue.

THE administration of any tract of land in India, whether district, territory, or province, was conducted on much the same lines in times past as to-day. One broad principle ruled—that the soil must support the governing authority. Revenue must be raised to meet expenditure and pay the troops of officials, civil and military. It could only be extracted from the zemindars and ryots, the hard-working cultivators, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who were always squeezable and always within reach. The money still comes from the same sources, and although larger-minded, more beneficial aims have made the British Raj something of a blessing to those who live under it, they have, nevertheless, to pay for what they get. Taxation is still the life and soul of the Sirkar.

But where, nowadays, an even strictly impartial system prescribes the exact amounts that shall be imposed, sees to their collection by fair means, and insists upon their honest employment, in the days when Alexander Latouche came to rule Photapore other methods were in force. The main object then, as now, was to fill the Treasury, but whereas now every penny is rightly raised and properly accounted for, then, what tyranny or oppression wrongfully extracted was wasted in fraud and peculation. The people paid to excess, but the State or existing Government was none the richer, nay, was often on the verge of bankruptcy.

Photapore was in this parlous condition when Latouche, vindicating Scindia's authority, had overcome the Begum Zalu and taken possession of the fortress in his master's name. It was brought very forcibly home to him that he must have funds, very considerable funds, and soon, or face a mutiny among his troops. There was no money in Photapore Exchequer. Yet it was reputed a rich and fertile jaidad, and it had been assigned to him by Perron for the support and maintenance of his military authority. His first business must be to introduce reforms and revise the system of taxation, and enforce or secure payment so as to fill his chest. The task was difficult, but it must yield to goodwill and common-sense.

He held his first durbar the day after he occupied Photapore, and sent at once for the naib, the Begum's lieutenant and deputy. The Begum herself had made no sign since her hasty flight when deserted by her troops. She was somewhere in the palace, a prisoner practically, but Latouche had not held any further communication with her. This naib, who had hitherto controlled the finance department, was a Persian named Azizudeen. He was a ripe scholar, self-taught, and a first-class accountant, and had risen by his own abilities from the lowest class to this position of trust. Figures were his strong point; he was more at home with pen and inkhorn than with tulwar or lance. Conciliation suited him better than conflict, and now, when brought into the presence, he made the most humble obeisance and dropped a few coins on the carpet, and, as he grovelled, recited an appropriate compliment quoted from the poet Saadi, after the Persian custom.

Latouche, before replying, looked him over with a long, searching, and rather contemptuous glance. The scribe's appearance was not in his favour. He was tall and gaunt, his height increased by the high black sheepskin cap that told his nationality; he had a great nose, on which were perched a pair of horn spectacles, a ragged black moustache, and scanty beard. His manner added to the bad impression. There was a twitching of the head, a frequent nervous tremor in his hands, which, with his bloodshot eyes, spoke of excess. The truth was he gave way to intoxication nightly, and when he retired to his own apartment could be no more depended upon till morning.

"Rise, Azizudeen. Your nuzzur is accepted, if you make full submission to my authority."

"I am my master's slave, khodawand. I was the Begum's; I am now your lordship's. The lady opposed you, so did I. *Jo hakm!* when the Rana orders, the vassal obeys."

"Your post was naib, second in rank and command to the killadar alone. I cannot confirm you in that, which I reserve for one who has my full trust," and Latouche nodded to Surfuraz Khan smilingly. "But I am not unwilling to appoint you collector and paymaster, during good behaviour, if you will swear an oath to be faithful. But, first, what is the state of the chest? It has been in your charge; produce your balances."

"Be patient, maharaj; lend the ears of clemency to your slave. It is empty. A few beggarly silver coins alone remain."

"How? Strike him on the mouth with a shoe. What black lies are these? Am I to be hoodwinked thus? Seize him, search him, secure his keys, and let someone open his most secret receptacles and count me out the contents," cried Latouche, angrily.

A dead silence prevailed in the durbar while the trembling wretch, closely guarded by a couple of fierce soldiers, awaited the return of the messengers. They came back with no more than a handful of rupees. Then the storm broke, and before Latouche could speak a dozen cries were raised, for the durbar was well attended by omedwars, or petitioners; many respectable persons, traders in the town, farmers of the district, who had come to present their nuzzur to the new power, and all had reason to hate Azizudeen.

"Thief, despoiler! Now is thy face blackened. Dirt shalt thou eat, and feel the shoe. Let him be hanged, maharaj, or beaten with sticks. Down with him, his cup is full!" was shouted on every side.

But now Latouche, with uplifted hand, restored order, and at last his voice, cold, stern, and impassive, was heard.

"You shall not be judged too hastily, Azizudeen. These are your accusers. What say you to the charges?"

"Mercy, mercy, great lord, protector of the poor, asylum of all in trouble. By Allah and the seven blessed Imaums I am guiltless. I have done no wrong. I was only too complacent. I held over the Sirkar's just demands. I listened to their pleas of poverty, misfortune, bad custom, poor crops, and all the taxes are in arrears. Ask them. Thou, Gopal Singh, how much dost thou owe the tusilda, (collector); and thou, Sansar Chund; and thou, Sandajur Batcha, and thou, and thou?" The Persian, in a frenzy, flung his forefinger to nearly all in turn, calling upon them to satisfy the authority by paying what was due.

"*Bas! Bas!* Enough," interposed Latouche in a voice of thunder. "Is this the exalted presence, or the concourse of a pack of yelping jackals? Peace! Let there be an end of this. Peace, I say. The durbar is closed. *Rakhsat!* Every one has permission to depart, save you alone, Azizudeen. I would speak with you further."

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He beckoned the Persian to his side, and, suffering him to seat himself on the edge of the carpet, proceeded to question him closely, seeking information and guidance. There might be some good in the man; at least he might be made useful, if properly directed and rigidly controlled.

Azizudeen was eager to make his peace with his new master, to crave pardon for the past, and secure indulgence for the future by abject submission to Latouche. The Persian was a shrewd, far-seeing, astute adventurer, quick to see how the land lay, and he knew now that a new *régime* was approaching. He had heard of these Feringhis; how some, the Ingrezees, were honest and humane, foolishly so no doubt, but if the new master was of that sort it would be wise to second and support him.

It would be tedious to follow the conference through all its details, but the chief result may be stated briefly. Hitherto the taxation had been greatly complicated, and had been levied on persons and kind, so much per head (per pugree, or turban), so much on every cow or buffalo, and so on. Latouche resolved to take the Government contribution, from time immemorial one-third of all produce, in bulk, accepting either an apportionment of growing crops or the requisite allowance in grain after harvesting. There was an immediate boon to the peasant in this, who was thus relieved of the constant presence of extortionate tax-gatherers living at free quarters in the village, while the gain to the State would be soon felt in substantial returns, where, before, small amounts were filtered away before they reached the Treasury.

One serious difficulty remained. The season was that of seed time. Three months must elapse before the crops could be cut. How was he to make both ends meet meanwhile in Photapore? He thought of a State loan on the coming contributions, but none of the shroffs—the various money dealers and bankers to be found in the city—would entertain the idea. The security was not good enough, the time of harvest was too remote, his tenure of authority too precarious to justify advances on crops not yet above the ground.

"MERCY! MERCY!"

Latouche, in this dilemma, decided to become his own creditor. He had brought with him, safely sewn inside the stuffing of his saddle, a large slice of his small personal fortune, in the shape of bills negotiable in any of the great cities of Hindustan. Even in those wild days the banking system was thoroughly understood and practised in India, where, indeed, it had been first invented centuries before. He had but to send down a confidential agent to Delhi, within four days' march, to secretly cash his orders, and bring the treasure under strong escort to Photapore. In this way he advanced the sum of 10,000 rupees, reporting what he had done to his chief, who expressed his gratitude and entire approval.

All this occupied some weeks, and kept Latouche busily employed. He had not given much thought to the Begum, whom he had so easily deposed, although they were still, so to speak, under the same roof. The official residence of the killadar, or governor, was his by right, and he felt that to abandon it entirely to the Begum would be to lower his dignity in the eyes of those subject to him. So he left her one end, and occupied the other. The anderoon, or part sacred to women, was, of course, kept strictly shut off and apart, with a perfectly private approach, where in courtesy (which was misunderstood) Latouche mounted a guard as heretofore, with sentries on the door.

All this time the Begum stoutly refused to recognise Latouche or have any dealings with him. But one day a curt message was brought him from behind the purdah by one of her attendants. It was an intimation little less than an order, so peremptory was its tone, that she would speak with him at once.

Latouche was slightly ruffled, but he went, to be kept waiting for a long space in the anderoon. When admitted, the conventional curtain interposed, although, as he had seen, the Princess made no strict rule of seclusion. Even here he was still detained while the good pleasure of the illustrious lady was taken.

At length a voice—her voice—low and musical, but with haughty, even insolent tone, addressed him in French, prettily broken, but yet fluent and fairly accurate French.

"Is it my gaoler, the man Latouche, the usurper of my rights and dignities, who stands in my presence beyond the purdah?" And two dark beautiful eyes peered out through a chink in the curtain. Their gaze, intent and prolonged, was fixed upon Latouche, seeming to pierce him through and through.

"If you are the widow Marillier, commonly called the Begum Zalu," answered Latouche, in the same tongue, "as I apprehend, I would have you remember, madam, that I hold the commission of brigadier-general from Scindia, whom I represent here, and that unless proper respect is shown me, as the governor of this jaidad and fortress, I shall immediately withdraw." He was nettled, and spoke sharply.

"*Shabash! Wah, Feringhi!* It is well done to dominate thus over a lone and helpless woman," she replied, scornfully. "*Rakhsat!* you have permission. I sent for you to make a petition, but I would sooner die a prisoner than take a favour at your hands."

Latouche already regretted his little ebullition of temper, and was anxious to make amends.

"You are not a prisoner, madam," he protested; "I have no desire to detain you. You are free to leave Photapore at any hour."

"But not to go in any direction. It is your order that I must go down to Delhi, where I shall be in even worse captivity, like my foster-father and most generous protector, the blind Emperor, who is daily starved and suffers shameful indignity."

"I do not order your movements, madam. It is His Excellency General Perron who wills that you shall return to Delhi."

"Thither I will not go—not of my own free will. I know what awaits me there, and would sooner die here, or anywhere, by the cruellest tortures than fall into the hands of Perron. Let me leave the fort and go where I please?"

"It would be unsafe, unwise, impossible! There are many enemies abroad."

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"Not mine," she interjected, quickly.

"Precisely; but your friends are not ours, and I tell you frankly, madam, we do not choose that you should become the centre and rallying point for fresh disturbance."

"You call me, think me a traitor, then?"

"I judge by what has happened. But let it pass. At least you will be with our friends no less than with your own in Delhi. And let me reassure you in one thing. Shah Alam, His Imperial Majesty, is in no distress of mind or body. His treatment has improved, and his present condition is such as befits his high estate. I was myself the humble instrument by which his cruel necessities were relieved."

"Can I believe you, monsieur?" she asked, softly.

"Princess, on the word of an English gentleman, I am speaking the truth. And, see, this was my reward, bestowed on me by the great Mogul with his own Imperial hands"—he pointed to the decoration he wore, the strange brass symbol, the fish with its ruby eyes, the "Fish of Dignities," which he had, as he said, won from the grateful Emperor.

The Begum widened the opening in the curtain, displaying her soft hand of olive hue, so pale as to be almost white, plump and shapely, the long slender fingers glistening with rings. Once more the black lustrous eyes were bent upon him, her critical glance passed quickly up from his breast to his strong handsome face, their eyes met for one moment, then the heavy folds of the curtain fell abruptly together.

(To be continued.)

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"RETIRED N.O."—No; it is not a mistake, for the latest 6-in. guns are known as 6-in. B.L. Mark VII., and not as 6-in. Q.F. (quick-firing guns). Of course, they are just as quick-firing, but the reason of the distinction is that they do not employ a metallic case for the cartridge, and it is found convenient to keep to the old nomenclature, which defined a quick-firing gun as one of which the powder charge is in a metallic case and the gun loaded by hand. The converted B.L. guns which have been made quicker-firing by conversion are known as C.Q.F. guns. Light guns are all guns of less than 4-in. calibre. Heavy guns are guns of 4-in. and above.

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"MINDEN."—When the French menaced Hanover in 1759, the British contingent under Lord George Sackville consisted of six cavalry regiments—the Royal Horse Guards, the 1st and 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 2nd, 6th, and 10th Dragoons—and six infantry regiments, the 12th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st. The cavalry took no large part in the battle of Minden, though they were present on the field, and the name of the battle is not bore as an "honour" by any cavalry regiment. The six infantry regiments who, as Contades said, "broke through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumbled them to ruin," are now known respectively as follows: The Suffolk Regiment, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, and the 1st Battalion King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. All these regiments, of course, bear "Minden" on their colours. None of these six infantry regiments had any connection with Staffordshire, neither were the 64th, 98th, 38th, and 80th present at Minden.

* * * *

"GURTEEN."—The 5th Dragoons were never known either as the "Green" or the "Drogheda" Horse. The 5th Dragoons were always the Royal Irish Dragoons. This regiment was disbanded in 1799 and revived under its present title, 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, in 1858. The corps once known as the Green Horse is now the 5th Dragoon Guards, which has dark green facings. It was raised in 1685, and ranked originally as the 6th Horse. In 1717 the facings were changed from buff to dark green, and thirty years later it was known as the 2nd "Green" Irish Horse. In 1788, in common with the other surviving corps of Irish Horse, the regiment was converted into Dragoon Guards under the title 5th Regiment of Dragoon Guards. The Drogheda Horse was raised in Ireland in 1759 by the Marquess of Drogheda, and six years later became the 18th Light Dragoons. It became a Hussar regiment in 1807, was disbanded in 1821, and revived in 1858.

* * * *

"VICTOR EMMANUEL."—This vessel was launched as the "Repulse," a sailing two-decker, in 1855, at Pembroke Dock, and subsequently renamed in honour of the visit to this country of the King of Sardinia during that year, as a recognition of his assistance with troops during the Crimean Campaign. She was converted to a steam-ship during the sixties, and employed in the Mediterranean. When the Ashanti Campaign was undertaken in 1873, she was sent to Cape Coast Castle as a hospital ship. Returning home the following year it was decided to send her to Hong Kong to replace the "Princess Charlotte." After twenty-two years at the latter port as receiving ship, she was replaced by the "Tamar," a former iron troop-ship, in consequence of her insanitary condition, and ended her days in 1898 at Hong Kong, by being sold to a Chinaman on the condition he broke her up. We have endeavoured to procure a photograph of her, and failed. Probably if you sent a postal order for 2s. 6d. to the master-at-arms of the "Tamar," at Hong Kong, he might be able to purchase one for a dollar (2s.), and the difference would cover the postage.

* * * *

T. S. COLES.—The system of competitive examination for admission to the Royal Military College and Royal Military Academy was introduced in 1858. Before that cadetships in the Academy were conferred by the Master-General of Ordnance, and those nominated by him were admitted on a qualifying examination, according to their age, which was between fourteen and sixteen. They remained at the Academy for periods varying from three to five years. To the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, boys were admitted, on the nomination of the Commander-in-Chief, between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, after a qualifying examination similar to that for Woolwich. The college, however, was only sufficient for a very limited number of the officers required, and the majority of the officers of cavalry and infantry entered those branches by direct appointment of the Commander-in-Chief. The Army of the East India Company was officered on much the same plan. At the Company's Military College, at Addiscombe, cadets were trained for the Indian artillery and engineers, and a few were supplied for the infantry. The rest of the officers of the Company's army were supplied by direct appointment, after a qualifying examination, upon the nomination of the directors of the Company. The college at Addiscombe was abolished in 1859 on the dissolution of the Company.

"G. A. H. P."—There are seven regiments of Dragoon Guards and three of Dragoons. The helmets of the Dragoon Guards are of gilt brass with silver ornaments in front. The helmets of the 1st and 6th Dragoons are of white metal with gilt ornaments. The other regiment of Dragoons (the 2nd Scots Greys) wear bearskins. The plumes worn by the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons are of horsehair, and are of the following colours: 1st Dragoon Guards, red; 2nd, black; 3rd, black and red; 4th, white; 5th, red and white; 6th, white; 7th, black and white. 1st Dragoons, black; 6th, white. The 4th and 6th Dragoon Guards, though they both have white plumes, are easily distinguishable, for the 6th is the only regiment of Dragoon Guards that wears a blue tunic.

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"NAUTICAL ALMANACK."—The publication of this essential work was first organised by Maskelyne when he became Astronomer Royal in 1765. The necessary powers having been obtained from Parliament, Mayer's Tables, corrected up to the date of his death in 1762, were purchased from the widow for the sum of £3,000, while a grant of £300 was made to Euler, the famous mathematician on whose theory of the moon Mayer's later tables were based. The first almanack, that for 1767, was published in 1766 under the supervision of the Commissioners of Longitude; it had several English predecessors, but none of a trustworthy or recognised authority; although in France a Nautical Almanack had been issued as early as 1696—this, however, did not give lunar distances. The chief feature in the English publication was the giving of the distance from the moon's centre to the sun, when suitable, and to about seven fixed stars every three hours. It may be said that the a manack, considering the period at which it was issued, contained all the information which a seamen required, and it has been steadily kept up to date.

* * * *

"J. W. P."—There were two officers of the name of Ponsonby who fought at Waterloo. One was Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B., who was the second son of the first Baron Ponsonby of Imokilly, County Cork. Whilst leading a cavalry charge against the "Polish Lancers" his horse stuck in a heavy ploughed field, and was unable to extricate itself. Sir William took a picture and a watch out of his pocket, and was delivering them to his A.D.C. to give to his wife when the Lancers were on them. Both he and his A.D.C. were killed by these Polish Lancers, who were later in the day almost annihilated by the heavy brigade which Ponsonby had commanded. The other officer of the same name was Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. F. C. Ponsonby (afterwards Major-General the Hon. Sir Frederick Cavendish Ponsonby, K.C.B.), who was the second son of the third Earl of Bessborough. He had served with distinction in the Peninsula. His experiences at Waterloo were almost unique. When he was lying grievously wounded on the field after a most gallant charge (he commanded the 12th Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons), a lancer who was passing saw him move, and exclaiming, "*Tu n'es pas mort, coquin,*" struck his lance through his back. "My head dropped," wrote Ponsonby, in a narrative of his experience, "the blood gushed into my mouth, a difficulty of breathing came on, and I thought all was over." Soon afterwards a tirailleur came up and roughly searched him, robbing him of all the money he had; and then another came, but left him immediately on finding that he had already been stripped. At last a French officer came by who, like a good samaritan, administered a little brandy to him. By and by another tirailleur appeared, who knelt and fired over the prostrate officer. The evening came, and with it the Prussians. Two squadrons of cavalry galloped over Ponsonby, injuring him badly. At length an English soldier arrived and stood sentry over the unfortunate officer, who was soon afterwards removed to a farmhouse. He had received seven wounds, but he recovered and lived to become Governor of Malta.

* * * *

"J. D. R."—Formerly all watches designed for the discovery of longitude were styled chronometers, and even as late as the commencement of the last century they were only supplied by the Admiralty to flag-ships, surveying vessels, and exploring expeditions. The East India Company were of a more liberal turn of mind, or recognised more readily the value of the instrument, for at a considerable earlier period they supplied one to each of their ships. They were soon acknowledged as a ready and simple means of determining the difference of longitude between two places, and were used by Captain Cook and others in the eighteenth century. In 1826, King carried no less than eleven in the "Adventure" and "Beagle," Foster, in 1828, seventeen in the "Chanticleer," while Fitzroy, in 1831, considered twenty-two necessary for the work performed by him in the "Beagle." Encouragement of accuracy was formerly given by an annual reward to the maker of the instrument which stood best the observatory test, but this was discontinued in 1835, and the practice adopted of purchasing at a somewhat enhanced price for the public service those chronometers which preserved the most equal rate under tria

THE EDITOR

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SPORT IN THE ARMY.

SAMBHUR: A CHRISTMAS SHOOT IN THE CENTRAL PROVINCES.

By Lal Baloo.

My advice to young men about to enter the Army is precisely similar to the advice given by *Punch* to young men about to marry. But in either case it is a mistake "to repent at leisure." Rather grin and bear it, and make the best of a bad business! The majority of soldiers are fond of sport, or if they are not they ought to be, and there is no country to compare with India for sport and soldiering. It has also many and great disadvantages, and for various reasons is a bad school for young men to commence their Army career in. A subaltern on joining is not subjected to the same strict discipline at the hands of his brother officers in India as he is at home. He is, if his regiment is quartered in the plains, at first often away for months at the time at hill stations, when he is more or less his own master. His character is, as a rule, not sufficiently formed to be unimpressed by the class of society he is likely to be thrown amongst in these resorts. Neither is his constitution sufficiently hardened to be able to resist that curse of our race, "enteric," or the other diseases for which the Indian climate bears an unenviable notoriety. There are many who will disagree with me on this point, but I am convinced that the first few years of an officer's life should be spent *at home*. It is at this period when he forms his friendships, when he gets to know the right people, when he learns *manners*, and when, if he takes proper advantage of his opportunities, he becomes that most finished product of our times—an English gentleman. It may, of course, happen that he becomes something entirely different, but he has the chance, and that chance he will not get in the same degree in India.

A REALLY FINE TROPHY.

A big Sambhur Head, 43-in horns.

The advantages of soldiering in India are: Pay is high, leave is plentiful, soldiering is really instructive, and sport is very cheap, very varied, and excellent. It is easy to get really good small game shooting; but to be successful at big game entails hard work and plenty of it. A sportsman will see more big game in some parts of Central Africa in a week than he will in India in five years, unless he is extraordinarily lucky. Still, there is plenty of game for the man who works hard for it, and the achievement of a really fine trophy is well worth the trouble.

Some years back I was quartered in the Punjab, and my colonel suggested to me on December 23 that I had better go away for a ten days' shoot. "No," I said; "I have made no plans." To which he replied, "B is going down to the Central Provinces this afternoon for ten days. He would, I am sure, be delighted if you went with him. You have just time to make your 'bando bast'" (plans). "I will arrange about your leave." In India life would be unbearable without an excellent staff of servants, and in three hours' time I was in the train, with camp equipment, servants, etc., and arrived on the following evening at my destination, a station a few hours south of Jhansi. There is a fine river at this place, bordered by dense jungle and high rocks. We pitched our camp near a big pool, full of mahseer, and repented having left rods and tackle behind—I have never yet gone away for a shoot leaving my rods behind without bitterly repenting it. Sambhur, cheetal, and neilghai were reported to be plentiful in the vicinity, and we heard a tiger in the low hills not far from our camp. The weather was perfect, warm enough to dine outside one's tent, and not uncomfortably hot, even at midday. Sambhur were our quest, and the best and most enjoyable method of obtaining a good head is by stalking. The best times for stalking are at daybreak and in the evening. The animals are feeding at these times, but in the heat of the day they retire to the thickest jungle and lie down. Be on your ground before it is light, the awakening of the jungle is one of the most enjoyable episodes that a sportsman and a lover of nature can experience. The deer will be feeding in the open glades, the jungle-fowl will be crowing you good morning, the partridges calling, the peafowl screeching, and all the life of the jungle will be on the move. But my first sight of a sambhur stag was in the evening of my first day in the jungle. My shikari (a local man) had been walking in front of me through very thick covert, and on arriving at a clearing he stopped, and pointed to where a sambhur stag stood looking at me for a moment before dashing off. His horns to my uninitiated eye looked enormous. A tree trunk covered his shoulder from my view. I aimed at his ribs, just clear of the tree, and fired. He galloped off, his head held low, and a snap-shot from the left barrel of my rifle (a ·500 Express) clearly missed him. How maddening; my first chance at a stag, and a good one, lost!

We went to the spot where I had last seen him, to look for blood signs, when I heard a choking groan from the thick jungle 100-yds. away, followed by a struggle, and on making my way to the spot found a magnificent stag gasping his life out. His horns measured nearly 37-in. in length, and were of great thickness; a great piece of luck happening on him in such a fashion. A sambhur is very much like a red deer, only more than twice as large (one shot by the Maharajah of Cooch Behar turned the scale at 56-st., and with a poor head), and, like the cheetal or axis, the full-grown stag has only six points.

Whilst dining out under the stars that night we heard the coolies sent out to carry in the stag singing loudly two

AFTER A HARD DAY'S SHOOTING.

The author, with shikaris.

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or three miles away, as they toiled along under their burden, making as much noise as possible to keep the tiger away. The jungle being too thick at this place to be good for stalking, we moved our camp to a spot not far from the railway bridge, about seven miles down the river. Here was a range of low hills with more open jungle. I saw one enormous stag, but failed to get a shot, and we spent a week without much success to boast of. I killed another sambhur, but his horns were not nearly so large as those of the first one, and he had broken one of his brow antlers. Two cheetal with horns still in the velvet, a neilghai, and a crocodile were accounted for, besides peafowl, partridge, sand grouse, and other small game.

The last day of my leave had arrived, and I was due to depart by the train for the North at 8 p.m. I had seen sambhur that morning, but nothing big enough to fire at. The Commissioner Sahib had driven all the low hills with a big party on the preceding day, innumerable shots had been fired, and the ground thoroughly disturbed. I had, however, seen a good many deer about these low hills, and intended to pay the place a farewell visit. I started at 3 p.m., and soon after arriving on the ground saw a cow neilghai and calf, and shortly after a sambhur hind; and about a mile further on when approaching some low jungle heard the unmistakable sounds of a stag rattling his horns against a tree. My shikari said, "Sambhur bagh ia" ("Sambhur run away"); but I knew better, and made him lie down, whilst I crawled on all fours in the direction of the sound. After proceeding in this fashion for about 100-yds., I came suddenly on a hind. Fortunately the wind was in the right direction, and though she looked straight at me for about five minutes, during which time I had to remain motionless in a very cramped position, she did not make me out, and fed on again out of sight. I then saw another hind, and then a sight that sent my heart into my throat—the horns of a giant stag moving slowly above the undergrowth about 100-yds. away; such horns I had never before seen. There was a narrow track through the jungle, along which I was crawling, and the horns were moving slowly towards this track. I waited till I saw the stag looming in the bad light across the track, and had a difficult shot as I was bending sideways on my knees. I thought I heard him fall and grunt, and standing up saw another and a fair-sized stag, whom I gave the left barrel and thought he fell. I ran through the underwood to the spot, and to my delight saw the big stag lying dead, and the other standing a few yards off, evidently hard hit. I rammed in a cartridge, and fired at him as he moved slowly off into thick jungle. I hurried to the place where I had last seen him, but could not find him, so returned to the big stag, and it was now so late I had only time to cut his head off and catch my train. I promised the shikari rupees if he would find the other and give his head to the stationmaster to forward me, but I heard no more of him. The big head, beautifully set up, is looking at me as I write this letter, and is almost, if not quite, a record, taking length, spread, and everything into consideration. The length of his horns is over 43-in., and their symmetry and curves are such as are rarely seen in sambhur heads, whose uncompromising straightness usually inspire more respect than admiration. This was a delightful finale to a really enjoyable ten days' leave, and I felt correspondingly grateful to my commanding officer for persuading me to go.

Previous articles of this series appeared on September 1, 15, 29, *October* 20, *November* 3, 24, *December* 15, 29, *February* 2, *March* 2, 16, 30, *May* 4, 25, *June* 8, *and* 22.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

THE strangely silent way in which one portion of the Press has treated the championship meeting of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association is all the more remarkable because of the very full reports it gives to little clay bird club meetings, where not a fortieth of the value in prizes are offered, and sometimes only three or four shooters take part. Personally, I always prefer an open foe to a friendly enemy; and in my opinion Mr. Gale's letter of complaint to the *Sportsman* for its outspoken criticism does not hit the right nail on the head. The real foe is the one who damns with faint praise. I suppose some people may be so foolish as to think that by condemning clay bird shooting they may be mistaken for sportsmen. Be that as it may, the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association were quite right to give over the management of their meeting to Mr. Gale. He is almost, if not quite, the only man who has ever been able to whip into life the inanimate target—at least, at a club. He may take it that the only reason his meeting was not the greatest success possible to clay bird tournaments in this country was because of the bad weather, which kept intending shooters and spectators away. It did not keep me away, because I was engaged in a three days' inspection of the best grouse dogs in the country on Sir Watkin Wynn's moors at Bala in North Wales. Personally, I would sooner look at a live grouse on the wing, even in July, and walk about the moors with my boots full of water—if that must be, and it certainly was—than I would look on at the best clay bird breaking or pigeon killing in the world, or than take part in either of them myself. But that is the only reason why I was not there, and I think I ought to say so, having regard to the kind invitations Mr. Gale has so frequently sent to me for this and other club meetings throughout the season.

* * * *

It does not matter how much we theorise about the best manner of killing clays—and doubtless we all have views of our own, some of us insularly stupid ones no doubt—but when all has been urged against various artificial styles and their encouraging rules, shooting of any kind remains well worth doing, and therefore worthy of encouragement. My own opinion of clay bird shooting is that it cannot remain where it is. Some change must be made for better or worse. I judge in this way. To shoot as the American team did when over here leaves nothing to be desired; there is no anticipation in their style of shooting and therefore no pleasure; no improvement in per centages possible; no improvement in style aimed at when you reduce it to a certainty. To shoot like the Americans needs but a change of gun and load, and, therefore, it would, if attained to, soon prove its own destruction in this country. Really it is shooting in exactly the manner a rifle is used at moving objects; and I should not wonder if the remote future use of the clay bird would not prove to be the cultivation of rifle shooting at moving objects. I think I could find a man capable of making very good practice at the clays with a ·22 bore rifle even now; and one who would not, unlike Buffalo Bill, substitute shot for the single bullet "because it was dangerous to use a bullet in the city," as he called Earl's Court.

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Personally, I do not care a rap whether clay bird shooting prospers or not, except in the sense that I want to see every possible form of shooting practised. I thoroughly agree with the late Sir Henry Halford that anybody who can use the scatter-gun has learnt three parts of the use of the rifle at moving objects. It is too late now to give a complete list of winners at the Championship meeting, but I may just say that Mr. D. O'Conor, who is a sportsman as well as a clay bird shooter, came out top with a wonderful score of thirty-one kills out of thirty-two; including the Tower competition, in which he killed all his pairs of birds coming over him together.

* * * *

Great shooting as this unquestionably represents, I may just remark that it is far too great to enable clay bird competition to become popular on present lines. Men can practise at clay birds until they can break every one, or next door to it. Now the best proof that it is trick shooting is the fact that, practise as they will, the very best marksmen miss game at least once in four shots throughout a season. The bearings of that remark is in the application of it, as that great authority Captain Cuttle said of another one, probably equally wise. My application is that practice at clay birds after a certain proficiency is attained is nothing but finding out the tricks of the springs that throw the birds; whereas practice at game is learning handiness with the gun. At the shooting schools I see that quality brought out by means of practice at clay birds; but that is not cultivated in club competitions. There you know every time the kind of flight that you are going to shoot at, and the man soon becomes as much a part of the trap as he is of his gun. The first is wrong and the latter is right.

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I am constantly told that shooting clay birds spoils the form for game shooting. All the same, I have seen crack pigeon shots who could not hit one bird in twenty thrown over them from the high tower learn to break every one within the year. There is, therefore, plenty to be said in favour of the clay bird as practice; it seems to be only those who have learnt to be expert by constant practice at one particular flight who want reforming. I can well understand what they would say if there were thirty different angles in a line of ten traps, some to and others from the shooter, and if, also, they were asked to hold the gun below the elbow until after calling pull. They would say "What is the use of all our past practice now that we are only on a level with average game shooters?" but if it made shooting popular with the masses it might be worth the patriotic sacrifice of the few. Nothing stands in the way of clay bird shooting but the clay bird shooters.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE—PER TERRAM.

THE Royal visit to South Africa has evoked expressions of loyalty as true and fervent as were aroused in the Australasian colonies. If the unhappy war has placed in a strong light the profound differences that mar the peace of the country, it has strengthened the bond which unites all loyal men to the Mother Land, and has placed beyond doubt the question of ultimate supremacy. The outburst of disappointed spite which greeted Lord Kitchener's proclamation, and the foul attack which some peoples in Europe have made upon us before and since, have revealed a state of feeling which might have slumbered long. Now we know with what and whom we have to reckon, and it will be to our own shame if we do not take measures accordingly. Could there have been any nobler expression of true loyalty and devotion than the splendid stand made by Natal? It is now seen that the colony might again have had to rise to arms, and Cape Colony responded not less well. It was a happy thought that extended the tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall beyond the limits implied by its special purpose, and there was much significance in the fact that Durban was the first port of call. The great services of the colony of Natal well entitled it to the honour, which was not determined solely by geographical considerations.

NO one will withhold some measure of sympathy from the Boer women and children in the burgher camps. These places, as is well known, vary in their merits from the humanitarian point of view, and it may be possible to deplore some insanitary conditions, but nothing can be more senseless than the outcry recently raised. There are those who would like to make war with rosewater, but it is plain to ordinary reasoning that the speedy and successful termination of the war must be subservient to no other object. The military department has done a great work which it was not called on to perform, and has undoubtedly saved great numbers from the horrors of starvation. But it would be absurd to contend that the enemy must not be struck in his most vital points, and we cannot be blamed for not providing luxuries for those whom he, with brutal indifference, leaves to our charge, while he goes upon insensate sniping and railway destruction raids. Lord Kitchener's proclamation is a step in the right direction, and it is particularly sound that the charges for the Boer refugees in our hands shall be levied upon the property of their unsurrendered friends. The condition has so far been anomalous from the military standpoint, but now we have a reasonable system promised. Unfortunately it is impossible to deny that Boer women are too often treacherous Boer spies.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to view with satisfaction the recent course of events in China, there is still hope for that country, which gives some unmistakeable evidences of peaceful development. Our quarrel has been with the corrupt and detestable official classes, and never with the Chinese people at large, who are one of the mildest, most peaceable, contented and industrious races upon the face of the earth. Look at the progress made since inland water navigation was opened at Canton in 1899. Nearly 200 steam launches are now running, of which the vast majority are under the Chinese flag. The goods traffic is not yet great, but during a single twelve months the launches have conveyed upwards of 2,000,000 passengers, a result which Consul-General Scott rightly describes as "somewhat astonishing." And yet, when Sir Harry Parkes went to Canton just half a century ago, he found that place the headquarters and focus of official fanaticism, arrogance, and duplicity. It had been for centuries the point of contact between China and Europe, but Europeans were humiliated and despised, and went in daily peril of barbaric outrage and brutal murder, while insolence and insult were their constant lot. Canton is now a large and prosperous city, in which foreign trade is securely established, and there progress may be observed and tested to demonstration.

THE agitations in Malta will naturally occupy a good deal of attention in this country, but, after all, agitation is easily stimulated among Southern peoples, and the industrious and thrifty Maltese will soon resume their contentment. There are many among them who have a particular affection for Italy and who desired that the Italian language should continue to be the language of the law courts. But Italian is not the national language of Malta any more than is English, and whatever may be its historical claims, they must surely cede to those of the language of the actual possessors of the island. This is not to say that all desirable discretion has characterised our handling of the matter. A protest was necessary to give satisfaction to the Maltese, and it took the form of a refusal to vote money for public purposes. Only one result could follow—the decision to levy taxes by Order in Council. It was not pleasant for us to take this step, but no other was open, and the work of Government must go on. There is naturally a good deal of excitement among Maltese agitators at a course which they picture as unconstitutional. Undoubtedly our right policy in dealing with the islanders is one of kindly firmness, but the interests of our great Mediterranean arsenal must be safeguarded at all costs.

ACTING SUB.-LIEUT. T. F. J. L. WARDLE, Who won the Conspicuous Service Cross at Graspan

LIEUT. HALTON STIRLING LECKY, Who won the Albert Medal by saving life in Kosi Bay.

SUB.-LIEUT. THOMAS CHARLES ARMSTRONG, Who got the Conspicuous Service Cross for Graspan.

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HAPPILY for the Empire over which he has ruled so long, the Emperor Francis Joseph, revered by all his subjects, continues to enjoy the good health which has enabled him to bear far more trouble than falls to the lot of most men. He celebrated his seventy-first birthday last Sunday, amid the congratulations of his people and of Europe, and is now intensely occupying himself with the welfare of his Army, the trials of its new guns, and the manœuvres of the Vienna garrison, and will shortly leave for the grand manœuvres between the Drave and the Danube. There is a separatist, centrifugal tendency in the Dual Monarchy which impels the Germans within its pale to crave for union with Germany, and the Slavs to gather sympathy with the nations to the East. The somewhat critical situation in Eastern Europe means much for Austria, but while Francis Joseph occupies the throne the country is secure. It will be an evil day, not only for Austria itself, but for Europe at large, if ever it becomes the prey of the schemes of adventurous politicians. The future dangers are great, but so long as Austrians keep their heads all will go well. Let us all join in congratulations to the good Emperor who has so long occupied the throne, and who, in times of trial like the present in our own Royal house, has hastened to express the sympathy he so deeply feels. The Chinese trouble has drawn Austria and England nearer together, and the close intimacy between the members of the Services of the two countries has begotten mutual respect.

NOTWITHSTANDING many recent rumours in regard to presumed alliances between Spain and other Powers, which have all probably arisen from the discussion of the Gibraltar question, it is conspicuously to the advantage of Spain to avoid all complications. The time is ripe for internal development, and the Spanish Government has no purpose of abandoning its strictly neutral position. The fact is sometimes overlooked that Spain, by observing, as she always has done in modern times, a perfectly correct attitude, is doing a great service to Europe. If she should depart from her neutrality the balance of power would certainly be imperilled, but happily she is not in the least likely to do so. She will do her best to safeguard her own territory, and would resist any attempts upon the Balearic or Canary Islands; but these are not menaced, and Spain may count upon their neutrality being observed by belligerents. The Duke of Almadovar's recent declaration was merely a repetition of what leading Spanish statesmen have said so often in expounding the settled policy of their country.

Photo. Copyright. A BOER COUNCIL OF WAR. "Navy & Army."

Botha, De Wet, Schalk Burger, Reitz, Steyn, and others holding a "kriegsraad" at Waterval Hoek after the receipt of Kruger's letter urging a continuance of the war.

HEADS OF THE R.A.M.C. IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Upper Row, left: Lieut. and Q.-M. Pilgrim. Right: Capt. Tyrrell, Secretary. From row, left: Maj. Thompson. Right: Surg.-Gen. Sir W. D. Wilson, K.C.B.

IT appears consonant with the amenities of the late war between the United States and Spain that Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay, rated as a "labourer," but employed as a clerk at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and author of the now notorious "History of the United States Navy," should regard Rear-Admiral Schley as a "coward," a "caitiff," an "incompetent," and "insubordinate," and in the order of things that Admiral Sampson and Secretary Long should approve these expressions, or, at least, the book in which they are contained. Admiral Schley, on his part, as might be expected, denounces Mr. Maclay's "facts" as perversions, misconstructions, and intemperate falsehood, embodied in the "low flings and abusive language of a violent partisan opponent," inspired by the malice of unfairness. Whatever may be the truth or the untruth in the violent attack made upon the Admiral—and next month a court of enquiry embodied at his request will investigate the whole question of his conduct at Santiago—there can be do doubt that history cannot be written as Mr. Maclay writes it. There can be no true history of great events until the prominent actors in them and one or two generations of their descendants have passed away. Least of all can those who have taken part in operations freely criticise them, and the censure lately passed upon Admiral "Bob" Evans further enforces the fact.

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THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From left to right (standing) are Sergt. Greening, Lieut. Campbell, and Capt. the Hon. H. Yarde Buller. Sitting down are Maj. Milne, D.A.A.G., Colonel D. Henderson Director of Military Intelligence, Capt. Erskine, and Capt. MacAndrew, D.S.O., D.A.A.G.

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A WELLINGTON ANNIVERSARY.

THE BATTLE OF VIMIERA.

AUG. 21, 1808.

GENERAL JUNOT.
Wellington's opponent at Vimiera.
After a Contemporary Engraving.

NINETY-THREE years ago last Wednesday was fought a battle which, although by no means the greatest of Wellington's victories, has several claims to rank as one of the most interesting actions in our military annals. While, through no fault of Wellington's, it was not a decisive engagement, it was the first substantial and distinct defeat inflicted upon the French in the Peninsula, and its moral significance was proportionately great. Again, it was at Vimiera that Wellington showed, much more conclusively than in the preceding action of Roleia, that a "Sepoy General" could win battles among the hills of Europe as well as on the plains of India. Lastly, the manner in which

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.
The Farmhouse occupied by Wellington as his headquarters.
After a Contemporary Print.

all ranks behaved at Vimiera was truly magnificent, a fitting prelude to the glorious tale of commingled heroism and endurance for which the War in the Peninsula supplies an immortal series of inspiring chapters.

The summer of 1808 had already produced a situation of extreme gravity some time before the beginning of August, when Wellington effected a landing with the British expedition to Portugal at the mouth of the Mondego River. While at the end of 1807 and the beginning of 1808 Napoleon was effecting the subjugation of Spain, Junot had invaded Portugal, and carried out the occupation of that country with great harshness, rendered the more oppressive by the rapacity of his troops. The national insurrection which broke out in Spain in May, 1808, soon spread to Portugal, and Junot had difficulty in holding his own, although he contrived for the time to overawe the Portuguese by movable columns of French troops. It was in these circumstances that the British Government lent an ear to the solicitations of the Portuguese envoys who had implored our aid in expelling "Gaul's locust host," and, as a preliminary to further action, Sir Arthur Wellesley was despatched to the coast of Portugal with about 9,000 men. While the disembarkation was taking place, the force was joined by the expedition under General Spencer, which had been previously sent to co-operate with the Spaniards in the south of Spain, but which had been stopped near Cadiz and brought back to act under Sir Arthur Wellesley. The latter now had under his command about 14,000 troops all told, of which less than 500 were cavalry.

On hearing of the landing of the British expedition, Junot took prompt steps to meet it, with the evident hope of driving it into the sea. A man of great personal gallantry, and the fast friend of Napoleon, to whom from early days he had been devoted, Junot was no great soldier, and, as has been seen, a very bad administrator. His presence in Portugal was by way of penalty for his reckless extravagance during the palmy days of the Napoleonic tyranny, when he was Governor of Paris, and took advantage of that position. Always self-indulgent and of uncertain temper, he had made himself utterly objectionable to the Portuguese, and especially at Lisbon, where he had acted the part of a military conqueror in very high-handed fashion.

With the object of concentrating upon Leiria, and thence delivering a combined attack upon the British army, Junot ordered Laborde, Loisson, Thomières, Kellerman, Travot, and Margaron to converge, while he himself advanced from Lisbon with the reserve.

Wellesley's first object was to prevent the junction of Laborde and Loisson, and this he effected by severing the lines of communication of the forces under those generals, who were advancing from Abrantes and Lisbon towards Leiria. Loisson was thus compelled to make a circuitous march and Laborde to accept the alternative of a retreat or a battle. The result was the battle of Roleia, at which the French were beaten, but not so badly as they might have been had not Laborde conducted his retirement with great skill and taken every advantage of the British weakness in cavalry.

After the battle of Roleia the position was somewhat as follows: Laborde had retreated a few miles and effected a junction with Loisson, leaving, however, the Torres Vedras road to Lisbon uncovered. The opportunity thus offered to Wellesley of pushing on to the capital was an alluring one, but at this juncture he learnt that reinforcements and store-ships had arrived in Maceira Bay, and that with these had come Sir Harry Burrard, who, as senior, would necessarily supersede him. It should be explained that no sooner had Wellesley got out to sea with his expedition than influences hostile to him were set at work, with the result that three more generals—all senior to him—were appointed to serve in Portugal, namely, Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir John Moore. In the circumstances, therefore, Wellesley could hardly be blamed for desisting from the pursuit of the French and directing the line of march with a view to covering the disembarkation of the reinforcements, and obtaining the concurrence of his senior officer in any further movement.

August 20 found Sir Arthur's force bivouacked at Vimiera, a village situated near the seacoast in the Maceira Valley, and

IMPOSSIBLE NOW.
The Battle of Vimiera.
From Westall's "Victories of Wellington."

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about nine miles from Torres Vedras. The position was only a temporary one, but had been well chosen. It lay for about a mile and a-half along a range of hills a mile in front of the village. The centre was posted on a rugged isolated height directly in front of the vil age; the right rested on hills which swept in a half circle from the village to the seacoast; and the left, which was composed of a few pickets, occupied other rising ground extending from the opposite side of the village. The cavalry and artillery were posted in a valley behind the village.

During the 19th, Wellesley had boarded the ship in which Sir Harry Burrard had sailed, and had had an interview at which he urged most strongly an immediate advance. He pointed out that, whether the advance were made or not, there would be a battle, as Junot, who was advancing from Lisbon, would certainly attack if the British did not do so. On the other hand, a brisk offensive on the part of the British would be specially effective if, while Wellesley attacked Junot in front, Burrard were to order Sir John Moore, who was on the point of arriving, to direct his division on Santarem with a view to cutting Junot's best line of retreat. But Burrard was over-cautious, and would take no steps until actually reinforced by Moore.

However, Wellesley's forecast of Junot's action proved true. The latter had left Lisbon on the 15th, and at midnight on the 20th a German dragoon officer brought Wellesley the news that Junot was advancing with 20,000 men, and was then only an hour's march distant. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st the news was confirmed by the approach of Junot's force in three divisions, under Laborde, Loisson, and Kellerman, with 1,600 cavalry under Margaron. It became evident that Junot's plan was to attack the British centre and left, the latter, until the morning of the battle, consisting, as noted above, of a few pickets merely. With masterly promptitude Wellesley commenced the day's work by withdrawing four brigades from his right and transferring them to his left, a movement which may be said to have decided the fortune of the day.

Laborde's division attacked the British centre, which was splendidly held by General Anstruther; Loisson's division, in which were Brennier's and Solignac's brigades, attacked the left; and Kellerman was in reserve behind Loisson. Spirited as the attack was, it failed completely, the British troops not only meeting their assailants with a steady and withering fire, but counter-charging them with tremendous vigour. Indeed, the spirit displayed throughout was simply glorious. Seeing Anstruther hotly engaged, Sir Arthur sent an A.D.C. to tell him that he should be promptly reinforced; but Anstruther would have none of it. "Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance. I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them," was the truly British reply of this gallant soldier, whose family has given many a fine officer to the British Army.

On the left the 71st Highlanders, among other corps, distinguished itself by the capture of General Brennier, whose life was saved by the humane interposition of a corporal of the regiment, named Mackay. It is doubtless to this incident that our picture showing the Highlanders in action at Vimiera—the work of a French painter named L'Eveque—refers. In gratitude for his service Brennier offered Mackay his purse and watch, but the Highlander refused to accept them, much to the Frenchman's expressed amazement.

It was at Vimiera that the piper of the grenadier company of the 71st gave a lead to Piper Findlater of the Gordons, who played the "Cock o' the North" at Dargai. Stewart, who like Findlater had been badly wounded, would not be carried off, but continued playing. "Weel, my braw lads, I can gang nae farther wi' ye a-fighting; but Deil ha'e my soul if ye sal want music," were his words.

The loss of the French in these attacks was about 3,000 killed and wounded; that of the British 175 killed, 584 wounded, and 51 missing. The enemy left thirteen guns, several hundred prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition in the hands of the victors. And this result was achieved in only two or three hours of fighting, for the French army had not become visible until eight o'clock, and at twelve o'clock the firing ceased and the enemy were in full retreat.

The British were now masters of the great road by Torres Vedras to the capital; two British brigades had not fired a shot, and a rapid movement must have completed the destruction of the defeated French and rendered the occupation of Lisbon easy. But Sir Harry Burrard now interposed, and countermanded the advance which Wellesley wished to make forthwith. Again did this "antiquated tactitioner" insist that the French were still strong, and that Moore must be waited for. Wellesley's language when the halt was ordered is variously reported; but, whatever it was, it probably only faintly reflected his thoughts.

After Picture *By L'Eveque.*

HIGHLANDERS TO THE FRONT.

At the Battle of Vimiera the 71st Highlanders took General Brennier prisoner.

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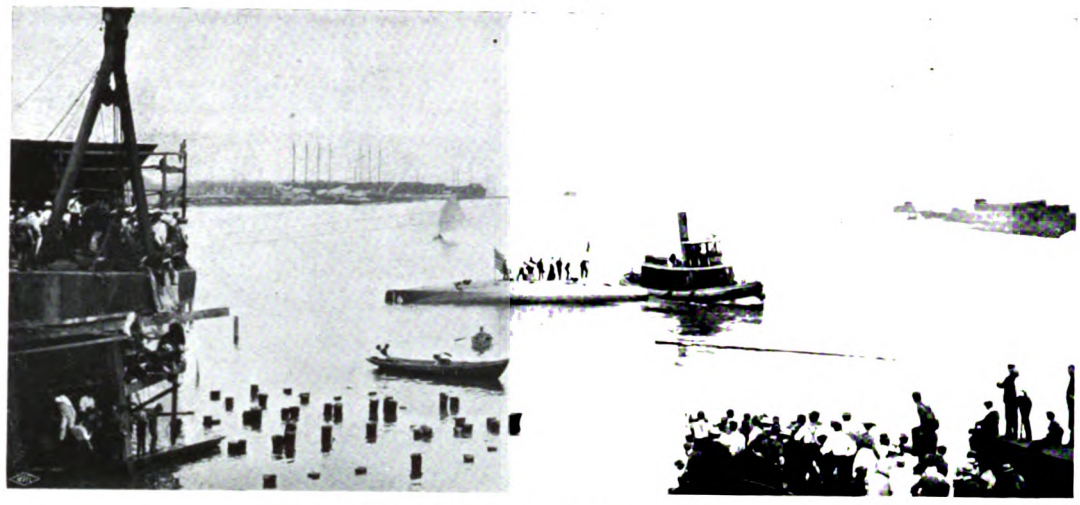
THE NEW SUBMARINE BOATS.

THE commissioning at Devonport on Tuesday of the "Hazard" for particular service with a submarine boat, that torpedo gun-boat being provided with a special complement for the purpose, is sufficient indication that the first of our submarine vessels will shortly be under trial. The subject of submerged navigation is attracting attention everywhere, and we have now even a special scientific magazine in England, and a very good one too, devoted to the subject, of which Mr. Alan H. Burgoyne is editor. The trials of the "Gustave Zédé" at which M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. de Lanessan were present, are still fresh in memory. Our French friends have not less than thirty-four submarine and submersible boats built, building, or provided for, and Italy, Russia, and Sweden, like ourselves, have entered upon the building of boats, more or less experimental.

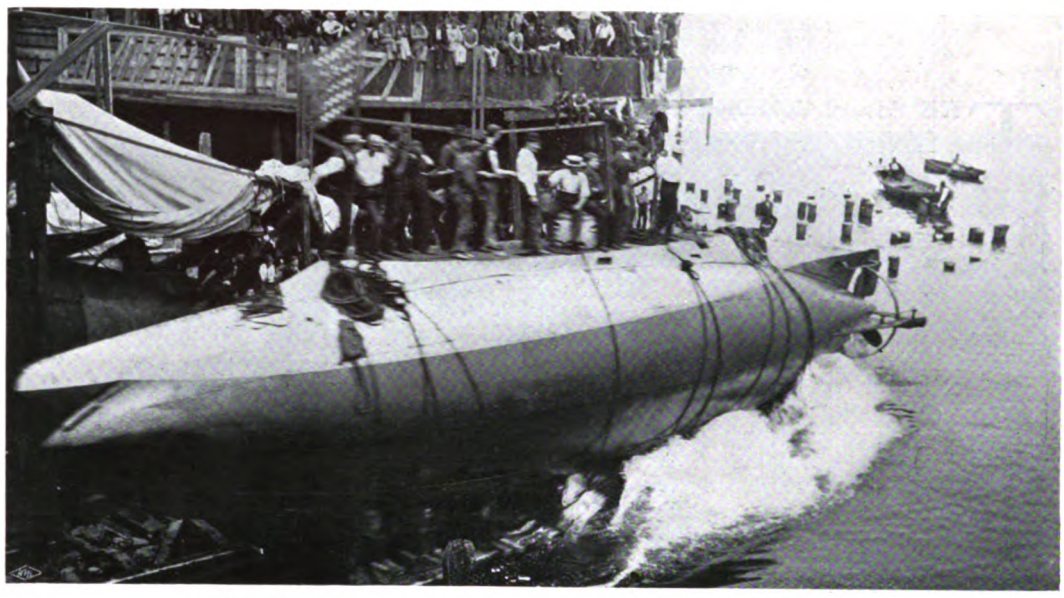
The boats for the British Navy building at Barrow are of the "Holland" type, and we are therefore glad to present to our readers a set of pictures illustrating the recent launch of the "Adder" at Elizabethport, New Jersey, being the first of six vessels of the class ordered from the Holland Company, four of them laid down at Mr. Lewis Nixon's Crescent Shipbuilding Yard. The launching ceremony was performed by Mrs. E. B. Frost, wife of the secretary of the Holland Company, and the occasion was one of much festivity, all the employés at the yard, with their wives and sweethearts, being given a dinner, followed by a dance at the St. George Hotel, Staten Island. The length of the "Adder," which is practically a sister of the boats building for the British Navy, is 63-ft. 4-in. over all, and the displacement 120 tons. The main engine is of the gasoline type, developing 160 horse-power for surface navigation, and the fuel will permit a run of about 400 miles. The maximum speed on the surface is about nine knots, while submerged seven knots is the maximum, the driving power being an electric motor providing for four hours of submerged propulsion. The vessel carries five torpedoes, and has one torpedo tube.

The attitude of the British Admiralty in regard to submarine boats was very studiously concealed, and the announcement that boats were to be built took some by surprise. It was generally admitted, however, that it was quite right we should experiment with a weapon which had been proved to possess a certain element of value. But, at the same time, the decision to build a few experimental boats does not commit us to the adoption of submarine navigation as an element in our offensive and defensive plans. The enthusiastic accounts which have been given of experiments beyond the Channel must not be rated too highly. That a vessel can be navigated under water has been proved beyond doubt, but that she can attack with even a reasonable possibility of success has not yet been demonstrated.



THE "ADDER" IN HER ELEMENT.

The boat afloat in Newark Bay.



THE LAUNCH OF THE SUBMARINE.

Mrs. E. B. Frost performs the ceremony.

THE "ADDER" ON THE STOCKS.

At the Crescent Ship-building Yard, Elizabethport.

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THE SEVERN BRIGADE IN CAMP.

A POPULAR BRIGADIER.

Brigadier-General H. Bethune Patton, C.B., and the staff of the Severn Volunteer Infantry Brigade.

THE Severn Volunteer Infantry Brigade, represented by five fine battalions, namely, the 2nd and 3rd Volunteer Battalions Somersetshire Light Infantry, the 1st and 3rd Volunteer Battalions Welsh Regiment, and the 3rd Glamorgan Volunteers, which, territorially speaking, is also a battalion of the Welsh Regiment, have recently completed a busy week in camp on Salisbury Plain. They were not fortunate in their weather, and Parkhouse Camp on a rainy day is not a very cheerful locality. But they appear to have "made the best of it," and to have derived a very considerable amount of satisfaction and instruction from what to most of the brigade must have been a rather novel experience.

Our pictures are largely interesting from the personal standpoint, but several have been specially selected as illustrating prominent features of this important outing. Thus the introduction of the 136th Field Battery is an interesting reminder of the co-operation of the Regulars in this scheme of Volunteer training, a co-operation always attended by happy results in the way of added *camaraderie* and mutual respect. For there is no doubt that the bond of union between Regulars and Volunteers, formerly in too many cases a somewhat slack one, has been drawn ever so much tighter by the despatch of the Volunteer Service Companies to South Africa and their gallant participation in the hottest and severest work of the war. On the other hand, there is something very flattering to the Regular in the fact that, when brigaded or otherwise acting with him, even in manœuvres, the Volunteer habitually yields him some deference on the score of his being a professional and, consequently, a more highly and thoroughly trained soldier than the average Volunteer can hope in the nature of things to be.

The 2nd V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry appear to have either just emerged from a wood or to be about to retire through it, but, whatever may be their intentions, they are commendably in hand, and anyone trying to rush that particular "corner" will assuredly find it a warm one. The pretty picture showing the 3rd V.B. Welsh Regiment on the march forcibly recalls the good marching qualities of the Welsh soldier to the mind of anyone who has seen, for example, a battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers swinging along at something more than a trifle over the regulation pace.

Of our remaining pictures, one which has a special interest in connection with this camp is that of Brigadier-General H. Bethune Patton, C.B., and of the Severn Volunteer Infantry Brigade Staff. In the early part of the week spent on Salisbury Plain, it became generally known that the Brigadier was about to retire from his command, and it was unanimously resolved to hold a combined Military Tattoo in his honour, a function which passed off most successfully, and afforded pleasant testimony to the regard and esteem in which Brigadier-General Patton is held by his battalions on both sides of the Bristol Channel. It should be mentioned that the Brigadier formerly spent several years in the Regular Army; and that for a considerable period of his later life he has devoted very special attention to the growth and training of the Volunteer Force. He was an able and popular colonel of the 2nd V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry, and, when the Severn Brigade was formed in 1889, his appointment to the higher command gave very general satisfaction, which has since been intensified by his whole-hearted efforts to promote the efficiency and welfare of the brigade in a variety of directions.

The mixed character of the Severn Brigade should be borne in mind in appreciating Brigadier-General Patton's services. For it is not everyone who possesses the tact and *savoir-faire* necessary to maintain harmony between four English and three Welsh battalions. In such cases there may be an excellent basis of mutual esteem and good feeling, but unless the brigadier is an officer thoroughly and universally respected, there may constantly arise small difficulties and misunderstandings which, for want of an authoritative decision that will command general acceptance, can never be properly rectified. To his more popular qualities Brigadier-General Bethune Patton has added those of a good soldier

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and a sound disciplinarian, and the regrets so freely expressed throughout the brigade at his retirement are evidently inspired by warm appreciation of this fact, as well as by the loss of a thoroughly kind and considerate commander.

Turning to our regimental groups, we see that grand corps the Prince Albert's (Somersetshire Light Infantry) represented by two fine battalions, one with headquarters at Taunton, the other with headquarters at Weston-super-Mare. The Somersetshire Light Infantry has sent one line and one Militia battalion to South Africa, and Taunton had another Militia battalion embodied at Devonport. The 2nd V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry has as its honorary colonel General Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith.

The 1st V.B. Welsh Regiment was formerly the 1st Pembrokeshire Volunteers, and is still entitled to the county designation. Its headquarters are at Haverfordwest. The 1st Pembrokeshire not only supplied a captain for the Volunteer Service Company sent out to the 1st line battalion of the Welsh Regiment—the old 41st—in South Africa, but also furnished a special service officer in the person of Major Webley-Parry-Pryse.

The 3rd V.B. Welsh Regiment was formerly the 2nd Glamorganshire, and has its headquarters at Cardiff. It is remarkable, among other things, for the number of officers who wear the Volunteer Decoration for long service.

The 3rd Glamorgan (headquarters, Swansea) has the distinction of a Royal honorary colonel, the Prince of Wales having been appointed to the regiment as far back as 1883. There is something peculiarly interesting in this survival of the historic origin of the Prince of Wales's title, and the 3rd Glamorgan may well be proud of the distinction thus conveyed. When Edward I., after smashing the unfortunate Llewellyn on December 11, 1282, promised the Welsh people a prince of their own country who could speak no English, and then presented to them his own baby son, born a few days before in Carnarvon Castle, probably not one even of the most astute bards of the period—in the mouth of one of whom Gray has put so many long-headed predictions—could foresee that a Prince of Wales would, just 600 years later, become a Welsh Volunteer colonel.

The 3rd Glamorgan, it may be mentioned, are the winners of an important cup presented by Lord Aberdare, a lieutenant-colonel of the 3rd V.B. Welsh, and formerly A.D.C. to Brigadier-General Patton, and open to four sections from each of the three Glamorgan battalions (2nd V.B. Welsh, 3rd V.B. Welsh, and 3rd Glamorgan). The competition was a combined marching and shooting one, the latter taking place at the end of a four-mile tramp. It is a pleasant confirmation of what we have already said as to the marching quality of Welshmen and their contempt for the regulation pace, that they should have covered the four miles in this instance in 56½-min., and then proceeded to use powder sufficiently "straight" to enable them to win the cup.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY CO-OPERATE.

The 136th Field Battery on Long Hill, Salisbury Plain.

A WARM CORNER.

The 2nd V.B. Somersetshire Light Infantry in action.

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A LONG TRAMP.

The 3rd V.B. Welsh show good marching quality.

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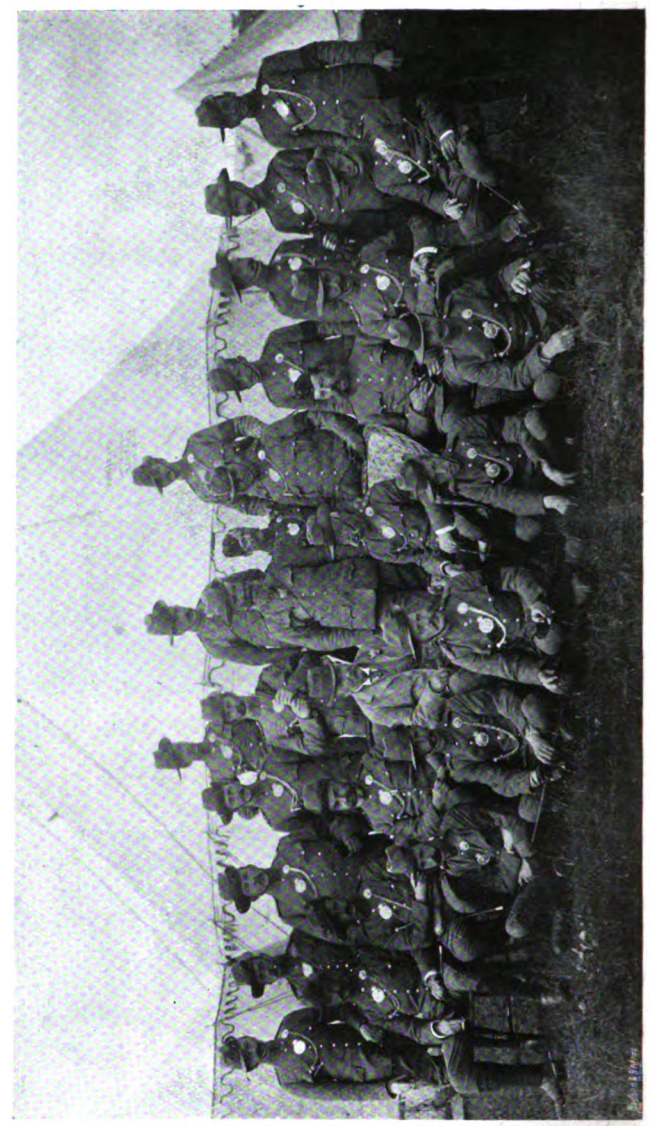
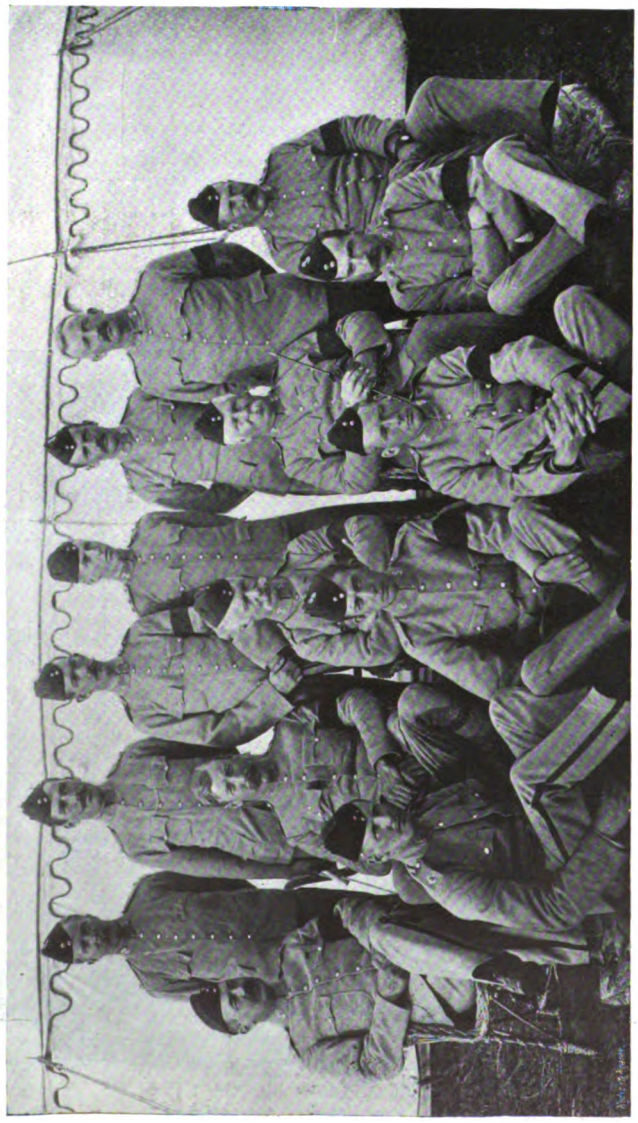
THE SEVERN BRIGADE IN CAMP.

OFFICERS, 3RD GLAMORGAN VOLUNTEERS.



OFFICERS, 3RD V.B. SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Crockett.



OFFICERS, 2ND V.B. SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

OFFICERS, 1ST V.B. WELSH REGIMENT.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. Copyright. Russell.

A GROUP THAT HAS MADE HISTORY.

Our picture shows Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, G.C.B., having on his right Flag-Captain J. R. Jellicoe, C.B., of the "Centurion," who was wounded at Pei-tang during the retreat of Sir Edward Seymour's force. Behind Captain Jellicoe is the Admiral's flag-lieutenant, Lieutenant G. M. K. Fair, who has just been promoted, and on the latter's left the Admiral's secretary, Fleet-Paymaster F. C. Alton, who also accompanied the Admiral in his famous march. Our picture is a happy memento of a very gallant attempt to overcome insurmountable obstacles, and will add to the interest which our readers have naturally taken in the "Centurion's" return.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

"Outer China 'Crost the Sea."

OUR ill-natured critics say that as a nation we are quick to forget; that we shout lustily when we are seeing ships or soldiers off on their country's work, and throw up our caps with enthusiasm when we get news of their valiant deeds, and then think about something else. Sometimes there is foundation for the gibe; but we are glad to think that, as a rule, we manage to recollect any piece of good service, and to show that we recollect it when the proper time comes. It seems a long time since we were afraid to open our newspapers in the morning lest we should read bad news from China; since our thoughts were, day after day, with the beleaguered Europeans in the British Legation compound in Peking; since we followed with beating hearts the progress of Admiral Seymour's gallant expedition from Tientsin and the incidents of the fighting which followed. Yet it is only a little more than a year ago. Much has happened to occupy our attention since then. The death of Queen Victoria seems to have put a barrier between all that came before it and all that has happened since. Far more of a barrier in time does that mournful event appear in our tear-dimmed view than the passing from one century into another. The war in South Africa has provided us with news and food for thought quite enough to drive other warlike operations out of our heads. Therefore, when the time drew near for the arrival of the "Centurion," which has been the flag-ship on the China station for seven years past, the afore-mentioned critics wagged their heads and said to each other: "Now we shall see our ill-natured charge justified. No one will remember what the Navy did in China; no one will take any notice of the 'Centurion's' arrival at all."

Well, the "Centurion" arrived last week, and we proved conclusively that, in this instance at any rate, we had by no means forgotten the good reasons that existed for giving Admiral Sir Edward Seymour and his crew a warm welcome back to England. The *Times* called it "a great popular reception," and so it was. Nor was it only the populace which offered its grateful felicitations to the men who had borne themselves so well in the time of Britain's and Europe's need. The Lords of the Admiralty went down to Portsmouth and showed that the official world was not behindhand in its prompt recognition of Naval gallantry and determination in peculiarly trying circumstances. Much has happened to the "Centurion" since she went out to the China station in 1894, but what people thought about last week was the march upon which an international Naval force under Admiral Seymour started with the object of relieving the Legations in Peking. The force numbered in all 2,056 men. Of these 915 were British, and of the British detachment about 250 belonged to the flag-ship. One of the most remarkable features of the incident was the complete harmony in which the seamen of seven or eight nationalities worked towards their common end. Such a mingling of forces had no precedent since the Crusades. A start was made from Tientsin on June 10, and so sanguine were the expectations based upon the attempt, that many members of the expedition fully expected to be in Peking that same night. They had a train, the distance was no more than eighty miles, and they counted upon the neutrality, if not the assistance, of the Chinese Imperial troops. Surely, they thought, they could manage to dispose of the irregular undisciplined Boxer bands.

So off they went, full of hope and courage, to be sorely and sadly disillusioned. Sixteen days later they were back in Tientsin, having had almost continuous fighting ever since they left, having suffered much from lack of provisions and the absence of any proper camping arrangements, having left over sixty of their number behind them, and having accomplished nothing. It was nobody's fault; their ill-success was due mainly to the treachery of the Chinese troops. Success, Admiral Seymour wrote in his report upon the operations, was only possible on the assumption that these troops, with whose Government we were not at war, would offer no obstacles to the progress of the force. "Their turning their arms against us and certainly conniving in the destruction of the railway (probably actually joining in it) made failure inevitable." When the railway was torn up between the force and its base, the city of Tientsin, the position was dangerous, almost desperate. The whole country was full of regular troops and Boxers, all ready and anxious to annihilate the "foreign devils." Food and ammunition were both running short, and time was of the utmost importance. Unless they could get back to Tientsin within a certain very small number of days they would be starving and defenceless in the midst of their savage enemies.

It was then decided to abandon the task of relaying the torn-up railway lines, and to retreat on foot by the river, carrying the wounded and the stores in junks, which could be towed in the stream as the sailors marched along the bank. This plan succeeded fairly well until the force came within some eight miles of the city. Here a formidable fort and a large force of Chinese opened a hot fire upon the junks. They were compelled to tie up under such shelter as the bank afforded, and a general halt had to be called. What was to be done? Unless the Chinese could be driven out of their strong position the junks were doomed, and the force would have to lose both its wounded and its stores. Now came the opportunity of His Majesty's jollies. A detachment of Marines, backed up by a company of Blue-jackets, got across the river unobserved. They gained the cover of a village about 200-yds. from the fort, and then, "with a rousing British cheer," they charged across the open, took two of the Chinese guns at the bayonet's point, turned these two upon the rest of the Chinamen, and in a very short time the fort was in our hands. Luckily, it turned out to be full of munitions of war, and, once in possession of it, the international Naval force was not to be dislodged. The enemy were kept at bay and their efforts to retake the place successfully defeated until a relieving party made its appearance and enabled the force to return without further loss or privations to Tientsin.

The expedition directly accomplished nothing, as we have said. But it cannot have been without its effect upon the Chinese. Such pluck and endurance as the sailors and the Marines showed must have impressed upon the Celestial mind the fact that these foreign ship-men were bad to beat when it came to fighting. Gallant deeds and dogged courage are never wasted; they stir the blood of generations of men and women long after their doers have passed away. When our people have forgotten all about the causes of the Chinese operations in 1900, they will still dwell with pride upon the part that Britons played in Admiral Seymour's march towards Peking.

ON page 551 of last week's issue we gave a reproduction of a photograph of a group of the graduates of the Royal Naval Engineering College, Keyham. We are requested to say that the names are as follows, reading from left to right:—H. Burt, R. G. Morton, S. G. Nancarrow, W. J. Deans, R. A. Howley, E. E. Moore, H. J. A. White, R. Walker, R. D. Harvey, G. Bishop, A. C. Turnbull, J. M. Walker, V. G. le Mesarier, A. F. Maycock, J. F. Goldsmith, A. V. Eldrige, H. W. F. Heneage, R. Lee, J. E. Allnatt, J. C. Joughin, R. Robertson, P. L. Butt, H. E. Hoare, J. L. Badham, Engineer D. P. Green, Commander A. E. Tizard, Engineer E. Crabtree, A. V. Sharpe, C. C. Horsley, F. E. Dean, H. V. Whyham, R. Randall, G. Bevis, C. T. Morgan, W. G. Main, B. Hocken, H. T. Jinks, and A. St. J. O'Neill.

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HOME AGAIN FROM THE CHINA SEAS.

UNDER THE PAYING-OFF PENNANT.

The company of the "Centurion."

Photos. Copyright. *Russell.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE "CENTURION."

Reading each line from the left the names are—Top row: Boatswain E. Patterson, Asst.-Engr. C. Oxford, Gunner F. A. Harrison, Midshipman C. B. Dickson.
Second row: **Surgeon J. E. Powell,** *Asst.-Payr. H. W. Manisty, Asst.-Engr. G. H. Starr, Lieut. J. A. Moreton, Capt. C. L. Mayhew, R.M.L.I., Lieut. C. C. Walcott, Boatswain* **G. Street,** *Gunner W. H. Blake, Clerk D. E. Smith, Chief Carpr. J. Attrill, Lieut. E. J. Prendergast.*
Third row: **Midshipman** *J. R. Fforde, Asst.-Engr. R. Kilpatrick, Asst.-Payr. W. G. Littlejohns, Asst.-Engr. W. S. Reid, Staff-Surgeon E. B. Pickthorn.* **Flag-Lieut. G. M. K. Fair, Commander G. H. Borrett,** *Secretary F. C. Alton, Lieut. E. G. Lowther-Crofton, D.S.O., Lieut. W. L. Bamber, Asst.-Payr. W. J. Bull, Lieut. W. de M. Egerton, Midshipman* **I. C. Davis.**
Fourth row: **Maj. E. Wray,** *R.M.L.I., Fleet-Surgeon S. W. Vasey, Fleet-Engr. F. Ford, Flag-Capt. J. R. Jellicoe, C.B., Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, G.C.B.,* **Commander J. A. Tuke, Rev. E.** *Harrison Smith, Payr. J. Kattar, Staff-Payr. A. R. Cubitt, Clerk A. E. Tabuteau.*
Bottom row: **Midshipmen** *P. W. Douglas, St. A. O. St. John, St. A. B. Wake, S. R. Bailey, G. B. Alexander, R. L. Jermain, E. O. B. S. Osborne, L. D'O. Bignell.*

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ROYALTY AT THE ANTIPODES.

Photo. Copyright. *Guy.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT DUNEDIN, N.Z.

The visit of Their Royal Highnesses to Dunedin, New Zealand, was marked by great enthusiasm. Our illustration represents the Duke inspecting the veterans of the Maori War at the Octagon.

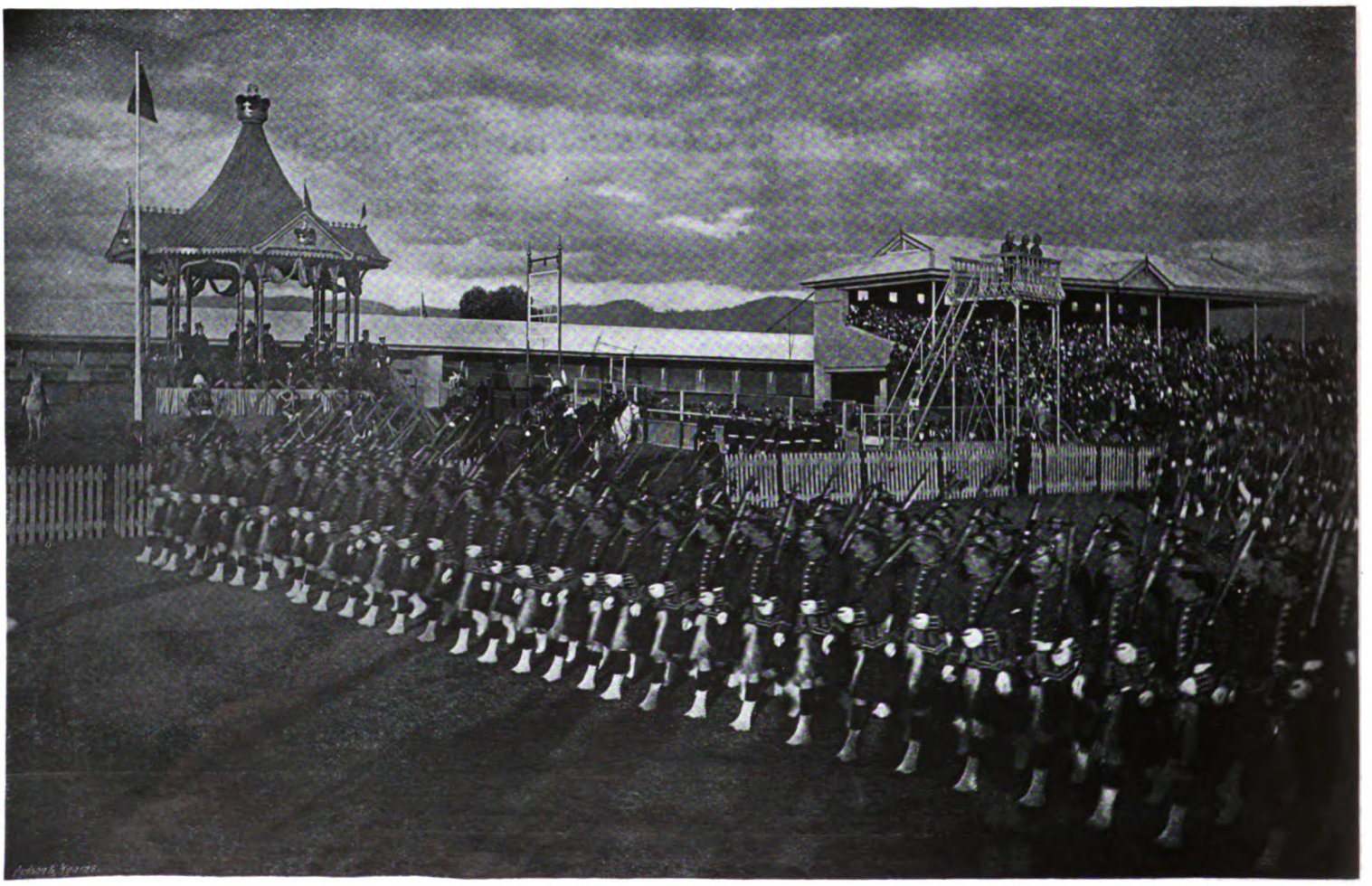

Photo. Copyright. *Dailey.*

ADELAIDE RIFLES UNDER LIEUT. STEVENSON MARCHING PAST THE DUKE.

On the occasion of the Duke's visit to Adelaide he reviewed 4,000 troops in Victoria Park in the afternoon. Some 40,000 spectators were present, and all the troops were heartily cheered.

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE BY DAVID HANNAY.

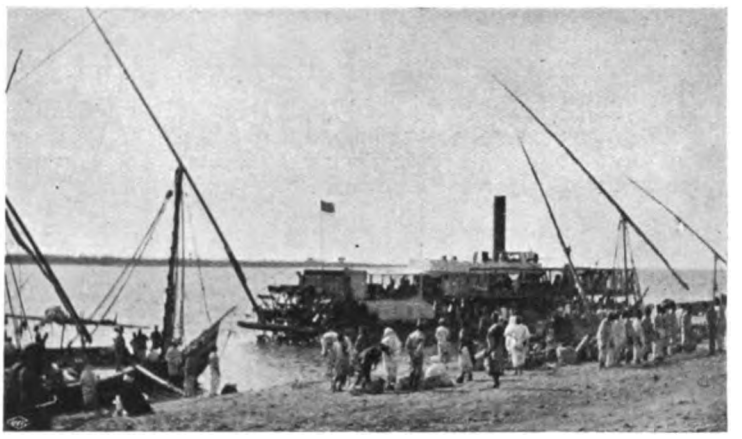
IT must have been because there was nothing else to talk about that continental papers and learned Professors of International Law have been saying so much about the egregious proposal to send out Boer privateers against British commerce. Professor Nys of Brussels, who really is a serious authority on the history of the subject, and a writer of some distinction, has been at the trouble to give various weighty reasons why the proceeding would be altogether irregular, and why anyone who endeavoured to carry it out would be in no small hazard of ending his course at Execution Dock, or whatever equivalent for that once much employed place of punishment might be used in modern times. He might have saved himself the trouble, if only because it is as good as impossible that any such wild venture should be tried. It is, of course, not physically impossible that a vessel might be fitted out somewhere or other, and miscellaneous scoundrels collected to man her, in the hope of getting booty from British trade. But though the thing is conceivable when you try hard to imagine it, still the chances against it are long. One wonders whether the French newspaper men who talk wild threats of privateering against this country have the faintest idea what the fitting out of a ship for warlike purposes means.

* * * *

The fact is that privateering is as dead as Pharaoh, even for nations which have a considerable shipping, for the simple reason that it is beyond the resources of any speculator less rich than an African gold mine owner. It was easy enough to send a privateer to sea when all that was needed was a lugger or schooner of 150 tons or so, or less, with a few 12-pounder carronades, and a couple of long sixes or nines. With fifteen or twenty seamen, and forty or fifty landsmen, a full powder magazine, and three months' provisions, she could slip out and take her chance. Now her cruise would be a very forlorn venture indeed. Commerce destroying in our time would require the employment of a very swift steamer, which would cost a great deal of money, and would require a highly-skilled engine-room complement and constant supply of coal. No private person who was in the least likely to go into this line of business could provide the funds, and nobody who looked for profit ought to go into such a line of business at all. Even in its palmy days it was rarely profitable in the long run. Not one privateer out of a hundred ended by making money. The Trouin family, who were rich shipowners, ruined themselves at the game in the reign of Louis XIV., though they were exceptionally successful; and their fate was pretty generally shared. The privateer, too, was commonly a nuisance to his own side. We had to hang our privateers freely at the beginning of the Seven Years' War and put the whole body under severe restrictions. With all the looking after they had in later times they were a school of piracy pure and simple. Nobody loses by not employing them. It is safe to calculate that we shall never see them again.

* * * *

The "Viper" court-martial must be supposed to have come to a proper decision. There is nothing more to be said about it, but Lieutenant and Commander Speke said a thing in his defence which deserves serious consideration, and obviously got it from the court. He pleaded that as he was engaged in imitating the actual operations of war he was justified in running risks. Now supposing that Naval manœuvres are to be made to come as close as possible without deliberate killing to the conditions of sea warfare, this would appear to be very sound doctrine. It is one of the elements which distinguish the practice of fleets and armies, that there is no peril in the second, while the first cannot be disassociated from the dangers of sea. It is also the case that these have to be incurred when the object is to injure an enemy, to an extent which would be unpardonable if the ship has only to be navigated from one point to another in the way of ordinary cruising. On that point the authority of Nelson is final. He protested when his captains were blamed for running risks, on the strong ground that it was their business to do so when the enemy could be injured. All great sea officers have gone on that rule. Hawke ran tremendous risks when he followed Conflans into Quiberon Bay, and so did Pellew when he drove the "Droits de l'Homme" ashore.



A STEAMER LEAVING OMDURMAN TO EXPLORE THE UPPER WATERS OF THE NILE.
From a Photo. by Capt. N. M. Smyth, V.C.

In both cases there were loss of ships by wreck on our side, but then the enemy was destroyed, and the gain was worth the price paid. But wherever there are great hazards there must be a proportion of loss. The French Naval officers of the eighteenth century elaborated a system of fighting which aimed at reducing the chances of serious injury to a minimum, and the result was most instructive. They turned their minds entirely to the preservation of their own ships. They gave battle reluctantly, and with copious precautions to secure their own retreat. The inevitable consequence was that they missed chance after chance of inflicting a heavy blow on us, and established a firm belief in their own superiority in the minds of the British seamen. When we shook off the trammels of the pedantic style of fighting which got up towards the end of the seventeenth century, instant disaster fell upon the French, and that will always be the fate of all whose first thought is for their own safety when they meet a bold and skilful assailant. Therefore it is not well to damp the spirit of adventure. Of course, each case must be judged on its merits. To run a very great risk of loss with small prospects of hurting the other side, is not good management. Still risks are to be taken, and in Naval manœuvres they must have a gravity wholly unknown to soldiers on Salisbury Plain.

* * * *

The view taken of Imperial Defences by the New Zealand Government is orthodox enough. It is perfectly right in saying that the Navy must guard all parts of the Empire, and that if it fails the colonies will be very helpless. But the statement it gives of its reason for not joining the Australian Commonwealth contains one sentence of very dubious propriety. It holds that "The Commonwealth and New Zealand should increase the annual subsidy paid to the Imperial Government in respect of the Australasian Squadron, upon condition that the number of war-ships composing the squadron be increased and ships of a higher class employed in Australasian waters." To me it seems that this sentence indicates with ominous clearness the danger of consenting to receive colonial contributions to the Imperial Navy. The New Zealand Government plainly thinks that its "own fish guts" should go to "its own sea maws." Australasian money must be spent in Australasian waters. Now nothing could be more contrary to the whole teaching of Naval history than this proposal to tie a number of ships down to a certain sea. Australasia might be defended against Naval attack by a fleet blocking Brest far more effectually than by vessels stationed on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand. If the colonies are going to make it a rule that in return for their money a squadron is to be earmarked for service in their own waters only, it would be a thousand times better that they should have each its own little navy to dispose of as it pleases, and that the Imperial Navy should be left free to go wherever it is wanted. So long as it is maintained out of our taxes only, we are free to use it at our own discretion. But if the different colonial Governments are to have a say in its distribution in return for their money, we shall be liable to have to satisfy calls for local protection which would break the Fleet up into fragments and render it everywhere weak. If colonial contributions are to be accepted, it ought to be with the clearly-expressed proviso that there are to be no limitations as to the use of ships in particular localities. They must form one Navy, to be distributed with regard to the condition of the war only, and to no other. If this precaution is not taken, we shall have the British Navy tied by the leg here, there, and everythere.

* * * *

Some philosopher ought to make a thoughtful enquiry into the astonishing florescence of military eloquence in our days. The soldier of old was proud of being little apt in the graces of oratory, downright and plain of speeeh, averse

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to rhetoric and self-laudation. Perhaps it is the spread of education which has altered all that, but that it has altered is undeniable. At the present moment the most flowery orators in Europe are the men of the sword. The French generals have improved of late, but they were insufferably garrulous. There are some of our own who seem to love to get on their legs after lunch or dinner, or whenever there is the faintest excuse for talking, and who habitually rival the famous Irishman who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. Now Count Waldersee has hardly given himself time to wash and brush up after his return from China, before he is ranting away imperially. It may be necessary to answer deputations, and to say nice things about the French to correspondents of Paris papers; but surely Prince Blücher would not have done the needful in such a penny-gaff style.

BOY SOLDIERS AT WINCHESTER.

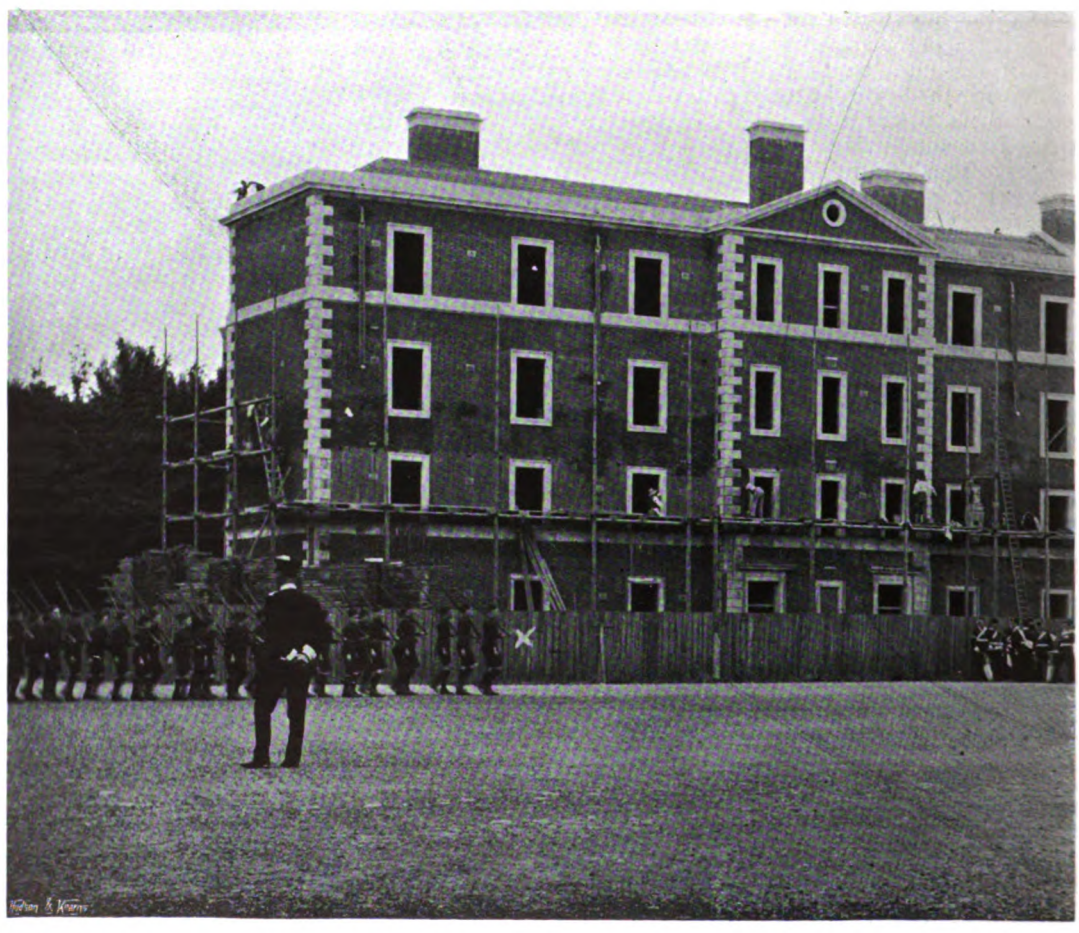
AFTER all, if one comes to think of it, the development of cadet corps or school companies of Volunteers in various schools is only another instance of the eternal fitness of things. There is about it, no doubt, a certain element of patriotism which, when it once has been aroused by proper teaching of the glories of the nation's history, is one of the strongest feelings of which boy nature is capable. But it appeals also to another feeling which is at least equally strong, and which needs no arousing to bring it into play, to wit, pugnacity. Moreover, it satisfies that craving which every healthy lad seems to possess almost from his earliest years, and which finds expression in "playing at soldiers."

At an age when toys are still admissible—we don't call a cricket bat or a golf club or a gun a toy in our more mature years—the British boy of natural instincts craves for a miniature sword or an imitation gun, and finds the satisfaction of his pride in being allowed to buckle on the one or to perform a nondescript drill with the other. It is on the sure foundation of these ineradicable instincts of nature that rests the popularity of schoolboy soldiering with all the possibilities which spring from it; and it will be a bad day for the country, for it will mean the loss of the warlike spirit of the nation, when our boys at school cease to desire to render themselves as efficient soldiers as the time which can be spared from work of more immediate importance will allow.

Among the most efficient of these school companies is that which is associated with Trafalgar House School, Winchester. It is claimed for it that it cannot be beaten at drill by any school in Hampshire, and that it will come with credit out of the test of comparison with any school in the kingdom. This is possibly a partial estimate, but the fact remains that for years past drill has been a feature of the training given at the school, and the appearance of the lads in our picture indicates how well the lessons have been assimilated. The head-master, the Rev. Walter Naish, who is an enthusiast in military matters, has the credit of devoting himself heart and soul to all he undertakes, and of infusing a similar spirit into the boys under his care. Thus, at the recent inspection, which we illustrate, Colonel Moberley, commanding the 37th Regimental District, was able to warmly compliment the boys on their drill and shooting with the Morris tube. No less than twenty former members of the company have been at the front in South Africa, where they worthily upheld the motto of the school.

A MILITARY INSPECTION.

Boys of the Trafalgar House School, Winchester.



Photos. Copyright. *L. Green.*

THE CADETS ON THE MARCH.

Showing the new 37th Regimental District Barracks.

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THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH MINISTERS TO THE FLEET.

An engagement off the Iles d'Hyeres.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AN EXCITING MOMENT OF THE ACTION.

A torpedo-boat retreating after an attack

THE FRENCH NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

IT is admitted on all hands that the manœuvres of the French Fleet have this year been more important than any in which our neighbours have ever engaged. They were conceived upon a large and excellent scheme, which gave ample opportunities not only for the training of officers and men in special duties, but for investigating many problems of considerable moment at the present time. A great deal of secrecy has attended the special system of tactics which is now being developed in the French Fleet, and the opportunity was seized to put in practice certain plans which had been developed more particularly during the past year. The chief feature has been an investigation of the employment of the squadrons disposed in two columns line ahead, the idea being to repeat in some form, against an enemy of the French, those excellent tactics which Nelson used against themselves on more than one occasion. Indeed, in the fight on the afternoon of July 19, Admiral Gervais so disposed his fleet that, in pursuing a retreating enemy, the two columns ultimately steamed on approximately parallel lines on each side of him. The misfortune of this particular operation was that such a dense smoke was produced by the firing that it was impossible to see anything. The admiral could not signal to his ships, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour the manœuvre was brought to a standstill.

It was remarked during the manœuvres last year that the Northern and Mediterranean Squadrons did not display the same degree of training, and that there were disparities in their methods. During the past twelve months the Northern Squadron has been assimilating its procedure to that of the Mediterranean force. Great success has attended the attempt, and the ships manœuvred together with remarkable accuracy, evoking the warm commendation of the admiral in chief command. Great satisfaction is also felt at the fact that there were scarcely any mishaps—none at all of any importance—and that the *matériel* answered the best expectations which had been formed. Although no attempt was made to spare the vessels in any way, the machinery gave no trouble, and in his general order to the Fleet Admiral Gervais singled out the engineers and stokers for special commendation.

Another matter upon which the French are congratulating themselves is the accuracy of the target practice, and they declare that they possess not only the best guns in the world, but the best trained gunners. On the other hand, their wireless telegraphy was nothing like so good as in our manœuvres, and the distance covered was comparatively small. This is explained by the fact that the apparatus had been hastily installed, and that the officers who had to do with it afloat had had no acquaintance with it before leaving port.

We have already given some account of the general scheme of operations, and our excellent pictures will illustrate some very interesting scenes on board the ships in the various engagements. It may be useful to recall the fact that the Mediterranean Squadron was endeavouring, and did so with success, to effect a union with the Northern Squadron. In this way the forces under Vice-Admiral de Maigret and Rear-Admiral Mallarmé represented the combined French fleets operating against an enemy whose object was to assemble his forces in the Mediterranean. It is not difficult to see that this enemy was Great Britain, although it has been suggested that the adversary might also be Germany seeking to effect a union of her forces with the Italian fleet coming from Spezia or Sardinia. In any case the adversary was destined to be defeated. Vice-Admiral Ménard was able to join forces with Rear-Admiral Aubry de la Noë, but he was brought to action on July 4, being

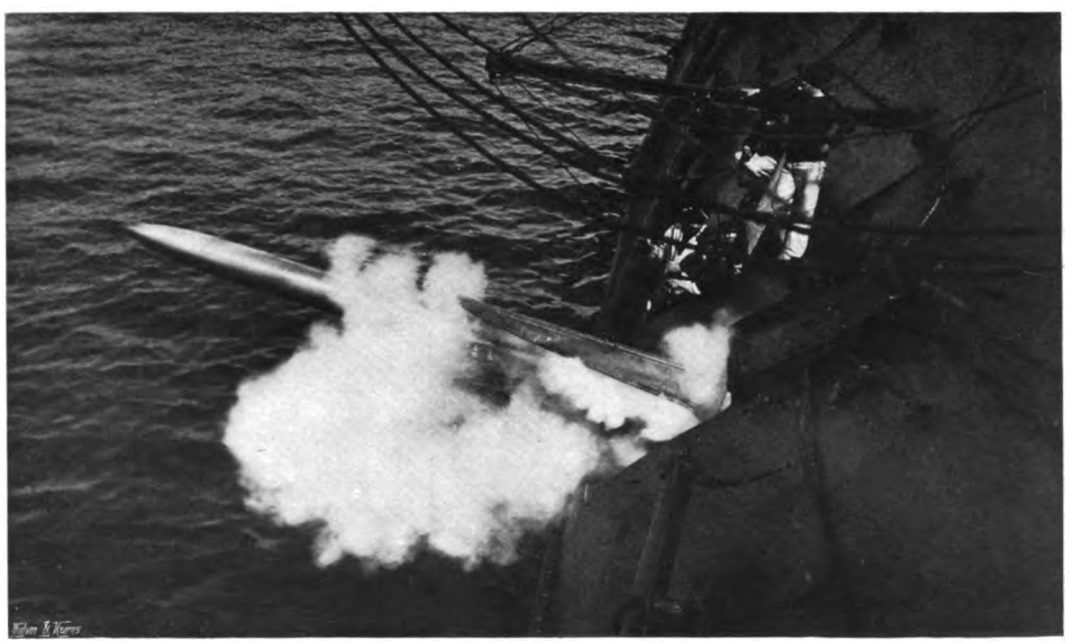

Photo. Copyright. *Bougault.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE.

Discharging a torpedo from the "Gaulois."

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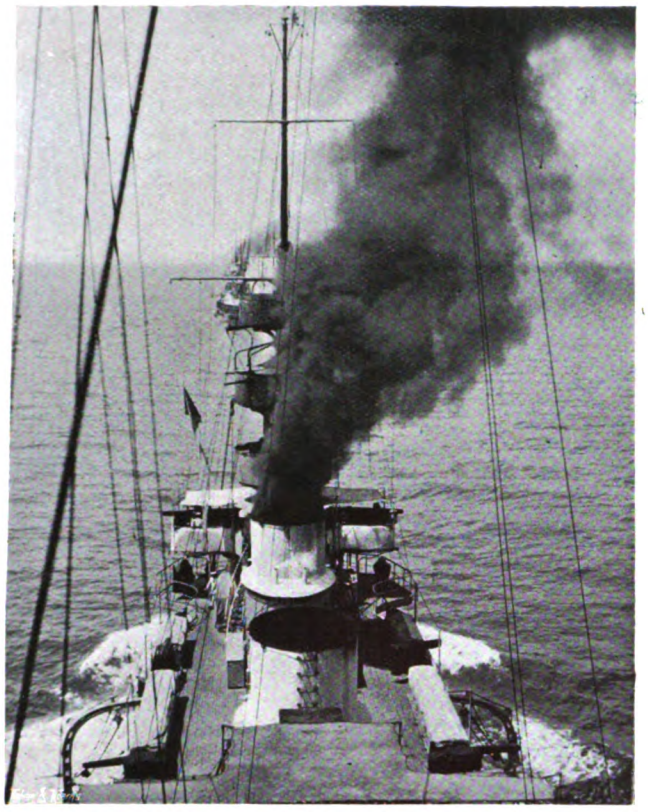


ON BOARD THE "CHARLES MARTEL."

A view from the after fighting-top.

unable to escape his stronger adversary, who contrived by excellent strategy to track him between the principal fleet and the Spanish mainland. Thus the battle of Alicante was a blow from which the representatives of Great Britain did not recover.

Another fight took place on July 9. The force of Admiral Ménard, which had suffered in this way, was bold enough to come out from the Bay of Ajaccio, and to engage Admiral de Maigret, who at that time was deprived of the use of his group of cruisers, of which the "Pothuau" was leader. It was an interesting fight, marked by some curious evolutions, but is not to be described here.

The general outcome of this part of the operations was that the French had the comfortable assurance that their Fleet was able to checkmate the British Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons endeavouring to unite. In relation to this we will only say that the force which represented Sir John Fisher's fleet was altogether unworthy to do so. Having settled this problem so far as manœuvres can, the combined fleet proceeded to Toulon, where there was an exercise in coaling, supplying with stores and victualling the whole of the ships to the number of more than fifty. It was bravely attempted, and was in a great measure successful. It was discovered, however, that the resources of Toulon were not altogether equal to the occasion, and that some further facilities must be provided. Target practice followed, and there were then torpedo attacks in the Bay of Seint Tropez, and we illustrate one interesting incident in which the boats, having swooped down upon the fleet in a daylight manœuvre, hastily retreated. In the night attacks great pains were taken to shelter the anchorage by illuminated booms and by an elaborate system of patrolling. The attacking force was adjudged to have been defeated.

It was at La Ciotat that the fleet was visited by MM. Waldeck-Rousseau and De Lanessan, for whose benefit many smart evolutions were gone through. An illustration of one of them accompanies this article. On board the "Bouvet" they inspected the great force when the ships were under way, and they witnessed a striking engagement in which, in accordance with the tactics indicated above, a single column of ships was enveloped by two other columns, while the torpedo-boats made a dashing attack at a critical moment. Then, at the Salins d'Hyères, the submarine-boat "Gustave Zédé" made the assault upon the "Bouvet" of which so much has been said in the Press. The torpedo struck the flag-ship, but there is the best reason to believe that this had been arranged for, and certainly no precautions were taken to prevent it. Much else that was interesting followed. The fleet put to sea at night, and a dashing raid was made upon it by the torpedo-boats, as is believed with some effect. Then came an attack on Ajaccio, during which much powder was burnt by the ships and the forts, while the boats of the mobile defence were checked in their attempted depredations by the destroyers, and a strong body of

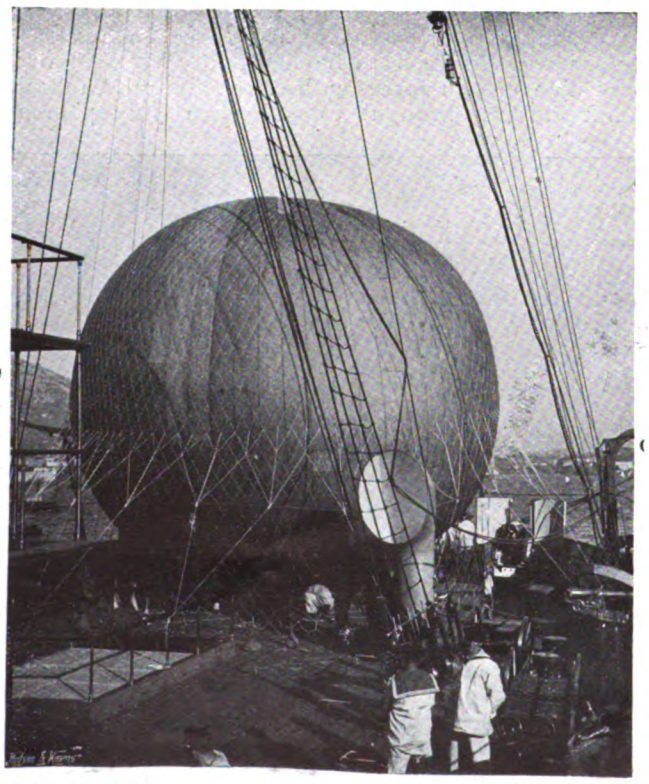
AT HIS POST OF OBSERVATION.

Admiral Caillard on the bridge of the "Pothuau."

men was landed to operate against the shore works. The fleet then returned to La Ciotat, going through target practice, which is described as having been remarkably accurate. Arrived at the anchorage the "Gustave Zédé" was once more under trial, and the two ministers were enterprising enough to make a submarine trip, which was completely satisfactory.

It was a dramatic conclusion to the Naval Manœuvres. Manifestly the days devoted to them, both at sea and at the anchorages, had been full of work and, no doubt, of profit to all on board the ships. There had been a large strategic plan of attractive character, from which interesting tactical operations had been evolved. The cruisers had been much exercised in scouting, and had done their work very satisfactorily, though more than once their effectiveness was menaced by the inadequacy of their number. There had been no hesitation on the part of the torpedo-boats to attack, and the many operations in which they were engaged must have done much to develop nerve and readiness of resource in their officers. The attacks had doubtless been prearranged, but that circumstance does not detract from the value of their active work as training.

We can scarcely fail to receive the impression that in some respects things were better done in the French Manœuvres than in our own. There was, at least, no lack of incidents, and the interest of the operations was sustained, while, according to all reports, the greatest keenness prevailed on board the ships. When a part of their companies was landed at Toulon, Admiral Gervais spoke words which seem to have come straight from the heart. He was proud and joyous, he said, that he had lived a little while again among them the noble life of the seaman, and he expressed unfeignedly his respect and high esteem for the excellent qualities of which all had given proof—the spirit, intelligence, sense of duty and discipline, and fervent love of country which had been displayed. With such elements, he declared, all hopes were justified. "De tout cœur, merci, messieurs!" They were words of reward for effort which French seamen must have been proud to hear, and the hearing of which, perhaps, even some British seamen may envy them.



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PREPARING FOR AN ASCENT.

The balloon on the forecastle of the "Foudre."

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CASUALTIES ON BOARD A MAN-O'-WAR.

By A Fleet Surgeon, R.N.

It is a drill morning on board a big cruiser. Morning prayers are over, and the men are trooping for'ard, jostling and elbowing each other through the narrow battery-screen doors in sheer exuberance of animal spirits. Away over the glittering water where the flag-ship is lying a few bits of coloured bunting suddenly show out against the dark background of the shore; overhead the signalman tears aft along the fore-and-aft bridge; the bo's'n's mate pipes "Man and arm boats," bellowing with raucous voice; the "call boys" repeat it on the mess decks, and the men rush to their stations. Boats are lowered into the water with a thump and a splash, quickly brought alongside, and stores are hurriedly passed into them. Down from the fighting-top comes a 3-lb. Hotchkiss, swaying from a tackle on the mainyard. The men in the boat below guide it on top of the mounting in the bows; someone sings out "Let go" half a moment too soon; it falls into the boat, knocks over the gun's crew, and one of them does not get up again, but, holding on to his naked foot, swears softly.

"Anyone hurt?" enquires the gunnery lieutenant, peering down from the nettings.

"One man, sir; 'urt 'is foot, sir," sings out the coxswain.

The gunnery lieutenant's messenger runs aft to the doctor's cabin. "A man's hurt in the pinnace, sir," and by the time the surgeon comes on deck the injured man has scrambled up the side and is hopping through the gangway, muttering, "Want me to wait for 'em, do they? Aint I got one bally foot and two bally 'ands and a bally rope to 'aul meself up the bally side?" and then subsides on a coil of rope.

"Two of you help him down below," orders the doctor, and two men, with crossed hands, offer to carry him; but he scornfully refuses, and goes hopping across the deck on the sound foot, and, supported by a messmate, disappears through the hatchway, leaving a trail of blood spots behind him. The doctor follows to the sick-bay, for'ard under the fo'c'stle, making his way through inquisitive groups of men, who fall back with cries of "Gangway! Gangway!" to let him pass.

The sick-berth attendant, distributing mercury pills to the chronics, rushes to the galley for boiling water, the sick-berth steward washes, with skilful hand, the blood and grime from the injured foot.

"Give him a glass of water," says the doctor, and probes the wound, and twists the limb about to see if bones are broken.

The man's chum holding him by the shoulders sees him turn pale, and gives him a corner of his sleeve to bite.

"Hello, don't faint," says the doctor; "jam your head between your knees, and you'll be all right. Better now? Here's some brandy. Run aft, one of you, and ask the fleet surgeon to come for'ard."

Quickly comes the "Old Doc.," and the two examine the limb together.

"Wants a whiff of chloroform," says the fleet surgeon, and in a trice the sick-bay table is cleared or the operating table rigged, and the man gently laid on it. The sick-bay curtains are drawn across the door and the row of gaping faces outside it, and with coats off and sleeves turned up the operation is commenced. Outside gathers a little crowd, taking turns to peer through a hole in the curtain or a crack in the bulkhead, sniffing as the heavy odour of chloroform is wafted through the chinks of the jalousies and under the curtains, and listening eagerly for every sound.

The shouts and yells of the patient just before he goes "under" the chloroform raise their excitement to a high pitch.

"Who is it?" asks a man hurrying along the deck.

"Nobby Smith of No. 8 mess," they answer "'aving 'is feet took off."

Poor Nobby's feet are a standing jest throughout the ship, and there is a gurgle of muffled laughter at this sally.

Presently "Clear lower deck" is piped, and they regretfully disperse to hoist in the boats. Finally the curtains are drawn back, the two doctors go aft, the sick-berth staff busy themselves clearing away all traces of the operation, and Nobby Smith is discovered lying snugly in a swinging cot, as yet only half conscious.

The evolution finished and the gear all stowed away, his messmates put their heads in at the sick-bay door and say softly, "What cheer! Nobby?" or "Glad you aint lost yer foot, Nobby."

Later on comes the gunnery lieutenant, "Afraid I lowered her too soon, Smith."

"Not a bit, sir," says Nobby, struggling into consciousness. "It's all along o' my feet, sir, they're that big."

And perhaps when all is over the captain himself will walk for'ard and say, jovially, "No more football this year, Smith."

"Ready for next, I hope, sir," answers the delighted Nobby, and the captain goes aft again, making the sick-berth

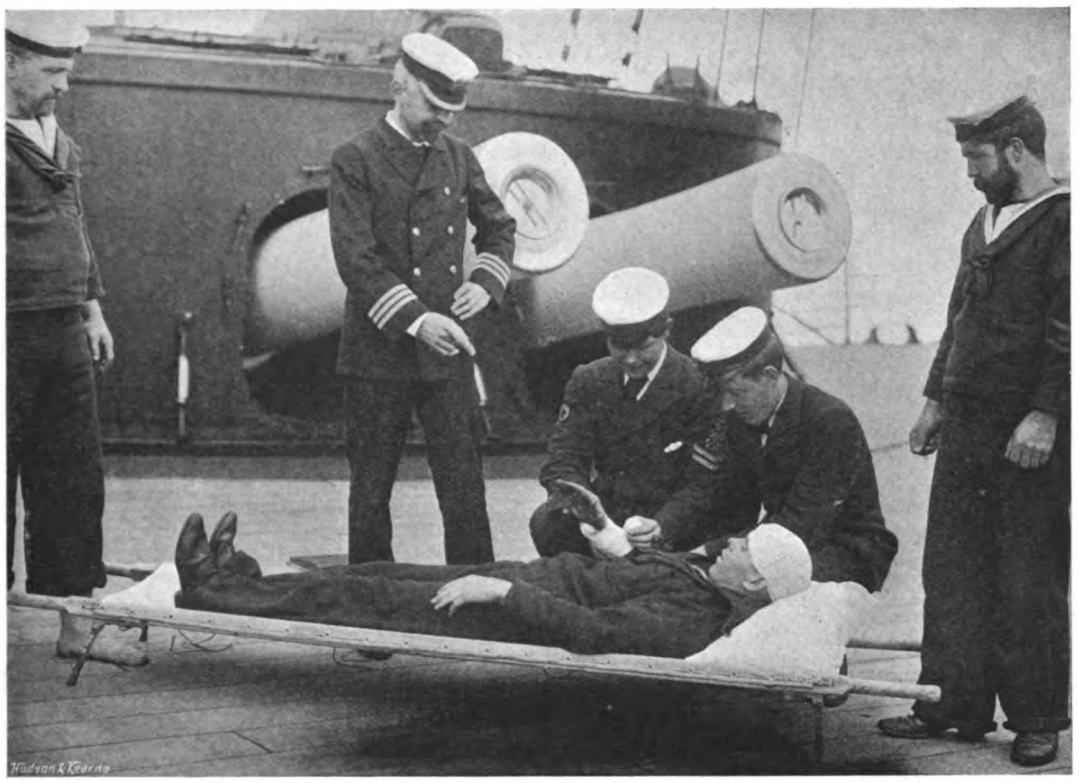

Photo. Copyright. "FIRST AID" TO THE WOUNDED. Gregory

Taking the injured Man on a Stretcher to the Sick-bay.

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steward grin with pleasure by saying, "Cleaned up the mess pretty quickly, Anderson, I see."

Aft, in the ward-room, the doctors are splitting a whisky and soda and answering enquiries. "Yes, he'll have to go to hospital," says the "Old Doc."; "it's no use keeping him on board if we're going to sea to-morrow. I'll go and see the captain about it." So presently a signal is made to the Naval Hospital. "Must go in a cot," says the "Old Doc.," so the carpenter who owns the woodwork of it, and the boatswain who owns the canvas part, get it ready, Smith is carefully placed in it, bedding and all, the side flaps are lashed across to prevent him falling out, and, very gently, he is carried on deck, his messmates lending a hand up the steep ladderways and through the narrow hatchways. Aft on the quarter-deck a tackle has been rigged to one of the boat's davits, the cot slings are secured to it, and the cot and Nobby are slung outboard and lowered slowly into the stern sheets of a boat waiting for him. The master-at-arms sends down his bag, containing all his kit, a chum brings his beloved ditty-box, the surgeon jumps down into the boat, and Nobby Smith waves a good-bye to his messmates as he is pulled ashore. Such is the history of a crushed foot which required a little "trimming."

Such an accident as this, requiring a slight operation, is very common, but the vast majority of the 10,000 to 15,000 cases of injuries occurring annually in the Navy, and bad enough to be placed on the sick list, are of a comparatively slight character, consisting mainly of small wounds of the hands and feet, sprained knees and ankles, jammed fingers and toes. The more serious generally occur whilst shifting heavy weights, getting the big boats in or out, provisioning ship, or taking in ammunition. A slippery rope may "take charge" and let the boat or the shell, ammunition-box or big oil-drum, down with a run; there is no time to stand from under, and someone gets his foot crushed or his ribs broken.

Coal ship day seldom passes without swelling the sick list. The heavy coal bags swung rapidly inboard by derrick or "Temperley" often fly off the supporting hook and come down with a crash on deck. Many a man has had his back broken in this manner, and many an ugly wound is inflicted by the sharp corners of falling lumps of coal.

Falls from aloft are now fortunately rare, but many serious cases still result from falling down ladders, slipping off stagings or booms. Heavy gun-drill and practice, also, is not so dangerous as in the old days of violently recoiling gun-carriages; fingers are sometimes taken off in a too rapidly-closed breech, feet are sometimes jammed in the moving parts of a turret or beneath a carelessly-dropped shell; but fatal injuries are now seldom met with. And with the improvement in anchor gear, weighing, catting, and stowing are not attended with the same dangers that they used to be, though even now stowing a heavy anchor in a big sea often causes temporary vacancies in the fo'c'stle party. So much for on deck, but it is down below, in the dark places of the ship, where many of the most serious accidents occur.

In the older ships the crown of a furnace might "come down," and the rush of steam and water would drive the fires through the furnace doors and fill the cramped stokehold with white-hot coals and scalding steam. Many have been such melancholy accidents in days gone by. Now, with high-pressure steam in tubular boilers, a tube often gives way, and when this happens in a confined stokehold, such as destroyers have, the effects are disastrous. Explosions, too, due to accumulated gas in a badly-ventilated bunker, are a fruitful cause of injuries, and many an incautious stoker, entering a long-closed bunker with naked light, has lost his life.

Naturally, in the engine-room, with its main engines, and its score or more of lesser ones crowded together, serious accidents are frequent. With the ship rolling and lurching heavily, the slippery gangways and platforms give a very unsafe foothold, and it is a marvel that more accidents do not occur. As can be easily imagined, it is often extremely difficult to bring a bad case from some remote corner of the engine-room or from the depths of the stokehold. Sometimes it is necessary to first secure a fractured leg or arm, sometimes to wrap a badly burnt man in a well-oiled blanket, and lash him in securely, before taking him up to the sick-bay. A stretcher is useless, as the ladders are so steep, and it is always best and entails less suffering to have the injured man carried up by hand, and very carefully and tenderly do they bear him up those slippery ladders—slowly, step by step, to prevent any jolting, and carefully guarding the injured part.

Bluejackets make splendid nurses, and it often happens, when there are many bad cases on board and no chance of sending them to hospital, that their services are requisitioned to assist the overworked sick-berth staff. They like the change from their ordinary work, take a keen interest in their patients, and, being all passably good cooks, are most useful.

Photo. Copyright. **AN INJURED MARINE—CASE FOR HOSPITAL.** Crockett.

The Man has just been Landed, and his Comrades are about to Carry him to Haslar.

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THE REFORMATION OF THE RED SOUDAN.

The English in the Land of the Mahdi.

THE PEOPLE WE ARE KEEPING.

Three generations of Bicharees, a Soudanese tribe.

THROUGHOUT the annals of recorded history there are few more extraordinary examples of vicissitude than that afforded by the Soudan in the brief space of twenty years. A great many intelligent people, the writer included, have the strongest possible objection to dates, but it is, perhaps, worth while recalling that it is only a little more than nineteen years since, in May, 1882, the first rumour came to Cairo that the Mahdi was marching on Khartoum with 10,000 followers. For some time subsequently the province of Kordofan, further south, continued the centre of rebellion, and it was not until March, 1884, that Khartoum itself was surrounded by the Mahdi's legions, and the memorable siege of 317 days was begun. But it may be said that 1882 marked the commencement of the Mahdist trouble in the Soudan. We are all familiar with the fact that in 1898 the Dervish tyranny collapsed at the battle of Omdurman. It may well be that 1902 will see the process of reformation fairly developed, and a fresh illustration afforded by this much-tried country of the pleasing adage that "Peace hath her victories as well as war."

Already, although things are necessarily to some extent in a transition state, the changes that have been effected in the short time that has elapsed since Lord Kitchener smashed the Mahdi on the plain outside his pestilential capital, have been almost as remarkable as the hideous transformation which thirteen ghastly years of Dervish ferocity wrought in the "Country of the Blacks." And what a difference! Where the Mahdist carried fire and sword into each peaceful village, and through sheer bloodthirstiness and rapine completely depopulated huge tracts of once productive territory, the genius of British administrative capacity, of British justice, of British self-reliance, is bringing the Soudan gradually to an era of peace and prosperity, such as it has never enjoyed, even in the pre-Mahdist days. Lord Kitchener, to whom the country owed its salvation, has been called to another sphere of activity, but under Sir Francis Wingate the tradition of his government is being faithfully preserved, and his most cherished objects kept steadily in view.

An important recent development has been the despatch of a British detachment from Alexandria to form part of the garrison of Khartoum. Such a proceeding for some time subsequent to the battle of Omdurman would have been well-nigh an impossibility. Khartoum itself was in ruins, and Omdurman, the fungoid capital of the Dervish kingdom, was little more than a vast cesspool, utterly uninhabitable by an European detachment. Much of the old Khartoum, however, has now been rebuilt, and there is no reason why the detachment of the 2nd Leicestershire, under Captain the Hon. H. B. Hawke, should not find its new quarters very nearly as pleasant as those which it is leaving behind at Alexandria. For it must be remembered that, even socially speaking, Khartoum is no longer out of the world, and that in the season quite a number of visitors ascend the Nile from Cairo, and make their way to the scene of Gordon's martyrdom and of Kitchener's great victory.

We are able to give an excellent picture of this detachment, formed up on parade at Mustapha Pacha, prior to marching to Sidi Gaber Station, *en route* for its destination. The mention of the word "station" recalls a particularly potent factor in the development of the new Soudan. The helpless dependence upon the Nile as the sole means of reaching the regions to the south has completely disappeared, and it is now two years since it became possible to reach Khartoum by rail alone. "Circumstances over which we have no control"—just at present—have retarded the completion of the Cape to Cairo line, but the future of that massive enterprise is assured, and with it may come a development of the Soudan as yet almost undreamed of save by those of a highly poetical temperament.

Yet, whatever may be the facilities afforded by the rail, it will be many a long year before the grand old Nile ceases to play a highly important part in the welfare of this country,

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A BRITISH GARRISON FOR KHARTOUM.

The Detachment of the 2nd Leicestershire Regiment paraded at Alexandria.

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KHARTOUM ITSELF AGAIN.

The New Palace built on the site of Gordon's old Government House.

which, under British supervision, is being so rapidly and thoroughly regenerated. For this reason British energy and tenacity of purpose are actively at work south of Khartoum in freeing the river from that terrible obstacle to navigation—the sudd—of which Sir Samuel Baker and other travellers have given us familiar descriptions. The warfare carried out against this vegetable obstruction will immensely aid the transport of articles, both of import and export, to and from, more especially, the Bahr-el-Ghazal district, in which our interests, political and commercial, are very considerable.

The picture showing three generations of Soudanese natives is a happy reminder of the fact that it is by no means solely on our own behalf that we have wrested the Soudan from the dervishes, and given it once more the blessing of a settled government. It will be long before Great Britain can obtain any adequate return for the blood and treasure she has so freely expended since the outbreak of the Mahdist revolt. But, in the meantime, she has the proud satisfaction of knowing that to many thousands of simple natives such as these she has brought release from slavery, ruin, torture, and that utter hopelessness which makes existence a hell on earth. For the Nile village dweller there is now not only security, but the prospect of a fair wage outside the modest agriculture which the vagaries of Father Nile render at times somewhat precarious. Over him, as over native races in every other quarter of the globe, are now spread the protection and comfort, if not of direct British rule, at any rate of distinctly preponderant British influence. Indeed, it is by no means impossible that some day the little chap in the picture may learn to talk English and become a student in the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, of which Lord Kitchener laid the foundation-stone in January, 1899.

A RELIC OF THE MAHDI.

All that remains of his tomb at Omdurman.

We cannot more fitly close this brief and rather disjointed sketch than by pointing to the instructive contrast afforded by the two pictures showing respectively the present palace at Khartoum and the remains of the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman. Mahdism in ruins and civilisation in the ascendant are here most eloquently denoted. Over the new seat of good government which has risen on the site of Gordon's old palace the British and Egyptian flags are flying side by side. In the background, too, is an Egyptian soldier, trained by British officers to respect himself and his calling as few "Gippies" did till Wood and Grenfell and Kitchener took them in hand. Truly a picture which speaks for itself the more clearly when looked at in conjunction with its melancholy neighbour.

This view of the new palace has many associations, not the least inspiring of which is the memory of the gallant effort made by Sir Charles Wilson in a "penny steamer" to save Gordon, when, alas! it was too late. To the left of the picture, on the opposite side of the Blue Nile, lies Halfiyeh, which Wilson passed, holding on until he had come in full view of the Government House and had reached the junction of the two Niles, when it became evident that Khartoum had fallen into the Mahdi's hands. There are few more thrilling stories than that grand episode as told vividly and yet most modestly in Sir Charles Wilson's "From Korti to Khartoum." The picture showing all that remains of the Mahdi's tomb recalls very forcibly the battle of Omdurman, in the course of which the dome of the tomb was badly battered by howitzer and other shells.

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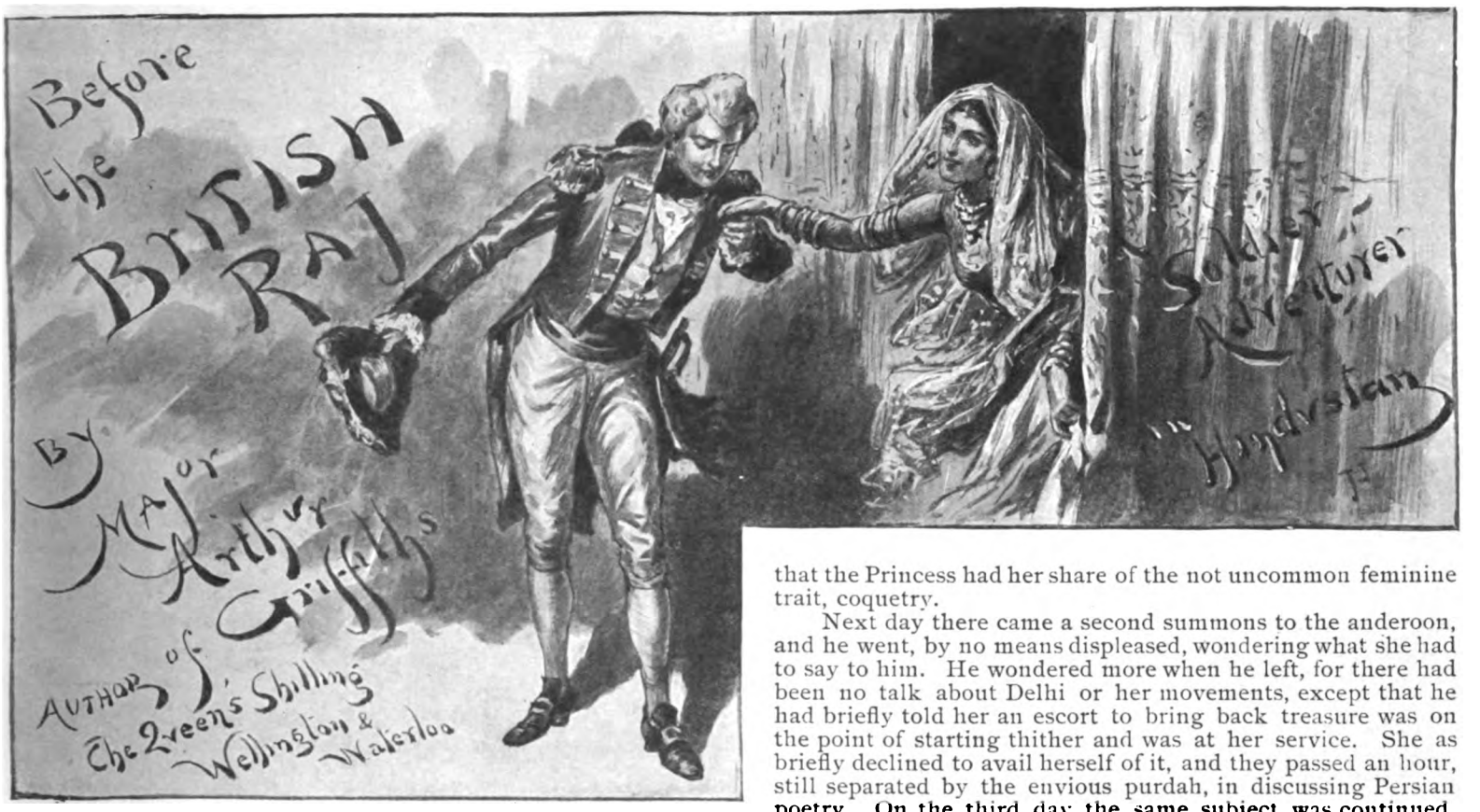

CHAPTER VII.

But yet a Woman.

WE left Alexander Latouche in the presence chamber of the anderoon, or private apartments of the Princess. She was behind the purdah; the screen or curtain of which she had but just lifted the folds to treat him to one brief penetrating look from her beautiful eyes.

What next? There was a long and rather awkward pause, which the Begum was the first to break.

"Is this then your last word, sahib? Truly a most brave and chivalrous soldier, who uses all his strength to oppress a poor weak, defenceless woman!"

"So weak that she can head her troops in chain armour, and was ready to take my life."

"All is fair in war, sahib."

"And in love, says the English proverb."

"Remember where you stand, sahib. Use not such ribald talk to me. Tell me rather whether I have heard your final decision."

"Yes. You go to Delhi, or you stay here; the choice lies between these two."

"Between yourself and Perron, is it not so, sahib? In your power, or his? Your slave, or Perron's?" There was a subtle mockery in her tone that was not lost upon the young soldier.

"If you like to put it so, you may, Princess. But I do not agree. I have no wish to make you my slave. That could never be."

"Indeed no. Never with my consent!" she cried, with great energy. "Never! I would sooner surrender and submit myself to Perron, than, than——"

"Remain here at my mercy. Is that your meaning?"

"It is. I think I will go to Delhi, if you please," she now said in a low voice, very demurely. "I might do worse. Perron is become a great personage; he has vast aims, he may carve out a great Empire. It would be pleasant to be an Empress."

"His Empress! I wish you joy of your Emperor," Latouche cried, and there was an accent of disappointment in his voice which could not have passed unobserved by an attentive ear. But he mended it by a short scornful laugh, at which the Princess fired up fiercely.

"It is not seemly, Feringhi, to make me the subject of your shameless jests. I will not permit it. I am a Rajput Princess——"

"But yet a woman," he retorted. "Forgive me, Maharani, I laughed at your sex, which is the same all the world over. Perverse, contrary, capricious, but always adorable. It shall be as you please, except in one particular. To-morrow you shall go to Delhi, or you shall not go, or, again, you shall. It is all one to me," he added carelessly, as he turned and departed.

A low but perfectly audible laugh followed him from behind the purdah. A complex laugh containing many notes; it was mocking, ironical, provocative, and it showed plainly that the Princess had her share of the not uncommon feminine trait, coquetry.

Next day there came a second summons to the anderoon, and he went, by no means displeased, wondering what she had to say to him. He wondered more when he left, for there had been no talk about Delhi or her movements, except that he had briefly told her an escort to bring back treasure was on the point of starting thither and was at her service. She as briefly declined to avail herself of it, and they passed an hour, still separated by the envious purdah, in discussing Persian poetry. On the third day the same subject was continued, while the Begum from behind the screen, to illustrate her opinions, lightly touched the sitar, or lute, and sang to her accompaniment.

Her condescension went further, for, when presently Latouche was dismissed, the curtain was drawn aside for one moment, and he was permitted to gaze on a bewitching face, that of a beautiful brunette, with rosy laughing lips and most tormenting eyes. He snatched at the white hand which was stretched out to him in tender farewell, and kissed it rapturously again and again before the curtain closed and he was hurried away by the officious attendant crying in his ear:

"Begone, shameless. You have been too greatly daring."

Latouche was in the toils. He had fallen into love headlong; he was consumed with a desperately foolish, a dangerous, hopeless love for a strange outlandish woman, one whom he had reason to fear was a false-hearted, dark, designing, implacable foe. Grave suspicion already attached to her in the minds of his most trusted subordinates, and the senior and chief among them, Surfuraz Khan, soon felt it his duty to put the facts before him.

After the durbar next day, at which Latouche appeared regularly to listen patiently to all who came with petition or complaint, righting wrongs, meting out rewards or punishments as they had been earned, he was followed into his own apartments by the gallant old Rajput warrior, who had whispered an urgent entreaty for a private interview into his ear.

"*Taslimat ke bad*" (after humble salutation), began Surfuraz Khan, when Latouche, having thrown off his uniform, lounged in light pyjamas upon his charpoy (bed), "this is your slave's petition. There are hawks abroad, snakes and evil reptiles secretly conspiring against the khodawand. A magician, an enchantress, a female djin has spread the net for my lord, and he will be speedily destroyed."

"Come, come, my old friend, speak out plainly," laughed Latouche from where he lay. "You have heard of my reception at the Begum's purdah, and you think me a fool for being caught by bright eyes."

"I implore your highness to forgive his slave and sacrifice for presuming to speak on such a sacred matter. But if my lord desires to marry, let him mate with his own people, or with a lady worthy of his name. This Begum, Rajput though she be, and of high rank and lineage, is a traitor doubly dyed. Stay your rage, sahib. Look here, I hold the proof."

He handed a small purse or bag to Latouche, who had sprung from his bed and was striding impatiently up and down the room.

This purse was of a kind known as a kharitah, or richly-embroidered bag, in which letters of great ceremony pass between persons of rank and importance. It contained a letter which ran as follows:

"After respectful greetings, these: The prize is for those who will seize it. The treasure falls into the open mouth, to be held fast by closed teeth.

"The Feringhi Killadar exposes himself daily to capture. He goes abroad with but few attendants, prying into

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men's affairs, and judging what imposts shall be required. He ventures into wildest recesses of the hills in search of shikar. He will surely fall into any trap that is well baited, any pitfall properly laid.

"See to it. Latoos lost to it, the defence is shorn of half its strength. Already many troops have been recalled by Peroo, and a rissala started yesterday for the great city of the Mogul, and will shortly return escorting treasure.

"You may seize the man when you please, and this fortress. His rupees also can be yours. See to it. A word to the wise sufficeth."

"Will your highness admit now that there are traitors within these walls?" asked Surfuraz Khan.

"Of course. But why should this letter emanate from the Begum?" replied Latouche, quietly. "She is not alone in the knowledge she displays. The Persian, Azizudeen, is aware of the transaction, and the shroffs and the officer of the escort."

"True, khodawand. Had there been no more evidence we could not have blamed her. But the messenger who was bearing this purse was caught in the act of dropping it into the valley just beneath her anderoon, and there are many who can swear to the bag as one constantly in the Begum's possession."

"It is enough, rissaldar. I thank you for your zeal. At least we are forewarned. Send a mounted reinforcement towards Delhi, let the country be closely reconnoitered, and patrols kept on the move everywhere. If Lena Singh means mischief he shall find us prepared. *Rakhsat!* You may go."

"Nay, let me be your sacrifice. One other word, khodawand. You will have this woman watched? You will no more venture too far from the fort; you will avoid all dangerous excursions?"

"Why, Surfuraz Khan, would'st keep me lying on soft cushions, stringing verses together, smoking the chillum and eating bhang?" cried his leader, clapping him on the shoulder, with a loud laugh. "I should die without air and movement; and I have my duty to perform. I must look to my government with my own eyes, and I will take my reward and relaxation in my own old way. Cheer up; no harm shall come to your killadar, neither through wicked women nor Sikh freebooters nor the wild beasts of the jungle. Do not despair for me, although I have a great 'shoot' on hand for to-morrow."

"THAT SHALL BE MY AFFAIR, . . . STAND BACK. GIVE PLACE, FELLOWS."

Report had come in of a certain man-eating tiger which was ravaging the villages for miles around, and at this very moment the shikaris and beaters were assembling to make sport for Latouche.

So he dismissed his staunch lieutenant with reassuring words. Not the less did he brood over the news he had heard, cursing the strange fate that threw him ever in the way of faithless woman. For he could not quite absolve the Begum Zalu. He had his doubts of her, although he was half ashamed of them. Still, when the customary invitation came to attend at her purdah, he sent back an excuse, pleading that he was detained by urgent business, and must beg to be excused.

That same night he mounted his elephant, and, followed by a select party of hunters, made all speed to the verge of a thick undergrowth of wood to which the tiger had been tracked after his last man-eating exploit. Watch was set during the small hours lest the beast should break covert, but he kept his lair, and towards daylight the beaters got to work, and gradually closed in on the spot where Latouche was posted to have the first shot.

All at once and without warning the tiger burst forth from the bushes, and charged forward at a smart pace. He found the elephant ridden by Latouche across his path, and went straight for it, receiving both barrels before he made his spring. He must have been wounded, but no more than slightly, for nothing would check his onslaught. Latouche was a fine shot, but this time his generally true aim had been diverted, and, as he always said afterwards, by the swaying of his terrified elephant. Before his attendant could hand him a second gun the animal sprang at the elephant, and hung on to the housings of the howdah just long enough to sweep Latouche from his seat.

Next moment he was off again, heading for the jungle, but carrying Latouche in his mouth.

A great hubbub and uproar arose, and great fear settled upon all. Shikaris and peasants mostly fled for their lives along the forest paths, or climbed the nearest trees. Only one or two stalwart mountaineers with stouter hearts than their fellows were moved to attempt the rescue of the great sahib, and taking a cross cut they plunged into the bushes, and managed to intercept the tiger as he loped along, still holding his victim. It needed no small courage to attack the fierce beast with no better weapon than a sword, but one hillman slashed bravely at the tiger and wounded him in the flank. At this the tiger dropped Latouche, but still held his prey beneath his cruel paws, and, snarling angrily, turned to face his assailant. But he was now attacked by another, who came up from behind and stabbed him in the side in the region of the heart, a wound nearly fatal, under which he dropped, to be quickly despatched by repeated cuts and thrusts on all parts of his body and head.

Latouche was picked up unconscious, bleeding profusely but still alive. A rude litter was hastily prepared, and he was borne in doleful procession back to the fort. They laid him on his bed, and the barber surgeon was called in to dress his wounds and pronounce upon his condition, while Surfuraz Khan and other devoted officers waited breathless for the verdict.

"He will recover with care," said the hakim at length, "but he must be closely tended."

"That shall be my affair," cried an imperious voice. "Stand back. Give place, fellows," and the majestic figure of the Begum, clad in white, her head enveloped in a white veil, threw herself down by the bedside, weeping bitter tears.

(To be continued.)

The term "anchor" is derived from a Greek word signifying a hook. The most ancient form was that of stones, either slung or in baskets, sacks of sand, or logs loaded with lead. The introduction of flukes, or teeth, originally confined to one only, is ascribed by Pliny to the Tuscans, but by Pausanias to Midas, King of Phrygia. Judging from ancient sculptures, the form of anchor was much the same as that of the present day. The substitution of curved arms for straight, and other improvements, were due to the ingenuity of a Plymouth Dockyard clerk named Pering, whose attention was called to the subject by the large number of anchors returned into store broken. Since then an endless variety of patterns has been introduced.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

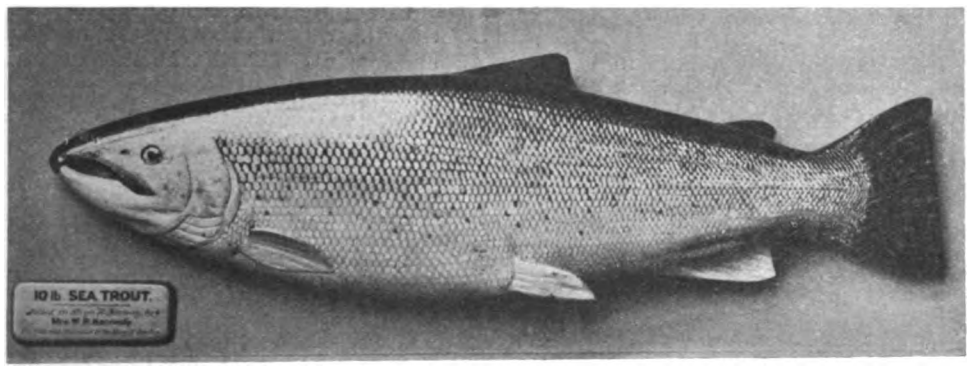
By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

SCANDINAVIA (*continued*): SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY.

THE capture of the Salmo salar in Norway may be divided into two methods—casting and harling. There can be no question as to which is the most sportsmanlike. Having enjoyed both, I will relate my experiences. In the large rivers, such as the Namsen, casting, except in some parts, is impracticable—one might as well cast in the sea; the river is so broad, one could do nothing from the banks, and therefore harling is necessary, and is not to be despised. The fish, averaging about 23-lb., are strong and lively, and though there may be no skill in hooking them, for they hook themselves, it requires skill to play them, and good tackle to hold them. The procedure is as follows: A boat, manned by two skilled boatmen, is required, three rods are rigged up, one over the stern and the other two on each quarter, at right angles to the keel, and the lines are marked, generally to 25-yds., so that each bait or lure is about the same distance astern. On one line is a salmon fly, on the second a spoon, and on the third a minnow.

The sportsman, having seen his tackle clear for running, with a stone on the bight of the line, so as to give the necessary strike to the fish, sits himself down in an easy chair, lights his pipe, and waits events. The boatmen do the rest. Rowing from bank to bank against the stream, they cover every yard of water, the boat dropping slowly down stream, till suddenly there is a crash, the stone is unshipped, the reel spins, and the sportsman, who has probably been dozing, seizes the rod, while the after hand ships his oar and winds up the other two rods. Then the fun begins. The fish, straight from the salt water, dashes off at a terrific rate, generally up stream, making the reel spin, and taking off may be 100-yds. or more. Finding this useless, he springs out of the water, calling forth an exclamation from the boatmen, "Meget—stor—lax" (very big salmon). If the fish has not got rid of the hook in his leap, off he goes again, probably straight for the sea; and so the merry dance goes on, familiar to all salmon fishers, till the gaff settles the matter, and the fish is knocked on the head, the rods replaced, and the same tactics repeated.

Harling is fishing made easy, an old gentleman's sport, but very enjoyable, nevertheless. How different is casting in a strong Norwegian river! Those who have only fished in Irish or Scotch rivers cannot realise the sport or know what butting a salmon means until they have tried it in one of those glorious foaming rivers. I have killed many salmon in Scotland, and never in my recollection have had 50-yds. of line taken off the reel, and generally gaffed the fish in ten minutes. Tweed salmon in November give no more sport than do pike, in fact, it is a shame to kill them; but given a fresh run Norse salmon in June or July, and a man will have his work cut out. I have had every yard of line taken off the reel in the Namsen, and been broken, with treble gut, although the boatmen did all they could to follow the fish.



A TEN-POUNDER.

Sea trout, killed in the Stryn River.

But for downright hard work and butting extraordinary, commend me to Hooper's Pool, at the head of the Stryn River, in the Nord-Fjord. At this place the water rushes out of the Stryn Lake at the rate of some fourteen miles an hour; the fish congregate below the bridge, and if one chances to hook one of them the only thing to be done is to hold on, for below are rapids and fosses, where no tackle could hold a fish.

I remember hooking a twenty-five pounder in that spot. I was wading, and a Norwegian was holding on to me to prevent my being carried off my legs in the strong water. The fish made desperate efforts to get into mid-stream, where the current ran strongest, and I was equally determined to prevent him—not an inch of line should he have. The rod (one of old Blacklaw's, of Kincardine-O'Neil) bent double, and the strain was awful. I held on above the reel with both hands. Something must go; but I had a good hook and treble gut. Again and again a few yards would slip, to be speedily regained, and at last, after half-an-hour's fight, the gallant fish showed his side, the gaffer waded out and had the steel into him, and I sank exhausted on the bank, my hands trembling so that I could hardly lift the flask of whisky to my lips. Three times I hooked fish in that pool, and lost none; but it was too hard work to be pleasant, and I prefer a grassy bank where one can follow a fish and kill him without such terrible exertion.

A SPLENDID TROPHY.

Reminiscent of a big fight and a gallant fish.

My friend George Beck had also an exciting time above the bridge at Hooper's Pool, having hooked an enormous fish in very strong water, and he held on to him for some time, till at last the reel line broke. Admiral Sir H. Fairfax had a similar experience, and was twice broken below the bridge.

Prawn fishing is practised with considerable success in the Stryn. Many fish which will not look at a fly are tempted with this bait, and it requires some skill to work it properly, otherwise the only thing hooked is the bottom.

I had a very curious adventure whilst fishing with a prawn. Having hooked, as I believed, the bottom, and being unable to extricate, and averse to breaking my tackle, I handed the rod to Neils, the gaffer, to try what he could do. As he fared no better than I, I reluctantly gave him the order to break. With this intention, he lowered the rod, got in all the line he could, and bore steadily back, when, just as we were expecting the final smash, out sailed a splendid fish, which had been on all the time, quietly munching the prawn!

Now this seems incredible, because no fish could stand such a strain without indignant protest, and the only way I can account for it is that the lead which was attached to the line a couple of feet or so above the prawn got jammed between some rocks, so the prawn was free, thus enabling the fish to enjoy his repast unmolested until the lead got clear, when he must have had a nasty jar. I killed the fish after a hard struggle.

The Stryn River is celebrated for holding not only very heavy salmon, but also trout of gigantic size. These fish, sometimes called sea-trout, are probably bull-trout, or a cross between the two. Their origin is somewhat obscure, and sportsmen differ in opinion as to their true nature. They are certainly not true sea-trout, but they are handsome, game fish, and may be easily mistaken for salmon, except for the spots below the median line. In flavour, they are far inferior to either salmon or sea-trout. They take a fly or minnow, and fight hard for a few minutes and then cave in.

The largest we got of this species was 19-lb., but we killed several of 9-lb. and 10-lb. Bull-trout are considered a nuisance in salmon rivers, and it is well known that if allowed to increase they will drive salmon away, so they are exterminated in every possible way, by nets or otherwise.

Some old sportsmen affect to disdain all methods of fishing except with fly; but with all deference to their

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opinion, I beg to differ, and maintain that the best fisherman is the one who gets a hook into the fish's mouth, be it fly, minnow, spoon, or worm. I draw the line at "snatching" or "stroke-hauling," although I must admit it is grand sport when you cannot get them any other way. At least, so I am given to understand.

Three fine salmon rivers discharge themselves into the Nord-Fjord—the Stryn, the Löen, and the Olden. Of these, the first and last are the best, the Löen being only good for bull-trout; the other two are leased by Englishmen. All these rivers are glacier fed, and are, consequently, independent of rains or drought. The waters are of a lovely greenish blue tint, and at the head of each is a magnificent glacier—spurs of the great Justerdal Glacier, the largest in Europe.

The scenery in the Nord-Fjord is grand and beautiful, and is justly considered second to none in any part of Norway. It is a famous resort for artists and tourists, and several lines of steamers call there regularly during the summer months.

Many of the Norwegian salmon rivers are now taken up by agents in Bergen, who let them out to Englishmen at four times their original cost. Fortunate are those who, having secured their rivers on long leases, are independent of these gentlemen.

The southern rivers are tolerably free from mosquitoes, but as one gets further north these pests increase, and on the Tana, the Reisen, and other rivers beyond the Arctic circle they are by all accounts quite as bad as in Newfoundland, which is saying a good deal.

(To be continued.)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 2, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 1[illegible], *April* 13, *May* 18, *June* 1, 15, 29, *and August* 3.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

I WRITE these notes on August 13, well knowing that by the time they appear in print other and more remarkable bags will have been made on the English as well as the Scotch moors. It cannot fail to be so, for the Twelfth was not a day favourable to big bags, especially in Scotland, where the majority of shooters still go out and walk after dogs in the old-fashioned way. Driving grouse early in the season in Scotland has unquestionably had a setback, and I do not see very well how it could be otherwise. The record day's sport for a moor and a party of guns in Scotland is held by the Mackintosh for Moy Hall shootings and for driving, but the record for a single gun was accomplished by shooting over dogs, and year after year goes by, and none ever comes up to the 1872 record year for grouse; and as that was before driving was introduced in Scotland, it is thought that the latter system of shooting has been credited with a good deal of game-preserving influence that does not rightly belong to it.

* * * *

Disease amongst the grouse has only made itself felt on the east coast of Caithness. The latest reports from that county do not confirm the belief that the destruction of grouse has been caused there by the well-known grouse disease, for if reports are well founded it is only the high grounds on the East Coast and not the grouse amongst the crofts on the lower grounds that have suffered. This looks far more like the effects of heather blight on those exposed north-east coast moors than a contagious disease amongst the birds. Be that as it may, there are no birds in some of these exposed moors, whereas they are making good bags elsewhere in the county. Thus, at Strathmore, where a party of three guns include Lord Cromer, they bagged 70 brace of grouse upon August 12, and at Dunbeath Castle, at the other end of the county, Mr. Currie and Mr. Hilberk killed 36½ brace; these bags do not indicate disease, but the district said to be affected lies between these two moors. Whether it is or is not the grouse disease, the death-dealing influence has confined itself to a very small stretch of country, and for the rest there never has been a much fairer prospect of sport throughout Scotland. I know the district very well, personally, and if this is contagious grouse disease, it has selected for its dire effects just the hills most exposed to the east wind that Caithness possesses.

* * * *

Perthshire is by general accord voted the premier grouse county in Scotland, just as Yorkshire is in England, and Perthshire in 1901 will, I fancy, prove a record, or at least a parallel with the wonderful 1872 year. Not that bags were very large on August 12, because they were not; but the wet weather in the morning and the wet skins in the afternoon were quite enough to account for that.

* * * *

From Perthshire most of the shooting is reported to have been over dogs. On North Amulree Moors Mr. Reid Walker bagged 46 brace and 10 mountain hares; and in the Strathbraan district no disease is reported from any of the moors. Sir James Bell on Ardoch Moor with his party killed 113½ brace of grouse; Mr. John Wilson, Mr. J. Hope, and Mr. Atkinson on Kippen and Pitcairns had but 21½ brace of grouse. On Moness Moors Mr. Arthur Young and another gun killed 80 brace of grouse; and at Garth Castle Sir D. Currie and another gun bagged 40 brace. On Glenlyon, the moor adjoining, and also belonging to Sir D. Currie, Mr. R. H. Ratcliffe and a party got 43½ brace; and at Killiechassie Mr. Dunlop Best and Sir James Mackie got 33½ brace. On the Crossmount ground Mr. Malcolm and a party got 25 brace; and on West Templar Captain Whitaker secured 17 brace. On Meggernie Captain Beech and party obtained 77 brace and a home-bred woodcock. At Bolfracks Dr. Spence killed to his own gun 38½ brace, and Messrs. Ormond and Archibald, together, killed 43 brace—that is, 81½ brace to the three guns on this well-known good moor. At Cluny Messrs. L. Haslam, Charles Dickson, and W. Belville got but 32½ brace; at Fuidynate Messrs. A. C. Ionides, W. James, and D. M'Pherson, 33 brace; and on Remony Sir John Holder (six guns) 97 brace. In the Rannoch district, at Camusericht, Captain Dalgetty with another gun got 33½ brace; and the Craigamour party (Mr. Farquhar's) 27 brace of grouse. At Dalhousie Lodge Mr. Walker's party got 29 brace, and Mr. Debenham's Inner-Hadden party 27½ brace. Mr. Gold's three-gun party from Lochgarry had 43 brace of grouse. At the Barracks Captain Rhodes's four-gun party had 60 brace, and at Dunalestair Captain La Terrier 29 brace.

* * * *

In the Pitlochry district, which is much lower ground than the above, and was thought not to suffer so much from the June snowstorm, Mr. W. Whiteridge, from New York, and Lord Woodhouse on the Stronehavie Moor got 38 brace; and Baledrunno Moor gave 35½ brace to Mr. R. Mackill, Mr. James Caird, and the Rev. J. W. Henderson; Mr. A. E. Butter and another gun secured over the former's celebrated field-trial pointers 55 brace on Stralock; Lord Stormouth Darling, Lord Rathmore, and Lord Robertson on Balvarran got 43 brace, and birds are reported to have been not over-wild to dogs; Mr. Harvey and Mr. Buckley on Dalreoch got 25 brace of grouse; Sir J. Heathcote Amory and another gun on Glenfernate and Glenloch got 44 brace and a ptarmigan, which proclaims the height at which they were beating.

* * * *

On the Dalnaspidal Moor, where 226 brace were killed on the first day last year, Mr. William Younger and party of six guns now killed 191 brace of grouse; Mr. Cunard and party of three guns on Cluniemore obtained 56 brace of grouse; Messrs. Bird and Shipley on Loch Baligan got 48 brace; Mr. Robert Fleming and a party from Lude had 111½ brace of grouse; at Dalwhinnie, which is about the highest ground in the county, Mr. Charles B. O. Clarke and a party, shooting from the hotel, so well known to fishermen, obtained 72 brace; and two parties shooting from the shooting lodge obtained 39½ brace and 30 brace respectively.

* * * *

In the Teesdale district of Yorkshire, which is probably the best grouse ground in the world, shooting over dogs is not absolutely extinct, at least, not on the Scargill, Hope, and Barningham Moors. Wemmergill has, after many years' shooting of it, been given up by Lord Westbury, who succeeded the late Sir Fred Milbank, and it is now leased by Mr. Charles E. Hunter of Selaby Hall, Gainford, who also continues to hold the shooting of Lord Barnard's Harewood and Riggside Moors. Mr. Cosmo Bonsor has sub-let Holwick Hall to the American gentleman who secured the Derby with Lady Meux's horse, rented to him after the death of Lord William Beresford. Mr. Clutterbuck continues at High Force, with the hotel for his headquarters. The biggest bag on August 12 was made by the Bolton Abbey party of nine guns; these included the host (the Duke of Devonshire), Lords Gosford, Howe, and Farquhar, Charles Montague, Herbert Vane Tempest, Curzon, Hon. H. Stonor, and Mr. Arthur Sassoon. Up to lunch-time the bag was 310½ brace; the figures for the day I have heard were made up to exactly 527½ brace. Lord Ripon did not shoot on his famous moors on the 12th, nor did most of those who occupy the crack moors mentioned above; but, nevertheless, driving bags up to 200 brace have been common enough in the North of England. I hear that Sir William Ingram, in Westmoreland, whose good nature induces him to shoot with "a party of London gentlemen," has been shot in the face. The party accounted for about 200 brace.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE "Ophir," with the Royal party on board, has this week visited Ascension, that lonely outpost of our Power—one of those fragments of Empire in which the world is so rich. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York have visited the island as all other people visit it—*en route* to some other place. Ascension is unlike any other part of His Majesty's dominions. It owes no tribute to the Foreign, India, or Colonial Offices, but is like a ship permanently at anchor in the Atlantic, under direct orders of the Admiralty. It exists, in short, for the Navy and for the benefit of seafarers, and is a very important coaling, victualling, and store depôt. Volcanic in its origin, and famed for its land crabs and turtles, it has a small population, all borne in some way upon the books of the Navy. The captain and officers of this island-ship are, in fact, borne in the guard-ship at the Cape of Good Hope. The Duke of Cornwall and York, we may say, as a Naval officer is on familiar ground in the Island of Ascension, and the lonely islanders, like the larger populations of Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, naturally seize the opportunity of giving an enthusiastic welcome to himself and the Duchess.

WHEN Captain Gamble set out to pay his series of visits to the French Naval ports, it was, of course, known that the occurrence would evoke a howl of indignation from a section of the Nationalist Press. Nothing pleases the gentlemen who write for these entertaining organs so much as to have an opportunity of hurling John Bull as a missile against the iniquitous persons at the Elysée. They see, or they affect to see, some deep-laid scheme of treachery whenever a British Naval officer is allowed to inspect the national dockyards, and ignore the fact that we have been far more liberal in this matter, and that if the French Naval attaché in London wished to visit, as many Naval attachés have visited, any of our dockyards, he would find no difficulty in doing so. It would be folly to take quite *au sérieux* all the wild declamations of Nationalist journals, whose dearest delight is to bespatter with mud the *perfide Albion* of their diseased imaginations. Indeed, the curious student of manners will find them singularly diverting. The misfortune is that the French rabble are apt to be inflamed by frenzied utterances, and that international animosity is stirred by the senseless outcry against this country. Meanwhile, intense national satisfaction is felt and loudly expressed at the coming visit of the Emperor of Russia, which removes an uneasy doubt.

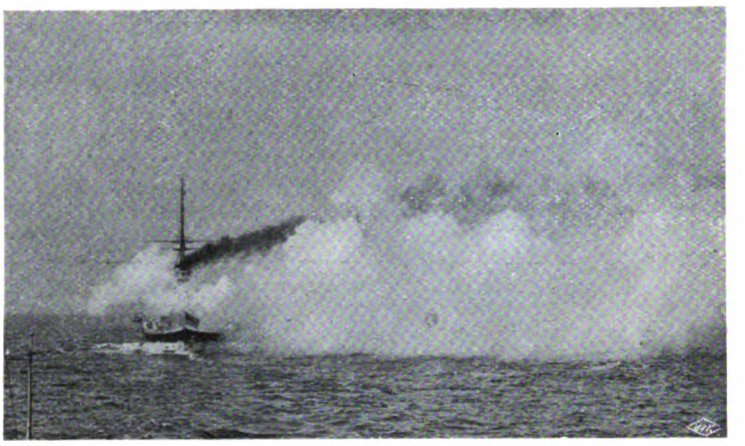

Photo. Copyright. *E. Thiel.*

"A DEATH SALUTE FROM THE CANNON IN PLACE."

The "Kaiser Wilhelm der Gros e" is the flag-ship of Prince Henry of Prussia. The death of the late Empress Frederick occurred at a time when it was impossible or her younger son to reach her. But our picture shows his ship paying appropriate tribute to the memory of his mother.

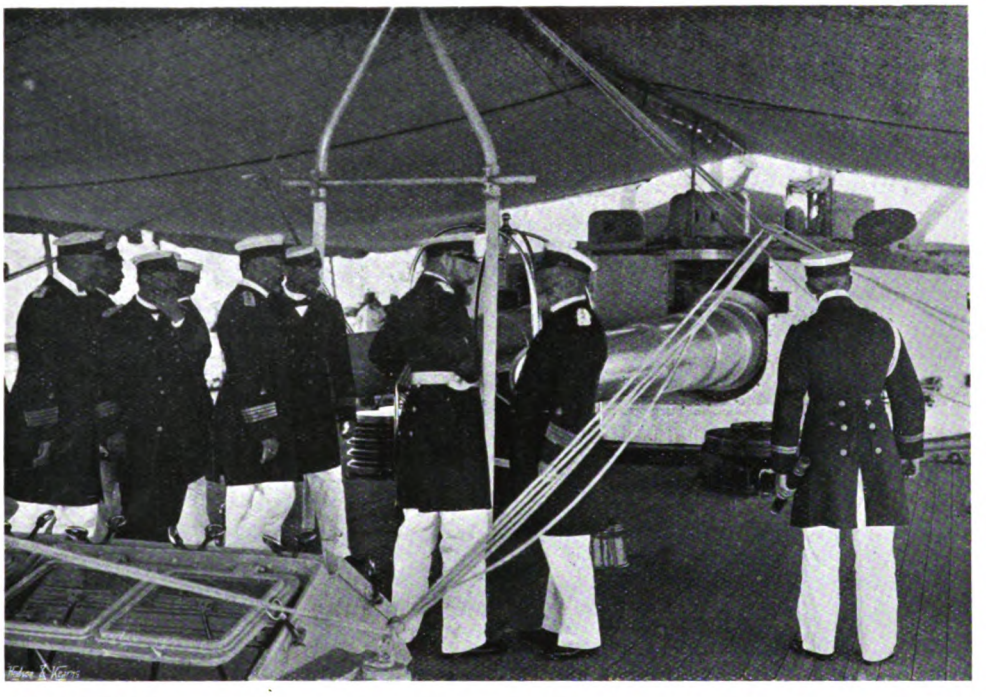

Photo. Copyright. *E. Thiel.*

THE GERMAN SQUADRON FROM CHINESE WATERS.

Prince Henry of Prussia has not only commanded the strongest squadron which Germany has ever sent to sea, but he has worthily done so. He is a born sailor. Our picture shows the commanders of the various ships recently returned from China awaiting the arrival of the Prince Admiral at Cadiz.

"LES Corsaires pour Rire!" Even the project was too much for the Boers. They, at least, have not been fired with the idea of rivalling the bold achievements of Jean Bart, Dugay-Trouin, Du Casse, and the rest. Certainly the ingenious gentlemen who proposed to fit out these corsairs had their eye on the main chance, for £80 per ton of displacement of British ships of war, and half as much of British merchant ships, taken or sunk, might have reached a round sum, if hopes could but have been possibilities. There is something quite melodramatic in the idea, and all that is wanting to complete the picture is a knot of pirates (otherwise corsairs) strung up together to the yard-arm. Mr. Kruger's new friends have perhaps not realised that a corsair such as they propose would be a rank pirate, and could claim no mercy from any law whatever. But perhaps the whole affair was a joke. If it had been serious, it should have been started long before. The *Matin*, which spread the story, may feel sure that the war which has desolated South Africa will not be "succeeded by a war with the ocean as a theatre."

THE question of the health of Hong Kong, an important garrison town and one of the greatest Naval harbours in the world, is of very considerable moment. There is, unfortunately, no doubt that the plague has become epidemic, and that there appears to be an increasing danger to the white population and the Naval and Military forces. The native Chinese live in overcrowded insanitary dwellings and in indescribably filthy surroundings, and until a change is brought about there can be no security. For reasons of their own the sanitary experts have formed storm-water drains for carrying off the heavy rainfall, and the flushing of the house drains depends upon a very casual supply. On the spot in Hong Kong it is believed that the permanence of the disease is largely due to this very cause. The rats are in prodigious numbers, and they spread the disease. It has been proved, in fact, that the mortality among these dangerous rodents is much greater at times when plague is rife. The health of the Naval and Military forces is a matter of primary importance, and something should certainly be done to arrest the progress of the disease. The matter is much too vital to be left to casual administration. As yet the effects have not been really serious, but the conditions are gradually getting worse.

COUNT LAMSDORFF has assured our Minister in St. Petersburg that the visit of the envoy from the Grand Llama possessed neither political nor diplomatic significance. The object of the mission was declared to be to obtain a closer acquaintance with Russian affairs, and to solicit certain favours for fellow believers who were Buddhists and also Russian subjects. In the strict sense of the word it is perhaps true that the mission has not been an embassy, for the Dalai Llama is a Chinese subject, but, nevertheless, there are those in Russia who reasonably regard the visit as giving a new advantage to the Muscovites. The *Viedomosti*, for example, declares that the intention is to get behind India if possible, as we have already suggested.

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The flanks are the weakest point, says this organ, and therefore, in developing an attack on India, the flanks must be menaced first—a policy which will be much facilitated by the establishment of regular relations with Persia and Tibet. The alliance with the latter country completes, we are told, "the might of that attack which the Russian soldier will have to carry on perhaps from the banks of the Amu Daria to those of the sacred Ganges and the Indus." The relations of the Russians with Tibet will, no doubt, have to be much closer before they can gain the advantage which some leading spirits hope for, but it is instructive to see what is said by such papers as the *Viedomosti*, leading us to recognise that the active policy in Asia is continued, and that we are likely to encounter the agency of Russia in many points touched by our influence.

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MANY are the memorials which have been raised to those who have fallen in the war. These are noble pages in personal history which shall speak to future ages of the sacrifices made by the best in the land in support of the nation's cause. Brass, marble, stone, and stained glass all tell the glorious story of heroism and loyalty. The east window at Westham Church, Pevensey, depicted on this page, is the gift of Mr. J. H. Wellby, in memory of his son, and bears the following inscription: "To the Glory of God, and in loving memory of Captain Montagu Sinclair Wellby, 18th Hussars, who died at Paardekop, South Africa, August 3, 1900, aged 34, from wounds received in action at Mertzicht, July 30. He served in the Tirah Campaign, and was well known as an explorer in Northern Tibet and throughout the unknown regions between Abyssinia and the Nile Valley." The service on the occasion of the dedication of the memorial began with a processional hymn, after which Colonel Paley, commanding the 18th Hussars, standing up in the chancel, said that he felt it an honour to have been asked to unveil this magnificent window in memory of a very dear comrade. He was reluctant to speak in church, but as he had known Captain Wellby so long and intimately, having been his commanding officer, he was the most competent person to speak about him. Captain Wellby had served for many years as adjutant of his regiment in India and also through the Tirah Campaign, besides his work in South Africa. He was a loyal comrade and a true man. He (Colonel Paley) could testify that he had served his country well, and his Queen, and he had also served his God, for he was a pattern to every man in the regiment, and they should all do well to follow his example. The subject of the window is the "Te Deum." The centre light shows Christ in Majesty as the "King of Glory" in the upper portion, and beneath are angels holding a scroll, on which is inscribed, "To Thee all Angels cry aloud." The "Glorious Company of the Apostles" is represented by their figures in the tracery, which, with the glass in the heads of the lights, is very old work, and has been left undisturbed. The "Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets" is represented in the top portions of the two right-hand lights by SS. John Baptist, Malachi, Isaiah, and King David; the "Noble Army of Martyrs," in the lower portion of the same lights, by SS. Martin, Stephen, George, Alban, and a Holy Innocent. The "Holy Church throughout all the World" is represented by the figures in the upper and lower portions of the left-hand lights, which contain SS. Anthony, Chrysostom, Francis, and Jerome, the Ven. Bede, and SS. Aidan, Augustine, and Ambrose. The window was designed and executed by Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick Street, who hold the appointment of glass painters to His Majesty King Edward VII.

AT WESTHAM CHURCH, PEVENSEY.

This is the east window in the church, above the altar, inserted in memory of Captain Montagu Sinclair Wellby, 18th Hussars, who died at Paardekop of wounds received in action. Particulars of his career will be found in one of our notes.

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FROM MERCANTILE MARINE TO ROYAL NAVY.

Devitt and Moore's Training-ships on Lord Brassey's System.

By LIEUTENANT STUART D. GORDON, R.N., (RETIRED.)

THE OFFICERS OF THE "ILLAWARRA."

Reading from left to right the names are: Mr. Bickley, 5th Officer; Mr. Plumpton, 3rd Officer; Naval Instructor Lieut. Stuart Gordon, R.N.; Mr. Hayes, Chief Officer; Mr. Marshall, 2nd Officer; Mr. Shultz, 4th Officer. In front are Captain and Mr. Maitland.

NO one should be surprised if in the event of war the supply of lieutenants falls short of the Navy's requirements. It must be remembered that seven years at the least is the period necessary for the transformation of a newly-joined Naval cadet into an officer of this grade. Say, then, that to-morrow we were embroiled in a struggle for Naval supremacy, what resources have we, in this respect, to draw upon? Obviously the Royal Naval Reserve alone; and that this force is not sufficient, nor as efficient as might be desired, is a fact generally acknowledged. It might have been supposed that the provisions of the Order in Council of June, 1895, admitting a limited number of officers of the mercantile marine into the Royal Navy would have been extended even further than has already been the case, for it cannot be denied that the supplementary lieutenant has done well in the somewhat extraordinary and unusual circumstances in which he has found himself. This being so, it needs no special gift of prophecy to indicate how conditions might arise which would compel an immediate transference of a number, considerably greater than is the rule to-day, of Royal Naval Reserve officers from employment under the red to service under the white ensign.

It may be regarded as quite a possible hypothesis, that one reason why the Admiralty has not hitherto added more largely to the number of the supplementary lieutenants, is that the average educational standard in the merchant service is not considered to be sufficiently high. This itself is a fact beyond dispute, nor in the case of many mercantile officers could it well be expected otherwise. Generally sent to sea as an apprentice, the budding officer learns, and quickly, all that is to be known of seamanship of the thoroughly practical order, but how on earth he ever manages to pick up at all, in the more theoretical points of his profession, knowledge sufficient to pass even the elementary examination demanded of the candidate for second mate's "ticket," still remains a mystery to many—the candidate himself included, more often than not.

Recognising this weak point in the system of the professional education of the merchant service officer, as ordinarily pursued, Lord Brassey some few years back inaugurated his scheme of preparing lads as mercantile "midshipmen" in ocean-going training-ships carrying a fully-qualified Naval instructor. Owing to one cause and another, however, this well-known enthusiast in all matters nautical found himself unable to carry on the good work he had started.

At this juncture the old-established firm of Devitt and Moore stepped in; and to-day, with two fine clipper-built iron ships, the "Illawarra" and the "Macquarie"—each of nearly 1,900 tons register—this firm is continuing the system thus initiated. It is reassuring to find that up to the present time this common-sense plan of training has proved a

THE MIDSHIPMEN OF THE "ILLAWARRA."

Some future officers of the Royal Naval Reserve.

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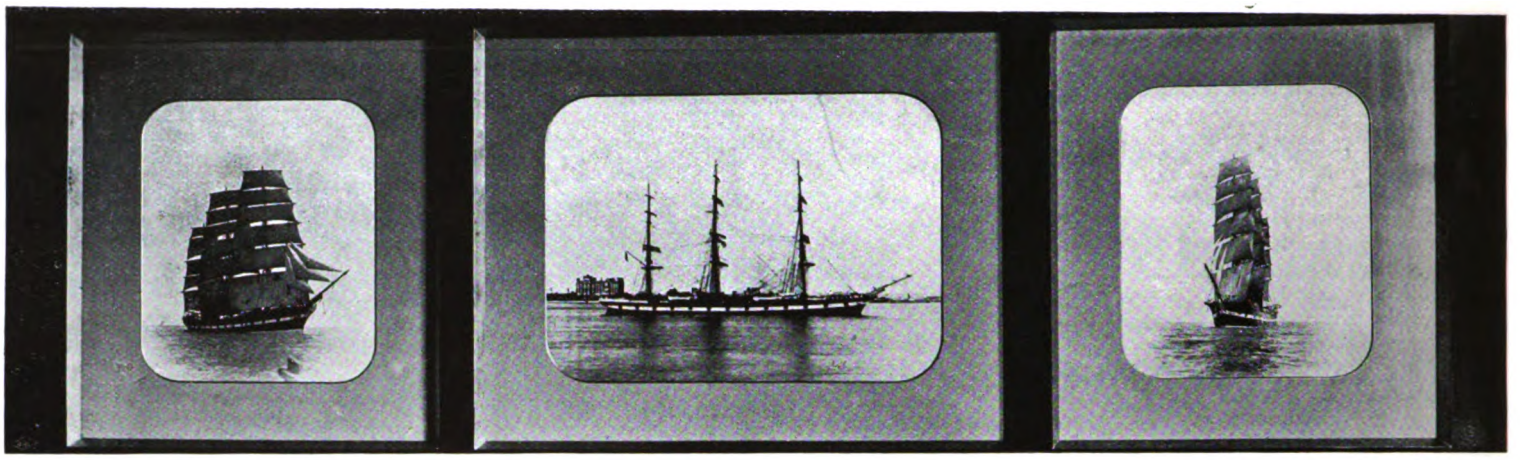


THE "ILLAWARRA."

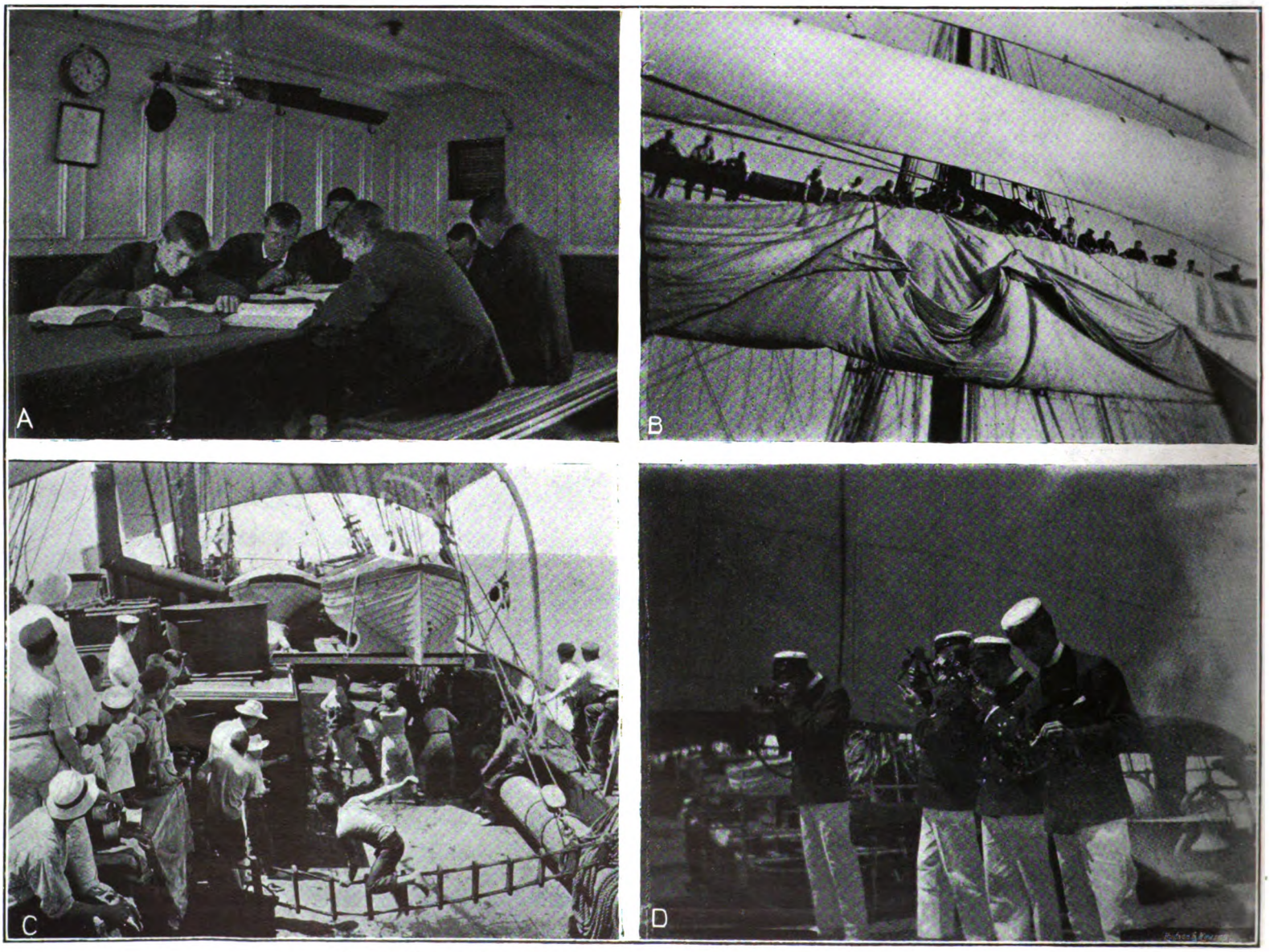
One of Devitt and Moore's ocean training-ships.

complete success, and, as time goes on, the future of those officers who commenced their career under its auspices will doubtless afford additional evidence of the system's worth. The advantage these young gentlemen will hold over the ordinary ship apprentice is manifest, for instruction in the theoretical as well as the practical side of subjects connected with the navigator's art is, unfortunately, not usual in the case of the last-mentioned lads.

It should be said that the present writer has himself lately arrived home in the "Illawarra," in which ship he served as Naval instructor. The short account here given of the daily life of a midshipman may, therefore, be relied upon as accurately depicting what, in ordinary circumstances, takes place. And as, under normal conditions, the routine of one day closely resembles that of another, what is here related will suffice to portray the daily doings during any particular voyage.

For the especial use and accommodation of the midshipmen on board these ships there is built a large deck-house, occupying nearly the entire space between the main and mizen masts. This deck-house is divided into three compartments, the foremost and aftermost of which are again apportioned off into cabins, each accommodating three or four midshipmen. The centre section constitutes the berth, or mess-room, and it is here also that school is conducted. With the exception of Saturday, which is a half holiday, the hours of study are from 10 a.m. to noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. every weekday. The subjects taught are all necessarily of a mathematical nature, comprising algebra, geometry, practical and theoretical trigonometry, plane and spherical, nautical astronomy, and, in short, all those hundred and one things which together go to make up the science of navigation as necessary to a modern mariner. On three afternoons of the week, from four to five o'clock, the Naval instructor takes one watch of the young gentlemen at rifle and cutlass drill, field exercise, etc.; while on the remaining two days, between the same hours, they attend lectures, given by the ship's surgeon, on anatomy, "first aid," etc. The captain conducts divine service in the saloon each Sunday, the midshipmen of course being present.

As one half (one watch) of the lads is continuously on deck, day and night, it may be said that the opportunities



A DAY'S WORK IN THE TRAINING-SHIP.

A.—In study: Theoretical navigation. B.—Bending sails: Practical seamanship. C.—Skylarking: Fun and frolic in the evening. D.—Taking sights: Shooting the sun at noon.

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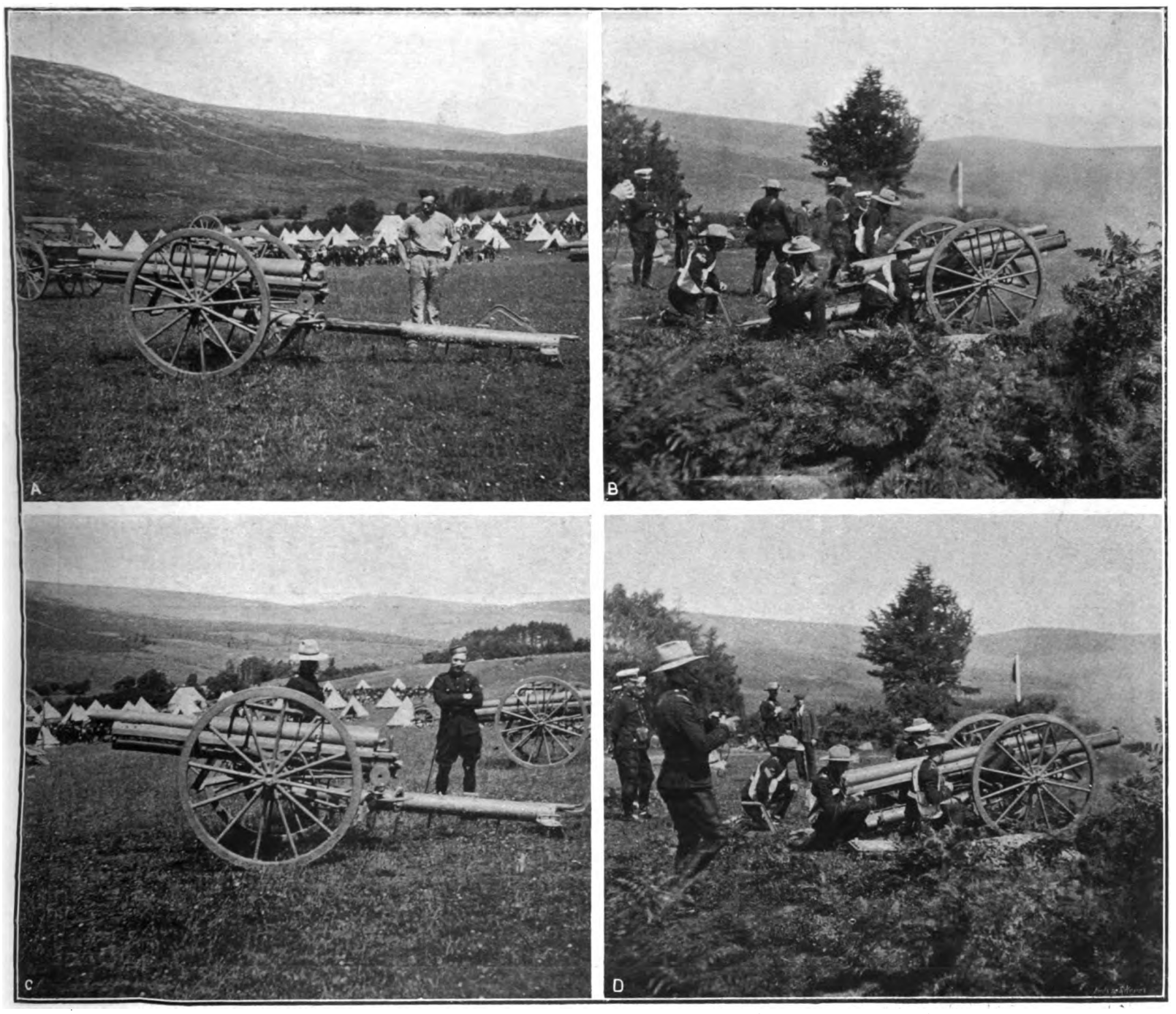
for learning the seamanship portion of their duties are practically unlimited. Consequently, the ship has not been at sea for very long before it is found that many of the midshipmen are in a fair way to become of real use on deck, assisting in the general work of the vessel—trimming yards, making and shortening sail, etc.—thus thoroughly mastering the various intricacies of their profession in that most perfect of all ways, namely, a gradual leading up from the elementary details to the practical and personal execution of the more complex manœuvres and problems. The same system of instruction is, of course, carried out in the teaching of navigation; and the writer can conscientiously assert without hesitation that if, after serving his time as a midshipman in one of these training-ships, a lad does not progress in his profession as fast as the regulations as to length of service permit, it is entirely owing to his own want of application or lack of brains. In the group of the "Illawarra's" officers, heading this page, three out of the five (excluding the captain) already belong to the Royal Naval Reserve. Moreover, each one of them (exclusive of the writer, of course) was trained in the ships of Messrs. Devitt and Moore under the system here described.

One word on that not insignificant subject—messing. A liberal allowance of fresh mutton, with poultry occasionally, as also soft (fresh) bread, forms the staple daily dinner of the boys. Potatoes always, and pudding or pastry frequently, are added. For breakfast there is always provided—besides bread and butter, tea and coffee—an ample supply of curry and rice or some other delicacy; whilst tea or supper, in the evening, very much resembles the first meal of the day. On Christmas Day, roast goose, plum pudding, and mince pies appear in the menu of the midshipmen, the anniversary itself being observed as a whole holiday, as also is the occasion of Crossing the Line. To additionally celebrate this latter occasion, an organised sports meeting is held on the upper deck, much-appreciated prizes being awarded the victors in the several events. The somewhat barbarous shaving farce is on board these ships never enacted. In addition to the above special occasions, it is seldom the midshipmen do not have every evening to themselves in which to skylark. So it will be seen that with them it is not "all work and no play."

After what has been said in the opening lines of this paper, it seems scarcely necessary to further advocate among merchant service officers a more earnest application to the study of the theoretical parts of their professional education. And it is safe to say that only those who thus apply themselves can ever hope to experience a transference from mercantile marine to Royal Navy.

TRIALS OF THE NEW GERMAN QUICK-FIRING GUNS

AT GLEN IMAAL PRACTICE CAMP, COUNTY WICKLOW.



A.—GERMAN GUN, WITH THE TELESCOPIC TRAIL RUN OUT FOR FIRING AT RANGES UNDER 3,000-YDS., BREECH-BLOCK OPEN. B.—GUN JUST FIRED, RECOILING ON TOP OF CARRIAGE. C.—TRAIL RUN IN FOR FIRING AT RANGES OVER 3,000-YDS., BREECH SHUT. D.—GUN RUN IN ON TOP OF CARRIAGE, WHICH REMAINS FIXED, AS SHOWN BY FLAG-STAFF AT BACK.

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WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

1. COLONEL BALFOUR AND HIS MOTOR-CAR. 2. THE START AT ABERDEEN BARRACKS. 3. COLONEL BALFOUR AND GENERAL HUNTER CONFER. 4. ON THE MARCH AT WOODEND, BANCHORY. 5. GROUP OF OFFICERS AT MIDDAY REST NEAR DINNET. 6. C COMPANY RESTING. 7. RESTING AT THE RIVER DEE OPPOSITE ABERGELDIE CASTLE. 8. A MIDDAY REST BELOW BALMORAL.

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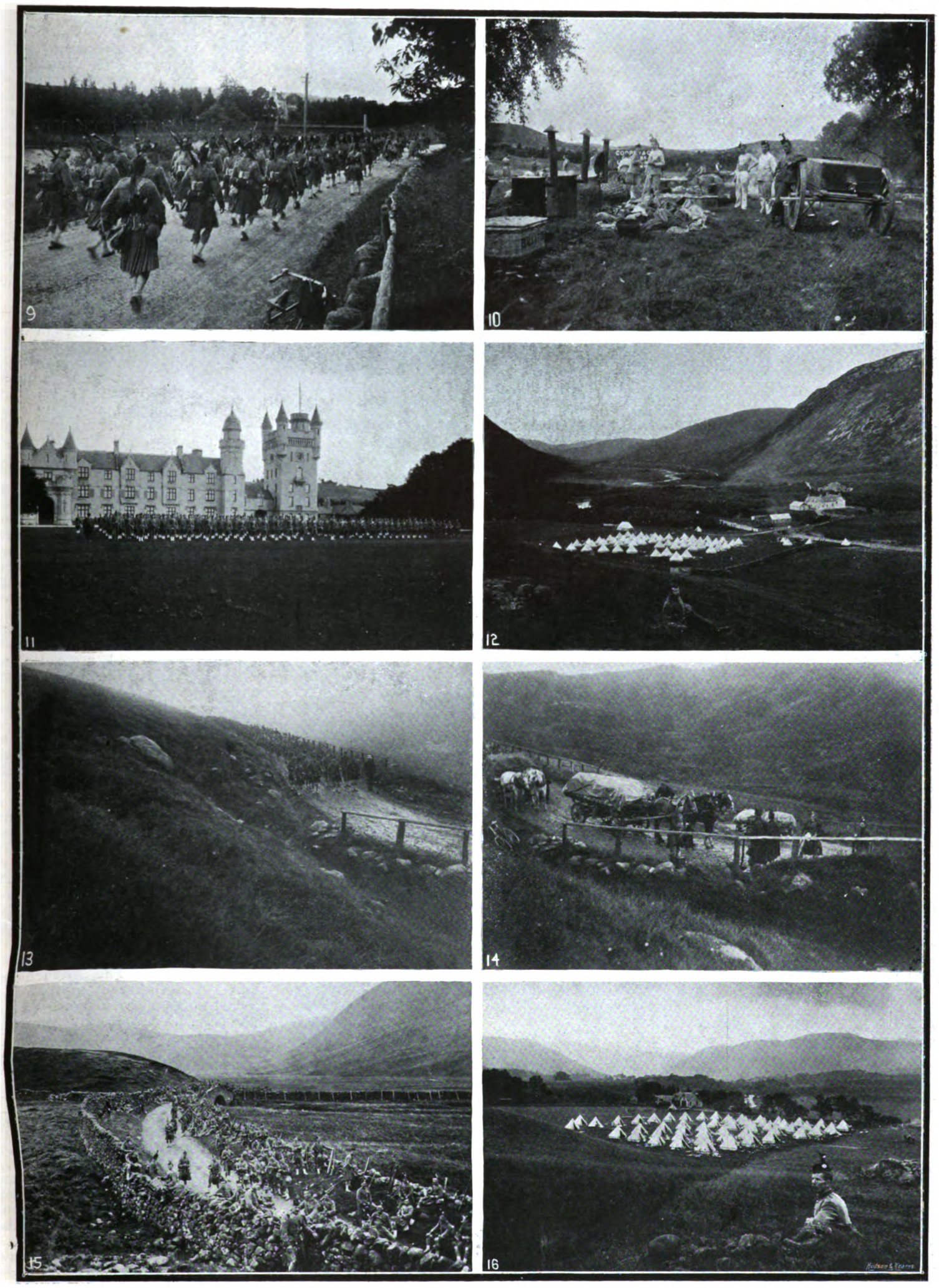
WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.



9. PASSING ABERGELDIE CASTLE. 10. COOKING DEPARTMENT. 11. PARADE AT BALMORAL CASTLE IN MORNING. 12. BA..DOCK CAMP, SIX MILES UP FROM BRAEMAR. 13. ON THE TOP OF THE GRAMPIANS JUST APPROACHING THE "DEVIL'S ELBOW," TAKEN IN HEAVY MIST AND TORRENTS OF RAIN. 14. BAGGAGE NEGOTIATING DEVIL'S ELBOW. 15. NEAR SPITAL OF GLENSHEE. ONE OF THE FINEST VIEWS OF WILD MOUNTAIN SCENERY ON THE ROUTE. 16. CAMP AT CORRYDON, SPITAL OF GLENSHEE.

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WITH THE LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

DINNER-TIME IN CAMP.

PASSING THROUGH BALLATER.

Photos. Copyright. *R. Milne.*

THE OFFICERS' MESS, BALMORAL.

On the right of the table and farthest from the tent, the officers sitting are Capt. Rogers, the colonel's son, Maj. Grant, Col. Balfour, Lieut.-Col. Hampton, and Lieut. Keyes. At this end of the table is Lieut. Scott, and on his left Lieut. Stewart, Lieut.-Surg. Pirie, Capt. Greig, Capt. and Q.M. White, Capt. and Adjt. Neish, Capt.-Surg. Turner, and Capt. Taylor. The man standing up is an orderly.

THERE are a good many corps of London Volunteers who have acquired well-deserved reputations, but among them all none stand higher than the London Scottish. It is smart in drill, it goes far beyond the ordinary demands of so-called "efficiency," and the result is that it has won for itself a reputation for being ready at all times to fulfil any calls which may be made upon it. When the Boer rebellion broke out, the London Scottish was eager to send men to the front, but in the meantime this depletion for active service has not been allowed to interfere with the ordinary work of the battalion.

The annual march through Scotland is a time-honoured institution, and it was carried out this year with all appropriate ceremonial; but it is far from being a mere ceremonial institution. It is a very business-like march, affording considerable military training to all who take part in it, and, since discipline is sternly enforced, the military aspect is not altered by the abundant hospitality which is encountered on the way. Scotsmen are not proverbially hospitable, but it is only those who do not know them who entertain this opinion. Nowhere is there more kindly hospitality to be found than in Scotland, and those who talk otherwise have simply dropped into the wrong groove—a very easy thing to do. At any rate, the London Scottish contingent has had no cause to complain. It has been welcomed wherever it went, and not only welcomed, but received with enthusiasm.

Let us see, however, of what the detachment consisted. When it mustered at James Street, Buckingham Gate, with Colonel Eustace Balfour in command, it numbered 330 of all ranks. Captain W. L. Grant, who was acting adjutant for the march, was second in command, and there were also present Captain and Adjutant F. H. Neish, of the Gordon Highlanders, to which regiment the London Scottish is attached, Captain J. B. Gray, Captain Taylor, Captain Buchanan, Captain Rogers, and Captain Greg. The detachment started for Aberdeen, and was expected to march twenty miles a day. The train was about four hours late at Aberdeen, but the men received, nevertheless, an enthusiastic welcome before starting on their march to Crathie.

It must be understood that the week's march was carried out under active service conditions. All men were in marching order, with kilt, haversack, water-bottle, side arms, and rifles, and the country they negotiated is a little rough, as all those who have wandered about it are well aware. At Balmoral the pipers of the regiment played a lament as a tribute to the late Empress Frederick, and the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, sent a telegram of "sincerest gratitude."

The march terminated on Saturday, August 10. It was, of course, most enjoyable, but it was also most instructive. Such marches, indeed, convey no little tactical instruction.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 240] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *Lyddell and Sawyer.*

VICTORIA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

COLONEL SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE, K.C.M.G., R.E., F.R.S.

In selecting Sir George Clarke to be Governor of Victoria the "powers that be" have naturally been influenced by the fact that this distinguished officer was secretary to the highly-important committee which some years ago made a searching enquiry into the question of Colonial Defence. But in many other ways Sir George Clarke has given proof of his interest in, and "grip" of, great Colonial questions, which, moreover, he has consistently approached from that Imperialist standpoint which, we have reason to believe, finds special favour with the readers of this journal. A brilliant and forcible writer, Sir George has made a special study of the subject of Sea-Power in its relation to Imperial, and particularly Colonial, requirements.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLDS NEWS.
20, TAVISTOCK STREET LONDON W.C.

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NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is on sale throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and may be obtained at all railway and other Bookstalls.*

Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

The Problem of . . . Imperial Defence.

THE recent appointment of Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke to be Governor of the State of Victoria in the Australian Commonwealth is one upon which the Government must be heartily congratulated. The office of a Colonial Governor is one of greater importance than is generally supposed. It is often spoken of as a merely ornamental appendage to the machinery of administration, and there have been governors who could be named in support of this view. Wealth and a title have occasionally seemed to be the only ostensible qualifications of the noblemen and gentlemen appointed to represent the Sovereign in far-off regions of the Empire. The story even goes that a certain party whip who had been a conspicuous failure in that position was once upon a time sent abroad as a Colonial Governor simply in order to get rid of him at home. "We must do something for the man," a certain Prime Minister is reported to have said. "He is too stupid to be an Under Secretary. When he ought to be whipping up a House, he's always asleep; we must send him to govern ——" The story is apocryphal, no doubt, but the very fact that it should be told shows that there is, or was, an impression in a good many minds that Colonial Governors were not always selected solely on account of their ability to govern.

In Sir George Clarke's case no other reason for the appointment could be suggested, unless, indeed, the War Office are afraid of so able a military critic, and would prefer that he should be at the other end of the world while their futile schemes for creating an Imperial Army are being hatched. Sir George, as we show in our sketch of his career published on another page, has had a brilliant career ever since he passed first into Woolwich and first out again. When you hear grumbles about the uselessness of examinations and when you are told that success in examinations is no index to success in life, just take the trouble to investigate the truth of the latter assertion. You will find that the facts do not by any means bear it out. It would be just as false to declare that everyone who takes a high place in an examination is bound to succeed in after years. You cannot, of course, lay down any rule, but there is no doubt that a very large proportion of the young men who distinguish themselves early in life do, as Sir George Clarke has done, amply fulfil the promise of their youthful achievements. His merit was soon discovered by the authorities, and he was employed on a number of special missions. Active service he saw in Egypt and he rapidly rose in the corps of Royal Engineers until he reached the rank of colonel, and was appointed director of the gun-carriage factory at Woolwich. There his active mind has thought out various improvements in the manufacture of gun-carriages, and his name is familiar to all who are acquainted with military matters, as that of the inventor of a particularly useful type of carriage for field-service guns.

To the general public Sir George Clarke is not so well known as he ought to be, and as he would be if more genuine interest were taken in questions of Imperial Defence. With Mr. J. R. Thursfield, another very distinguished authority upon these questions, especially upon Naval problems, he wrote a valuable book, in which various matters affecting the security of the Empire were discussed with wide knowledge and singular clearness of vision. The authors based all their views upon the sound assumption that the Navy is our first and indeed our only line of defence. We must realise this if we hope ever to arrive at a sane and workable scheme of Naval and Military preparedness for all chances. The old fear of invasion or raid is aroused in feeble minds every now and then by diligent beating of the alarmist drum. But so long as the Navy sails the seas unbeaten, so long may we feel secure from invasion; and raids must be met, if ever they should be undertaken, by forces of small proportions which can be concentrated in a short time upon any given point along the coast. The main truth, which must be insisted upon over and over again, is that we do not need a large Army to defend our shores.

But what we do want, and what we must have if we mean to put ourselves into a position to hold our own in the fierce competition among the nations of Europe for territorial possessions and commercial advantages, is (1) a small, well-trained Army which can be sent anywhere to defend Imperial interests, and (2) Imperial forces organised upon the same plan throughout the whole of the Empire which will be able to co-operate with the Home Army in any operations upon an extensive scale. It is impossible that Great Britain should continue for ever to undertake the maintenance of a military police force for the whole of her scattered colonies and dependencies. The Indian native regiment plan must be adapted to Australia and Canada and South Africa, and each branch of the Empire must take its part in contributing to the general scheme, which will be for the benefit of all. The war in South Africa has shown us that the Colonies are prepared to do their share in accepting the responsibilities of Empire. But it will not do to rely again upon getting together an Imperial Army haphazard, and after the enemy has actually taken the field. If we have learnt our lesson, as Mr. Kipling thinks we have, and as we fervently hope, we must have no more trusting to chance, or to luck, or to things coming right in the end. We must "organise, organise, organise." We must take careful thought for the morrow, for in matters of defensive preparation amid the rivalry of nations the morrow will certainly not take thought for the things of itself. If the Government had this in view when they decided to send Sir George Clarke to Victoria—and it seems impossible to doubt that this is the true explanation of the appointment—it will not be very long before the way is laid open for some definite steps towards a complete plan of Imperial defence. No better man than Sir George Clarke could have been chosen either for this special task, or for the ordinary duties of a Colonial Governor. Our only regret is that his able pen will, for a time, be laid aside from the purpose of trenchant criticisms upon Naval and Military affairs. From the point of view of the Empire, however, the diverting of his energies into a constructive channel will be in the end no loss, but, as we have every reason to believe, a decided gain.

WE find that the photograph reproduced last week purporting to be the midshipmen of the "Illawarra" is actually a photograph of the midshipmen of the "Macquarie," another ship owned by the same firm, Messrs. Devitt and Moore. It was sent to us in error. The copyright of the photograph reproduced is the property of Mr. Haysom of 109, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

AT the coronation of George IV., on July 19, 1820, the Household Brigade, consisting of the two regiments of Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards, appeared in bright cuirasses, which they continue to wear. They also had helmets of bright steel, with an enormous bearskin crest. This was the first time British troops had worn cuirasses since 1794, when they were given to some regiments of cavalry serving in the campaigns in Germany and the Netherlands, but as they were found more cumbersome than convenient, they were deposited in store and never used again. Soon after the late Queen came to the throne, the Household Cavalry had their headgear changed to the gorgeous silver helmets with brass ornaments and weeping plumes which they wear now.

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.

AN APPROPRIATE INVITATION CARD.

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A MAN OF HIS WORD.

SUPPOSE yourself an officer in an Indian regiment engaged in a frontier campaign, the first war service you have seen. Suppose that in a skirmish on a dark night you are separated from your comrades, and that you only save yourself from the Pathans (whom you must please to pronounce Patarns") by seizing a riderless horse as it gallops by and riding it into camp. Suppose that a few minutes later your dearest friend, a distinguished soldier with a reputation for dare-devil bravery as well as skilful leadership, staggers in wounded and that, as he lies gasping at the point of death, he whispers to you, under a promise of eternal secrecy, how he was seized with sudden panic and turned and ran and left a brother officer to the Pathan's mercy. Suppose further that this brother officer is found while he has still life enough left in him to accuse some unknown comrade of base cowardice and poltroonery, and suppose that the horse you caught and rode into camp turns out to be this officer's charger. Naturally enough it is supposed that you must be the coward and poltroon. You are regarded by almost everyone with horror and loathing, and you are invited to consider yourself under arrest Now, what in these circumstances ought a soldier and a gentlemen to do? Can a promise extorted from you before you knew what it was you were going to promise be considered binding? Is a man justified in ruining his life and bringing misery upon his relatives in order to keep a pledge of this kind?

THE CONFESSION OF COWARDICE.

Sir Philip Pangdon (Mr. H. B. Irving) and Captain Meredith (M. Herbert Waring).

Mr. Boyle Lawrence says "Yes," and he makes Captain Meredith "a man of his word" in spite of everything. Meredith has a bad time of it, and his mother and sister have a bad time of it, and it seems as if there were no way for justice to be done except by the breaking of the promise. For Sir Philip Pangdon, the real coward, recovers from his wound and refuses to tell the truth on the ground that he is more useful to the Empire than Meredith would be. So it really looks as if poor Meredith must bear all his life the penalty for his friend's shameful conduct. But, fortunately, there is a woman in the case, a woman loved by Meredith and Pangdon both. She it is who cuts through the tangle, persuades Meredith to keep up his courage, openly espouses his cause, and finally manages to create a situation that induces Pangdon to make a clean breast of it. So all's well since all ends well, though one may still think that Meredith acted upon a rather strained view of honour and took too much of a risk. You see, if it had not been for this particular woman, he would be under a cloud still.

Photos. Copyright. *Ellis & Walery.*

THE CUT DIRECT.

Meredith, insulted by an unmannerly officer, is consoled by his mother, sister, and sweetheart.

Mr. Pearce. Ben Webster. Miss Ismero. Miss Bell. Mr. Waring. Miss Alexander. Mr. Hare. Mr. Southern.

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BURNING A REBEL'S FARM

THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

THE FATE OF A PEACEMAKER.

THE British alarmist—and when were we without him?—ought to be very much obliged to the German Naval expert who has been commenting on our last manœuvres in the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*. He gives exactly the kind of picture of the British Navy which is thoroughly congenial to our perennial Little Bilious. The reader, of course, remembers the officer who bore that name in the King's Own, and of whom it was said that he was never happy unless he was "—— miserable." The slashing critic at Berlin says all the things which our pessimist expert rejoices—if so gloomy a spirit can be said to rejoice—in dinning into our ears. He considers our Naval equipment behind the times, and feels confident that we will be wanting in everything at the critical moment, like the Spanish armies of which the Duke of Wellington complained. Ships, material, construction, armour, and guns are all wrong. The French manœuvres in the Mediterranean tell another tale, one of success, while ours is failure, and the vaunted British Navy would be driven off the sea if only our neighbours in France care to make a serious attempt. It is very impressive, and may prove convincing to the Navy League. But there are two remarks to be made upon it. The first is that our friends the Germans would be the reverse of sorry to see us and the French by the ears, and are flattering their hereditary enemy just at present with a trowel, for pretty obvious reasons. Then there is an odd thing about these assaults on the British Navy from abroad. They come at intervals from Belgium, or France, or Italy, or Germany, but in whatever language they are spoken, they always seem to be uttered by the same voice. There is an identity in their method and tone which suggests a common author.

* * * *

The long, and apparently final letter of "Extreme Naval Theorist" in the *Times* of August 23, must surely leave all who read it wondering more than ever what on earth all the dispute has been about. The writer repeats once more that neither he nor any Naval authority he knows of holds we can dispense with military forces on shore as part of our home defences. As the advocates on the other side never, to my knowledge, say that we can do without a powerful fleet, it would really seem as if there were nothing to argue about—except the numbers and quality of the troops required on shore. Perhaps something is gained when we get to this point; but we have taken a long way round to arrive, where it would have been possible to go by a more direct road. But saving the reverence of "Extreme Naval Theorist" he is not so innocent, and other Naval disputants are not so innocent, of all blame for the mistaken estimate of the drift of their arguments as he would have us believe. In judging of what a writer means to affirm we must be largely guided by his tone and his general dritt. Now it is the case that some of those who have argued from the Naval point of view have said things which have no particular sense, unless they mean that a fleet can stop all degrees of invasion from over sea, and if they are right, then military forces on shore are not wanted. If they did not mean this, then they should have made their meaning more clear. They have no right to complain if their opponents draw deductions which really follow from their statements. Look, for instance, at the late Admiral Colomb's insistance on the "Fleet in Being" and "The Naval Threat." He certainly said, what amounted to affirming, that the mere existence of a defending Naval force was enough to prevent invasion—even when the said Naval force had been beaten, as Humbert's was, at Beachy Head. His writings coincided with Captain Mahan's "Sea Power" book, and it is the fact that a very wide impression was produced between them that no inroad of hostile troops coming by the water was to be feared while there was a defending fleet in existence. We are assured that this is not what was meant. Then it ought not to have been said.

* * * *

"Extreme Naval Theorist's" final statement of the case seems to me to be thoroughly sound. He recognises that a mere raid, such as Humbert's incursion into Ireland, must always be possible, even though unlikely. Once landed it must be dealt with on shore by troops. So long as an active enemy, with large resources close to our shores, has the security that if only he can elude our fleet he will find himself unopposed on land by troops able to tackle him with a discipline and weapons equal to his own, and greater numbers, the temptation to attempt the adventure will be irresistible. The moral and material—and particularly the moral—damage done, would be enormous. To avoid it we have to make it quite clear to all the world that the 5,000 men or so sent to make a raid would be spent in pure waste, because they would be crushed at once, even if they eluded the protecting Naval forces. The question really is, what sort of Home Army we want to do the work. When "Extreme Naval Theorist" expresses his doubts whether we will get it from Mr. Brodrick's army scheme, he must, it seems to me, have everybody who knows what military efficiency means with him. That plan can only give an army for foreign service which is too small, and for home defence a multitude of men, of whom all that we can say with confidence is, that they will have nothing in common except the insufficiency of their training.

* * * *

It is decidedly a pity that the writer should have added another sub-division, another complication to the nomenclature of our defences. We used to have the first line, which was the Navy, and the second, which was made up of troops and fortifications on shore. He proposes to make a new scale. The first line is to be the fleet blockading the enemy's ports, or at least waiting outside in the hope of a battle; the second is to be formed of ships round our coast on the look-out for raids. Troops and fortifications are to be relegated to the third line. But is there any necessity for this subdivision of the Naval Defence into first and second? Military critics occasionally talk of setting the Navy free to do its proper work by keeping a powerful force on shore. They do not, and will not, understand that no part of the Navy's work is more proper than the patrolling of the waters round our shore, in order to keep an enemy's commerce-destroyers from prowling outside our ports. In the old wars there were constant fights between frigates, or luggers, or cutters, within sight of our coast. What reason is there to doubt that they will have their equivalent in modern times between steamers of one sort or another? It is the enemy's interest to molest our commerce by such attacks, and we can only guard against them by having ships on the spot for the purpose. Incidentally they will serve to beat off raids, but their primary duty is to keep the seas clear for the inward and outward movements of commerce. To talk of them as a second line of defence against invasion, as if that were their chief duty, is to play into the hands of the military school, which will answer that a sufficient force on shore will keep the enemy from coming at all, and will leave your ships of the second line free for their proper duty, as the foolish phrase goes. Then we shall be just where we were before, and the disputants will be just as far from agreement.

* * * *

Sir F. Du Cane's answer to Sir Vesey Hamilton contains a pretty example of the use which can be made by the military side of an unguarded utterance on this question. Sir Vesey Hamilton had quoted Napoleon's probably lying

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statement of the reason why he did not attempt to invade England. It was that he would have to fight battles on shore, would lose men, and would be unable to reinforce his army. Of course Sir F. Du Cane answers at once that this is a reason for maintaining a powerful force on shore, and he is perfectly right. If the Naval side would only stick to the incontrovertible proposition that the Fleet is indispensable on the water, it would not lay itself open to these retorts.

* * * *

"Extreme Naval Theorist" quotes Nelson's much-quoted letter to the Lord Mayor of London about the blockade of Toulon, as showing that our best admirals never attempted to prevent an enemy from coming to sea. Of course you cannot prevent an enemy from coming out if he chooses, except by putting a material obstruction down in the channel he must pass through, a thing often tried, but never achieved in modern times, except by Richelieu, when he closed Rochelle with a mole. But has not the time come for speaking the truth about Nelson's watch on Toulon, which is, that it entirely failed to fulfil the purpose for which it was maintained. Nelson wanted to let the French out and fall on them at sea. What happened was that Villeneuve got to sea twice. On the first occasion Nelson went on a wild goose chase to Egypt to look for him, and the Frenchman had to return to port because his ships were damaged in a squall. On the second occasion Villeneuve got away clear, and headed Nelson into the ocean by weeks. His subsequent destruction at Trafalgar was due to a chain of events which did not depend on Nelson's policy for keeping watch on Toulon. The deduction would seem to be that it was not a good one. Whether any other course could have been followed is another question. But as matters went, Nelson would have been better posted in the Straits of Gibraltar. There, at any rate, he would have had a fair chance of dealing with Villeneuve as Boscawen did with La Clue.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.

AN APPRECIATION.

THE selection of Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., R.E., for the Governorship of Victoria—a selection of which His Majesty the King's approval has just been notified—will do something more than create general satisfaction. It is an eminently thoughtful and statesmanlike act, this appointment to one of our most important Colonial Governorships of a man whose appreciation of the relationship of the Colonies to the Empire is founded upon wide and deep knowledge of the points at issue; who has had special opportunities of studying the subject from a very broad and firm platform; and who is one of the soundest critics and most accomplished soldiers in the British Army. The wisdom of the choice is accentuated by such circumstances as the recent inauguration of the Australian Commonwealth, preceded as that was by the epoch-making rush of the Australian Colonies to the aid of the Empire in South Africa. Lastly, with Sir George Clarke at Melbourne, we shall have one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living authorities on Imperial Defence in a position where his personal counsel cannot fail to exercise still more important and beneficial influence than it has consistently and honourably exercised at home.

Sir George Clarke is, comparatively speaking, a young man, having been born in Lincolnshire in 1848. The son of a clergyman, he was educated at Wimbledon and Haileybury, and as a youngster showed his intellectual quality by passing first into and out of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1868, and after three years' service was posted to the staff of the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, where he remained for nine years. In 1882 he served in the Egyptian Expedition, for which he wears the medal and bronze star, and in 1885 was employed at Suakin in the Intelligence Department and as Assistant Political Officer. He was present in several actions, and for his services received a mention in Despatches.

Up to this time Sir George Clarke had published little, being chiefly known for his pamphlet on "Perspective" (1884), and for a more extensive book on "Practical Geometry, Perspective, and Engineering Drawing." But the ex-Cooper's Hill professor was now about to enter upon a much higher plane of employment, and one very much better suited to his tastes and capacity. After the Soudan Expedition of 1885 he was retained at the War Office for several years, during which he served as secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee and to the Royal Commission on Navy and Army Administration, and was sent on special duty to a number of foreign countries. Gradually, too, it began to dawn on thoughtful soldiers that this accomplished and many-sided Royal Engineer officer was steadily coming to the front as a military *littérateur* of the very highest order, one, too, with very decided opinions, and a singularly cogent and lucid method of expressing them.

As a writer on professional matters Sir George Clarke has few, if any, equals, if only by reason of the absoluteness and intensity of his convictions as to the relative positions and functions of the two Services. His views on this point are brought out with characteristic distinctness in his contributions to "The Navy and the Nation," a remarkable collection of essays by Sir George Clarke and Mr. Thursfield, which were reprinted from the *Times*, the *Quarterly* and *National Reviews*, the *Naval Annual*, and the *United Service Magazine*. Sir George was responsible for articles on "Imperial Defence," "The Navy and the Colonies," "England and the Mediterranean," and other subjects which it is refreshing indeed to find a soldier handling with such breadth of knowledge and such clear-cut insight into great questions of Naval policy.

With equal force is the same doctrine enunciated in Sir George Clarke's brilliant book on "Fortifications, Past, Present, and Future." "By the sea our forefathers won Empire; by the sea alone can their descendants lose it." That is the keynote to this remarkable work, which, in dealing with the war-achievements of fortification, keeps ever clearly in view the folly of such works as are not subordinated to the idea that the first and chiefest factor in, at any rate, coast defence is sea-power.

Sir George Clarke's latest important work deals with the sea-power of Russia, which, in opposition to a good many patriots, he would like to see hand-in-glove with Great Britain. We have no space here to discuss the arguments which Sir George adduces in support of the contention that the Lion and the Bear are predestined shipmates, but we take from the book a highly-representative passage, which says that "Fate has ordained that Asiatic dominion should be shared mainly by two great nations. There is ample room for both, and could they attain to a reasonable measure of mutual understanding, fairer hopes of peace and progress would dawn upon the world."

Since 1894 Sir George Clarke, who in the previous year had received a K.C.M.G. in recognition of his services on the Colonial Defence Committee, has been Superintendent of the Royal Carriage Factory at Woolwich Arsenal. It goes without saying that the strain put upon this department by the South African War was almost terrific, but perfect organisation and high administrative ability enabled Sir George Clarke to meet every requirement with business-like promptitude. He had previously placed the Royal Artillery under a deep debt of gratitude by supplying them with an admirable makeshift by which the ordinary 15-pounder field gun could be used as a modified quick-firer. In a word, here as everywhere else he has made his mark by sheer ability, ability, too, of a singularly practical and direct description.

Quite recently Sir George has sat as a member on Mr. Brodrick's committee to enquire into the organisation and business methods of the War Office, a committee whose report has already had some drastic and far-reaching effects. For such a committee it would have been almost impossible to find a better member than one who combined with War Office experience, and a protracted term of service in charge of an important department, a singularly critical faculty and absolute independence of judgment. In no small measure, we may rest assured, is the almost sensational Report, some of the recommendations contained in which have already been put into practice by the Secretary of State for War, due to Sir George Clarke's personal and able intervention.

Finally, the new Governor of Victoria admirably fulfils those social requirements which are of distinct importance in the consistent maintenance of the right kind of friendly intercourse between the great Colonies and the Mother Country. Not only is Sir George Clarke a most highly-accomplished man—it may be mentioned incidentally that he is a Fellow of the Royal Society, in itself no ordinary distinction—but he is also an extremely polished and pleasant one, with a great gift of tact and *savoir faire*. In a word, he is simply as good a man as England could possibly send to Australia at this juncture as a Governor, and there need be little apprehension that Victoria will not readily and completely realise that pleasant fact.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

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THE HARBOUR OF LIU-KUNG-TAU AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

PER MARE, PER TERRAM.

THE Naval *cause célèbre* which is appointed to begin next week at Washington, and in which the professional reputation of Admiral Schley is involved, is creating a huge sensation in the United States, and a tremendous throng is seeking admission to the hearings of the Court. Many prominent officers will give evidence, and some witnesses have been summoned from the Philippines and other distant places to give testimony on one side or the other. The real gist is a dispute between Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley as to the credit for the operations at Santiago, and the manner in which they were conducted. Mr. Dooley, the genial satirist of manners, has had his say upon the matter, and his remarks are well worth quoting. The book referred to is that in which Admiral Schley was publicly attacked. "'So they've arristed Schley. As soon as th' book come out th' Sicrety iv th' Navy issued a warrant again' him, chargin' him with victhry—an' he's goin' to have to stand thrile f'r it. I don't know what th' punishment is, but 'tis somethin' hard, f'r th' offinse is onus'l. They'se sure to bounce him, an' maybe they'll give his job to Cerveera. Noble ol' Cerveera done nawthin' to disgrace his flag. He los' his ships an' his men an' his biler, an' iverything except his ripytation. He saved that be bein' a good swimmer an' not bein' an' officer iv th' United States Navy.' 'I shud think Schley'd thry an' prove an' allybi,' Mr. Hennessy suggested, pleasantly. 'He can't,' said Mr. Dooley. 'His frind Sampson's got that.'" There is a good deal of wit, and not a small proportion of very biting sarcasm, in these words, and few of the things Mr. Dooley has said are more clever.

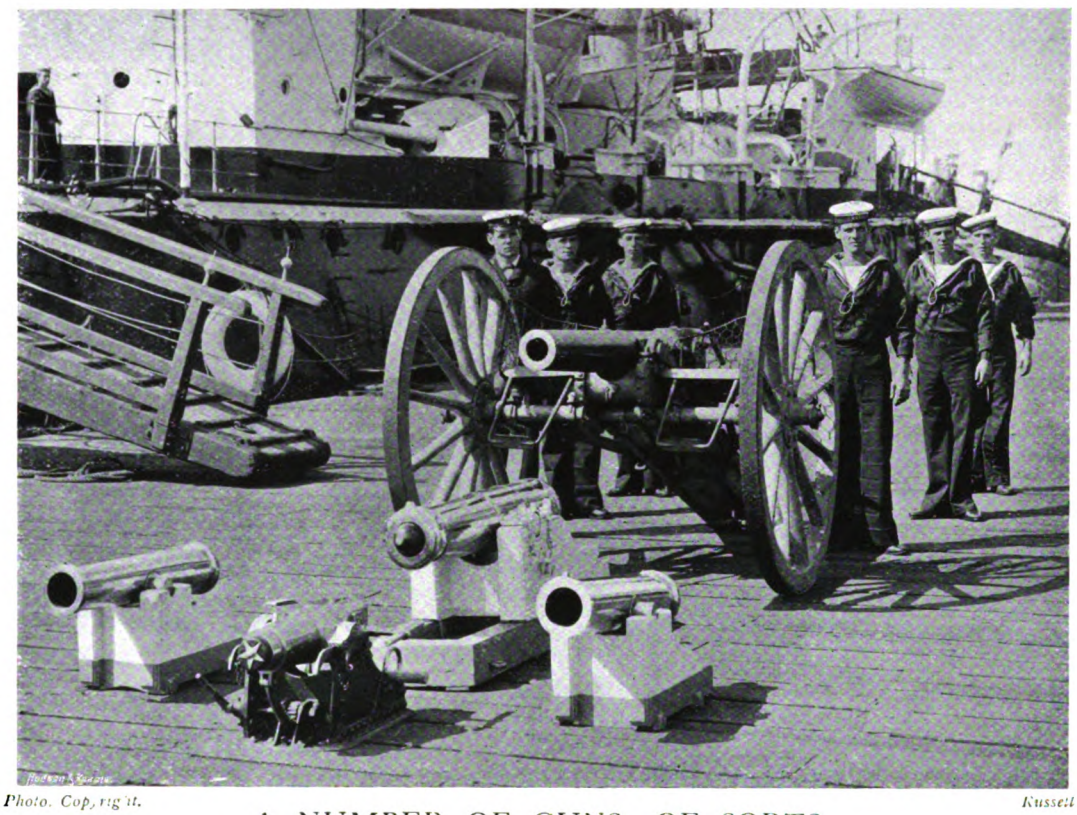

Photo. Copyright. Russell

A NUMBER OF GUNS—OF SORTS.

These are captures made in China by the crew of the "Centurion," who contributed a large detachment to Admiral Seymour's column which tried to relieve Peking. They are pretty trophies, but their appearance shows how far the Chinese are still separated from European methods of warfare. The popguns are obviously mere playthings.

OUR illustration of the Island of Liu-kung-tau, Wei-hai-Wei, shows four battle-ships, and the "Terrible"—"Centurion" (flag-ship of Admiral Sir E. Seymour), "Barfleur" (Rear-Admiral Sir J. Bruce), "Ocean," and "Goliath," second-class cruiser "Pique," and despatch vessel "Alacrity." On the right of the picture can be seen a camber for torpedo-boats, the parade ground, and Naval establishments. The mainland of China is seen across the bay. This photograph was taken a few days prior to the "Centurion" leaving for England with the admiral, on being succeeded by Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge.

A SINGULAR case, which has been noted from time to time, has just reached a conclusion in France. In 1895, a young man of Chartres, named Goutaudier, who was living in America, returned to France expressly to fulfil his period of military service. He was evidently a man of strong individuality, for he had taken literally the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," and he declined to bear arms, begging to be allowed to execute his service in some non-combatant capacity. He was tried for disobedience, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, which he went through without complaint or protest. He was then sent back to his regiment to begin his service—for the time in prison did not count—and for a short time he conformed to orders. But once more his conscience rose against him, and again he refused to bear arms. He was tried for the second time, and was again condemned to two years' imprisonment, at the expiration of which his singular case attracted attention in the French Press, and was brought to the notice of the Minister of War, who decided that he should be attached as a clerk in the recruiting service. But, for some reason, the decision did not take effect, and, after waiting six months, Goutaudier renewed his refusal, and was once more sent to prison. Upon this, General André issued fresh orders, and the long-suffering young man was released, and recently attached as a bearer to the military hospital at Lyons. Surely some such solution of the difficulty might have been found earlier in Goutaudier's career, without subjecting him to four years of prison on the ground of a conscientious objection.

THE months of August and September are always the occasion in France for celebrating the memory of the soldiers who fell in the great battles near Metz in the year 1870. The fraternal societies, which consist of the veterans of the war and of their friends, many of them now reduced to a handful, are accustomed to meet together to recall the events in which they took part, and to revere the memory of the dead. The Society of the Cuirassiers of Wörth assembled to the number of 110, and most of the veterans had not seen one another for something like thirty years. They were defeated, said M. Brunet, but each had legitimate pride in saying "I was there." Madame Métrinal, who was cantinière of the 8th Cuirassiers on the memorable day, was present and received a great ovation. The association of those who fought at Gravelotte also assembled, attended mass for the souls of the slain, placed a crown on the national monument at Mars-la-Tour, and dined together. In many other quarters the events of 1870 were celebrated also, and the society known as the Souvenir Français has undertaken the work of restoring the neglected

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graves of the fallen, especially those in the cemeteries of Paris.

OUR Mediterranean number was very well received, not only at home but abroad, and its contents have been discussed and cited in many quarters. The *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, which is the organ of the principal military club in Paris, remarks that the discussion on the Mediterranean situation has filled the British Press with articles upon the subject, forming an *embarras du choix*, if any impression were to be given to the French of what Englishmen were saying. Accordingly, Captain Painvin thought it a good plan to content himself with translating in full the article we published upon "The French and Russians in the Mediterranean," which he has done very capably.

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A REALISTIC EXPERIMENT AT ALDERSHOT.

At the recent Manœuvres at Aldershot, a house which had not before existed appeared before the attacking force. So did a railway line and trenches, a cavalry patrol, and an armoured train. Heads appeared and disappeared; and, though all the movements were worked by electricity, they gave a very good idea of actual war.

THE Island of Guam is likely to be a duller place than heretofore. The American governor and soldiers in the island seem always to have been having a lively time of it, and extraordinary reports appear in the Manilla papers of what takes place there, and the proclamations of the governor are sometimes reproduced. The last incident was when the sailors and marines complained of a shortage of rations, and said they were compelled to work both by day and night. They therefore determined to have a general merry-making, and, as a preliminary, they stole a barrel of whisky, which belonged to the medical department, and proceeded into the bush, buying chickens and other good things from the native farmers as they went along. The picnic appears to have been a huge success, and, when the whisky was exhausted, the barrel was returned to the officers with the request to "fill her up again." Unfortunately for the merry-makers, this was impossible, even if there had been the will to do it, for the barrel was the last, and, as the governor says, the sole supply of the medical department. An officer on duty there was so reduced by climatic fever that whisky was necessary for him, and it was only by accident that a small supply was obtained from a passing vessel, whereby he was prevented from succumbing. Governor Schroeder remarked, in a general order, that if the officer in question had died, his death would have rested upon the heads of the scoundrels who committed the theft. He had evidently no sympathy with their merry-making, which he described as "hoodlumism and lawlessness." A cloud seems now likely to settle upon the Island of Guam.

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SUCCESSIVE COLONELS OF THE "LONDON" SCOTTISH.

On the right is Lieut.-Colonel Balfour, now commanding, in the middle is Colonel Lumsden, and on the left is Colonel Nicol, who have held command in succession.

THE accompanying group represents three successive colonels of the London Scottish Volunteers. To the left is Colonel Nicol of Ballogie, who preceded the present commander, Colonel Eustace Balfour (on the right), while in the centre is Colonel Lumsden of Pitcaple, who was Colonel Nicol's predecessor. Colonel Lumsden was one of the first to join the Scottish, his regimental number being eleven. From a private in 1859 he passed through every step until he succeeded Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss) in the command of the corps in 1878. This position he held until 1891, when he resigned under the age clause. His successor, Colonel Nicol, joined as a private in 1884, having previously risen to the rank of major in the Deeside Highlanders. Prior to this, during the trying time of July and August, 1870, following the Tientsin massacres, Colonel Nicol had served as a private in the Shanghai Rifle Volunteers. Resigning the command of the "Scottish" in 1894—also under the age clause—he was succeeded by the present commanding officer, Colonel Balfour. This officer's long service in the corps dates from 1882, at which time he joined as a private (it is compulsory in the "Scottish" that every man must go through the ranks). Colonel Balfour is the author of a considerable number of essays on military matters, chiefly concerning the problems of home defence and Volunteer reform. In 1887 and 1888 he sat on the War Office Committee on Military Cycling, and in 1900 acted as chief staff officer to General Sir Frederick Maurice during the cycling manœuvres, and the work of drafting the original official "Drill of a Cyclist-Infantry Section" was entrusted to him.

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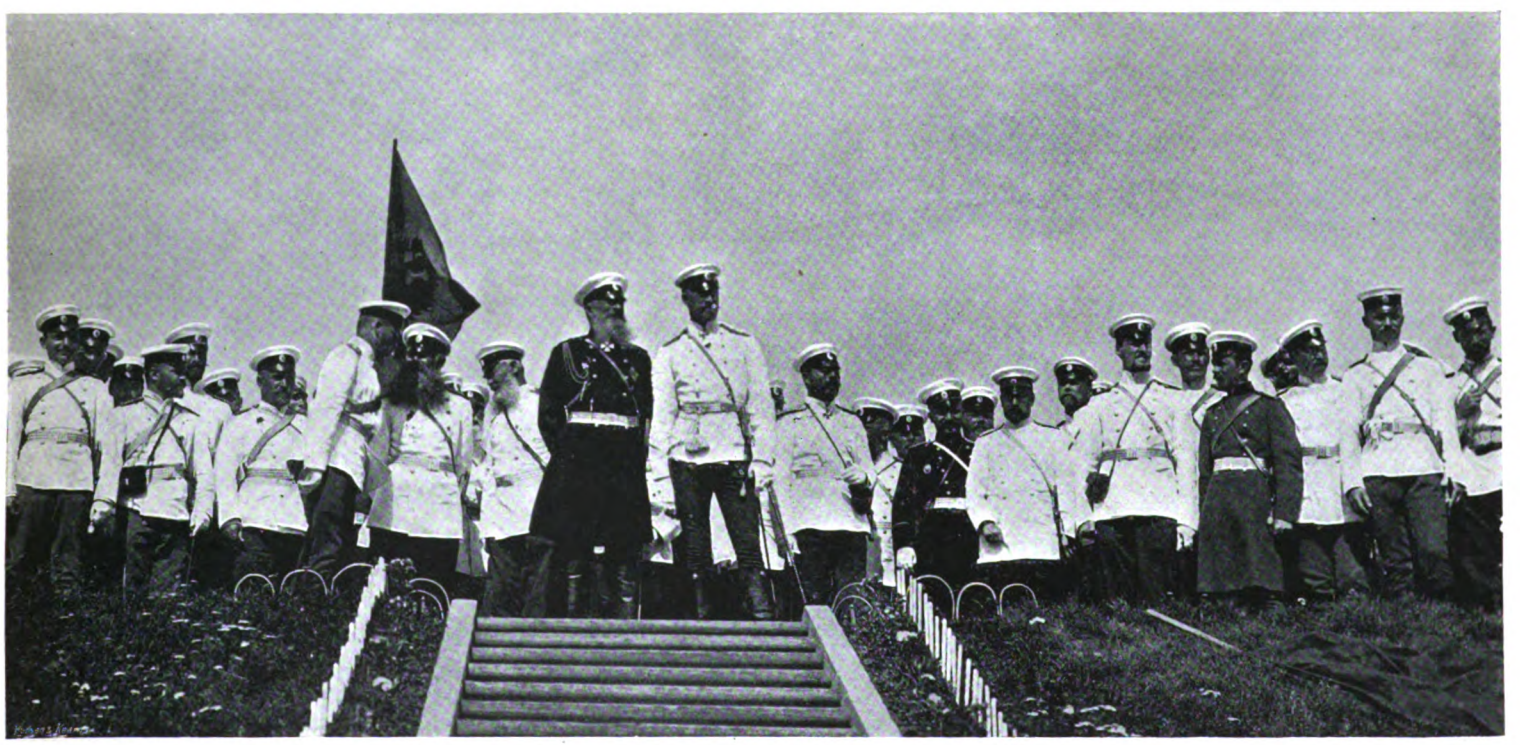
AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE DAY'S OPERATIONS AT KRASNOE SELO.

The Emperor receiving the reports of officers.

THE SUMMER MANŒUVRES IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian Army manœuvres of 1901 have been on a larger scale than in recent years, and in many districts are still in progress. The visit of the Czar to his western ally, though it does not bear the extraordinary political importance that some Frenchmen attach to it, has also contributed to direct attention to the Russian forces. We are therefore very glad to be able to present to our readers an exceedingly interesting series of pictures, some of them illustrating the operations at the Krasnoé Sélo camp and in the St. Petersburg district, and others showing features of the manœuvres and exercises in other parts of the Empire. The Czar himself visited the camp and took a practical part in the operations, while his illustrious kinsmen, who have made soldiering their profession, were much to the fore. His uncle the Grand Duke Vladimir directed the operations in the district of Vyborg, St. Petersburg, and Reval, but showed excellent judgment in allowing a free hand to Generals Adamovitch and Meiendorf, who were in command respectively of the eastern and western rival armies. The Grand Duke Michael, general field-marshal and long chief of artillery, was also present, as was the Grand Duke Nicolas Nicolaievitch, chief of cavalry, who is a very active officer, possessing a thorough knowledge of his arm. Both these distinguished soldiers are seen in one of our pictures watching the progress of an operation in the field. Another member of the Imperial family who has thrown himself into the soldier's career is the Grand Duke Sergius, a keen artilleryman. He may be discerned in another of our pictures explaining to a group of officers the working and system of the new 12-pounder field gun, which, after being tried at Krasnoé Sélo, the great camp of the metropolitan district, has just been adopted for the Army. In the picture in which the Emperor is seen receiving the reports of officers at the close of a day's work at the camp—a most happy example of the photographer's art—



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WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF AN EVOLUTION.

The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicolas Nicolaievitch and staff.

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MILITARY EXERCISES IN TRANSCASPIA.

The Tamanski Regiment of Cossacks.

the burly form of General Kuropatkine, Minister of War, will be distinguished. Things do not sleep where General Kuropatkine's influence extends. He is a downright soldier, bluff and genial, who exacts alertness, activity, frugal habits, and sound hygienic conditions, and from these develops good discipline and training, and he is a great administrator, of large experience and original ideas, who made an excellent successor to General Vannovski.

There is something very "English" about the character of Russian officers, and, take them for all in all, they are good fellows, generally keen in their profession, and showing the heartiest goodwill to those they meet, with hospitality from which it is sometimes hard to escape. It is true, nevertheless, that a certain barrier exists in professional matters which it is hard to break down. The seamen are, perhaps, more generous livers even than the soldiers, but they—especially if they come from the Baltic—are much liked in our Service. Admiral Makaroff is a fine type, and Alexieff, the much-talked-of Admiral-Governor of Leao-Tong, is a capital man who likes nothing better than to meet British officers.

But, to return to the manœuvres in the St. Petersburg district, though there is no purpose here of describing the details of them, it may be interesting to say that in addition to the troops of the Guard, two other divisions, instead of one, have this year assembled at Krasnoé Sélo, making two comp'ete army corps—the Guard and the 18th—up to the middle of August, with an effective of seventy battalions, thirty squadrons or sotnias of Cossacks, and forty-one batteries. Other troops were added, bringing up the number of battalions to about 100, with proportionate increases in the other arms, and these have been employed, under direction

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THE 2ND TURKISTAN BATTALION AT NEW MARGHILAN.

The meeting of Occident and Orient.

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of the Grand Duke Vladimir, in landing and other operations on the coast of the Gulf of Finland between Reval and Vyborg. In the Wilna district extensive manœuvres, under direction of General Trotsky, have taken place, and grand cavalry manœuvres, in which nearly fifty squadrons with twenty-four guns will continue until the end of September. At Warsaw, Kieff, Odessa, and Moscow, and in the Caucasus, Siberia, and Russian Turkestan, there have been instructive manœuvres also, and, indeed, throughout the Empire the summer is being used for a general stimulation of military ardour, and for testing the progress that has been achieved in the vast Army that looks up to its father, the Czar.

We hear a great deal of "grand manœuvres" at which distinguished persons and foreign officers are present, but it is questionable whether more sound and solid things are not done in the local operations, of which comparatively little is heard. We have, therefore, been fortunate in procuring pictures of the work that goes on in Transcaspia, Turkestan, and the Caucasus. These are districts in which the formal smartness of the Guard and the picked troops to be seen in St. Petersburg is not always found, but probably the soldiering is just as good, and perhaps more practical. The Cossacks in their *voiskos*—Don, Kuban, Terek, Astrakhan, Ural, Siberia, Semiryetchensk, Transbaikalia, Amur, and Ussuri — differ among themselves, but have a general resemblance in their extraordinary readiness of character. A little time ago it almost seemed as if there was scarcely a place for these wild horsemen, but their great

THE 5TH ORENBURG COSSACKS AT TASHKEND.

A Maxim gun section at exercise.

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THE FORTRESS ARTILLERY IN THE CAUCASUS.

Within the great frontier stronghold of Kars.

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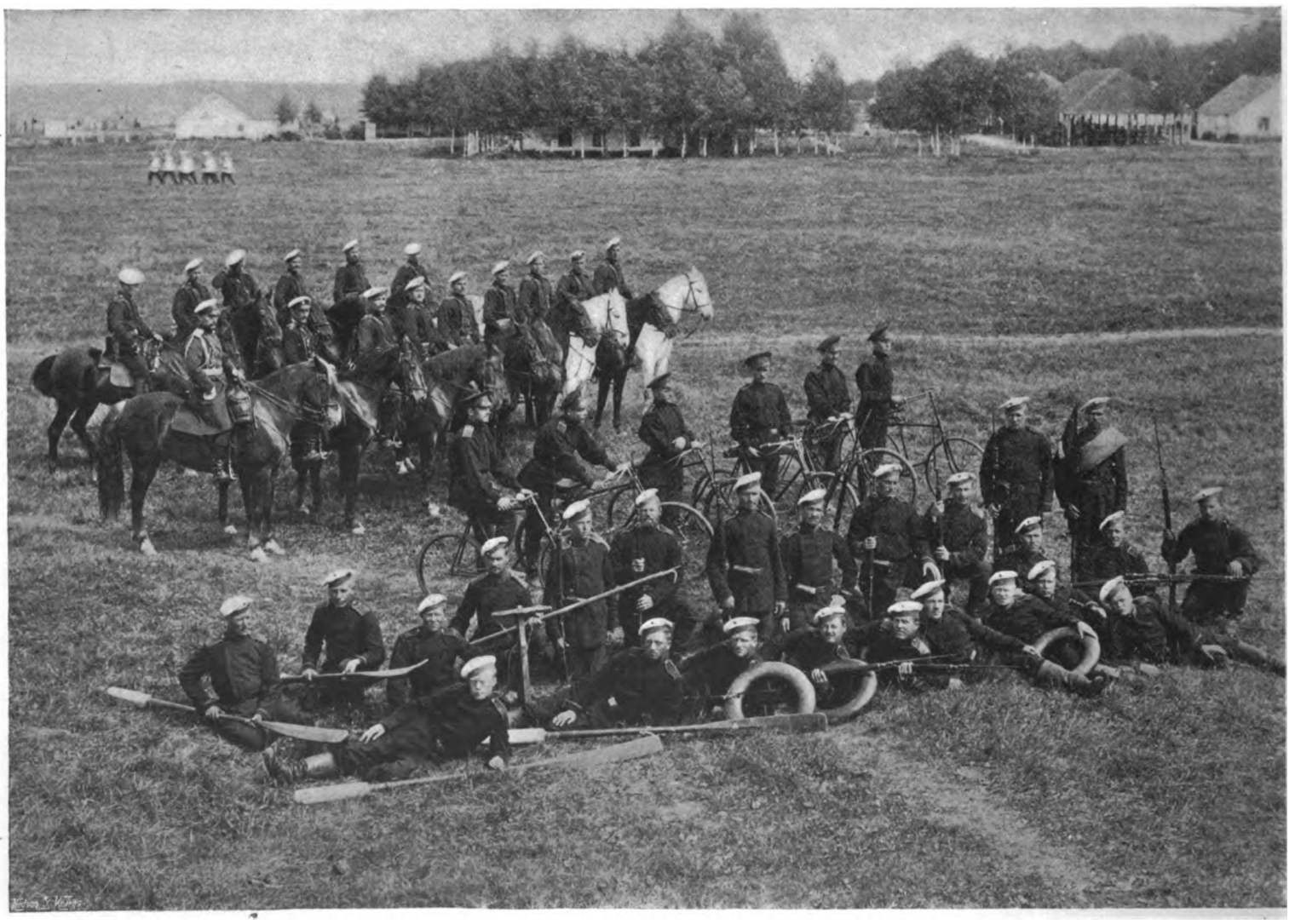
THE NEW GUN OF THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY.

The Grand Duke Sergius giving a demonstration to officers.

resemblance to the Boers in mobility and endurance has now impressed the Russian authorities, and the Cossack has risen again in estimation. Finding their own horses and horse furniture, they are partly irregular levies, living in their village, and rising at the first demand. From his cottage door the bugle and the call of his chief bring up the Cossack with extraordinary rapidity, and the man who before seemed a loafer is now an alert and ready soldier, ready to fly like the wind to the point to which he is directed. These are wonderful horsemen, whose delight is to be in the saddle, and they glory in gymnastic feats and in hardy exercises, such as carrying off wounded or dismounted comrades. Out of these their wonderful "Lava" form of attack, in loose formation, is developed, in which they sweep up and around in successive ourushes and scattered clouds of men. Two of our pictures were taken at their recent exercises in Transcaspia and Turkestan, in which some of their feats are seen, as also the fact that they are provided with Maxim guns.

Another group of very great interest is of a section of the "Okhotniki" at Vladimir. These are picked men habituated to the chase, mountaineers, boatmen, excellent trackers of game, and in every way keen sighted, possessing an eye for "ground," and all-round capable fellows for active service. They form a force attached to special corps, and comparatively recently organised to act as scouts and intelligence troops. We also illustrate the guns in the great frontier fortress of Kars, won from Turkey in the war.



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RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE RUSSIAN FORCES.

A group of "Okhotniks" scouts at Vladimir

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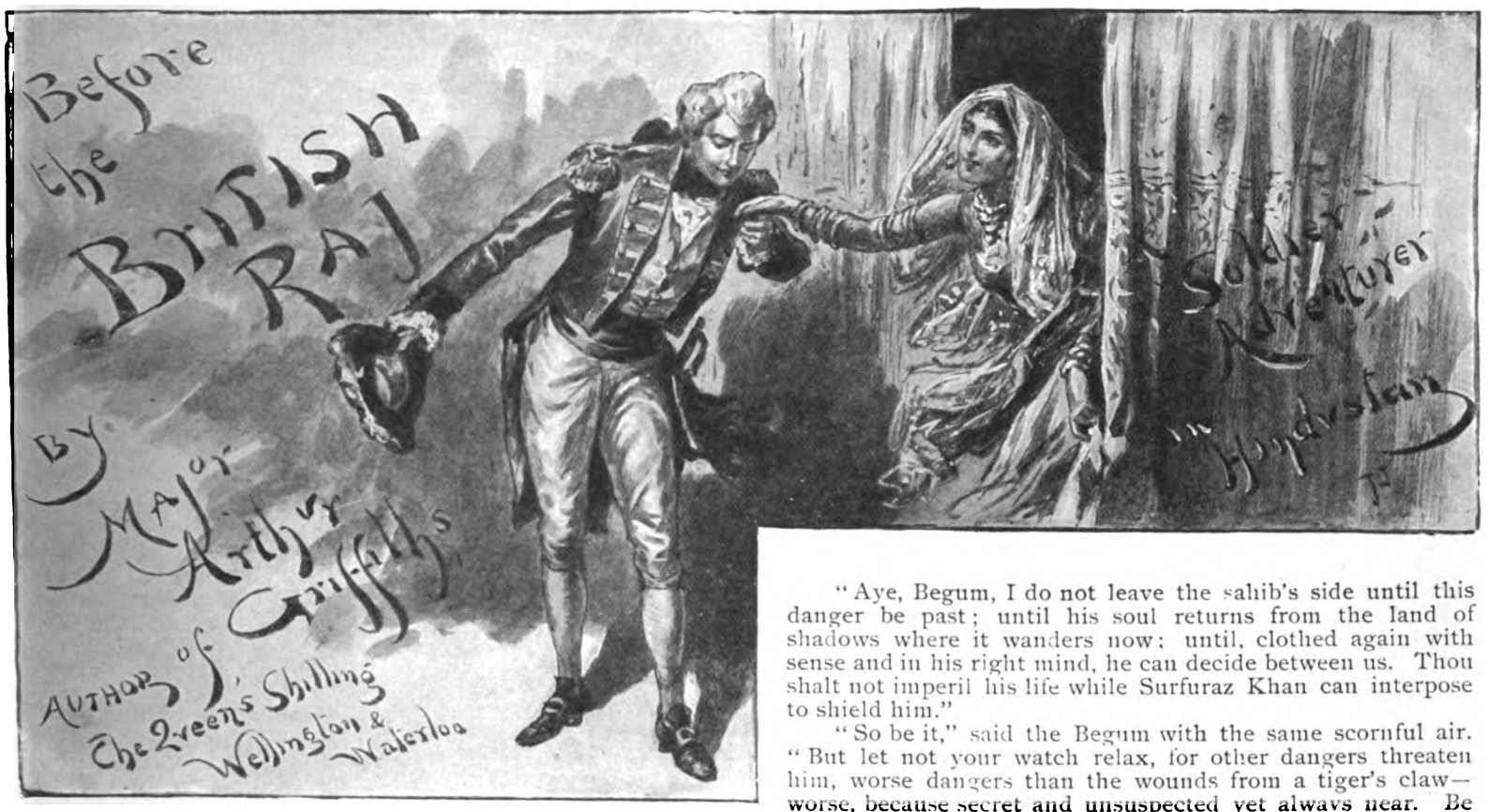

CHAPTER VIII.

Murder Most Foul.

A MAN in delirium, and writhing in pain, lay in a darkened chamber of the fortress of Photapore. It was Alexander Latouche. The season was that of the greatest heats; the punkah swung regularly to and fro, tatties, or blinds, constantly drenched with water so that the evaporation might cool the air, hung at the open windows which looked out on the now nearly silent river trickling in the valley far below.

Two persons, a man and woman, watched him closely, but still more jealously watched each other. Deep distrust, undying suspicion flashed ever from the man's dark doubting eyes; bitter resentment struggled with a softer look in the woman's face—the tenderness for suffering, the wealth of sympathy, the chastening sorrow that every true woman is ready to lavish on those she loves when they are sore stricken.

Neither spoke for a space, but when the woman crossed the room to prepare something at a table, a poultice or plaster of bruised herbs, which she presently brought back to apply to the gaping wound of the patient, her companion protested.

"I will not permit it," he whispered in fierce negation as he put his strong hand on her wrist. "There may be something hurtful in this. You may injure my lord. I know you, Begum; your ways are dark, you are leagued with his foes without. You correspond with them. Do not deny it, I have proof; and now if I suffer you to do this it may endanger his life."

"Fool!" retorted the Begum, hotly. "Son and father of fools! I tell you I would sooner you cut off both these hands of mine than checked me in this. It is for his good. I am hastening his cure, I shall heal his hurts. Desist! Set me free! Shall a Rajput princess be degraded and polluted by the touch of a base born hireling such as thou?"

The khan, for it was Surfuraz Khan, the naib, or lieutenant, who now while his chief lay helpless was exercising the chief command in the stronghold, would not yield further than to release his hold. But he still interposed between the Begum and the sufferer, waving her away.

"See, fool," she repeated, as she plunged her fingers into the decoction and stirred them round in the mess; "think you I would do this if it were poisonous?" and she sucked at the stuff till all was gone.

Then, with a commanding gesture, she put him aside, and approaching the bed applied the plasters as she wished, holding them in their place with her cool soft hands. The effect was almost magical. The patient ceased tossing and twisting about on the bed and sank gradually into a quiet restful sleep, murmuring below his breath the name of Zalu.

"Dost hear? Art still in doubt, thou gaddah (donkey), oh, chief and foremost of fools?" she asked, turning with unmeasured contempt to the khan. "On your head and eyes let those lie untouched; if they slip, then apply them afresh. You see their virtue. I had this medicine from my people, to whom it has been known for countless years. Four hours later I will return to renew them. Shall I find thee here?"

"Aye, Begum, I do not leave the sahib's side until this danger be past; until his soul returns from the land of shadows where it wanders now; until, clothed again with sense and in his right mind, he can decide between us. Thou shalt not imperil his life while Surfuraz Khan can interpose to shield him."

"So be it," said the Begum with the same scornful air. "But let not your watch relax, for other dangers threaten him, worse dangers than the wounds from a tiger's claw—worse, because secret and unsuspected yet always near. Be vigilant, naib, or thou shalt pay for it if my lord survives."

"His worst danger is from thee, evil woman, who hath put spells upon him. Even while he sleeps your name is on his lips."

Her face was suddenly transfigured; triumph flashed from her lovely eyes, she drew herself up to her full height with conscious pride in her conquest. As quickly her head drooped on her breast, and she muttered:

"Even so. I would that I were more worthy." Then repeating her injunction to the naib, she gathered her loose and flowing robes around her and swept out of the room—majestic, stately, a very queen.

Surfuraz Khan took counsel with himself when she was gone, running over recent events and his reasons for suspecting her. A conspiracy was on foot treacherously to deliver Photapore to the enemy. They had full information of all that went on inside the fort, and this woman, the Begum Zalu, it was said, was their secret agent and spy. Already word had been sent them that the garrison was weakened by many detachments, that a treasure escort on the way up from Delhi might become an easy prey if intercepted. Of all this he had proof, under the Begum's own hand as he firmly believed. Now it was sure that the khodawand's grave accident, his misadventure, his present collapse after his narrow escape from being mauled to death by a man-eating tiger would certainly have been conveyed to the same quarter, and the opportunity for successful attack would hardly be passed by. How could he, Surfuraz Khan, a staunch and resolute soldier, but without profound military knowledge, hope to replace his chief in such a dire emergency?

His mind was full of foreboding; heavy thoughts oppressed him as he sat on by the bedside wondering how it would all end. And as he sat, weariness and exhaustion gained the better of him. The day had been one of extreme anxiety, and now, as night approached, his worn-out frame, which might have fought on still in active movement, succumbed when perfectly quiescent. He slept soundly, stertorously, neglecting his charge.

The awakening was sudden and startling. A blaze of light filled the room, and many people, the loud hum of talk, over which rang out, strong but musical, the clear-cut, overmastering sound of the Begum's voice:

"Seize him, bind him, trample him under foot," she cried, and the khan, rubbing his eyes in surprise and amazement, saw the figure of the Persian mutsuddee, or scribe, Azizudeen, grovelling on the floor. A dozen hands held him down; a little to one side lay a glittering knife, which evidently had but just fallen from his grasp.

"Remove him to safe keeping below," she went on, but corrected herself hastily: "Seek first the order of your master here; the keen-eyed, the alert Surfuraz Khan, who slumbers peacefully on his post when a great and solemn duty is entrusted to him."

"What has happened?" asked the khan, shamefaced and in faltering accents.

"This, oh, faithless chowkeedar (watchman), thou thick-headed numskull. While thou slept, this badzakht, this miscreant, this black-souled villain, crept in at the open

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window—his slippers lie there still—to murder your lord Latoos with the knife just forced from his hand. What shall be done to him and thee, for art thou not guilty, too, of grievous offence, oh, Surfuraz Khan?"

"I am your sacrifice. Let me be beaten on the mouth with a shoe," replied the naib, humbly. "I submit myself to your Highness; my life is forfeit for this endangering of my lord's. But, at least, reveal to me the manner of this proceeding."

"When I left thee, oh khan, but two hours since, methought thine eyes were heavy and swollen with fatigue. I knew thou hadst been long hours in the saddle, and that the khodawand's state had greatly distressed thee. I knew, moreover, that this carrion"—she spurned the Persian with her foot—"was a traitor to his salt, and meditated some cowardly blow. Tortured with apprehension that some evil stroke impended, I could not rest within the anderoon, and twice I returned hither to see if all was well. I gazed on thee for a time, and saw thee still watching. Once more I came, the Goddess Bohwanee be thanked, and I need say no more. The guards came quickly at my summons, and Latoos Sahib was rescued, but not one moment too soon."

"It is enough, Princess. The khodawand owes you his life. As for this scoundrel, he merits instant death," said the naib, pointing to the prisoner, who stood there calm and impassive, with all the stoicism of the fatalist, prepared to meet his fate. "He shall be cast forthwith from the walls into the valley where it is deepest, and when he is broken asunder, the foul birds of the night, the jackals, and all unclean beasts shall feast and fatten on his carcase. Away with him."

"Nay, good naib, not so fast," interposed the Begum. "Let him speak first; let him tell us who set him to this murderous attempt. Confess, thou cur, lest evil befall thee."

The Persian scowled, with set teeth, and would utter no word.

"Dost hear? Speak instantly and at large, and some of you search him," said Surfuraz Khan, "or let the chilli bags be brought, and hot burning coals, and the bowstring; any and every torture shall be tried till he looses his tongue."

Still Azizudeen continued steadfastly and scornfully mute, and the horrible methods then commonly practised to extort confessions or information deemed precious were made ready.

But meanwhile the guards had dragged out from a secret receptacle between his shirt and his breast a wallet, which proved to contain papers. They were handed to the naib, who, at the first glance, declared himself unable to decipher them.

"The writing is shikast" (broken and without vowel points). "Persian, I believe. Dost know that language, lady?" he asked respectfully, as, with a low salaam, he placed them in her hands.

The Begum nodded assent, and quickly threw her eyes over some of the papers. One, as she readily deciphered it, forced a sudden, startled exclamation from her lips, and she turned eagerly, nervously, trembling with excitement, to Surfuraz Khan.

"Naib, this needs immediate attention. Let the chamber be cleared. I must confer with you privately, and alone," she cried, snatching at his sleeve when all were gone. "Listen. We are in extreme peril. The fort is threatened by a strong combination. Amrod Chand, Rajah of Buttiala; Meer Adina Sing, with a great body of Akhalis" (Sikh fanatics); "Appa Tantia Rao, with thousands of Mahratta horse; Nanak Beg, and Aliverdi Khan, all the rajahs and chiefs from far and near; I have all their names set down here. The infamous Azizudeen has been the knot which tied all together; his evil machinations have been ever at work, and now a great force will fall upon the fort, just when we are shorn of our chief strength"—she pointed to the bed where Latouche, their leader, lay in a fitful sleep—"and least able to repel attack."

Even as she spoke the wounded man turned with a slight movement, and murmured softly the sweet name of Zalu.

"My King. My beloved," cried the Begum, and with an access of sudden uncontrollable emotion, she leant over the sufferer and kissed him full upon the lips.

He awoke then and there, recalled to life and clear perception by the ecstacy of the moment. He was once more fully conscious: now when the voice he loved best still made music in his ears, when the delicate perfume of her presence charmed every sense, when he had but just tasted the full luscious flavour of her lips. Turning his eyes towards hers, they met in one long lingering look that joined their souls for ever and ever.

Surfuraz Khan withdrew discreetly, and the two lovers were alone together. Hand in hand, Latouche feebly but eagerly questioned, Zalu answered in soft soothing tones, urging him not to overtax his strength.

"I remember nothing since that savage brute dragged me off the elephant. I suppose he mauled me badly? I feel pretty sore. No bones broken, I hope?"

"My lord will soon be perfectly restored; the poisonous fangs have been counteracted. His wounds have been washed and tended, they will heal shortly; all will be well."

"Ah, but is all well within the fortress? There was some stir, some disturbance here in this very room. I heard angry voices. Some talk of peril, danger, near attack. Did I dream all this? I have been in the silent land, tormented by black and troublous dreams. Only the awakening has been sweeter than honeycomb. Speak, dearest, conceal nothing from me."

She was in sore doubt. Could he bear it at this moment of returning health but when still so weak and prostrate, bear to be told of Azizudeen's treachery, and that the enemy was at the gate?

"SEIZE HIM, BIND HIM, TRAMPLE HIM UNDER FOOT."

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

"PRO-CONSCRIPTION."—A return showing the number of recruits who joined the Cavalry (including Household Cavalry), Royal Artillery, Infantry (including Foot Guards), and the Militia in the first three months of each year from 1897 to 1901 inclusive, was issued recently. In the Regular Army the total numbers in January, February, and March were: 1897, 8,363; 1898, 9,581; 1899, 9,665; 1900, 16,011; and 1901, 12,810. These figures do not include men enlisted for one year only. In the Militia the figures were: 1897, 12,662; 1898, 12,642; 1899, 12,467; 1900, 12,679; and 1901, 10,873. But in estimating the meaning of these figures, you must bear in mind that during the first quarter of this year 26,843 recruits were raised in addition for the Imperial Yeomanry, South African Constabulary, and other special corps raised at home.

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"ETIQUETTE."—If it is a fact that you saw a colonel commanding a Volunteer corps who was recently appointed A.D.C. to the King, wearing his aiguillettes at the general's inspection of his regiment, the colonel was not correct in his dress. Paragraph 1580 of the King's Regulations says, "Personal aides-de-camp to the Sovereign will always wear the aiguillette. With this exception officers entitled to wear aiguillettes will only wear them when discharging the duties of which they are the mark." Now the colonel in question was not one of the three personal A.D.C.'s to the King (the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein), and he was not discharging "the duties of which aiguillettes are the mark"; he must therefore have been wrong in wearing them.

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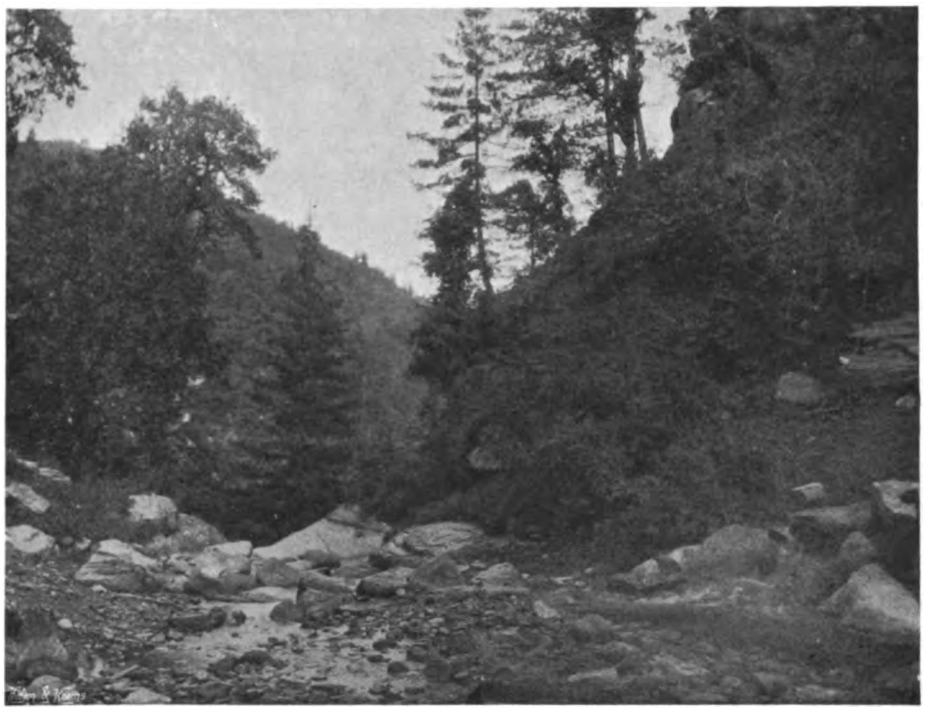
SPORT IN THE ARMY.

By Lal Baloo.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

To get the full value out of soldiering in India, it is desirable to acquire tastes widely diversified, and anything that gives you occupation and an interest in the country should be cultivated. In addition to soldiering and sport of all kinds, dabble in many things—a little botany, a little entomology, in fact, a little of everything, avoiding only, if possible, Asiatic cholera, "scandal, and tea." Never mind if you become a Jack-of-all-trades, with its concomitant disadvantage; India is not your home. With your return to civilisation you can put away superficial aberrations and return to an ordinary course of life. This advice is meant only for those who, like myself, are merely sojourners in that land, the plains whereof in the merry month of May are devilled throughout. Even the air itself is like cayenne pepper. One officer of my acquaintance went in for snakes and snake poisons, and handled large cobras with less tremor than you, my friend, would handle your latest-born child; but I do not recommend this pursuit. Nevertheless, for those who like to beard the man with the scythe it has its attractions. The leave season in the Punjab commences on April 15, and if you elect to take second leave, commencing July 15, you will, about the middle of May, be quite convinced that life in the plains is not worth having. It is not an unhealthy time of the year, this period of dry scorching, but you are bored to death. The thermometer marks 110-deg. in the shade, and you sit in your bungalow under a punkah from 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., and merely exist. Your temper rises with the temperature; you discover that you yourself are unbearable, and everyone else is also, only in a greater degree. The remedy for this state of affairs is ten days' leave and to start for Simla. Not for the sake of the society at that fascinating hill station (we will keep society for the good days in prospect when we return to England), but from Simla a march of a few miles will bring us into one of the most beautiful of Nature's gardens, with a glorious climate and cool breezes. The very idea of it dispels our ennui. A bearer and a khitmaghar cook leave by the next train with "master's" impedimenta, in the shape of a rifle, in case Kala Baloo (Bruin) may be met with, a fishing rod to angle in the sources of the Giri, butterfly net and boxes, and "master's" bed, which, of course, accompanies him everywhere.



NEAR THE HOME OF THE BEAR.

BAGGING A "BALOO" AT BAGHI.

On the left with a gun is the head man whose adventure is related in the article.

Leaving cantonments after mess, we arrive early next morning in Simla. Plenty of wraps are needed for the tonga journey up from Kalka, for the cool air in the Himalayas feels iced at first to our fevered veins.

All I have related was experienced by me a few years ago, and I arrived at Simla in the middle of the month of May, early one morning. My servants and coolies had gone on to Mattiana, three stages out, on the Simla-Tibet road. I hired a pony to ride this first day's journey, the distance being over twenty miles. The first stage to Fagu is beautiful, but comparatively tame; the last stage to Mattiana, through forest, wilder and more beautiful. The track runs for the most part along the edge of magnificent precipices, and Nature had put on her spring garments. Rhododendrons of cardinal red, of all sizes, from shrubs to actual trees, and growing out of inaccessible precipices, St. John's wort, Clematis montana, with its lovely white blooms, hanging in festoons from the tree-tops and swaying in the breeze, the carpet-like pattern made by the fresh fronds of the maidenhair fern, violets, primulas, and anemones everywhere. The transition from the baking plains to this lovely garden was as if from Hades to Paradise.

Next morning I marched to Narkhanda, through scenery such as I have described. The bungalow there is built on a ridge. Approaching it, you are unaware of the treat that is in store for you, when suddenly you discover that you are on the crest. Below you is the great valley of the Sutlej River, the forest of Baghi on your right; beyond the Sutlej rises mountain range after range till the horizon is bounded by the line of eternal snows, blushing pink under the gaze of the setting sun. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful, and it was enhanced by the suddenness with which it was presented to the view.

The following day was made enjoyable by a stroll through the forest to Baghi, about 10,000-ft. high; the forest, with its enormous trees, precipitous crags, little waterfalls, and wealth of flora, was lovely beyond description. The glimpses of the snow range through some and over the tops of other trees put the finishing touch to a glorious picture. I met with a great many of our British butterflies, amongst which I may mention: Apollo, Colias Edusa, Vanessa Atalanta, V. Urticæ, V. Polychloros, V. Cardui, Argynnis Adippe, A. Aglaia, and others. On arrival at Baghi I sent my bearer to the head man of the village, many hundred feet below, to ask if he had knowledge of any bears, and next morning I was called with the welcome intelligence that there was a bear with two half-

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grown cubs in the nullah below. I asked when it was last seen, and my bearer replied, "That bear sitting down there waiting for master." I was met outside the village, which consisted of a few flat-topped houses built of logs on the side of the mountain, by the head man. We climbed down into the valley, and crossed the stream at a beautiful spot shown in the photograph, up a few hundred feet the further side, and I was posted on a grass slope by the head man. The beat began. I was not over-sanguine, for it appeared to me that about thirteen beaters were driving a jungle where a hundred would have been necessary. However, after they had beaten a little way down the opposite slope there was a fiendish yell. The head man clutched my arm, and said he could see the bear coming our way. We waited for about five minutes on the alert, and then one of the beaters shouted that the bear had gone into a cave on a very steep slope of the hill. We made an examination of the cave. There was a flat rock beside it, which afforded me good foothold. A few small trees in front which might affect my view were speedily cut down. We decided to try to smoke Bruin out. The head man went down on all fours, and crawled to the mouth of the cave to reconnoitre. Suddenly there was a loud roar, and a noise like a rabbit bolting from a ferret, intensified a thousandfold, when Bruin appeared extended like a racehorse, knocked the head man over as he tried to stand up, and bear and man rolled head over heels together down the slope. Only that I feared for the man, it was a ludicrous sight. The man caught up in a bush, and the bear went on, and I had a snap-shot at him as he disappeared over the crest.

I felt sure that I had got home on the bear, but my bearer, who was standing beside me, said, "No, but must be master has killed the shikari!" One of his friends then picked the head man up; he was considerably shaken, but, with the exception of a slight scratch on his hand, unhurt. His friend then examined him carefully, with a view to "backsheesh," and finally pointed out a white scar on his head which must have been twenty years old. We then carefully searched the nullah below, and after some time discovered "Baloo" sitting on her haunches, propped against a rock, and quite dead.

The bullet, a ·450 Express, had hit the bear through the back. She proved to be an old but small bear, her teeth very much worn away. We carried her up to the slope to photograph. The head man appears in the photograph on the right of the bear, with my rifle. He told us that when crawling on all fours at the mouth of the cave he put his hand by mistake in the dark on the beast's paw, the natural result being that the bear bolted, countering him in full career.

Of the two I believe the bear was the most frightened, for the man took it quite calmly. After another day at Baghi, I strolled slowly back to Simla, and so down into the plains again, cured for a time of the weariness that had become almost unbearable a fortnight earlier.

(*To be continued.*)

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 10 *and* 24.]

CRACK SHOTS, BY "SINGLE TRIGGER."

ENGLISH and Scotch shootings are too big a subject for my space on this occasion, so I propose to confine my remarks to the Yorkshire grouse hills, which are in advance of their average more than are those of Scotland. There is, though, a disadvantage in writing about the results of Yorkshire grouse driving so early in the season, because it is a fact that each day's record is likely to improve on the previous best, whereas, in Scotland, that is only the case as applied to a very few moors, where they devote all their energies to making some wonderful driving bags, and do not go out on the hills with dogs at all. The Mackintosh, for instance, has long since abandoned dogs, and Moy Hall Moors are devoted to eight or twelve days' driving in the season. But what glorious days they are!—that is, they would be if the weather would but favour sportsmen, as it certainly did not last year. On the first four days of 1900 it was generally conceded that the bag at Moy would have been 2,000 brace had not sportsmen been driven home by weather. As it was the Scotch records were made then, both for one day's and for four days' grouse shooting. But they did not bear comparison with the best Yorkshire had previously done, either for one day or for four days; and, really, the best Scotch day of 1,614 grouse is little more than half as good as the 2,648 grouse killed at Broomhead, in Yorkshire, by Mr. Rimington Wilson's party of nine guns, on August 30, 1893. The biggest bag to that number of guns this year, up to the time of writing, is the Bolton Abbey 527½ brace; but Lord de Grey's bag averaged better per gun, as he got 485 brace at Dallowgill, and report has it that there were but five guns at work. If that was so, it was only six birds off 100 brace per man. This was not on the opening day, as stated in the *Morning Post*, which also makes the mistake of crediting the Broomhead bag to 1894, and placing Sir John Gladstone's famous Glendye Moors in Aberdeenshire.

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On the Arkengarthdale Moors Sir Edward Green, the Hon. H. B. Portman, Mr. E. W. Stonyforth, Mr. T. B. Miller, Mr. H. F. Beaumont, and Mr. C. Perkins bagged 377 brace of grouse, and Colonel Wade Dalton and his friends at Barden in "Richmondshire," bagged 127 brace. On the Bingley Moors Mr. Ferraud's party shot 106½ brace. On the Grantley Moors, in the Ripon district, Sir Christopher Furness and party bagged 89 brace on the 12th, before the host on this occasion joined Lord Ripon's and Lord de Grey's party for the 13th at Dallowgill. At Grinton Colonel Charlesworth's party bagged 146 brace on the 12th, and 119½ brace on the following day.

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The *Yorkshire Post* credits the Gunnerside party, Messrs. Brice, Grundy, etc., with 400 brace on the first day, but I never like round numbers until they are authenticated by the shooters themselves. In the Hardcastle district Viscount Montgarret and a party are similarly credited with 180 brace. On Rumbald's Moor Mr. Lund's party had 150 brace on the opening day to seven guns. Mr. W. S. Deacon and party on the Hurst Moors in "Richmondshire" are credited with 273 brace on the 12th. Another round-figure bag is that of Keld Green in Swaledale, where Mr. Henderson's party is said to have bagged just under 500 brace on the 12th and 350 brace on August 13. At Lawkland Mr. Abrie Watkins bagged 108½ brace on the opening day. At Marske Mr. F. Stobart's party killed 143½ brace, but the next day had the bad luck to shoot one of the party—Mr. Leslie—in the right eye. At Midhope 150 brace were bagged by six guns, and Mr. Bray's party on Longside Moor bagged 115 brace. On the Oakworth Moors, in the Keighley district, a big party shot 96½ brace on the 12th. At Scrafton Mr. Albert Chayter had 114 brace; this was a mixed driving and shooting over dogs bag. That is, the guns paid a tribute to Scotland and to old times before lunch, and "treated resolution" in the afternoon.

* * * *

On Wednesday, the 14th, 450 brace were killed by Lord Ripon's party of five guns, and on the 16th the Duke of Devonshire's party bagged 376½ brace. Mr. Walter Morrison, like a few others, still keeps up the time-honoured custom at Pen-y-ghent of shooting over dogs for the first few days, and having killed 30 brace in this fashion on August 12, the bag jumped to 258 brace for the first day's driving on August 16. On Baugh Fell and Howgill Fell a party killed 90 and 85 brace respectively on August 13 and 16; at Ingleton Sir G. Pilkington and party bagged 120 brace on the 12th; and in the Clapham district Messrs. Dewhurst and party shot 82 brace on South House and the Allotment Moors. Mr. Thompson and party shot over Cumrow Park on the 12th, when nine guns killed 111 brace, and on the 13th ten guns brought down 140 brace on Croglin Fell.

* * * *

Nothing is more remarkable than the increase of grouse in Yorkshire of late years, and by the middle of September we may expect to see some very fair efforts made to beat the record, for in various districts record bags for the individual moors shot over have been made. Thus 505 brace were the previous best for the Duke of Devonshire's Bolton Abbey Moors, but Lord Ripon's score fell short of his best; for it is on record, but whether on authority or not I do not know, that in 1896 four guns at Dallowgill killed 561 brace of grouse.

* * * *

Lord Westbury has given up the Wemmergill Moors, as has already been stated, after a most successful series of shooting seasons. But although on the average of years this 12,000-acre moor has improved its yield by about half as much again, it has never since produced 17,064 grouse, as in 1872, when Sir Fred Milbank had it. It was in that season that he killed his 728 grouse to his own gun in eight drives in one day, shooting amongst a line of guns; and although this bag has been exceeded twice by Lord Walsingham, the latter was shooting alone, and had a great many more drives in which to accomplish his extraordinary feats. Nobody would venture to say that these wonderful records are never to be broken this year until we have had the results of shooting at Broomhead, Wemmergill, High Force (where in the same year nineteen days' shooting produced over 15,000 grouse), and Lord Walsingham's excellent little 2,000-acre moor of Blubberhouses, where his record bags have been made.

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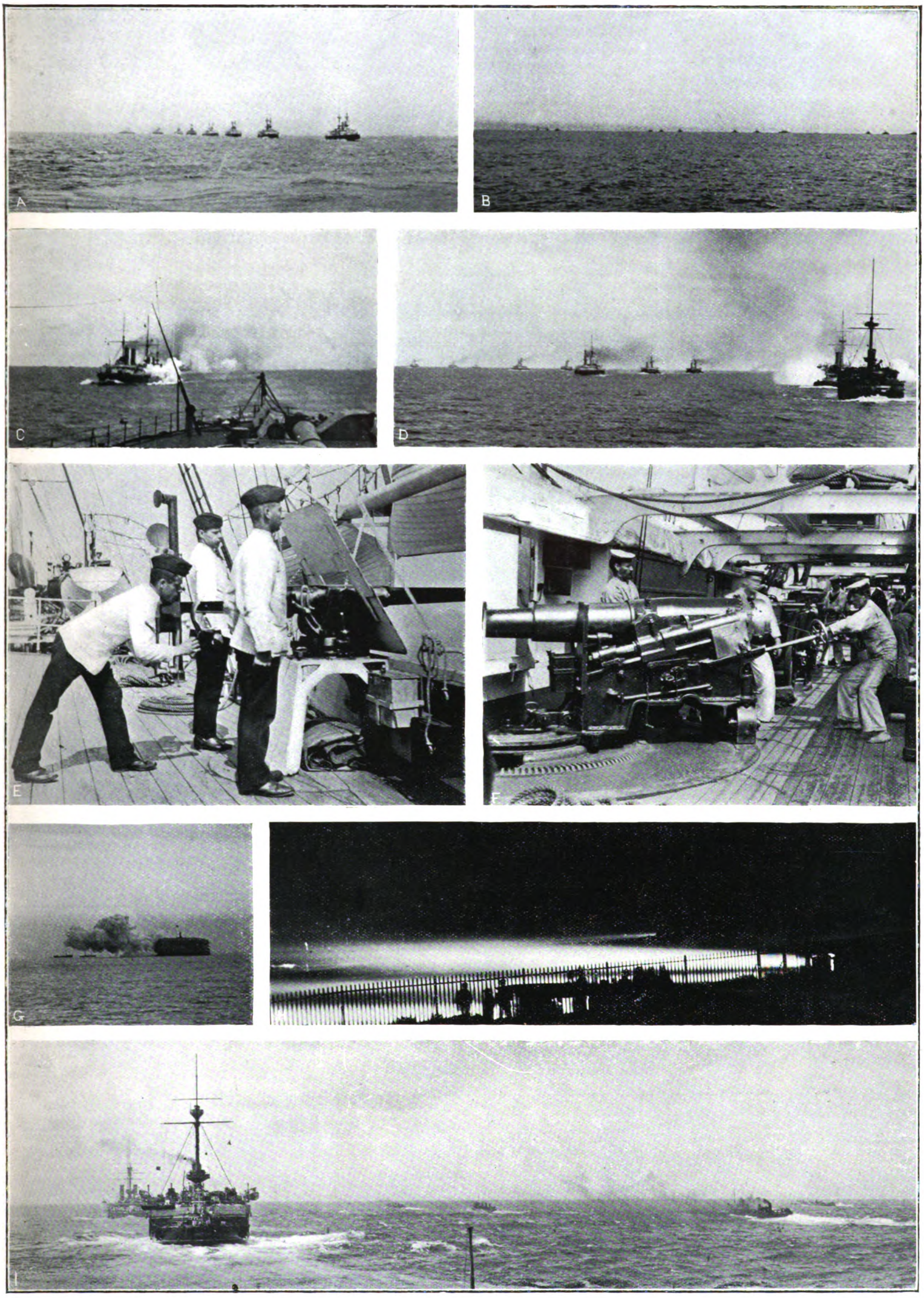
REMINISCENCES OF THE MANŒUVRES.



A.—In battle formation on the verge of action: The X Fleet in single column line ahead. B.—How ships really appear at sea: The B Fleet showing up on the horizon. C.—The X Fleet in the battle of August 5: A hot time in the Channel Squadron. D.—How the B Fleet went into action. This picture shows clearly the four lines of ships. E.—Against torpedo-boats—"Man and arm ship": Marines at a 3-pounder quick-firer. F.—Fighting an old-fashioned gun. Observe the length of the gun and the obsolete powder-case. G.—A part of the defences of Spithead: The Noman Fort which guards the eastern entrance. H.—A light from Devil's Point, Stonehouse: "The Devil to pay and no pitch hot" for a torpedo-boat. I.—A friendly meeting at sea: Battle-ships of the B Fleet passing destroyers.

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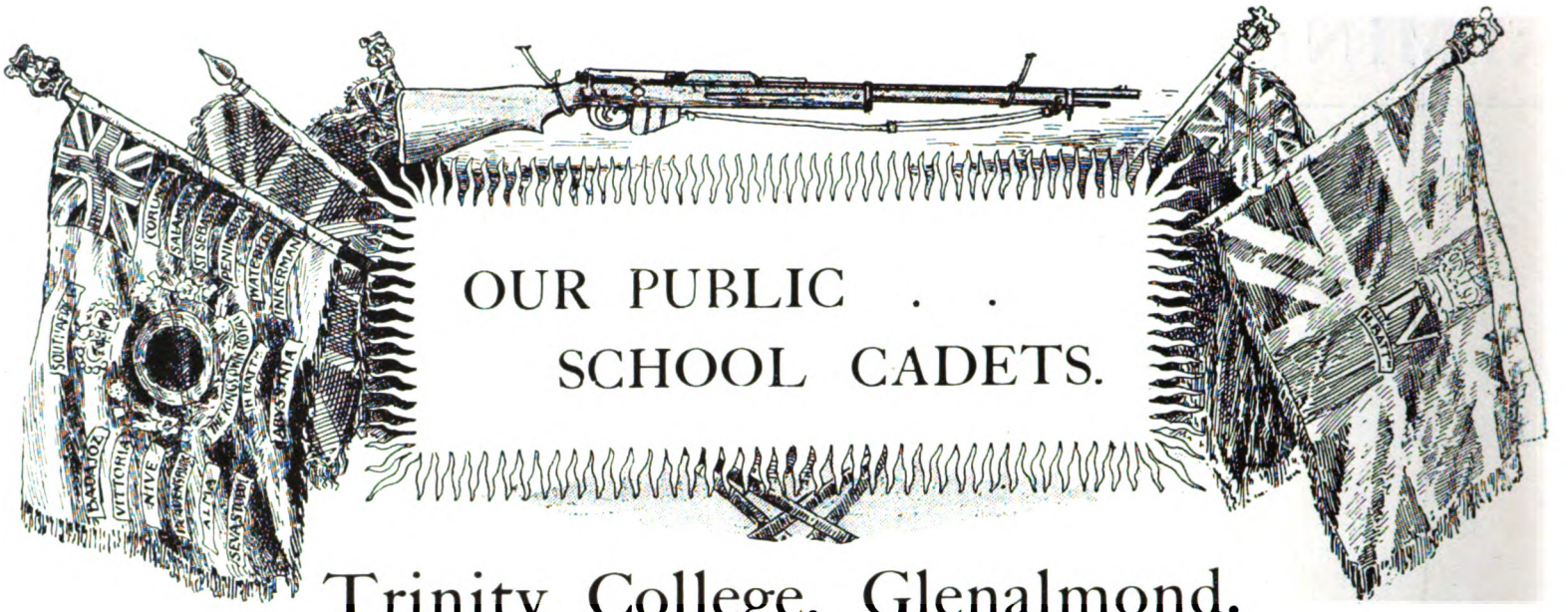

Trinity College, Glenalmond.

By Callum Beg.

THIS school cadet corps was raised in February, 1875, by the Rev. W. E. Frost, formerly of the Norfolk Militia, and at the time one of the assistant-masters. The corps may thus claim to be by many years the oldest of the Scottish Public School cadet corps. Before it had been in existence twelve months it had organised a shooting team, and since that time it has never been without one.

The old shooting records may be read with interest. The teams consisted of eleven a side, and the ranges were 200-yds. and 400-yds., instead of the stereotyped 200-yds. and 500-yds. of the present day.

The corps was on its formation attached to the 1st Administrative Battalion Perthshire Rifle Volunteers a title which, under the comparatively modern Territorial System, no longer exists. At the inception of the corps there was nothing distinctively highland in the character of the uniform. We have been unable to find out what was the first uniform used, but if we are to judge from a photograph taken in the early days of the corps, it consisted of some dark material, with a head-dress resembling that usually worn by postmen. This nondescript "kit" did not long remain in vogue, for in November, 1878, a War Office order was issued giving the corps permission to wear a distinctive highland uniform, which, however, was not that of the battalion to which the corps was attached. It was described as follows: Doublet, light grey with black facings; kilt, hunting Murray tartan with half plaid of the same material; Glengarry bonnet with college crest as badge, to which was added a sprig of juniper (the Murray badge): brogues with steel buckles; ornaments, silver lace. The wearing of the Murray tartan was a privilege granted by the Duke of Atholl, head of the Clan Murray, one of the Governors of the school, and the tartan is still worn.

Since the early days there have been various alterations in the uniform.

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry, Brighton.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE TRINITY COLLEGE CADETS.

Second Lieutenant W. D. Kennedy. *Captain F. J. Allan.* *Lieutenant G. R. Crawford.*

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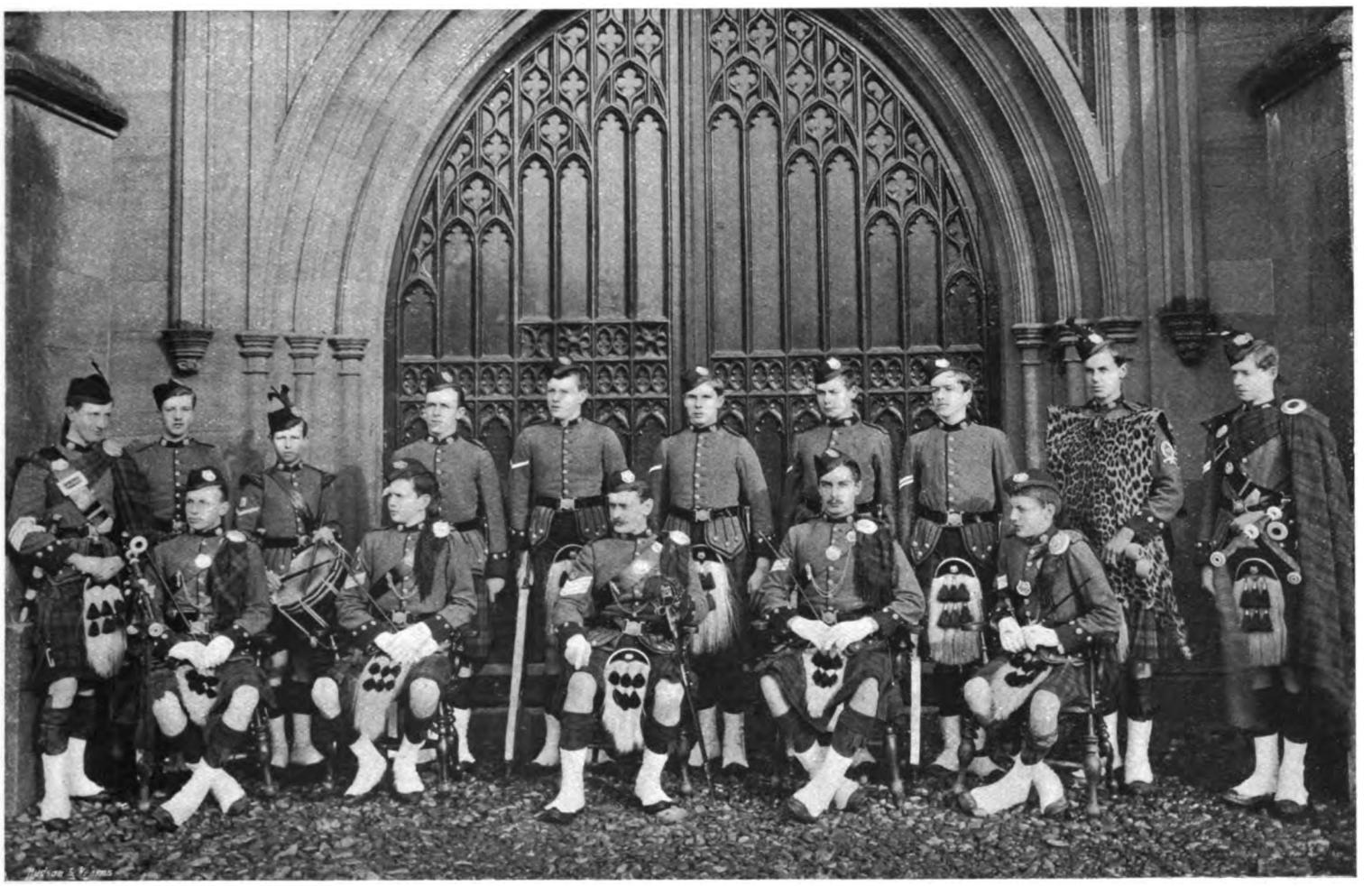
THE GLENALMOND CADETS BAND.

Piper C. C. H. Henderson. Drummer R. A. S. Boyton. Drum-Corporal M. A. Curwen. Lance-Corporal-Drummer G. S. Kennedy. Piper R. M. Ballingall. Piper H. C. E. Ross. Bugler G. A. Duff. Pipe-Corporal R. W. Hay. Pipe-Major R. G. Maclaine. Drummer H. W. Seton.

In 1880 brogues were no longer worn, and ordinary shoes and spats took their place. The badge also has been changed to that of Perthshire, but the corps is still entitled to wear a sprig of juniper when in full dress. At Wimbledon this badge was always worn by the shooting team, but since the National Rifle Association Meeting has been held at Bisley this custom has been dropped.

The shooting Eight now wear on their left sleeve the



Photos. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

Pipe-Maj. R. G. Maclaine. Corpl. J. Campbell-Henderson-Hamilton. Lance-Corpl.-Drummer Kennedy. Corpl. E. S. Lyttel. Lance-Corpl. F. G. O. Brickmann. Lance-Corpl. K. Barge. Lance-Corpl. B. Shiell. Corpl. C. G. E. Dawkins. Drum-Corpl. M. A. Curwen. Pipe-Corpl. R. W. Hay. Sergt. C. T. A. Robertson. Colour-Sergt. F. W. Matheson. Sergt.-Instructor Millar. Sergt. N. Houghton. Sergt. W. L. Curwen.

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school crest with the motto of the corps, "Soirbheachadh le Gleann Amuinn," worked round it, the motto being a Gaelic translation of the school motto, "Floreat Glenalmond."

In other particulars the uniform is the same as in 1878. The corps still wears the grey doublet with black facings, with ornaments of silver lace, and the uniform, with the exception of the Glengarry and badge, is quite distinct from that of the battalion to which the corps is attached—the 4th Volunteer Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch). The corps has always been a popular institution in the school, and there are usually eighty per cent. of the boys in the ranks. The numbers reached 100 in 1896, and since that year there have always been from ninety to 100 boys in the corps. As early as 1878 the school sent a team to compete for the Ashburton Shield, and for over thirty years an eight has been annually sent to Wimbledon or Bisley. The Ashburton Shield has not, however, yet gone to Glenalmond, although the school was second in 1895. The Spencer Cup has been won three times by the corps, viz., in 1878, when it was won by Private H. Montgomery, after a tie with Corporal White Cooper of Marlborough, and Corporal Lamb of Cheltenham, now so well known to the world as a famous shot (Major Lamb). In 1882 the cup was won by Lance-Corporal Scott, after a tie with Private Mason of Charterhouse, and in the following year Sergeant Caldwell won the cup. In 1886, Private Glean tied for the cup. For the Veterans' Trophy, first shot for in 1878, Glenalmond has sent a team every year but two, and in 1892 the school won with a score that had up to that date been only once surpassed. Backed by such a record, it is no matter for surprise that the shooting eight is a "keen" one. The competition, too, for the honour of representing the school at Bisley is naturally a very close one. Out of the thirty odd schools that now compete yearly for the Ashburton Shield, the lowest place that Glenalmond has ever occupied in the competition is fifteenth, and the usual place of the school is somewhere in the first ten.

As regards drill, the corps suffers to no small extent from its isolated position, and has few opportunities of drilling with the battalion; but, despite this fact, the corps succeeds in maintaining its reputation for smartness in drill and manœuvre, as witnessed by the complimentary remarks made by the general at the yearly battalion inspection. The corps has recently, by permission of the War Office, increased its establishment from one lieutenant to one captain and two lieutenants. The present officers of the corps are Captain Allen, Lieutenant G. R. Crawford, and Second Lieutenant W. D. Kennedy.

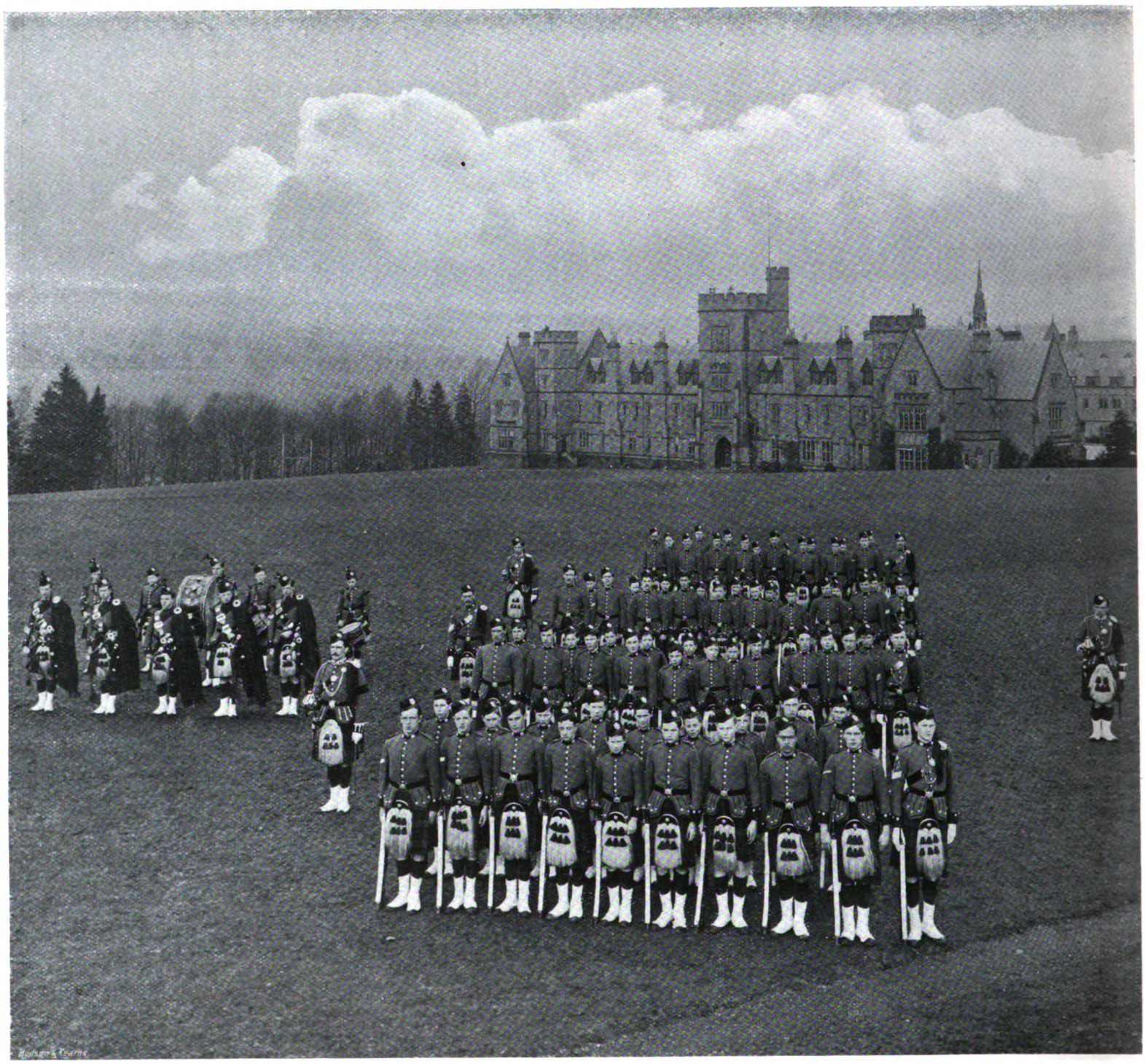

Photo. Copyright. *A. H. Fry.*

PREPARING FOR THE YEARLY BATTALION INSPECTION.

Trinity College, Glenalmond, Cadet Corps on Parade.

Among old boys of Glenalmond none was perhaps so remarkable as Eric James Lascelles, half-brother of the present Earl of Harewood and brother of the Countess of Desart, who joined the school in 1886. After leaving school he tried many lines of life, among other things acting as steward on board ship and as a rancher in Texas. His end was a sad and tragic one, dying, as he did, a travelling showman

[*The Bradfield Cadets were dealt with on February 22, Charterhouse on March 9, Rugby on March 23, St. Paul's on April 6, Berkhamsted on April 20, Blairlodge on May 4, Harrow on May 18, Winchester on June 1, Marlborough on June 15, Felsted on June 29th, Haileybury on July 20, and Cheltenham on August 3.*]

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THE ALL-IRELAND RIFLE MEETING.

IT is an extremely gratifying circumstance that, in spite of the great and continued drain which the South African War has made upon our Home Army establishment, the standard of marksmanship displayed at the great annual rifle meetings should be so high, and the general interest in all that pertains to musketry so keen.

The forces in Ireland constitute no exception to the rule, and, although there are at present only four complete regular infantry battalions in the Dublin, Cork, and Belfast commands put together, the All-Ireland Rifle Meeting just concluded has been fairly characterised by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who was present at the distribution of prizes by the Duchess, as a very successful function.

Owing to the fact that there were changes in the conditions of firing, it is difficult, as His Royal Highness remarked, to compare the results of this meeting with those attained in previous years. But the all-round standard seems to have been highly satisfactory, and, in one respect, a most interesting and encouraging new departure was instituted.

This was the use of the rifle instead of the carbine by the cavalry, an innovation of itself distinctly significant, but rendered especially noteworthy by the pleasing fact that, shooting for the first time in competition with the infantry with this weapon at long ranges, the 2nd Provisional Regiment of Dragoons succeeded in carrying off the Curragh District Challenge Cup. We give a portrait group of the team which scored this veritable cavalry triumph.

It will be remembered in this connection that some time back Lord Roberts mentioned that the cavalry in South Africa had taken most kindly to the rifle, having found that the carbine placed them at a serious disadvantage with the enemy's Mausers.

Our two remaining pictures illustrate teams from the two rifle battalions now stationed in Ireland which between them carried off no less than seven prizes, including the Queen Victoria Cup, presented by the late Queen, value one hundred guineas, with £13 10s. added money, which fell to the 4th Battalion of the old 60th.

This is, indeed, a trophy to be proud of, and it is pleasant to see it carried off by a rifle regiment, two battalions of which have done such splendid service in South Africa, one having been present in the first engagement of the War at Talana Hill.

The 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade are to be specially congratulated on winning Lord Roberts's Challenge Cup for young soldiers, the distances in the firing for which were 200-yds. 500-yds., and 600-yds. Success in a competition of this sort is very strong evidence that the musketry instruction of the winning corps is being conducted on right lines. It should never be forgotten, too, that the musketry efficiency of a regiment must be judged a good deal more by the shooting of the young soldiers than by that of any team of marksmen specially picked from a whole battalion. This "win" of the Rifle Brigade was, we may be sure, particularly gratifying to the Duke of Connaught, who served both as a captain and a lieutenant-colonel in this grand corps.

THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE MEETING.

The Queen Victoria Cup was won by the 4th King's Royal Rifle Corps, who also carried off the Elkington Cup and All Comers' Prize.

Sergt. Day. Sergt. Goymer. Sergt. Smith. Corpl. Bulman.
r.-Sergt. Barber. Col.-Sergt. Allwork. Sergt. Challen.
Sergt.-Instr. Mus. Halsey. Lance-Corp'. Hadley.

RIFLE BRIGADE TROPHIES.

The 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade won Lord Roberts's Challenge Cup for Young Soldiers, the Mappin and Webb Shield, the Edmond Johnson Cup and the Duke of Connaught's Cup.

Photos. Copyright. *Charleton.*

A CAVALRY TRIUMPH.

The Curragh District Challenge Cup was won by the 2nd Provisional Regiment of Dragoons.

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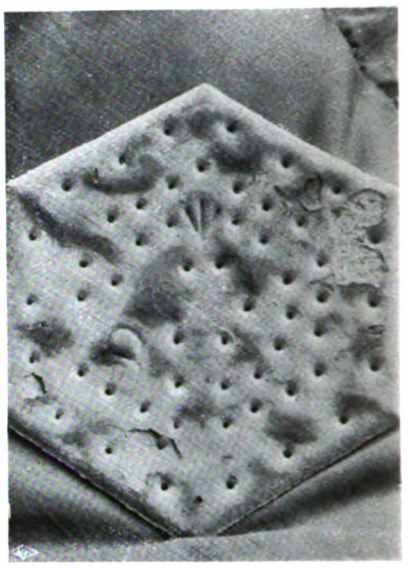
"HARD TACK" LANE.
Staple food in bulk.
From Photos. specially taken for

VICTUALLING THE NAVY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

The Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford.—I.



A NAVY BISCUIT.
Nothing could be better.
"Navy & Army Illustrated."

THE victualling of the Navy is a subject which at the present time is engrossing a good deal of public attention. That it should do so is only reasonable, for those who know the Service well are aware that much discontent has prevailed, and it should be recognised that the comfort and contentment of the bluejacket, stoker, and marine, are not without direct relation to the welfare of the country. The dissatisfaction among the men has been of a mild and reasonable character. It has never found any violent expression, nor has it caused any rebellious feeling. There has been a consciousness that in the matter of rations, and more particularly the hours of meals, the Navy has not marched with the times. There might well have been more variety; some things on the mess table might advantageously have been exchanged for others better; and there might have been a more liberal allowance of leisure wherein to refresh the inner man. It is worthy of remark that in this matter, the initiative that led to the formation of Admiral Rice's Committee, which has just presented its report on the subject, did not come altogether from the men. The officers saw that there was room for improvement, and the fact that the Committee has made recommendations to remedy the grievances suggested above proves that the complaints were not without good ground.

Photo. *Maull & Fox.*
MR. H. F. R. YORKE, C.B.
Director of Victualling.

Let it be said at once that there is no question as to the excellence of the rations provided. They are the best that can be bought, and are prepared with scrupulous exactitude and cleanliness. The Committee's report leaves no doubt upon that point, and its judgment is unquestionably sound. This remark applies to the greater bulk of the rations, although the salt beef may seem a little stringy and scarcely appetising to those whose palates have been educated on "prime Scotch." The suet also leaves much to be desired, but the process of preparation will doubtless be improved, and the preserved potato ration has never taken the fancy of the Bluejacket.

Where the Admiralty ration fails to satisfy his wants, the ship's canteen steps in, and the man can there buy some things to his taste, while not taking up the victuals the Service provides. Herein arises the question of "savings," that special Naval arrangement of uncertain origin and respectable antiquity which to the landsman sometimes appears more than a little obscure.

Undoubtedly there is a good deal of prejudice on the lower deck, and it is doubtful if any ration would satisfy the man if it took from him his privilege of receiving money in lieu, when it pleases him not to take up the ration in kind. The canteen is undoubtedly a blessing to the Service, and the Admiralty, in appointing the committee, wisely laid down that there could be no question of abolishing this institution or of taking it altogether into official hands. It is at the canteen that the man secures a variety of dietary to his taste which the Government never could give him, and potatoes, butter, cheese, jams, sardines, potted meats, coffee, pickles, etc., are very agreeable additions to the mess table. In this way the "savings" upon the Government rations not taken by the man are employed, with as much in addition as he is willing or able to expend. It may be estimated that the average monthly sum falling by the channel of "savings" to a chief petty officer is 8s. 6d., to a petty officer, seaman, or stoker 7s. 6d., and to a boy 5s. 9d.; but Admiral Rice's committee rightly insists that there shall be a limit to the allowance of "savings" permitted. The whole question of feeding the seamen is greatly complicated by the fact that the fleet must be at any moment and in all circumstances ready for war and able to go to sea fully victualled, with reserves of food at all necessary bases; and, of course, no incidental sources of supply, such as the canteen, can be considered in estimating the stocks that must be kept. Accordingly the amount of foodstuff in store is always calculated upon the assumption that in time of war no "savings" will be paid, and that the full sea victualling will be consumed. It is an ample ration indeed, for whatever complaint there may be as to lack of variety or appetising qualities, there can be none as to the plenteousness of the groaning board. The "banyan

THE BARGE OF THE VICTUALLING COMMISSIONERS.
A relic of former days.
From Photo. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated"

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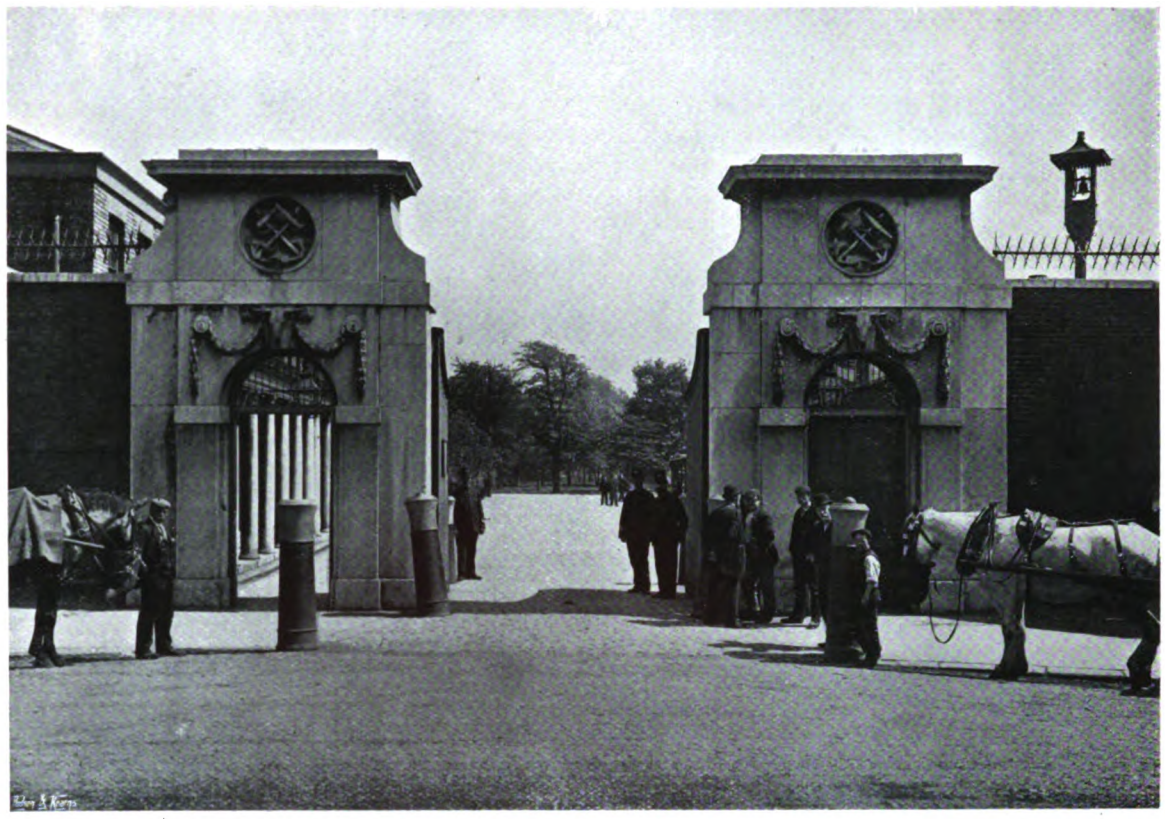
days" are for ever gone on which the seaman, on three days out of the seven, had no meat at all—a state of things which existed until 1824—and with them went also the times in which we read of "six upon four" or other proportions of deprivation, like the still earlier rancid bacon, stock-fish fouled by bilge water, maggoty bread, and weak beer not seldom stored in old oil or fish casks. These were picturesque, but utterly abhorrent conditions, which the Marryats and Michael Scotts have seized upon. Well might empty-bellied men in the Navy three centuries ago declare the King's Service to be worse than galley slavery, and those who know Naval history know how intimately the empty belly and the noisome and pestilential victuals were associated with the spirit of mutiny in the fleet, as well as with disease and mortality. Complaint is not new; indeed, it is almost traditional. Howard, for example, after 1588 said, that "nothing doth displease the seaman more than sour beer."



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL VICTORIA YARD.

One of the most important establishments in the land.

Nowadays the victualling of the Navy is little short of a marvel, and that vast and complex department over which Mr. H. F. R. Yorke presides as Director of Victualling, accomplishes things that are a wonder. It is responsible for regulating the proper supply, care, and preservation not only of all victualling stores, but of clothing stores also, including further, mess-traps, candles, seamen's utensils, and ships' libraries. The chief victualling establishment in England is the Royal Victoria Yard at Deptford, to which this article and another will be devoted. Other victualling establishments will also occupy our attention, for there are victualling yards at Gosport and Plymouth, a smaller depôt at Haulbowline, and depôts abroad at Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, Jamaica, Halifax, Esquimalt, the Cape of Good Hope, Trincomalee, Hong Kong, Bombay, Ascension, and Sydney. So thoroughly is the attention of the country now aroused, not only to the great question of victualling, but to the vital importance of Naval bases completely equipped and efficient in every particular, that a series of articles upon these great subjects will not fail to arouse the keen interest of English people, especially when they are accompanied by an unrivalled series of illustrations representing scenes which are rarely visited, and have never been adequately pictured before.

Here I may be allowed to strike a personal note. Readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have perused many a fascinating article by the late Mr. F. G. Engelbach upon the manufacturing departments of the Army and other subjects, which had a completeness of knowledge and an excellence of style that were much appreciated. Mr. Engelbach, acting as a civil surgeon with the troops in South Africa, after being present in the march on Kimberley, at Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, and the capture of Bloemfontein, in Ian Hamilton's great march, and at Houtnek, Diamond Hill, and Prinsloo's surrender, as well as in many other memorable events and operations, fell nobly on the unfortunate day of Nooitgedacht in December, 1900. Mr. Engelbach had made a close investigation of the manufacturing and supply departments of the Navy, and if he had lived would have written these articles. As it is several of the illustrations are from his camera, for he was an accomplished photographer. His death was greatly regretted by all who knew him, and by numbers who had read the excellent things he wrote.

LOADING STORES ON THE RIVER.

Showing the facilities for receipt and despatch.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Deptford is of all the victualling yards the most important. Situated almost in London, and upon the great stream of trade, with a long wharfage fronting to the Thames, it has been for centuries the foster-mother of other yards and depôts. Long before Deptford was specially associated with victualling it had been a great ship-yard, established as such in 1573, doubtless where a private yard had been long before. From Deptford Frobisher, Drake,

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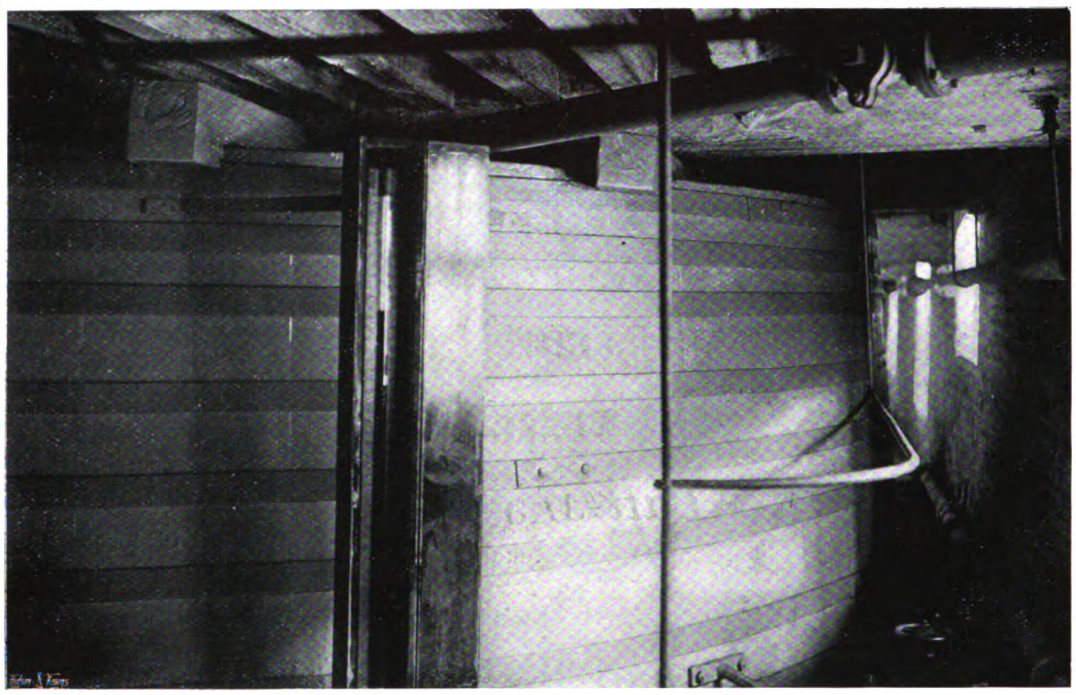
UNPACKING THE RAW TOBACCO.

The excellent produce of Old Virginia.



A PRODIGIOUS VAT FOR RUM.

Here 3,287 gallons are contained.

THE LARGEST SALT-MEAT STORE.

Pork in casks ready for the Fleet.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Raleigh, and later on James Cook, and many other great seafarers, set out on their memorable voyages. The place is closely associated with Pepys and Evelyn. Here Peter the Great learned the trade of the shipwright, practising also half-mad horseplay in the garden of Evelyn's house, over the site of which a part of the yard now extends. Twice the buildings were destroyed by fire, in 1739 and 1761, and the present main structures date back to the year 1780. Many memorials of the old times remain at Deptford Yard, including the fine old barge which belonged to the Commissioners of Victualling, whose functions ended when the Admiralty was reorganised in 1832.

Now vast stores of tobacco, rum, pork, beef, and other provisions flow into the great storehouses, and, having been prepared, treated, or packed, as the case may be, are issued for despatch to all parts of the world. Here the famous Navy biscuit or "hard tack" is made—a bread-stuff without a rival, excellent in nutritive qualities and of lasting value—different, indeed, from the weevily substance that many can still remember. Yet let us not blame the seaman who takes the "soft bread" of the shore when he can get it, nor the Victualling Committee, on the other hand, for not recommending that baking apparatus should be sent afloat. Not all the comforts of the shore can be embarked in ships of war, nor would it be well if they could. Vast quantities of biscuit are stored at Deptford, packed in strong cases, and you may walk down lanes lined with the substantial food of the sailor, of which, at this yard alone, about 600,000-lb. are made every year. At Deptford, too, are manufactured chocolate, flour, pepper, and cooperage articles.

But, extensive as is the manufacture at this yard, by far the greater bulk of the victualling stores is obtained by contract, and a most efficient system of examination and test exists, so that the issue of defective food is a matter of great rarity. The immense pains which the professional officers take to assure that everything supplied for Naval use is of the best and purest quality is one of the striking features of this yard; but some further description of the methods, both of administration and of dealing with rations, must be left to another article. The colossal stores of salt beef and pork, of flour, tobacco, and a hundred and one other things required for Naval use are a new lesson in the magnitude of the British Fleet, and in the greatness of its organisation, which, with the utmost smoothness, supplies food to upwards of 100,000 men distributed throughout the world, and maintains vast supplies ready at all our bases for the emergency of war.

Naval victualling is not confined to food. It embraces the supplying of the whole of the articles used for messing, including large quantities of electro-plate, china, glass, cutlery, tin-ware, etc. Moreover, the making of casks, cases, and other objects, forms a considerable branch of work at the yard. But beyond all these things there is the provision of clothing for the Fleet.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. XII.—No. 241.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th 1901.

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

Lieutenant-General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., who has been selected to succeed General Sir Evelyn Wood as Adjutant-General to the Forces, will be best remembered as the commander of the 6th Division in South Africa, where he added largely to an already fine reputation. General Kelly-Kenny is an Irishman, and has held several high staff appointments, including that of Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, and Inspector-General of Recruiting. He commanded for some years the 1st Battalion of the "2nd Queen's," and is universally liked and respected as a thorough all-round soldier. It may here be mentioned that a fine portrait of Sir Evelyn Wood, who is vacating the Adjutant-Generalship to take up command of the 2nd Army Corps (Salisbury Plain), appeared in "Navy and Army Illustrated" for January 21, 1899.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
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Editorial.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XI. of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

The Dangers of Official Secrecy.

THE Admiralty will make a grave mistake if they pay no heed to the weighty and moderate demands that have been put forward for some special information about the recent Naval Manœuvres. Before the operations began we spoke hopefully of the interesting scheme laid down for the rival fleets. After they were over we congratulated the authorities on having arranged a particularly instructive war game, and ourselves indicated some of the lessons to be drawn from the mimic hostilities. But we could only do this, of course, in a broad, general way. No full account of the Manœuvres, no complete indication of what they taught, can be expected from any unofficial source. The high Naval authorities who closely watched every move in the game and were informed about every incident in the operations, they alone can tell the nation whether the Manœuvres gave ground for continuing our confidence in the efficiency of our squadrons, and in their readiness to meet and beat an enemy should a Naval war break out to disturb the peace of the world. So much was said, and said very forcibly and reasonably, by one of the *Times* Naval correspondents some weeks ago. His request, put briefly, was for some official statement of the wider aspects of the Manœuvres. "No profitable lesson can be drawn from them," he said, "until we know exactly what occurred from first to last, where and when it occurred, and in what circumstances." The letter in the *Times* was followed up by an excellent letter in the *Standard*, and the writer's request was supported in various quarters whence we are accustomed to get sound and well-informed criticisms upon Naval affairs. The reasons advanced in favour of compliance with the suggestion must have appealed strongly to every intelligent citizen anxious for the best interests of the Navy and the nation. Of late years the Admiralty has issued nothing by way of report upon Naval Manœuvres except a dry, unilluminating "narrative," which is barely intelligible to anyone but seamen, and with which the public at large certainly never make acquaintance. In 1888 they gave us a really valuable State paper—a full report, *with comments*, by three very distinguished admirals. We have italicised "with comments," for this is really the heart of the matter. We want not only the facts, but deductions from the facts; and we want these deductions, not only for the satisfaction of the public, but also, and even more urgently, for the instruction of the Naval Service. In this matter the Army sets the Navy an example which certainly ought to be followed. Those who followed the course of the recent Military Manœuvres in Ireland had the opportunity of reading day by day what the umpire thought of the conduct of hostilities by the opposed commanders. The umpire was exceedingly frank. He minced no words. When he thought mistakes had been made he said so plainly. He meted out praise and blame with an even hand. Each evening he issued his comments, and they appeared next day in the newspapers. Every officer engaged, down to the freshly-joined subaltern, could learn something from the Manœuvres, however little he saw of actual engagements himself. Now it would be impossible to issue day by day reports of Naval Manœuvres, but there is no reason at all why an appreciation of the work of the rival fleets should not be issued a few weeks after the suspension of hostilities.

The Admiralty have so far refused to issue anything of the kind. Not only this, but they have treated the question in an off-hand manner, which is not usual with the guardians of such immensely important interests as are entrusted to them. Mr. Arnold-Forster more than hinted that the newspaper correspondents ought to keep the public informed as to the lessons that the Manœuvres teach. Now this is an unsound as well as an impolitic suggestion. If correspondents are to decide upon the efficiency of the Navy, the public will expect the Admiralty to do what the correspondents say ought to be done. The correspondents who will make their voices most loudly heard will be those who have least knowledge and least sense. The abler men will feel that they are not qualified to undertake such a heavy and responsible task. We have quite enough government by newspaper already, and the results of such an experiment as this would be certain to end in disaster. But we do not for a moment suppose that the suggestion was meant to be taken seriously. This is, in point of fact, what we complain of. Anything that the official spokesmen of the Navy say in Parliament, on a matter of such gravity as this, ought to be meant seriously. Possibly at the fag-end of the session the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty was jaded, and disinclined to concentrate his attention upon anything. We heartily sympathise with him. We cannot wonder at anyone being exhausted who has to listen night after night, for months together, to the futile debates of the Commons' House. But by now the official world has had time to pull itself together; it is time for it to take a fresh view of public affairs.

We have no wish to offer ponderous warnings or to hint that Armageddon is at hand, but we should like to give the Admiralty a friendly caution against treating in any but a serious spirit the demand that they shall take the public into their confidence with regard to the recent Manœuvres. They may think the nation is not much interested in it, that it proceeds from a few experts only, and that, if it be disregarded now, no more will be heard of it. We believe this to be a mistaken view. The public are more attentive to this question than the Admiralty suppose. The majority of Britons do not say very much about public affairs. They watch and wait. They make up their minds slowly. But when once they have made them up, they hold to their opinions very tight, and they take the earliest opportunity of acting upon them. We have undergone a very unpleasant process of disillusionment with regard to the Army. Confidence in our soldiers, officers and men, from highest to lowest, is unimpaired so far as concerns their courage and loyal determination to do their best. But confidence in our system of Army organisation, and in the ability of a large proportion of officers, and in the general management of military affairs has been severely shaken. We hope and believe there is no reason to suppose that the Navy would fail to come up to our expectations as the Army has failed. But if the Admiralty want the public to share our belief and our hope they must not give it any ground for suspicious wondering. If there is no reason for hiding anything, they must not appear to have anything to hide. This is no time for a public department concerned with National Defence to wrap itself in a mantle of official secrecy.

MR. W. J. JOHNSTON, of Rockcliffe, Banchory, N.B., wishes us to mention that the photographs of the route march of the London Scottish reproduced on pages 590 and 591 of last week's issue were taken by him. Altogether Mr. Johnston took 140 photographs of the march, and the whole series are now at the regimental headquarters for inspection by officers and men.

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SWIMMING AT KEYHAM.

WHY is it that so many people do not swim? Probably the bicycle enthusiast would reply by asking why it is that so many people who have learned to ride a bicycle, and have, perhaps, pedalled a hundred miles or so, never seem to get on terms of intimacy with their machines. But to the man who can let himself drop into the water in any sort of position, with the sublime confidence that he will come to the surface, and that he will then be able to progress where and how he pleases, it seems almost incredible that there should be people who cannot accomplish the feat which seems to him so easy—so much, in fact, a matter of course. But then our typical swimmer probably learned as a child; and swimming is like other things—it wants to be taken young. Considering, however, the extent to which the sympathies of the ordinary Briton are with the sea, it seems extraordinary that the power of swimming is not more general than it is.

Even within the last few years a large proportion of the men of the Navy could not swim, and it is doubtful, at any rate, whether it would not be accurate to say that fifty years ago a seaman who could swim was the exception rather than the rule. Even now really good swimmers are scarce. Can swimming be taught? Certainly, a great many people will reply. But the man who makes the good swimmer is the man to whom the water comes as a second home almost naturally.

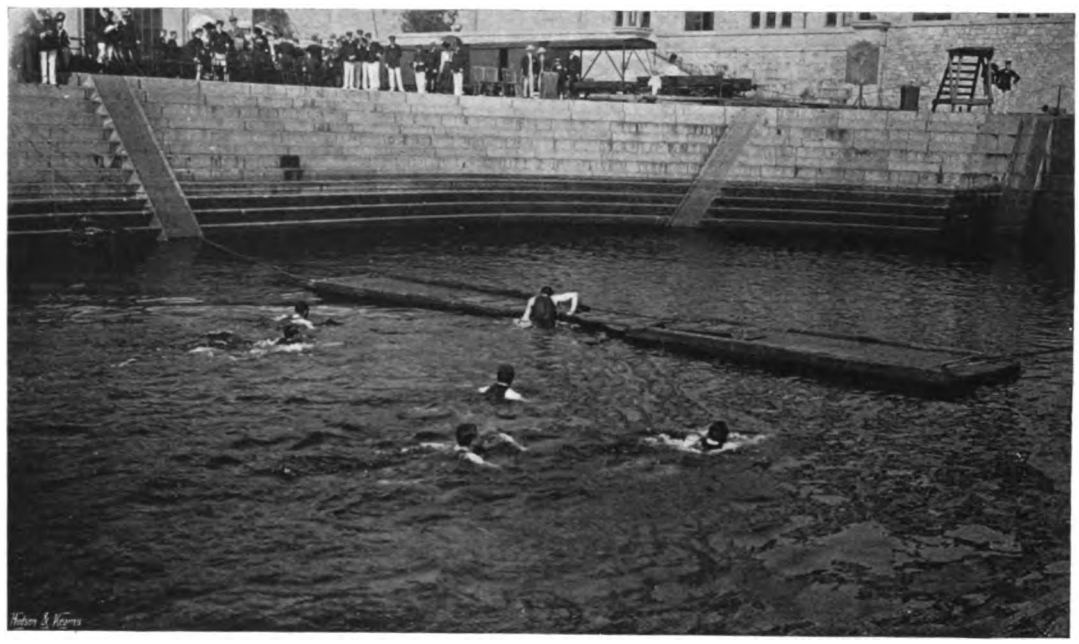
There is a great deal of swimming at the Royal Naval Engineering College at Keyham, and naturally there is equally a great deal of competition, which once a year finds expression in formal races. The annual matches this year were held on August 24, one of the docks being utilised for the purpose, and a most successful entertainment it was.

The weather was in every way favourable. The local interest aroused was evidenced by the attendance of a large company, and the races secured a large number of entries and were well contested. What more could any committee desire? Surely it had in every way justified its existence. There were no races over any great distance—in fact, the longest race was only 264-yds., and this was a handicap. But these short races, when every man is going really "for all he is worth" from start to finish, are much more amusing and interesting to the spectators than races over a longer distance. In this case, Mr. Bowler carried off the honours, as he won the 60-yds. scratch race, the diving competition, and the obstacle race, as well as taking the 88-yds. handicap from scratch, and being third, from the scratch mark, in the 264-yds. handicap and in the 60-yds. clothes race.

Altogether the meeting was an unalloyed success, and this was the opinion of everybody when Mrs. Tizard, the wife of Commander A. Tizard, presented the prizes.

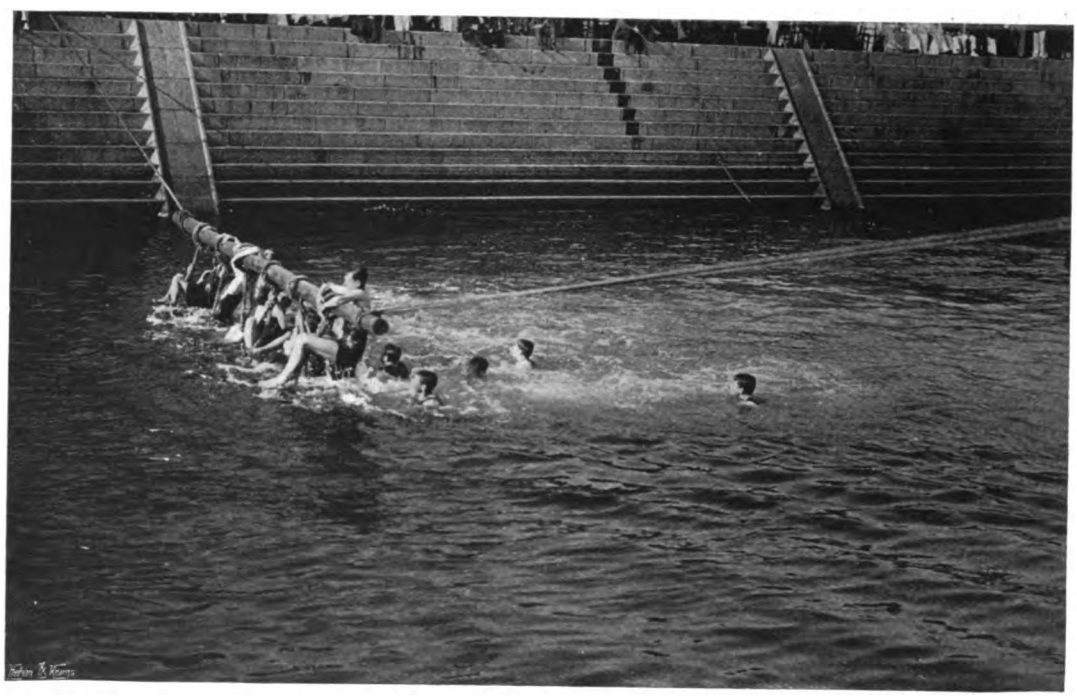
POISING ON THE VERGE.

The start for the 88-yds. race.



THE FIRST MAN HOME.

Harvey wins the 88-yds. Junior Handicap.



Photos. Copyright. *Crockett.*

THE GREAT EXCITEMENT OF THE DAY.

Churning the water in the obstacle race.

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"RATIONS! They aint no bally good. It aint no use a-tellin' me as I've got to go from one bell in the first dogwatch to three bells in the mornin' watch without ne'er a bite nor a sup. Canteen! Yes—in course. But aint I got to pay? Yes, and what does 'savings' come to when they are paid to us chaps? No! I tell you as us pays mor'n ever we profits by the canteen—and a Maltee working it too. Now it aint no use you a-loafing there agin' the rail like that. I tell you what I know, and what ye'd know, too, if ye'd a grain o' sense in yer head. We've got to have better grub, and we're a-goin' to have it, there!"

A YARN ON THE FO'C'SLE.

Jack Discusses His Rations.

THAT Navy rations are inadequate was proved by the report of the Committee just issued. Practically, it suggests two additional meals a day and its proposals as additions to the present rations, are: Per diem.—½-oz. tea; 1-oz. sugar; ¼-lb. corned beef or other preserved meat, ½-lb. fresh vegetables with fresh meat, ½-oz. raisins with salt beef and preserved meat. Per diem.—¾-oz condensed milk; 2-oz. jam; ½-oz. coffee, 1-oz. compressed vegetables with salt and preserved meats. These do not seem to indicate important changes, but they really mean a considerable increase in the scale of dietary.

Photo. Copyright. AN INTERESTING NAVAL DEBATE. *Gregory.*

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THE NAVIES AND ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

A Weekly Causerie

BY

DAVID HANNAY.

THIS Krosigk court-martial, about which so much is being said in Germany, and out of it, is a very ugly business for the Army of the Fatherland. Whether Martin did or did not kill his officer, is a comparatively subordinate part of the whole business. Murders of that kind have occurred in all Armies. When proof can be got, the course to be followed is obvious. When there is a strong moral conviction of guilt, but no sufficient evidence, authorities have to choose between removing the man quietly, or professing to see nothing. Everyone who has gone below the surface of published histories of wars has heard of cases in which it has been firmly believed that officers have been struck down by their own men, on the very field of battle. The best course in these cases is to say as little as may be in private, and no word, good or bad, in public. At other times there is often more than a suspicion that superiors have been helped to die, and again silence has been considered the better way. In this case it must be allowed that it was difficult for the German military authorities to pass over what had happened. It is certain that Captain von Krosigk was shot by somebody, and that the murderer must have been one of a particular body of persons. There was an absolute obligation therefore to make some effort to discover the criminal, but there are wise and foolish ways of doing what is necessary, and the German authorities appear to have chosen the worse.

* * * *

If you are going to have a trial at all, the most elementary sense ought to show anybody that you must play the game. There have been times when an authority had only to order a man to be executed, and nobody was surprised. We do not live in those conditions. Governments themselves establish regular systems of procedure to serve as a guarantee that nobody shall be condemned unjustly. They may be bad, and if so ought to be amended, but while they last they must be worked loyally. Very silly people sometimes make a distinction between law and justice, but law is the only means we have of securing justice. When it is bad it is to be amended, not set aside, for when the latter course is followed you simply persuade all the world that your trial is an hypocrisy. Now this is a disaster. It is a thousand times better that an individual should escape, though everyone in the court, including his own counsel, is morally convinced that he is guilty, than that all confidence in the administration of justice should be lost; and it will be lost when the judges show that they have made up their minds before the trial. And it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the glaring fact that this was the case in the second court-martial. In the modern world no system will stand the harm done it by the spread of a belief that it is deliberately unfair, and that it has two weights and two measures. The German Army authorities ought to have remembered that it was only the other day that an officer was dismissed the Army and imprisoned in a fortress for his second—or was it third?—murder of his soldier servant. Now we find a court di-regarding the want of evidence, and its own rules of procedure, in order to pass sentence of death on a soldier accused of killing his officer. Only a thoroughly servile people would tolerate such outrageous partiality as this, and the Germans, though docile, and respectful to authority, are not absolutely slavish.

* * * *

Then facts are coming out which are discreditable to the German Army. It has always been its boast that its officers, though strict, were just, and that it maintained discipline without barbarity. We have been told that an officer who was perpetually punishing his men had a mark put against his name. But it is quite clear that Captain von Krosigk was a military bully of a bad stamp. If the boast of the German Army is well founded, he ought to have been removed long ago, and put where his passionate temper would not have had free play. But we see that he was kept in command, though his character was notorious. This fact, which cannot but be injurious to the credit of the Army, has been rubbed into the German public by the persistence shown in retrying the sergeants accused of his murder. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more stupid than this on the part of the chiefs of an Army based on universal military service. If they are capable of being taught, they may learn as much from the comment on their proceedings made by sober German papers. The moral of the whole story would seem to be that there is much less sense in the War Office at Berlin than experts have been wont to assure us was the case.

THE TROUBLES OF TRANSPORT.

* * * *

The *Times* in commenting on the story asks the Germans to note the difference between the treatment given to their own soldiers, and to the British "mercenary" of whom they talk in such a high and mighty manner. Just so; but does not the difference arise from the fact that the British soldier is a "mercenary," which means a volunteer who must be tempted, and cannot be driven, into the ranks? A Captain von Krosigk and such an exhibition as this second court-martial would kill recruiting for the British Army.

* * * *

So the Spanish Naval officers have been punching the head of an able editor. He is a Carlist, and he said something which offended the Squadron. Therefore a select body of lieutenants and midshipmen invaded the office in plain clothes, and, after assaulting the editor, pummelled the publisher. One would like to know what the misguided journalist said. Much might be written about the Spanish Navy which could not take the form of praise and yet be honest. But it does not take much to set the Services making assaults and batteries on newspaper officers. The officers of the garrison of Madrid were very riotous at the beginning of the Cuban War, and if the Navy cannot get at organs of opinion in the capital, there is no reason why it should stand cheek in a seaport town. The arduous routine of journalism has not for a long time been enlivened by a free fight with the gentlemen and officers of the Navy and Army in this happy land of law and order. The thing has happened, however. There was once a cavalry regiment which beat a provincial editor to mark its disapproval of a paragraph in his paper, wherein the corps was described as reminding everybody of monkeys mounted on dogs. But those lively times are over, and we cannot now expect to see Printing House Square invaded by two hundred officers of the Home District, and the assault repelled by a furious charge of the machinists headed by a sub-editor.

* * * *

The attack on the train at Haman's Kloof, which cost Colonel Vandeleur his life, was no doubt a legitimate operation of war. A train is only, after all, a convoy, and to attack convoys is quite fair. At the same time there is something particularly exasperating in such a form of hostility. In this case the enemy are reported to have been from 250 to 300 strong, and would probably have been able to overpower an escort of forty-five officers and men under any circumstances. Yet if they had been half-a-dozen, they might have done almost as much damage. It is an unexpected, but, after all, sufficiently natural, result of the use of trains on a military line of communication that they may be far more

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vulnerable than the old convoy, with its string of waggons or mules, and its escort of hundreds or thousands of soldiers. They go far more quickly, they carry more, and so long as the line is in working order they do not need a numerous guard. But then a handful of some explosive put under a sleeper may throw the train off the rails, and it is helpless. A convoy which goes on its own legs can scatter, and part of it, at any rate, may get away. We have had experience of this time and again with the Boers, whose power of getting themselves swallowed up in the earth is remarkable. But a train off the rails is the most stationary of things. There it must stick till help comes to put the permanent way right and the engine on the rails again. Meanwhile it presents a noble target. The men in it cannot drive the assailants off till they get into the open themselves, and in the act of doing that they may be shot down right and left.

THE DEFENCE OF THE LEEWARD ISLANDS.

IT is the proud boast of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED that it has brought to the notice of home readers more graphically and with greater completeness than any other periodical in existence the Colonial Forces of the British Empire. From the commencement of its career it has given those connected with the paper peculiar satisfaction to tighten the bond of union between the Mother Country and its offspring, by not only portraying the Naval and Military forces of the former for the latter's edification, but also by showing the home-dweller how the Colonies have learnt the lesson of taking care of themselves, and have done so, too, in the best and truest spirit of Imperial Federation.

In pursuance of this policy we give to-day two interesting groups of the Antigua Defence Force, in one of which is included the Governor of the Leeward Islands—to which group Antigua belongs—and the Bishop of Antigua, the Right Rev. Bishop Mather, D.D. The force is of comparatively recent growth, and is a Volunteer organisation, quite separate from the local armed police. Considering that Antigua is only about fifty miles in circumference, and has an area only about half the size of Middlesex, much of which is occupied by decayed plantations, it is much to its credit that it should have taken the question of self-defence so seriously, and formed what appears to be a smart and thriving local corps.

Antigua deserves to be doggedly held on to by Great Britain, for it is a very old British possession. It was first inhabited by a few English from St. Kitts in 1632, and, though for a short interval it was in French occupation, it has been an acknowledged British Colony since the Treaty of Breda in 1666. Antigua was discovered in 1493 by Columbus, who would probably not even have given it a name had he foreseen that it would ever harbour English Volunteers!

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S, ANTIGUA FIELD FORCE.

Reading from left to right the names are—First row: Sergt. H. Holmes, Sergt. R. Carty, Surgeon-Capt. F. Freeland, Lieut. F. Drinkwater, Lieut. J. Dew, Lieut. W. Thompson, Sergt. A. Murphy, and Col.-Sergt. A. Edwards. Second row: Lieut. and Adjt. E. Nell, Capt. Charles Major, Capt. J. H. Learmouth (Inspecting Officer), and Capt. W. Forrest. Third row: Sergt. G. Ongent and Col.-Sergt. J. McDonald

Photos. Copyright. *Jose Anjo.*

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WELFARE OF ANTIGUA.

His Excellency the Governor of the Leeward Islands. Sir Francis Fleming, K.C.M.G. *His Grace the Bishop of Antigua Dr. Mather.*

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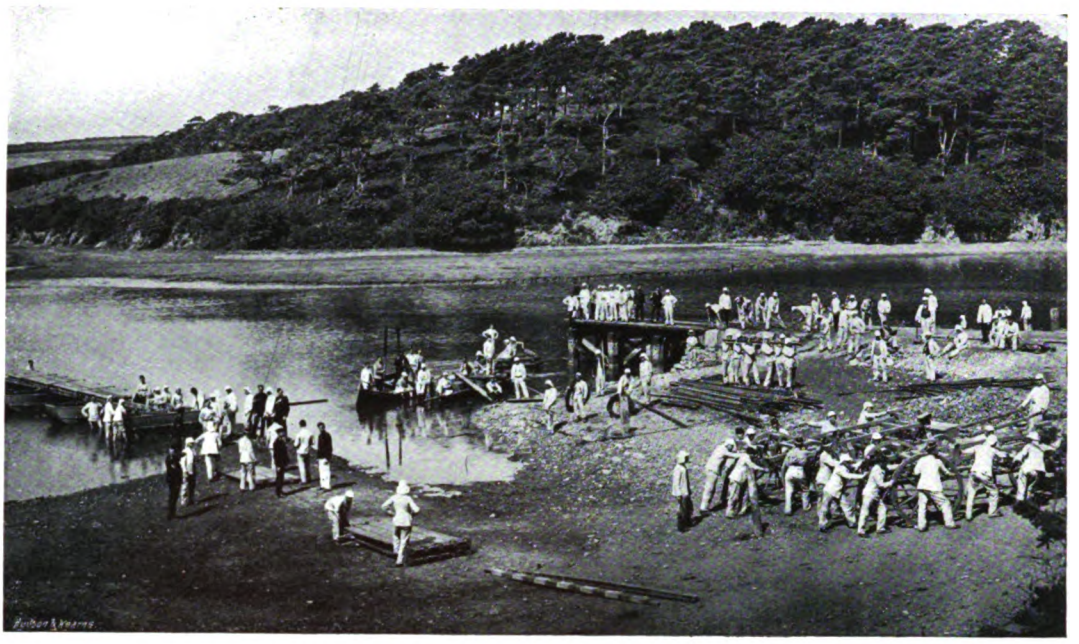
WEST COUNTRY VOLUNTEER SAPPERS IN CAMP.

THE 1st Devonshire and Somersetshire Royal Engineers (Volunteers), to give them their rather lengthy Army List title, have just completed a successful encampment at Scraesdon Fort near Devonport. Our pictures include, besides a regimental group of officers, views of the camp and of the corps at work on a pontoon bridge, from which the critical observer will not fail to obtain a favourable impression of the efficiency of the corps and its business-like methods. For it is evident that these pictures were not specially "sat for," and that the general air of well-ordered activity is natural, not the result of anxious effort to "catch the camera's eye."

Indeed, the Devon and Somerset Volunteer Engineers could hardly be otherwise than smart and efficient, representing as they do two counties which have a very high military reputation for the quality of men they supply to the Line and Militia, as well as for the goodness of their Volunteer Infantry battalions. The 1st Devon and Somerset Volunteer Royal Engineers have, moreover, a very well-known Royal Engineer officer as their honorary colonel, in the person of Field-Marshal Sir John Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. This distinguished veteran takes a warm interest in the welfare and condition of this important West Country corps, which has its headquarters at Exeter, and is commanded by Colonel T. J. Scoones, V.D.

The appropriateness of a fort as the site of an Engineer encampment cannot be questioned, although it is hardly in connection with permanent fortifications that our Volunteers would be required in any great national emergency. More probably their services would be required with mobile forces, and although they can hardly be expected individually to rival the Regular Sappers in all-round utility, there is little doubt that, organised in battalions on the continental model, they would fulfil a very important and practical *rôle* should the emergency arise at any time.

In the matter of bridging, especially, the Volunteer Engineers not only display great zeal, but have achieved very decided proficiency. It goes without saying that a corps of Volunteer Royal Engineers with pontoon equipment, and a very clear notion of using it, might be of inestimable value to a general engaged in a great scheme of defence against an actual invasion, and anxious to use lines of advance or withdrawal other than those available by existing roads and bridges. In the Regular Army the Infantry of the Line has to acquire some proficiency in bridging, and a brigade of Regular Infantry ought to be able to make its own arrangements for crossing any ordinary stream without the help of the Royal Engineers. But Volunteer Infantry can hardly be expected to spare the time necessary for special training in this direction, in addition to the days they devote in the ordinary course to drill and musketry.



BRIDGING OPERATIONS.

The Devon and Somerset R.E. Volunteers pontooning.

THE HEIGHT OF SECURITY.

An Engineer encampment within a fort.

Photos. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*

THE OFFICERS, DEVON AND SOMERSET R.E. VOLUNTEERS.

Capt. D. Cameron, Surg.-Lieut. A. S. Wohlmann, Lieut. A. D. Hatch, Lieut. C. Winter, Lieut. R. B. Dutton, Capt. W. A. Lyddon, Lieut. F. Wardhaugh-Kobson, Lieut. W. W. Gibb, Capt. H. F. Lyle, Lieut. and Q.M. J. P. Curtis, Major R. C. Fenton, Second Lieut. Digby Jones, R.E., Lieut.-Col. T. J. Scoones, Capt. S. Keen, Capt. and Adjt. C. T. W. Finch, Lieut. R. C. Vicary, and Lieut. A. C. Reed.

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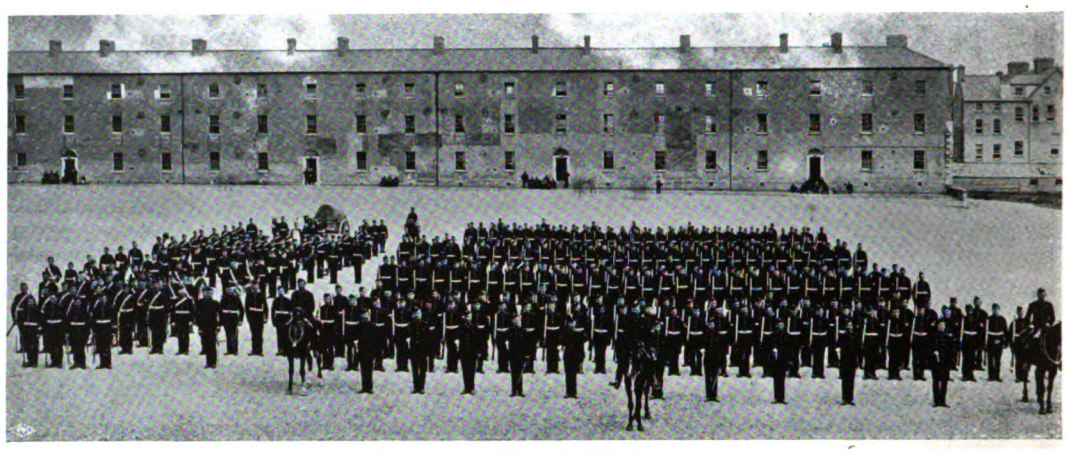
A NEW LINE BATTALION.

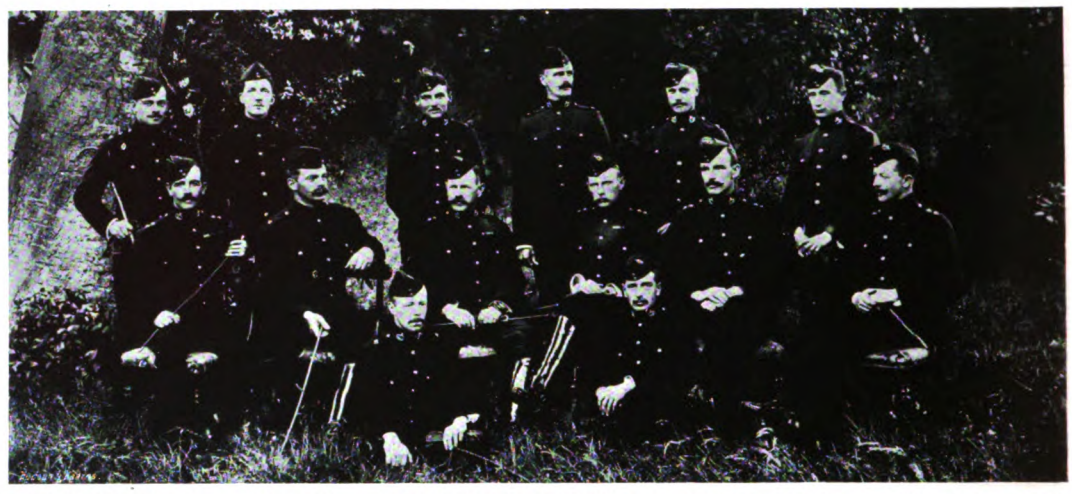
IN the storm and stress of the war, and amid a variety of other distractions, comparatively little attention has been paid to the formation of a number of new Regular battalions, of which the 4th Battalion of the King's (Liverpool Regiment) here represented is a type. Outside these battalions themselves it is by no means generally known what an immense amount of trouble their formation has involved, and what splendid work has been done by the officers and non-commissioned officers to whom has been entrusted the laborious and rather thankless task of organising *ab initio* these new units of the British Army.

The formation of new battalions is no easy matter in the piping times of peace, but when a great war is draining a regiment of its officers and non-commissioned officers, the process is rendered almost inconceivably more difficult. Where a regiment is composed very largely indeed of recruits, it is especially desirable that they should be handled by officers and non-commissioned officers of tact and experience, and when these are at a premium, and the discipline and interior economy of companies, not to speak of their training, falls largely upon junior lieutenants and very young sergeants, the maintenance of order alone is sometimes an uphill and anxious business. For it is a painful, if perhaps natural, fact that the "old soldiers" who are supposed to form a nucleus in these new battalions, and are expected to afford a good example to the youngsters, not infrequently give a good deal more trouble than the recruits. In these new battalions, too, a number of institutions, not to mention the band and the officers' and sergeants' messes, have to be created from very crude materials. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the new battalions have in almost every case made wonderful progress, and a glance at the picture showing the 4th King's on parade is enough to indicate pretty clearly that here we have no exception to the rule. There is a very "set" look of smartness and efficiency about this recent addition to the Infantry of the Line, which is doubtless due in no small measure to the fact that both Colonel Grattan and Captain Harington, D.S.O., are practical men, who have seen warservice, and know both what soldiers ought to be and how to make them so.



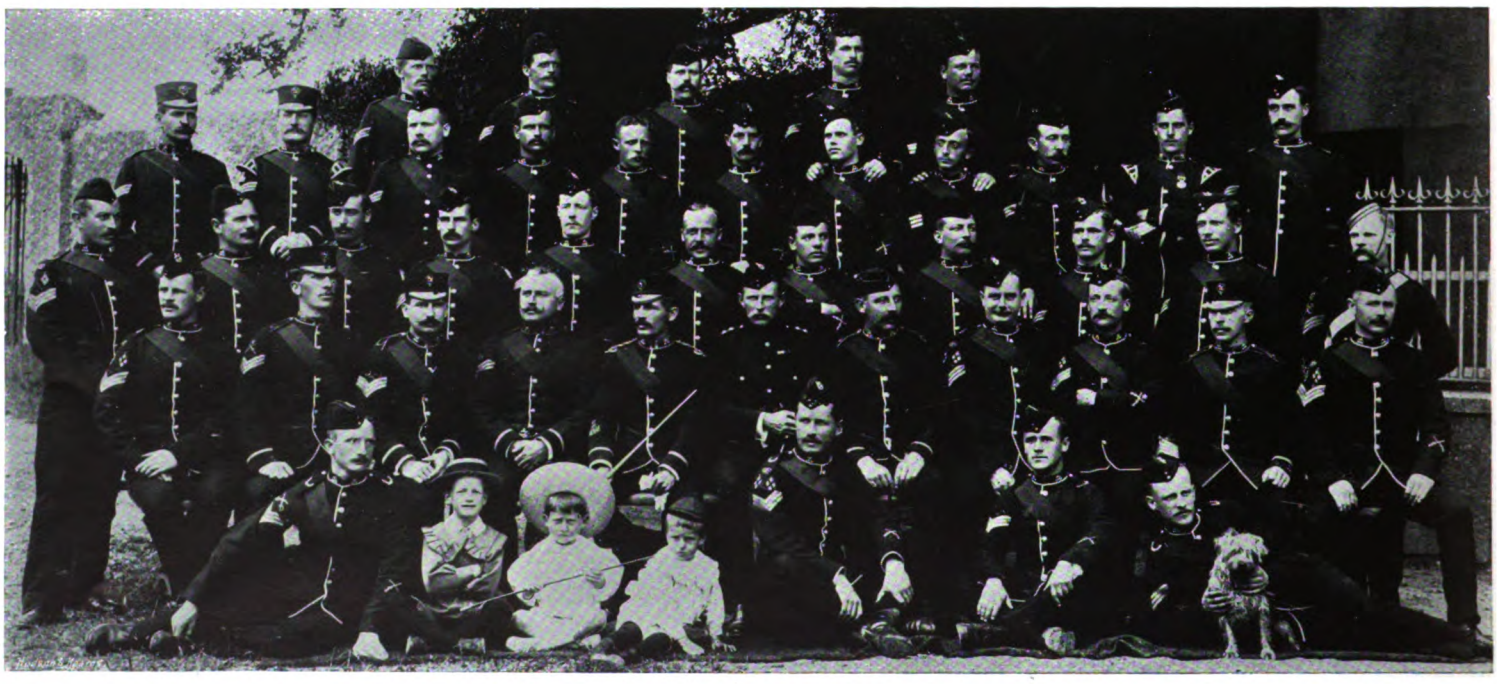
ON PARADE.

The 4th Battalion the King's at the Old Barracks, Fermoy.



OFFICERS, 4TH BATTALION THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL REGIMENT).

Lieut. W. N. Gape. Lieut. F. E. Feneran. Second Lieut. W. O. Thompson. Lieut. R. D. Acland. Lieut. and Q.M. P. Hackett. Lieut. R. W. Gaskell. Maj. H. Swann. Lieut.-Col. O'D. C. Grattan. Capt. and Adjt. C. H. Harington, D.S.O. Capt. H. C. Potter. Capt. F. R. Ewart, D.S.O. Lieut. H. C. Owen. Second Lieut. F. Marshall. Capt. G. H. Brush.



Photos. Copyright. *G. Bosanquet*

THE BACKBONE OF DISCIPLINE.

The Adjutant, Sergeant-Major, and Non-commissioned Officers of the 4th Battalion the King's.

Top row: Sergt. Fitzgerald, Sergt. Hopkins, Sergt. Wilson, Sergt. Worman, and Lance-Sergt. Weaver. Second row: Lance-Sergt. Connor, Band-Sergt. Wainwright, Sergt. Richardson, Sergt. Coulfield, Sergt. Cawston, Sergt. Jackson, Lance-Sergt. O'Connor, Lance-Sergt. Wellooze, Sergt. Clarke, Sergt.-Drummer Turner, and Sergt. Sweeney. Third row: Col.-Sergt. Coen, Col.-Sergt. Casey, Sergt. Leahy, Sergt. Gatfield, Sergt. Grice, Sergt. Sowre, Lance-Sergt. Williams, Sergt. Davis, Sergt. Edwards, Sergt. Barnes, and Arm.-Sergt. Webster. Sitting: Col.-Sergt. Barion, Sergt.-Instr. Mus. Carroll, Master Tailor Latham, Orderly-room Sergt. Cassotain, Bandmaster Rafov, Capt. and Adjt. C. H. Harington, Sergt.-Maj. Lyle, Col.-Sergt. Farrell, Col.-Sergt. Cropper, Q.M.-Sergt. Ratcliffe, and Col.-Sergt. Hare. Front row: Sergt. Brunt, Col.-Sergt. Guerin, Sergt. Lord, and Sergt. Rudd.

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THE NAVY OF THE PIGTAILS.

Modern Ships AND *Ancient Methods.*

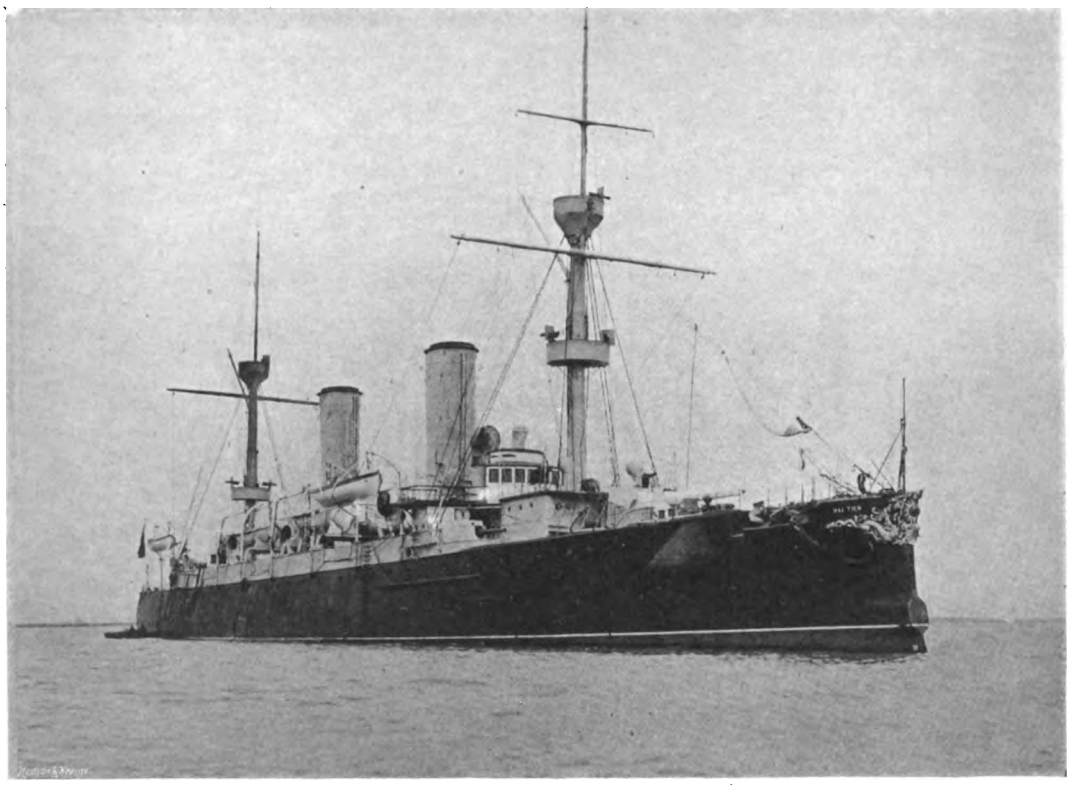
A CHINESE JUNK, BOW VIEW.

A CHINESE JUNK, STERN VIEW.

DESPITE the rude lesson inculcated by the war with Japan in 1894-95, the Chinese Navy of to-day is an extraordinary medley of the up-to-date and farcical obsolete, inasmuch as ancient junks and armoured cruisers from the Tyne or Stettin may be seen in the same roadstead, and the arsenals, equipped with the latest thing in machine tools, turn out quick-firing cannon and gingals with absolute impartiality. In the British expedition of 1852 to China, as well as in the Anglo-French one of 1859-60, the men-of-war of the Western Powers encountered nothing more formidable than the aforesaid junks, whose broadsides of muzzle-loading cannon were interspersed with dummy pieces of apparently larger calibre. Of course these wretchedly-armed craft were as paper vessels when pitted against the steam navies of civilisation; nevertheless their crews fought bravely, for the Celestial Bluejacket has ever proved himself to be a first-class sailor and a plucky fighting man.

It was in or about the year 1865 that the Chinese Government first evinced a desire to provide themselves with a navy on modern European lines; and, as was to be expected, keen competition between the contractors and agents of rival nationalities ensued to oblige them. After a good deal of haggling, including the customary distribution of backsheesh among the venal mandarins, a French firm secured the contract. Foochow was then chosen as the Chinese Portsmouth, and there the Frenchmen erected forges, foundries, fitting shops, and steamer slips; while a commodious dry dock was constructed at Pagoda Island, in the vicinity. In 1869 the first Chinese-built war-ships were launched at Foochow with much ceremony; and from that date the growth of China's new Navy was steadily maintained, though the Government still persisted in keeping up their ancient one, and, indeed, built many more of the men-of-war junks, such as are shown above.

When the war with France broke out in 1883, the Chinese soon discovered that the French ship-builders and artificers had utilised their position to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Empire's maritime resources, so they were hurriedly sent packing. However, the mischief was done, and in the naval operations that followed the Chinese ships fell an easy prey to the French blockading squadrons, which, with an intimate knowledge of just where their antagonists' weakness lay, boldly attacked, or bombarded them at long range, as the case might be. In fact, the war resulted in the practical annihilation of the young Chinese Navy. After this disagreeable experience, the Celestial authorities erected coast fortifications, bought powerful battleships in Europe, and even started building the latter in their own dockyards under European superintendence, which, however, did not this time include "foreign devils" of French nationality. Englishmen were now selected to undertake the reorganisation of the Navy, and before many years had elapsed, Captain Lang, an ex-officer of the British Navy, who was entrusted with what was really the supreme command, though nominally inferior to Chinese admirals, succeeded in making it a respectable fighting force. Eventually, however, the mandarins got rid of this excellent administrator, because he put a stop to the wholesale system of speculation. It is said that shortly after Admiral Lang's dismissal, which occurred three or four years before the Japanese War, an Englishman, going on board the "Ting Yuen" flag-ship unexpectedly found the Chinese admiral playing "fan-tan" with the sentry over his cabin door. Comparatively short as was the time that intervened between the British officer's



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THE CRUISER "HAI TIEN."

A fine Steel Vessel built for the Chinese Government at Elswick.

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retirement and the outbreak of the war with Japan in August, 1894, it was quite sufficient for the fleet to have drifted into a hopeless state of inefficiency. All kinds of amusing stories have been told concerning the lack of discipline that prevailed. The ships themselves were in a terribly filthy state; some were even said to be minus their proper complement of guns, for the captains had pawned them; while of course the ammunition, stores, etc., were very far from being of the quality ordered and paid for. Yet the Chinese ships which opposed the Japanese Fleet were well navigated. They kept station fairly well when in company; their shooting was at least as good as that of the Spaniards in the American War, and they exchanged semaphores with each other in English. At the battle of the Yalu River, the Japanese made short work of the four Chinese armoured cruisers engaged, but the two Chinese ironclads defended themselves so well that the Japanese finally withdrew.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE CHINESE CRUISER "HAI CHI."

Including Mr. Bassett, Instructor from Whale Island, and Mr. Detching, the Builder's Engineer.

At the conclusion of that disastrous war to the Celestial Empire, only two vessels remained to her of her effective fleet; nevertheless, the Chinese Navy fought, on the whole, bravely—certainly the men acquitted themselves nobly; it was their officers who were so ignorant and cowardly, and to these an exception must be made in the case of their brave admiral. But the officers responsible for the resistance displayed were "foreign devils"—the ex-Scotch tug captain, Admiral McClure, who after the war was appointed Chief Naval Adviser, and Commander Giffen, ex-United States Navy.

Since 1895 China has equipped herself with a new Navy, though it is as yet on a very modest scale. The Imperial Fleet is organised in district squadrons, which are severally raised and maintained by the provincial viceroys, while there are also numerous small fleets that belong exclusively to the viceroys of the maritime provinces. Again, numerous officials—such as the Salt Commissioners—keep a few well-armed gun-boats to help them in the collection of duty on the articles over which they have a monopoly. The foreign customs also possess a number of cruisers, carrying foreign officers and engineers. What is usually looked upon as the Navy proper is the Peiyang Squadron in the north, which cruises round Chefoo, Tientsin, etc., and the Nanyang Squadron in the south. These squadrons include some half-dozen German-built cruisers of from 2,950 tons to 3,400 tons, and two fine cruisers, the "Hai Chi" and "Hai Tien," which were built in the Tyne in 1897 and 1898. The "Hai Tien," of which an illustration is given, is a magnificent steel vessel, length 396ft., displacement 4,300 tons, indicated horse-power 17,000, and speed under forced draught 24·1 knots. She has a 6-in. armour plating and a 5-in. deck. She carries a crew of 374, and her armament consists of two 8-in. quick-firing, ten 4·7-in., and twelve 3-pounder Armstrong guns, and five submerged torpedo tubes. Of torpedo-boats there are thirty first-class and twenty second-class, but only a total of twenty are said to be serviceable. Four torpedo destroyers, built at Elbing in 1898 and 1899, were captured at the bombardment of the Taku Forts last summer, and added to the Navies of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Germany, each being rechristened "Taku." As the Chinese have no Navy worthy of the name, it is a curious anomaly that they should have had two excellent colleges at Nanking and Tientsin for naval officers. That at Nanking, known as the Imperial Naval College, was founded in 1890. Lord Charles Beresford visited it when touring through the country in 1898, and found everything very ship-shape, and apparently well managed; the British instructor is Mr. Halliday. That at Tientsin was destroyed recently, and was the scene of most severe fighting. The fleet, as a whole, is under-manned, but there are on board many men well-trained by English instructors. The personnel is obtained by coast conscription, the length of service being indefinite. Foochow is now the only dockyard, but the wings of the dry dock there, capable of accommodating a cruiser of 3,000 tons, are said to have cracked. A new manager—a Frenchman—M. Doyère by name, accompanied by colleagues, took up quarters there in 1897. Lastly, there are still hundreds of men-of-war junks, though, as Lord Charles Beresford pointed out in 1898, they entail a complete waste of money.

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TYPICAL CHINESE BLUEJACKETS.

Included amongst whom are some petty officers.

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AT WORK WITH A FLYING COLUMN.

Incidents and Accidents by Flood and Field.

"WHAT'S that?"

The orderly officer cantered up to the mess tent, swung himself off his horse, and brandished a blue paper before us. We gathered anxiously around him, for there was an ominous look in his eyes.

"The brigadier's at it again—read that!" he said in a disgusted voice.

We scanned the paper. It contained the orders for the day. One read: "The column will saddle up and have all in readiness to move off at 10 p.m. punctually!"

What did it mean? The orderly officer volunteered cheerful information.

"I heard them talking in the orderly tent about the Boer Fouché. It appears that he has crossed the line again, is making for the Orange, and threatens another invasion of the Colony with a considerable commando. And we've got to head him off."

We knew then, only too well, what the order meant—another long, weary, soul-destroying trek after a faster-moving and ever-vigilant enemy. We had just come off such a trek. Riding leg-weary horses is not pleasant work under the most favourable circumstances; when this is accentuated by short rations of food and sleep, and all the further discomforts of flying column work, no one who has experienced it cares for its prolongation longer than is absolutely necessary.

It was Sunday evening; we had reached a pleasant outspan at midday, after a fortnight in the saddle, had spent the intervening hours in smartening up and scraping off some of the liberal accumulation of mud and dust inseparable from veldt work, and were now looking forward, and with keen anticipation, to a long, undisturbed night's sleep. Thus was our dream rudely broken.

"Confound these beastly Boers! Why can't they rest on Sundays, as they did in the beginning of the war?"

We did not imprecate our work-loving general, but we grumbled just a little as we thought of ten o'clock and got ourselves ready to inspan. Under such conditions as these, members of a flying column are rather inclined to magnify the hardness of their lot, and to ruefully imagine that the pleasures of life are few and far between. Unquestionably, at the present time, to be a mounted infantryman is not all beer and skittles. Like poor Joe, he is always kept on the move, and the very hard work of rounding up guerilla Boers over tremendous stretches of country is not without its disagreeableness and limitations.

One of our very worst troubles comes from the waggon mules. These animals have, on the whole, conducted themselves well, and for the purposes of quick transport have proved themselves invaluable in South Africa. But it happens sometimes that they become infected with the very spirit of cussedness, when they do those things which ought not to be done. At the most inconvenient times and places, when every hour's delay is of vital importance, they will block a bad drift, and stop the column's progress for half a day. At such times Tommy has literally to put his shoulder to the wheel, and during the process his language is not that of benediction. Almost on a par with the mules are the native boys who are engaged to drive them. Capital fellows as a rule, the spirit of mischief seems to possess them at times, and they become as stubborn as the animals they have to manage. Kaffirs are, I am afraid, responsible for a very ungodly extension of the soldier's vocabulary. There are other discomforts in plenty, such as getting knocked out of the saddle or going sick when a column is quickly on the move, and having to depend upon the necessarily crude arrangements of the field ambulance, although the doctors, both military and civil, do all they can for the comfort of such unfortunates. Indeed their expedients often are little short of marvellous. But if with flying column work there are always present such discomforts, pleasures are never very long absent. In any case, to be mounted is infinitely preferable to foot-slogging it through heavy sands. The mounted infantryman daily blesses the fate which kept him from joining a foot regiment; of course, if his horse caves in, and he has to foot it with saddle and bridle on his back until another mount is procured, that is another story.

To belong to a flying column promises the sport so dear to the heart of Tommy. True, the promise is not always fulfilled, but, Micawber-like, he is always waiting for something in that line to turn up; and a "scrap with them Boers" will afford more than compensation for a week's heavy trekking. It is really inspiriting to see how he brightens up at the prospect of a little fighting. As the scouts come galloping in, and word goes through the ranks that the enemy seemed inclined to give battle, tired and hungry men smarten up, and more than pleasure is written in their looks as they carefully examine bandoliers and breech-bolts.

Nor is the pleasure of fighting

SMARTENING UP.

Hair-cutting under difficulties.

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NEGOTIATING A DIFFICULT DRIFT.

Just one of those places where the mules jib.

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SICK PARADE.

The doctor does his best under trying circumstances.

NECESSARY NUISANCES.

Engaging Kaffirs as mule drivers.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

AN ALFRESCO BREAKFAST.

Colonel Owen Thomas, of Prince of Wales Light Horse, enjoying Dutch delicacies.

the only one afforded in such work. There are joys experienced unknown to the garrison soldier. Think of the splendid opportunities for replenishing the commissariat. To see the column in a Boer farmyard is to see them in their element. The regulations against looting are most stringent, and it is very risky to infringe them; but the risk is sometimes taken. On one occasion, smelling a delicious odour of roasting veal, I asked the men sternly whether they had been looting.

"Looting! This aint loot, sir! You see, it's like this. When we passed through that last farm, a silly calf would persist in getting under the 'orses 'oofs. We was afraid it might get 'urt, so we took and killed it to save its life. 'Ave a joint, sir?" I took it!

Invariably, however, the men pay well for what they take, but it sometimes happens that a bitter Boer partisan will absolutely refuse to sell food to our starving soldiers. This occurred once to a flying column to which I was attached. In an almost famished condition we rode up to a farm belonging to a well-known Dutchman. We knew him to be in league with the enemy, but treated him fairly.

"Have you anything to sell?" asked our colonel. "Any meal, coffee, or meat?"

"I have nothing; I'm cleaned out!" And yet his livestock was under our very eyes.

"But what are these, then? You must sell us food."

"Allemaachte! These have been left for me to mind. The owner is away on commando. I've nothing to sell!"

Justly incensed at such barefaced lying, the officer commanding gave orders to search the place. And that morning the men had meal and meat in plenty—the first square meal for several days—while the Boer was more than compensated for the distraint. As I snapshotted the colonel, breakfasting upon Dutch delicacies, he at least seemed satisfied with the exchange.

In traversing a Boer-infested country, flanking parties are put out in extended order, sweeping the country on either side of the column for several miles. Sometimes it happens that men on the extreme flank, through the broken nature of the land, become detached from their troops, and, ere they can rejoin their comrades, are snapped up by vigilant enemies, who strip them of everything serviceable, horse, rifle, bandolier, and often clothing. Then they are put on the way to rejoin the column. Needless to say, such unfortunates are unmercifully "chipped" by their companions. Such a case is laughable, but did one ever hear of a captain losing his squadron? And yet it has really happened. I was riding along with a well-known Colonial major one afternoon recently; six columns were operating in extended order, sweeping a stretch of country over thirty miles in extent; every moment we expected to come into contact with the enemy; suddenly we heard the clattering of horses' hoofs on the hard metal behind us, and an officer of a crack dragoon regiment reined up. He wore beautifully-fitting kid gloves.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but have you seen a squadron anywhere? I have lost mine!"

"Lost your squadron! What squadron? I don't understand you, sir!" said the major.

"Oh, yes. I've lost my men all day!"

"Why, how did this happen?"

"Well, you see, a beastly jackal got up out of an ant-bear hole, and I chased the brute. Somehow I can't find my men now; I hope they're all right. The foolish fellows! Will you have a smoke? And if you see anything of them, you might tell them that I'm going to that farmhouse over there for some coffee!" And off he rode to get his refreshment, leaving us to enjoy the joke.

We did not pick up the lost men, but seeing this bright squadron leader next day, I took the liberty of asking if he had done so. "Oh! yes," he said, "they got tacked on to another column, and turned up all right at the outspan. The rascals!" Rascals indeed!

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CHAPTER IX.

The Combined Attack.

THE Begum was still hesitating in distress, and doubting whether she might tell Latouche, when he decided the question.

"It is useless, darling," he said, "I can read it in your face. Trouble, grave trouble is at hand. Tell me the whole truth."

Thus adjured, she read him the despatch taken from the Persian scribe, and revealed the murderous attempt that had preceded it.

He listened in silence, but with manifest effort, and she was no sooner ended than he essayed to lift himself in the bed.

"Let Surfuraz Khan be called, and my pesh khidmut, my personal attendants. The occasion is supreme. Measures must be taken at once." He spoke with fine energy for a brief space, then fell back exhausted, half fainting among the pillows.

"Mad, insensate wretch that I am," cried the Begum, in an agony of self reproach; "I have killed him, my life's lord!"

Latouche soon comforted her with a loving glance and reassuring words.

"I am still too weak, I fear, to give active help, but at least I can counsel and direct. Where is the naib? I must confer with him; that is imperative. Do not oppose me, beloved, it is my duty; and do not despair. We know their movements, thanks to the papers seized, and we shall welcome them in a way they little expect. Defeat—destruction awaits them. I have my plan."

Then, strengthened by a cordial drink which the Begum compounded with her own hands, Latouche set forth his plan for the defence of Photapore.

"They are advancing by the various mountain paths that converge upon Churwarree; we know that. It is set down here." He touched the chit, which still lay upon the bed. "Appa Tantia comes from the north, round the flanks of the Dera Bhag; Amrod Chand from the eastward, hidden behind the hills; between them march Meer Adina Sing and Aliverdi Khan, all moving on Churwarree. To the south-east is Nanak Beg; but his attack, as we are told, is but a diversion—a feint, and we may disregard it, keeping but a skeleton force in front of it, should they desire to join issue. So much for their method of advance.

"Our business must be with the main body—that which is to concentrate at Churwarree. We will meet it with our whole force, thus: Thou knowest Surfuraz, the defile this side of Churwarree? It is half a mile long, not forty yards broad, and in parts so narrow and so steep that no more than three men abreast can climb it, and then with difficulty. On either side the hills and rocks overhang like the walls of houses in an alley, and people can speak, almost shake hands across it. We will occupy these heights with men and artillery. The reverse slopes are easy, as I have noted many times when shooting on the hills. There are many openings among the topmost boulders which will serve as loopholes and embrasures. We will so place the matchlock men, the three legged jezails, the zumbarak or camel guns, and my field artillery that they shall be sheltered from view by all below yet will command the whole length of the pass."

"*Shabash!* Wonderful!" cried the Begum, lifting Latouche's hand to her lips. "My lord is a very Roostum; neither Sikander nor Ghangis Khan nor yet Arungzebe was a greater master of war."

"Nay, Zalu, it is my business—war. I deserve no particular praise for using such wits as I have, or applying the principles of soldiering as I have learnt them. But my heart is sore that I cannot take my proper place in the fore-front and fight at the head of my gallant men," said Latouche, sadly.

"Trust to us this once," put in stout Surfuraz Khan. "You have but to issue your orders; they shall be executed as though the Khodawand Bahadur was himself in the field. *Be Sir o chasm!* (It is on my head and eyes)."

"Then hear me, naib. We are now advanced into the last quarter of the night, and another night, if this letter speaks truth, must pass before the attack is made. First, and above all, keep silence, let not one word or one syllable escape of what is impending. We cannot, perhaps, conceal the fact of the Persian's arrest; but take precautions lest messengers should reach the enemy with the news. That might prevent their advance, and I wish them to come, all of them; it will be to their discomfiture, I firmly believe."

"The guards shall be doubled at the gates, and none suffered to pass in or out," said the naib.

"More must be done," interposed the Begum, sternly. "All must be secured who were in this chamber when Azizudeen was captured. Let no harm come to them, but keep them in ward until the trouble is past. So shall no whisper be heard of what they have seen."

"It is good counsel, Highness, and I obey," said the Khan.

"And thou thyself, naib, go forth at daylight and reconnoitre the ground. Send a few on whom you can fully rely to wander through the mountains, disguised as hill-men and shepherds, far beyond our outposts. The gathering of great forces cannot be concealed. Look well at the defile at Churwarree. Let workmen strengthen it by rolling down rocks and boulders into the pathway to obstruct movement below. Choose out the best positions for our guns on the platform above. Come back betimes to set all in order here."

Having said so much, Latouche closed his eyes and lay back exhausted.

He awoke late, but greatly refreshed, with clear brain and vigorous understanding, to complete the arrangements for meeting, and, as he hoped, overwhelming the enemy.

His plan, already indicated, was simple enough, and promised abundant success.

Shortly before midnight a strong force, quite two-thirds of the whole garrison, filed out noiselessly by the eastern postern, and descending into the valley marched without halt to where the gorge narrowed into the defile of Churwarree. Here Surfuraz Khan, who was in chief command, disposed the bulk of his men along the heights on both sides in the places selected, and his guns directly enfilading the road. A large detachment was, however, held in reserve, to move round so soon as the enemy had entered and were well committed to the defile, and close the northern or farthest issue. The assailants would be thus caught in a trap.

The moon lasted till within an hour of daybreak, shining with the strong silvery light of an Eastern moon, in which all

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things are clearly visible. The enemy's advance was plainly seen as it entered the defile. It was composed of Sikh Akhalis in their high blue turbans encircled with quoits, and these fierce fanatics—"The Immortals," as their name implies—came hurrying along in hot haste, fully resolved to make short work of the devoted garrison. The Mahratta horsemen followed behind, straggling along in irregular order; then the main body—mountaineers, mercenary Pathans and Gurkhas, Hindus, Afghans, and tribesmen—a motley throng gaily attired, and mostly armed to the teeth. They had no shadow of fear or misgiving; none had the faintest idea of the terrible counterstroke prepared for them—that disaster, decimation, death were at hand. As they marched their voices could be distinctly heard; ribald talk, laughter, loose songs, joyous anticipation of easy victory and abundant loot, noisy outcries that only abated as they breasted the steep ascent and wind failed.

Now Surfuraz Khan, who surveyed the whole from a secure point of vantage, saw that the moment had come, and gave the signal to open fire. The two light field-pieces were at his elbow, and were the first to be discharged. After them every matchlock and jezail blazed forth, peal after peal, while volleys of great loose stones and fragments of rocks were sent crashing down the slopes to crush and mangle all they encountered.

Panic and consternation reigned supreme. For a moment the whole force stood spellbound, then agonised cries rose from thousands and thousands of throats, and all broke, turning in headlong flight, but still pursued by the murderous fire.

"PANIC AND CONSTERNATION REIGNED SUPREME."

It would have been a hideous massacre but for a flaw in the enveloping death-dealing circuit of fire. A part of the plan, as has been said, was the closure of retreat by securing the far end of the defile. For this purpose a rissala of horse, four squadrons, under the command of a Rajput, Dundawa Rao, usually deemed an expert and fortunate leader, had galloped round to the mouth of the pass. But he reached it too soon. Amrod Chand, Rajah of Buttiala, who closed the line of march, had a fine body of Sikh cavalry well in hand, and he drew out upon the lower slopes of the hills, where the ground opened and favoured the movements of horsemen.

Unabashed by the bold front shown by the advancing Dundawa Rao, the Rajah charged forward and met his enemy in full shock and overbore him. Then pressing on behind the now retreating horsemen he chased them towards Photapore and right up to the fortifications. Here, however, the Sikhs encountered a sharp fire from wall pieces which were admirably served under the personal direction of a female figure robed in white, who displayed the greatest energy and boldness. This was the Begum Zalu, who had come forth at the alarming news that Dundawa Rao's men were in full flight before the enemy's cavalry, and had taken prompt steps to cover their retreat.

It was now the Rajah's turn to give way; he was suffering severely from the guns of the fortress, and fell back, to become involved with the infantry of Surfuraz Khan, now entirely victorious upon the heights of Churwarree, who inflicted sharp punishment upon this the last comparatively unbroken body of the army that had menaced Photapore.

The rest of the forces had fled by the goat paths and mountain gorges right into the recesses of the hills. Thanks to the unfortunate contretemps that left a loophole of retreat many escaped with life, but with no heart or hope of recovering the semblance of organised troops. The great combination that so nearly menaced the power and authority of Latouche was shaken and shattered for years. An era of peace and prosperity settled down on Photapore under the beneficent rule of "Latoos Sahib," who, soon after the events just recorded, formally and with all ceremonies took the Begum Zalu to wife, after the Rajput fashion.

Never for years had the fortress and territory of Photapore been more fairly and firmly governed than now when it came under the rule of Latoos Sahib, the Englishman Latouche, who had wisely associated his wife with himself in the government. His conquest was nothing to hers. She had been overcome by stratagem backed by force; her weapons were no more than the potent charms of an attractive woman, but they are often irresistible. He had, in truth, surrendered at discretion, and found great profit and advantage thereby. The Begum was a wise, sagacious woman, by birth a Rajput princess, possessing much influence among the people, whom she thoroughly understood. Her sound advice grafted upon his strict sense of justice and unremitting energy soon raised Photapore to note, as a region where person and property were held sacred, where banker, trader, cultivator could labour without fear of spoliation, where the known possession of valuables, money, and jewels did not invite oppression, where, in fact, all stood alike and equal before the law. These were halcyon days. Contentment and prosperity prevailed everywhere. No harm could come to the peaceful resident within the borders, and many flocked into Photapore; old foes at bay stood aloof, inroads and incursions were never attempted. Would it go on thus to the end of the chapter? Latouche seemed in the centre of an anti-cyclone, just inside the raging storm, and although he was often invited to take a side, to join hands now with this combination, now with that, such overtures were indignantly repelled.

(*To be continued.*)

THE 4th Battalion Suffolk Regiment was raised as the County Regiment of Militia of Cambridgeshire in 1759, under Viscount Royston (afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke). It consisted of twenty-four sergeants, sixteen drummers, and 480 rank and file. In 1778, in consequence of the alliance of France with the rebellious American colonies, with whom we had been at war since 1775, the Government embodied the militia for permanent duty. There were several commissions vacant, and the Lord-Lieutenant had to adopt the rather undignified method of advertising for officers in the *London Gazette*. The militia were disembodied after the peace with America in 1783, and for the three following years the force was not called out for training. The Cambridgeshire Militia was again embodied for permanent duty in 1793, and in 1799, having offered its services in Ireland, the regiment was quartered in Dublin, returning to England in January, 1800. The regiment remained embodied, except for a brief interval, until 1816. It was in 1881 that the Cambridgeshire Militia became the 4th Battalion Suffolk Regiment.

THERE is no doubt but that in the time of the Civil War the brunt of the fighting fell on the pikemen rather than on the musketeers. The latter, though they did good service on many occasions, were an unwieldy force, and practically helpless against cavalry. They wore no defensive armour, and their weapons were so cumbrous that they could only be fired from a rest, a pointed staff 3-ft. or 4-ft. long; the puzzle was how to handle this while both hands were employed in loading. The match, too, the sole means by which the charge could be touched off, was a hindrance; a long, smouldering string, which had to be held between the first and second fingers, and much given to scorching the back of the knuckles in the process; in the hurry of reloading under fire a fresh difficulty arose, especially with untrained troops, as the wad was frequently omitted, so that the bullet rolled harmlessly out of the mouth of the musket as the latter was lowered on to the rest. The usual formation was for the musketeers to be drawn up six or eight deep on the flanks of the pikemen, each rank as it gave fire retiring to the rear to reload, which meant continual running backward and forward, and, consequently, confusion; moreover, when attacked by cavalry, all that the musketeers could do was to retire behind the pikemen and become spectators until there was again room to manœuvre.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY.

By Vice-Admiral Sir William R. Kennedy, K.C.B.

TROUT FISHING IN SWEDISH LAKES AND RIVERS.

SALMON-FISHING in Norway has, in the present season, I understand, proved a failure owing to lack of water, and I hear of many sportsmen returning from that country in disgust. But the causes which have proved so disastrous in Norway do not apply equally to Sweden, where the trout-fishers have had a gay time of it. My friends who have been kind enough to fish my water in Sweden have made a record bag so far, though by last accounts they were wanting rain badly, the lake and river having fallen lower than they have been for the last dozen years, consequently, although the fish are there, they get stale, and do not rise to the fly so readily as they did during the first week, when the bag showed over 400-lb. of trout, ranging from 1-lb. to 5-lb., all caught on fly, the best evening's catch being sixty-eight fish, weighing 71½-lb. I enclose a photo of this bag, which would be hard to beat in any country. Of course, I am speaking of brown trout, for I have myself killed 1-cwt. of sea trout in one afternoon in Newfoundland.

The large lakes of Sweden, though connected with the sea (most of them falling into the Gulf of Bothnia), are inaccessible to salmon and sea trout, by reason of the numerous fosses intervening, consequently the brown-trout, char, and grayling have the water all to themselves, and, having plenty of feed, attain to a prodigious size, fish of 20-lb. and even 30-lb. weight having been killed in some of the larger lakes. In the water of which I speak we have not so far killed trout over 10-lb. in the lake, and 9½-lb. in the river, but larger fish have been taken in nets, or speared by poachers on the spawning beds.

These large trout do not, as a rule, rise to the fly on the lakes, but take a natural bait, spoon or minnow. They fight splendidly, and in quite a different way from a salmon. Being generally hooked in deep water, they make for the bottom, and it requires a stiff rod and strong tackle to lift them, when, as soon as they see the boat, down they go again, until the net or gaff puts an end to the game. In the river it is salmon-fishing in miniature, the fly only being used, and a fish of 7-lb. or 8-lb. gives fine sport on a light rod.

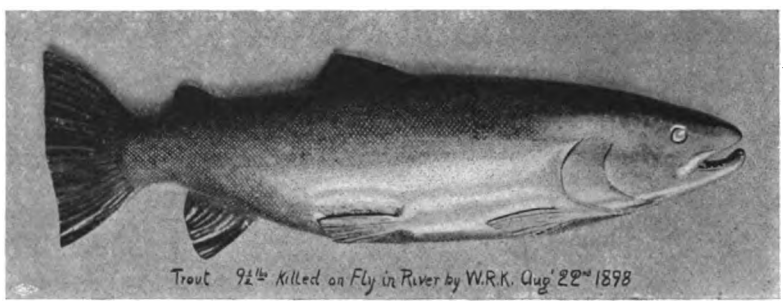
Char, the most beautiful of the "salmo" species, are plentiful and give fair sport, and are excellent for the table. They average about 1½-lb. and we have taken them up to 4-lb.; I have heard of them being caught in nets as large as 8-lb., but as the farmers do not weigh their fish, this statement may be taken *cum grano*. Char are, I believe, found in the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where they run to about ¼-lb.; but these sprats can in no way compare with their noble representatives in the waters of Scandinavia, with their golden bellies, silvery sides, and scarlet fins tipped with white. The Scandinavian char differ in appearance in some lakes, being much darker, and quite black on the back. In the breeding season the bright colouring becomes more pronounced. I have heard of Arctic char running up to 9-lb. and 10-lb., but I have never caught them so large as that.

Our fish are all carefully weighed and recorded, and those over 5-lb. are traced out on cardboard, painted, and form a handsome frieze round the sitting-room, the names of the sportsman being appended underneath. As an encouragement to our guests, I have had the following inscription painted large over the entrance porch of my house. The result is eminently satisfactory:

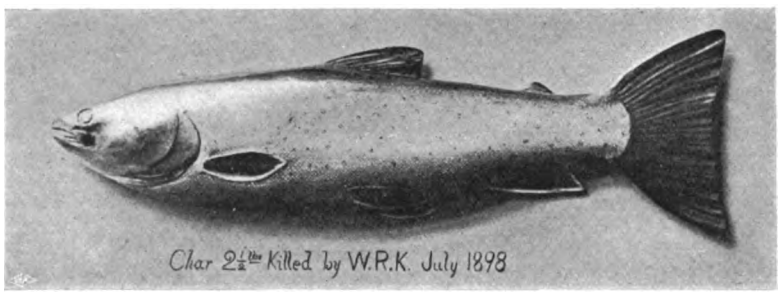
> "The fisherman goeth forth in the early morning,
> Disturbing the whole household.
> He returneth in the evening, when
> The smell of whiskey is upon him,
> And the truth is not in him."

These big lake trout are not to be confounded with the ugly black brutes called salmo ferox which are often taken in the lakes of Scotland; they must belong to a different species, for the Swedish trout is a lovely creature of bright orange, thickly covered with brown and vermilion spots. Others, again, are as silvery as salmon, and can only be distinguished from salmon by the black crosses below the medial line. They are dark red inside, and most excellent for the table, either fresh or kippered. They are all cannibals, and prefer a small trout to any other bait.

Rainbow trout have been introduced to some of the larger lakes, notably at Ostersünd, where they have attained a gigantic size. I have introduced a few thousand into our lake; but sufficient time has not elapsed to ascertain the success of the operation. In some of the Swedish lakes, at least six different kinds of fish exist, viz., trout, pike, perch, char, grayling, and a kind of fresh-water herring locally called sik. The latter are of no use for sport, but are caught in nets and salted. The question of the senses of fish has often exercised the minds of fishermen. I am of opinion that the senses of smelling and hearing are strongly developed, though, as regards the latter, I should suppose that the reverberation of sound affects them more acutely. All fishermen know how thunder affects fish and keeps them down; in like manner the rattle of oars must appeal to them, anyone who has tried the experiment must know how noises are transmitted by water. I once tried this in a swimming bath, with a friend of mine. We entered the bath at opposite ends, each of us supplied with stones, which, when clicked together, could be distinctly heard beneath the water, though not above it. I have no doubt that we could have heard it just as well if we had been separated by a mile instead of some 50-yds.



THE GREAT LAKE TROUT OF SWEDEN.



A HANDSOME FISH.

As to the vision of fish there can be no question, for the smallest fly must be very plainly seen on the surface, every swimmer and diver knows that, and a salmon or grilse fly darting through the water must be a tempting object.

In many of the vast lakes of Sweden, such as Venner and Fœmundsee, there is a fish—known as the venner-lax or salmon—so like the salmo salar, that it is possible that salmon may have at some remote period inhabited these waters and by some convulsion of Nature been shut off from the sea, and thus have become land-locked salmon, and accommodated themselves to their altered conditions. Another theory is that salmon spawn may have been carried up to the inland waters by sea birds, and when one considers the enormous number of loons (northern divers) which make their home on the lakes during the summer and breed there, the idea is not improbable.

These handsome birds abound on our lake, and are protected by me though not by law; indeed, there is a reward for killing them, on account of the amount of fish they eat. Every evening I see them flying home with trout in their bills, often wriggling; but there are millions of

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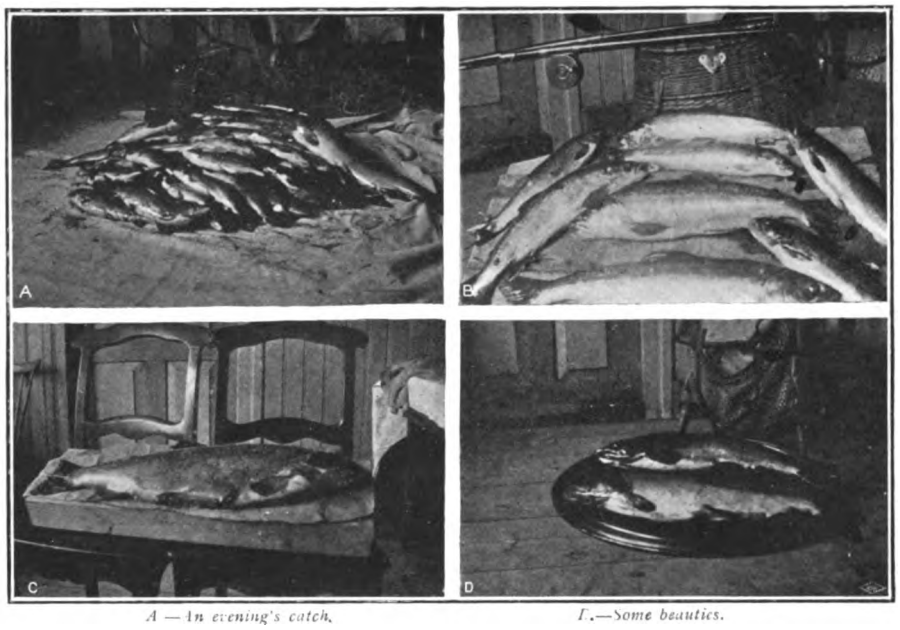
fish, enough for them as well as for me, so I never molest them.

Fish eagles also take their toll, but I like to see them, and so long as they leave our chickens alone they are welcome. Great eagle owls, with eyes as big as teacups, glare at us in the depth of the forest; no doubt they do kill a few ryper (grouse), but I never lift a gun to hurt them. I think the custom of ignorant gamekeepers in shooting every hawk and owl they see is much to be deprecated, and accounts in a great measure for the grouse disease.

In the forests and fjelds of Sweden are to be found capercailzie, black game, ryper and hjerpen (a tree grouse), woodcock, snipe and double snipe; and ducks of many kinds frequent the rivers and lakes. As the winter draws on and the lakes are frozen the latter migrate to the South, returning to their breeding grounds in May and June. The fishing season in Sweden embraces June, July, August, and September. The ice breaks up about the middle of May, and the fish are not in condition before the middle or end of June, and by September 15 the spawning season begins. But for those four months the sport is excellent and the climate superb. In June and July it is perfectly light all through the night, and is usually so hot that it is only possible to begin fishing at 8 p.m. and continue till midnight or the small hours of the morning, indeed, the rise usually commences at about 11 p.m.



A.—An evening's catch. *B.—Some beauties.*
C.—A nine-pounder. *D.—Four and five pounders.*

But besides the attractions of sport there are many expeditions to be made to view the beautiful scenery of that favoured land. Though not so grand or rugged as Norway, Sweden possesses a charm of its own in its lovely lakes, foaming rivers and waterfalls, dense forests, and mountains capped with snow. A delightful expedition can be made from Hjerpen, on the main line of railway from Trondhjem to Stockholm, crossing the great Kall Lake by steamer to Ilter-Eng, where good accommodation can be had. A short but very swift river connects the lakes Julven and Kall at Kallstrom, in which are trout of gigantic size. Some years ago a record bag was made on this river by an Englishman, but the fishing has deteriorated. I only once fished it, when I caught an enormous brute in very bad condition; he must have been very old, and would have weighed over 20-lb. in his prime but only scaled 10½-lb. I was so ashamed of his loathsome appearance that I cut off his head and took it back to the farmhouse as a trophy. My man was explaining to the lendsman, who happened to be there, about the fish, when the lendsman remarked, "So the fish got away after all." Many of the rivers are ruined by logs, completely barring the stream, and the fish are poisoned by the bark.

The Swedes are not sportsmen, and their only idea of fishing is with an otter, which is now prohibited by law. Nevertheless, they are a good sort, a kindly, civil-spoken people, not as yet spoilt, as are so many Norwegians (whom they detest). The peasantry are honest in their dealings—at least, so I have found them—but given to drink. Sweden is a grand country for a poor man fond of sport, he can live like a prince on £200 a year, and enjoy such sport as would cost him a thousand in the old country, and as such I recommend it to retired Naval officers, who as a rule cannot afford the luxury of deer forests and grouse moors in Scotland. There are millions of acres of land and water as yet unexplored in Sweden, ready for the sportsman to prospect.

I shall now bring these articles on "Sport in the Navy" to a conclusion. I have endeavoured in them to show what sport is to be obtained by Naval officers whilst serving afloat in foreign lands, and I trust that my experience may be useful and interesting. It has always been my endeavour to encourage sport wherever I may have been stationed so long as it did not interfere with duty, which is, and always should be, the first consideration; but so far from the one interfering with the other, I have invariably found that the keenest sportsmen are equally keen on their work, and buckle to with a will on their return to the ship.

With these remarks I bid my brother officers farewell, and hope they may be as successful in search of sport as I have been. And in speaking of sport, I do not mean only shooting and fishing, but cricket, football, golf, and such-like manly sports, which promote health and make a man contented with his lot, which make Englishmen what they are, the envy of foreign nations, and which have contributed in no small measure to the prosperity of the Empire.

[*Previous articles of this series appeared on August* 25, *September* 8, 22, *October* 6, 27, *November* 17, *December* 8, 22, *January* 5, *February* 16. *April* 13, *May* 18, *June* 1, 15, 29, *August* 3, 17, *and* 31.]

NOTES & QUERIES AFLOAT & ASHORE.

"READER."—The badge of the King's Royal Rifles is a small Maltese cross resting on a tablet inscribed "Celer et Audax." On the cross is a circle inscribed "The King's Royal Rifle Corps," and within the circle is a bugle with strings. On the arms of the cross are inscribed the actions in which the regiment has taken part. The badge on the buttons is a laurel wreath, enclosing a bugle with strings, and the Royal Crown above. The statement in "Regimental Records" that "among those (regimental and other badges) appearing on the appointments but not in the Army List are the Royal cypher within the garter surmounted by a crown," is incorrect. The mistake seems to have arisen from the fact that the original badge of the Royal Americans, as the regiment was called at first, was the Royal cypher within the garter surmounted by a crown, and until the use of colours was discontinued in 1824, the battalion regimental colour had this badge in the centre. This badge does not appear on any appointments nowadays, neither does the White Horse of Hanover.

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"BAROMETER." The invention of the barometer, in 1643, was due to an observation made by Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo. He noticed that in an attempt to raise water from a very deep well nothing would induce it to rise higher in the pump than about 32-ft., from which he argued that the resistance was due to air pressure; that water, therefore, will rise in a vacuum only to such a height as that the downward pressure will balance that of the atmosphere. He further made experiments with mercury, which proved that if a fluid heavier than water be used it will not rise so high in the tube as the water. The aneroid was invented by Vidi, and patented in England in 1844; its action depends on the effect produced by the pressure of the atmosphere on a circular metallic chamber partially exhausted of air and hermetically sealed. They are not equal in accuracy with mercurial barometers, owing to the liability of the mechanism becoming foul.

"COSPATRICK."—If you refer to "The Dictionary of National Biography" you will find the story of Dr. "James" Barry told fully. Dr. "James" is said to have been the daughter of a Scotch earl. She entered the Army as a hospital assistant in 1813, attired as a man. She became Assistant-Surgeon in 1815, Surgeon-Major in 1827, Deputy Inspector General in 1851, and Inspector General in 1858, and was placed on half-pay in 1859. In 1819 she was Staff Surgeon at Cape Town, and while stationed there fought a duel. She is described as "the most skilful of surgeons and the most wayward of men; in appearance a beardless lad with an unmistakeably Scotch type of countenance, reddish hair, and high cheekbones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner which he was always striving to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that usually heard at a mess-table in those days." This remarkable woman kept the secret of her sex until she died in London in 1865.

* * * *

"COLONIAL."—Indian Native Cavalry would be hard to beat. They would have been invaluable in South Africa, but the prejudice as to employing any but European troops against white men prevented all thought of using them. Service in the Indian cavalry, as with all the Native Indian Army, is purely voluntary. A recruit brings with him his own horse and all its accoutrements, his arms, uniform, and equipment, or their equivalent in money—about £20 to £25. The only part of the outfit found by the Government is the carbine. A trooper is paid 31-dol. a month, and out of his pay he feeds himself and his charger, renews his uniform, pays for half a share in the purchase and keep of a baggage pony, builds his own hut, and pays his share towards the maintenance of the artificers and servants attached to the regiment. Roughly speaking, his 31-dol. a month is worth £3 10s., out of which he has about 14s. left for himself after paying all his expenses—and it is reckoned good pay in India.

THE EDITOR.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

Per Mare, Per Terram.

"MAN AND ARM BOATS."

OUT BOATS—"LOWER AWAY."

THE visit of the Emperor Nicolas to France is the great question of the hour, and the Press of Europe is discussing the incidents of His Majesty's progress, and discussing the political significance which is to be attached, or by any stretch of imagination may be attached, to his coming. The French were more disappointed than they liked to express that His Majesty did not favour the Paris Exhibition with his presence, and supreme national satisfaction is accordingly felt that the Emperor Nicolas will soon be among his Republican friends, as some of the Nationalists express it, to salute the French flag. President Loubet has known for a long time of the intention. The Czar had been invited in effusive terms. The memories of 1896 had been recalled, and the President had assured him of the devotion of France to the common cause. We hope we may describe it as the cause of peace, and that it will presently appear that the Dual Alliance is merely a political counterpoise to the alliance of the States of Central Europe. A recent disclosure shows that it was due to the insight of President Faure that the famous words about the "Imperial ally and friend" were used in 1896. The late President astonished his advisers by his boldness in that matter, and the words are not unlikely to be used again at the banquets to be given at Dunkirk and at Compiègne. The French will do justice to the occasion, for better than any other nation in Europe they understand the art of imparting picturesque and imposing character to expressions of national rejoicing.

SINISTER rumours, it is true, have been spread that the visit of the Czar is to be the occasion for a new grouping of forces against England, and the fact that Count Lamsdorff accompanies his Imperial master is regarded in some quarters as giving countenance to the belief. The wish is, perhaps, father to the thought in the minds of politicians of the school of Prince Ouchtomski, but we must not forget that the paths of Russian diplomacy are so tortuous that, in attempting to thread them, even the elect may be deceived. Moreover, the hidden course of German policy covers purposes which some interpret as ultimately hostile to this country. Although, therefore, it is pleasant to regard the visit of the Czar to the German Emperor, and to his French ally, as merely expressive of friendship and of a confirmation of things as they are, it may be well to be prepared for some new direction of policy as the result of it.

EVEN now, on the eve of the expiration of the period of grace allowed to the Boers, it is impossible to estimate the full effect of Lord Kitchener's proclamation. Some of the burghers have long been anxious to make peace, and upon

Photo. Copyright. *R. W. Eastwood.*

OLD AND YOUNG NEW ZEALAND FIGHTERS.

The above picture shows Take Take, an ancient Maori warrior, and one of the last of the old fighters, greeting the late Colonel Francis, who had been in South Africa in command of the 4th New Zealand Contingent, and was home on sick leave. The old warrior, who is exceedingly patriotic effusively greeted one who had seen Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and congratulated him in Maori upon the honour he had had. This was positively the last photograph ever taken of Colonel Francis, who died a few days later.

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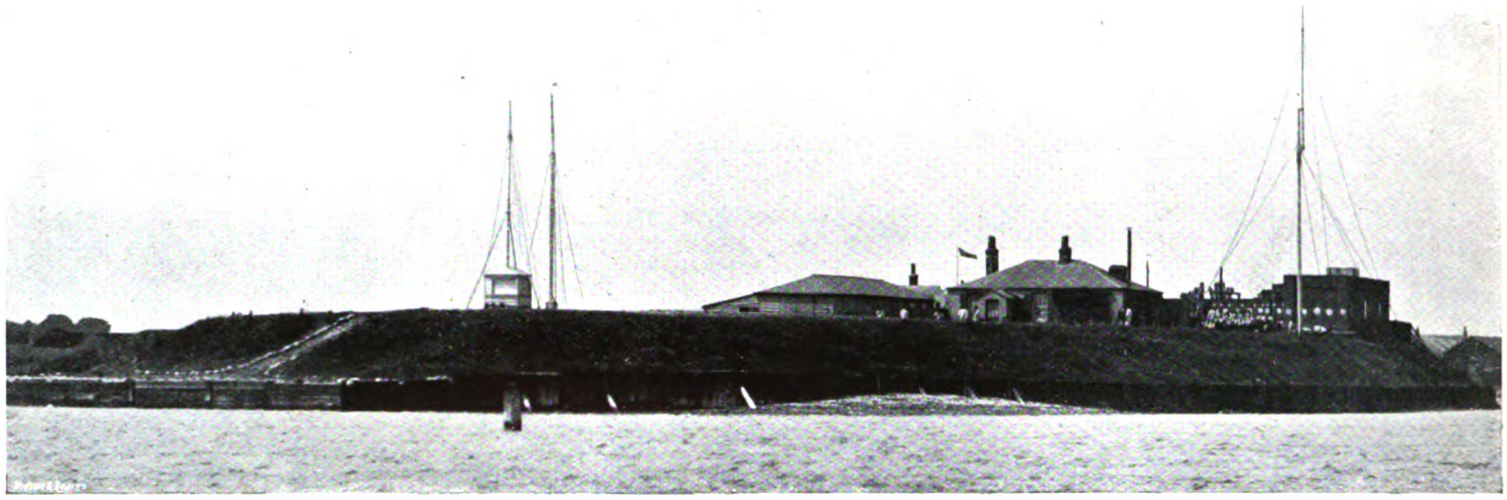

Photo. Copyright. Cribb.

MORE COALING AT PORTSMOUTH.

Hitherto the spot familiarly known as Burrow or Rat Island has been used as a drill ground for the boys' ship "St. Vincent." It is now to be converted into a coaling point—and wisely so. But our picture represents one of the last views that will be taken of it in its present condition.

them the effect is good, because it affords the opportunity they have sought, but the stronger spirits, the recalcitrant fighting men, with ignorant and criminal stubbornness, are not influenced. War cannot be waged successfully by proclamation. "Whereas" and "therefore" are not words to conjure with in the dorps, and it is to be feared that the Government has not given a free hand to Lord Kitchener. The Boers looked for his coming with fear, and were hugely relieved to find that mildness still prevailed. Nothing can be more absurd than the allegations of cruelty made against us. Regard the action of the American generals in the Civil War, and of the Germans in 1870, or of any other fighters who have brought the business of conquest to a speedy and satisfactory end, and it will be seen that we have been tolerant to the last degree. If the enemy had been made to feel from the beginning the real strength and fixity of our purpose, there is the best reason to believe that peace would have been established ere now. Half measures are surely at an end, and the work of final pacification must be begun. The task before the administrators is a heavy one, but it will not be helped by leniency, and the hardships inflicted on the Boers are the crop they have insolently sown.

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SINCE Brigadier-General Funston captured Aguinaldo the Americans have made great progress in the Philippines, and they are doing an excellent thing in being inspired by the example of our Indian Army to embody a force of Filipino Scouts and Police under American officers. The difficulties before them were immense, and had a resemblance to those we encountered in South Africa. They, too, had an elusive enemy, ready to strike, sometimes below the belt, but still more ready to fly. Of the 600 islands, perhaps, eleven only are of importance, and they extend a distance of 2,000 miles from north to south, with an area not much less than that of the United Kingdom. The surface is hilly, with marshes in the hollows, and dense forests, and the climate in many places is pestiferous. The natives have a secret system of communication throughout the islands, and the movements of the Americans are well known to them. These conditions favour guerilla warfare, and when severely harassed in one island the natives fly to another. Their wants are few, but they are able to command funds and obtain supplies even in Manila itself. A small Naval force has patrolled the islands, but to keep an effective watch of the coasts is difficult, and the 60,000 troops have not been too many for the work. Pacification may, therefore, be a matter of time, and it must be long before the islands can become profitable.

Photo. Copyright. Lonsface.

ALL THE WAY FROM HALIFAX.

Our picture represents the senior and oldest petty officer in the Navy on the active list serving afloat. This is James Sperring, chief steward of the "Crescent," on the North American station. He joined the Service in 1863, and was first at sea in the old "Wolverine," commissioned at Woolwich in 1864.

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IT appears that the Germans are even more ingenious than the Americans in their organisation of trade combinations. There is hardly a branch that has not combined to regulate values or the quantity of its output, thus endeavouring to dictate its own prices. The trades exercise a system of boycott, striking out of their list of customers all those firms which purchase similar goods from firms not belonging to the syndicates or from foreigners. This system has been extended, and groups of syndicates combine for the protection of their members, and thus for the stifling of the avenues of trade.

TWO NOTABLE FAR-EASTERS.

On the left is Prince Chun, the head of the expiatory mission to Germany, and beside him sits Sir Henry Blake, C.M.G., Governor of Hong Kong. Sir Henry has had a most difficult position to fill in the Far East, and Prince Chun has displayed a sagacity beyond his years in carrying out his mission in Europe.

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NAVY MEN AS ASTRONOMERS.

DRYING SAILS WHILE WAITING.

The "Pigmy" off Ayer Gedang, near Sumatra.

A FIRE IN A SUMATRAN FOREST.

Burning a clearing ready for the instruments.

Photos. Copyright.

UNFAMILIAR SOLAR OBSERVATIONS.

Commander Oldham practising with the Equatorial.

"Navy & Army"

THE MEN WHO DID THE WORK.

Astronomers and officers of the "Pigmy."

The gun-boat "Pigmy," on the China Station, was sent with a number of astronomers to Ayer Gedang, off the West Coast of Sumatra, to enable them to observe the total eclipse of the sun. She was stationed there during the month of May, and our pictures show how thoroughly the sailor, from the commander to the seaman, rose to the needs of the occasion. There was the greatest enthusiasm on all sides, and everyone was eager to contribute to the success of the observation. As a matter of fact, the eclipse was very well observed. Often has the Navy done like good work for science.

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OUR INDIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A Field Day with the North Western Railway Rifles at Lahore.

[FROM AN INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.]

LAHORE camp was held this year rather later than usual, and detachments from out-stations commenced to come in on Saturday, March 2. Actual work, however, began on Sunday, with a church parade, for which there was a fairly strong muster. The camp was laid out, as usual, on the Railway Institute green, opposite the adjutant's office and armoury. At one end was the guard tent, facing a large open space, on both sides of which were rows of tents, terminated by the large ones used for the officers' and sergeants' messes. Monday and Tuesday mornings were spent in ordinary company and battalion parades. On Monday afternoon the first events of the sports took place, and on Tuesday evening an open-air concert was given in camp, to which all friends were invited. Owing to the general mourning, the fancy dress ball, the great function of camp week, did not take place. During these last two days the weather had warmed up very considerably, but fortunately there was a heavy thunder-storm on Tuesday night, which cooled things down, and we were able to finish camp in comfort. On Wednesday there was a big field day, when the regulars from Mian Mir joined with the three Volunteer corps, the Punjab Light Horse and 1st Punjab Volunteers being in camp at the same time as the Railway Rifles. The opposing forces were respectively commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel S. Finney, of the Railway Rifles, and Lieutenant-Colonel D. P. Masson, C.I.E., of the Punjab Volunteers. The main object was for Colonel Finney to seize the road and railway bridges over the Mian Mir Canal and prevent the enemy crossing, which it is understood was successfully accomplished, but Colonel Masson, by bringing up his main body, prevented any further advance. The Workshop Company of the Railway Rifles took charge of an armoured train under command of Major Winmill. In the front waggon of this Captain Tayler had his Maxim gun, but very little use could be made of the train, as, after going about two miles, Colonel Masson claimed to have prevented a further advance by blowing up a bridge in front. To patrol the line in front of the train a trolley bicycle had been built in the Lahore shops. This trolley holds three men, two, who each sit as if on an ordinary bicycle, to do the working, and the third, a non-commissioned officer, on a seat in front. Being a railway corps, and always likely to be kept on the line, we have great faith in our armoured train, with the bicycle to patrol in front, preventing any accidents over rails displaced. On Wednesday afternoon the finals of the sports took place, the best events being the Inter-company Drill Competition, won by Sukkur, and the Inter-company Tug-of-war, won by Lahore. Thus ended a capital camp week, there being fifteen officers and 356 men attending the camp, which was a very fair number, considering the work of the line has to be carried on as usual.

ON THE BICYCLE TROLLEY.

Looking Out for Train Wreckers.

THE SERGEANTS' MESS.

North Western Railway Rifles, Lahore.

Photos. Copyright. SOLDIERS FROM A LOVE OF FIGHTING. *Spalding.*

The officers of the corps.

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AN EARLY BRITISH IRONCLAD.

LIKE all the ships of her time the "Agincourt" is obsolete. She has long been a tender to the "Boscawen" at Portland as a depôt for boys. But there was a time when she was one of the finest ships in the Navy, and she shared with the "Northumberland" and "Minotaur" the honour of having five masts, as is now shown in our picture. Descending from the rank of battle-ship to that of armoured cruiser, she is still doing good service as a tender to a school-ship. The name, of course, is one that Englishmen would not willingly allow to die. Apart from the victory which it commemorates, an "Agincourt" took part in Duncan's great victory over the Dutch off Camperdown in 1797, and in the bombardment of Copenhagen. The beautiful lines of the latest "Agincourt," with her fine masts, yards, and cordage will appeal to every one.

Photo. Copyright. THE "FIRST-CLASS ARMOURED CRUISER" "AGINCOURT." *Symonds.*

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AUTOMATIC SACK FILLING.
Handling being avoided.

VICTUALLING THE NAVY.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

The Royal Victoria Yard, Deptford.—II.

THE SEAMAN'S CHOCOLATE.
Its component elements.

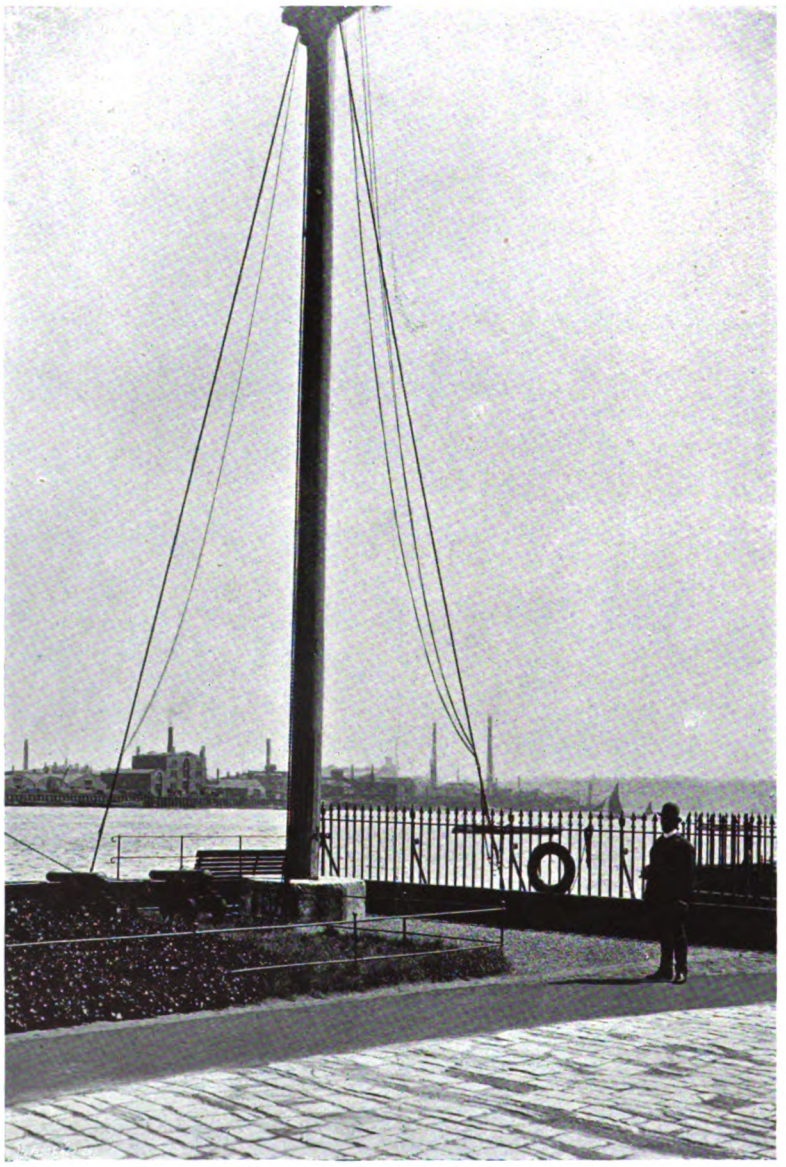
IN the preceding article a general survey was made of the subject of Naval victualling, and some idea was given of the vast scale upon which operations are conducted at the famous Deptford Yard. I concluded with the remark that in the work of the victualling department of the Admiralty—a department not only extremely well organised, but most economically managed in the matter of staff—the clothing of the Navy is included. This may seem strange to those who do not realise that the system of Naval administration has grown with the development of the work to be done, and that the origin of many things related to the Service and its organisation is lost in the mists of tradition, though well established on the firm foundation of custom, arising from convenience or necessity. In this way it happens that the provision of clothing for the lower deck of the Navy has become a part of the duties of the victualling department.

A boy on entering the Navy receives a gratuity of £5 for his clothing and £1 for his bedding, and on going to sea a further sum of £2 10s. comes to him, with still another gratuity if he should re-engage. All men and boys, with these allowances, provide their uniform at their own expense. In the Army every article of clothing must come from Pimlico, but the system is different in the sister Service. The man may purchase his goods where he likes so long as they are "uniform," and he has been known to take up his Navy serge and to exchange it for a consideration for some slightly inferior article. Being his own, there can be no real check upon him, and it is not always easy to distinguish between the actual Navy serge and some article which has not perhaps quite reached the Admiralty standard. It will be seen that this arrangement complicates the provision of supplies of Naval clothing at the victualling yards. All the Naval clothing stores go through the Deptford establishment, where they are put to an exhaustive test of quality by professional officers.

The system upon which the sailor is provided with food is in many ways interesting, and, as we are probably on the eve of a change in the ration, its present character may be appropriately described. Every man borne on the books of a ship is allowed provisions upon a prescribed scale. Each day he receives, or is entitled to take, biscuit to the extent of 1¼-lb., or 1½-lb. of bread if it be available, as well as ⅛-pt. of rum, 2-oz. of sugar, 1-oz. of chocolate, and ¼-oz. of tea. He has also a weekly allowance of 3-oz. of oatmeal, ½-oz. of mustard, ⅛-oz. of pepper, and ¼-pint. of vinegar. The meat ration is, of course, the most important, and the provisions are issued in a sequence of four days. On the first and third days the man has 1-lb. of salt pork, ⅓-lb. of peas, and a small proportion of celery seed by way of condiment for his soup. On the second day the ration is salt beef, with 9-oz. of flour, ¾-oz. of salt suet, which is never taken when other suet can be procured, and 1½-oz. of raisins. On the fourth day the man receives ¾-lb. of preserved meat, being corned or preserved beef or boiled mutton, as well as preserved potatoes or rice, or a proportion of both, or materials for pudding making. The preserved potato ration is regarded as a reproach, and has been condemned by Admiral Rice's committee. This scale of victualling is modified when fresh meat is available, the man being allowed daily 1-lb. with ½-lb. of vegetables.

Now, as has been explained, no man is obliged to take up the whole of this allowance, but may draw a money payment in lieu of the ration in kind, and the "savings" thus accruing to him are expended at the ship's canteen, or the bum-boats in the ports of call. Who does not recall the pages of Marryat and conjure up Peter Simple and the bum-boat woman who supplied cocoanuts filled with spirit? As I have already explained, it is through the canteen that many delicacies to the seaman's taste find their way to the mess-tables.

The committee which has just reported upon the victualling of the Navy, proposes increases in the ration of tea, sugar, preserved meat, and raisins. It would also add unsweetened condensed milk, coffee, and jam, as well as compressed vegetables, the preserved potato ration being abolished, and fresh vegetables are proposed to be supplied whenever they are available, while fresh mutton may take the place of beef if the men should desire it. These and other changes proposed would be very acceptable on the lower deck, and still more so the official recognition of five meal hours, aggregating 3-hr. 35-min., instead of three meal times as at present. There has been a long-standing grievance about the meal hours. Those recognised by the



THE OLD SALUTING STATION.
A relic of old times at the Deptford Yard.
From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

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Admiralty are at present a breakfast on turning out at about 5 a.m., being a pint of chocolate with biscuit, a dinner at noon, and a supper, consisting of a pint of tea and biscuit at about 4.30 p.m. Of course, in practice, this was an impossible system. There was an interval of seven hours before the dinner at noon, and another of at least twelve hours between the so-called supper and the succeeding breakfast. It has become the practice for the men to have their real breakfast during the "stand easy," about 8 a.m., and their real supper, consisting of coffee, with something out of the canteen, at 7.30 p.m. or 8 p.m., when the day's work is over. The idea is that these additional meal times shall be officially recognised. Additions are also proposed, consisting of jam, condensed milk and coffee for boys in training-ships, while both for them and the men the chocolate ration will be slightly reduced.

THE BISCUIT BAKERY.

With machinery for rolling and shaping.

I shall now turn to the special work that goes on at the Deptford Victualling Yard, premising that in the preparation of food stuffs the most modern appliances are employed, and that nothing that foresight can do is omitted by those responsible for the duties. The most interesting points to be dealt with are the manufacture and supply of biscuits and chocolate, and the issue of rum, though, after all, meat is the basis of hard work, and very firm is the basis thereof at Deptford. The meat consists of the finest Danish and Irish pork and American beef, and immense stocks have to be maintained as a reserve for all emergencies. Consequently what is excellent eating when newly cured, becomes very salt after, say, two years, although remaining perfectly good; and on this account many a full cask is sent back when a commission is over. The time may yet come when some kind of cold chamber will be provided in ships of war to enable fresh meat to be served out regularly.

The biscuit or "hard tack," about which so much has been written of late years, is to the seaman a highly palatable article of diet when freshly baked. In the process of manufacture only the purest materials are used, and, being made entirely in the victualling yard, the biscuit is absolutely free from adulteration. This is important, although in these days ships are rarely long at sea, and bread is often procurable. The Victualling Committee does not recommend that bakeries shall be established on board the ships. No pains are spared to make the biscuit perfect of its kind. From the very beginning of the manufacture there is a minimum of handling on the part of the men employed, and the fact that the bakers are compelled to bathe before they begin their work illustrates the cleanliness that attends their operations at Deptford. The flour and sharps are mixed in a building communicating by a shoot with the bakery, and by this means a charge of raw material can be conveyed to the mixer very readily. A fixed quantity of water is then run into the mass, and mechanical mixing begins. From this receptacle the dough passes to what really is an incorporating machine, which, by spiral knives, so cuts it up that all its ingredients are mixed, and the dough becomes quite uniform. Some handling is now necessary, for the paste has to be placed upon the rolling tables, shown in one of the pictures. There it is rolled, pressed into shape, and stamped, and carried in trays to the ovens. So vast is the output, that three months' work supplies enough biscuit to fill all the requisitions, and the authorities declare with pride that they could bake for all the navies in the world by working full time. The same care in handling has provided the sack-filling machine, which is illustrated, and all the attendant has to do is to place a sack in position and tie the mouth of it when filled from above.

IN THE FOOD TESTING-ROOM.

All provisions are tested before acceptance or issue.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

Sugar is an article of which an immense quantity is used in the Navy. In addition to that served out as stores, large quantities are used in the manufacture of Navy chocolate, of which it composes 20 per cent. in bulk. Ready for instant issue and packed in casks holding 260-lb. are over 1,300,000 lb., and, probably, 1,000,000-lb. more are in store.

Whilst the mind is still

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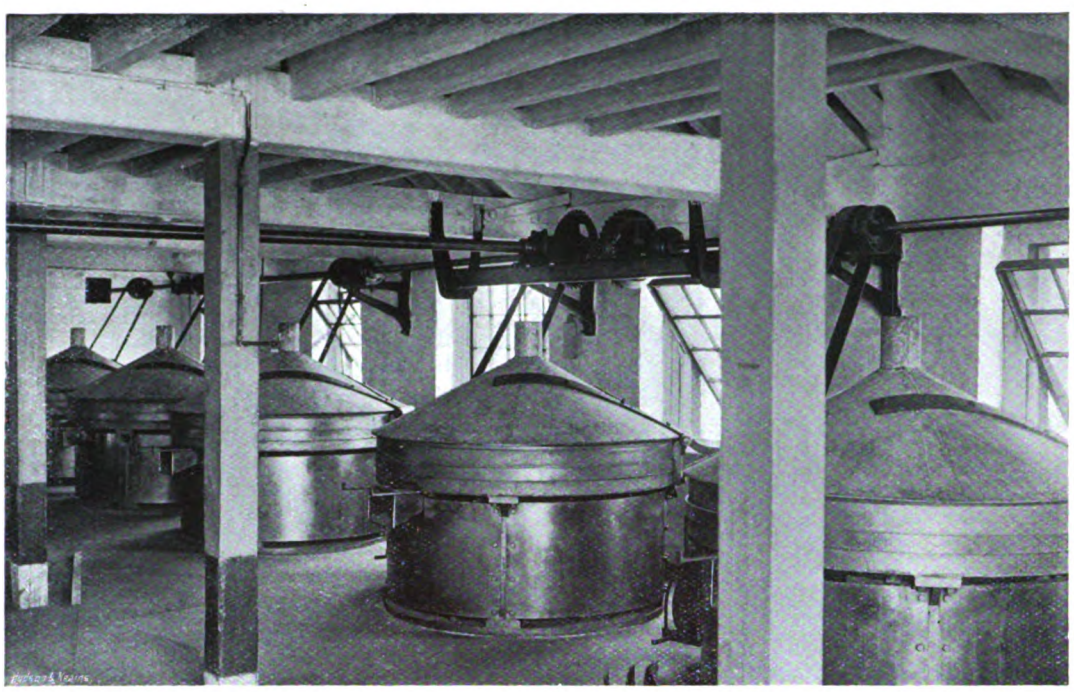
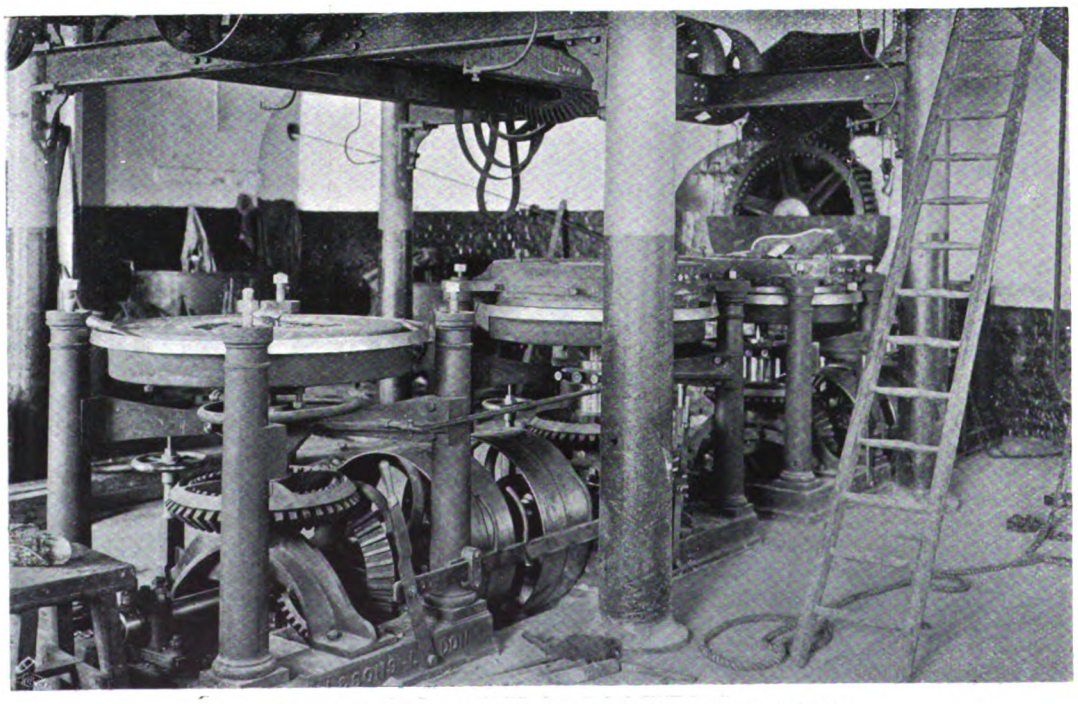


THE COCOA BEAN ROASTERS.

The latest appliances used for preparing the bean.

THE COMPASS TESTING HOUSE.

Used for a special branch of the work at Deptford.



MILLS FOR GRINDING CHOCOLATE.

The apparatus for incorporating cocoa and sugar.

From Photos. specially taken for "Navy & Army Illustrated."

ruminating on figures, the soap and candle stores are passed, and here fresh surprises greet the wondering visitor. Great piles of boxes are on every side. In store are about 750,000-lb. of soap, sufficient to give every man in the English Navy 7-lb. apiece. A ship of war requires candles of many kinds, and of all sorts considerably over 1,100,000-lb. are kept in stock.

Deptford is capable, if necessary, of manufacturing all the chocolate required for the Navy, though large quantities are obtained from the private trade. Altogether, about 1,800,000-lb. are made here yearly. The basis of this excellent product is the cocoa bean, of which three kinds are blended and used. The pale flat almond-like bean of Grenada, the dark similarly shaped bean from Trinidad, and the unshapely nut from Guayaquil are blended in fixed proportions. A weight of 160-lb. of the mixed beans is loaded into a roasting machine and subjected to a heat of 300-deg. F. for 80-min., during which time small spades keep circulating through the mass, thus exposing every bean to the heat. From the roaster the cocoa is taken to a crusher, which acts similarly to the coffee grinder of commerce. The beans have a skin of glassy hardness, and to remove this free winnowing has to be resorted to. Any neglect of this may be followed by most untoward consequences, as the sharp edges of the skin act upon the intestines like glass, setting up enteritis. Steadily dropping through shoots, floor by floor, the cocoa reaches the mill in which the 20 per cent. of sugar becomes incorporated with the cocoa to form chocolate. The paste is then pressed into 7-lb. blocks and stamped with the broad arrow, and laid aside to cool before packing. The cocoa is first-rate, and no one after drinking a cupful properly made need wish for a better beverage.

The consumption of rum is one of the curiosities of the Service. Rum is a drink that few men would choose, and yet to abolish it now would be to risk a mutiny. It is bought in vast puncheons, very much over proof, and is matured and rendered drinkable in the yard, and 376,200-gal. are issued each year. One of the most interesting warehouses in the establishment is the tobacco store. Here tobacco is brought in huge casks from its home in far off Virginia and emptied for inspection. The tobacco is just as it leaves the drying room in the factory in America, and consists of the stalk and the leaf. The sailor, when he has got accustomed to this very strong "smoke," rolls it up, takes out the stalk, and cuts off bits of his "fid" as he requires it. Here again the canteen steps in, for some men prefer a milder-smoking tobacco. Ship's tobacco is issued at 1s. the pound.

Close to the tobacco store, in fact under the same roof, is the stock of port wine, which is used as a medical comfort and is of first-rate quality. Besides port wine, all sorts of luxuries are provided for sick sailors, such as preserved fowls, jellies, and such like. These are further evidences of the good care for the British seaman which is taken at the Deptford Yard.

(To be continued.)

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Dieu et Mon Droit

NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OFFICES—
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LONDON, W.C.

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Inland, 29s. 2d. Foreign, 35s. 8d.

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"TWO FLAKES"
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In 1, 2 and 4oz. Tins, secured by Patent Band.

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THREE STAR
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and full intelligence is used in the blending of all tobaccos sold by R. J. LEA. Every pipe smoker will find his ideal tobacco either in "Indian Fakir" or
Wassail. Medium flavour, unique aroma, 8/- per lb.; ¼-lb., 2/3 post free.
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MR. GEO. R. SIMS'S Hair Renewer

(called by him "Tatcho," the Romany word for "genuine," "good," "true").

"DAILY MAIL" INTERVIEWS MR. GEORGE R. SIMS.

"A *Daily Mail* representative sought out Mr. Sims at Opposite-the-Ducks Villa.

"When I discovered the preparation I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims. "Look at my hair now. In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and, as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair restorer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article within reach of all."

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and under the name of the George R. Sims Company is in a position to introduce "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

The George R. Sims Company have therefore decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr. Sims' discovery to do so. The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and will introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through unlimited puffing by advertisement. To enable you to participate in this distribution, it is necessary that you should cut away the corner of this advertisement where marked, and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for 1/10, in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large 4/6 trial bottle, post free.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whiskey, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp and five minutes with the brush daily works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance — and who does not?—get a bottle of "TATCHO" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no coloring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the World, in Bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

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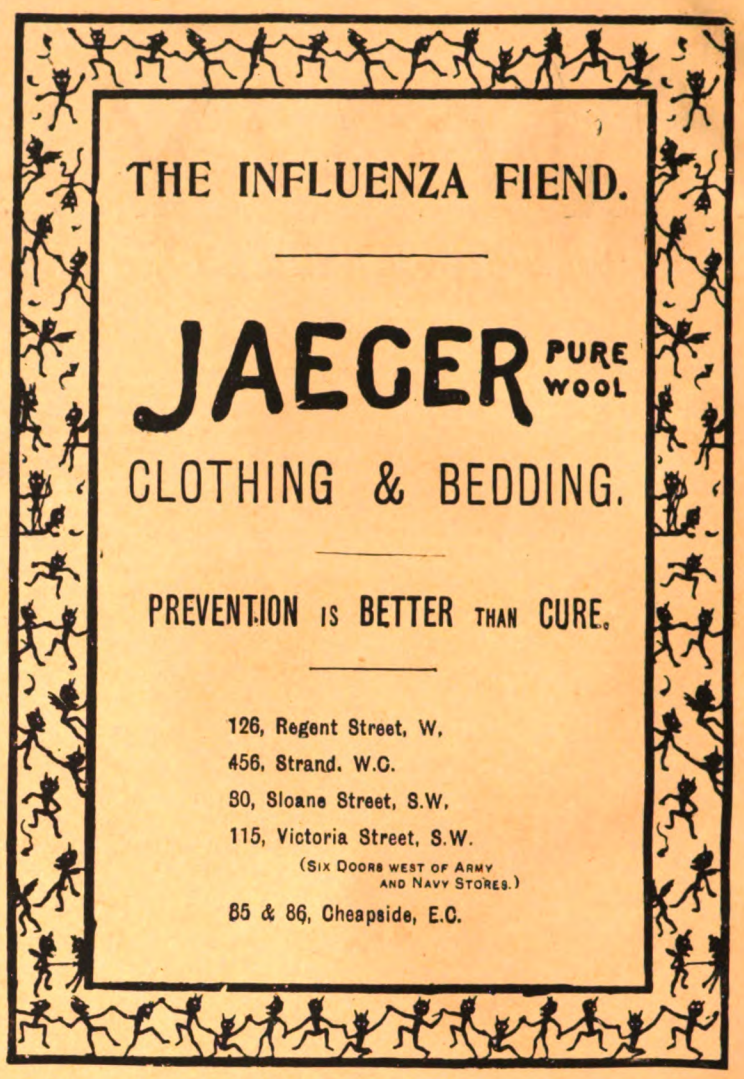
Large Trial Bottle
1/10
POST FREE.
Available for one month from date of issue

N. & A. MARCH, 1901.



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DIEU ET MON DROIT

NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Weekly, Price Sixpence.
EDITED BY COMMANDER CHAS. N. ROBINSON, R.N.
(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette.")
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

Vol. XII.—No. 216. Saturday, March 23rd, 1901.

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"Navy and Army" Entertainment Guide.

THE THEATRES.

ADELPHI.
Closed.

APOLLO.
8.15 p.m. "The Belle of Bohemia." Matinees Saturdays at 2.15 p.m.

AVENUE.
8 p.m. "A Previous Engagement." 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars." Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.

COMEDY.
Season of German Plays, and Mr. F. H. Benson's Co.

COURT.
8.15 p.m. "Sweet Prue." 8.45 p.m. "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." Matinees Wed. and Sat at 3 p.m.

COVENT GARDEN.
Closed.

CRITERION.
8.20 p.m. "Church and Stage." 9 p.m. "Mamma."

DALY'S.
8.15 p.m. "San Toy." Matinee every Sat. at 2.30 p.m.

DRURY LANE.
7.30 p.m. "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Matinees Wed., Thursday, and Sat. at 1.30 p.m.

DUKE OF YORK'S.
8 p.m. "The Yellow Peril." 8.45 p.m. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Matinee every Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

GAIETY.
8.15 p.m. "The Messenger Boy." Matinee Sat. at 2 p.m.

GARRICK.
8.15 p.m. "Peril." Matinees Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

GLOBE.
8.30 p.m. "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Matinees every Wednesday at 2.30 p.m.

GREAT QUEEN STREET.
Closed.

HAYMARKET.
8.30 p.m. "The Second in Command." Matinees every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

HER MAJESTY'S.
8.15 p.m. "Twelfth Night." Matinees every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 p.m.

LYCEUM.
Closed.

LYRIC.
8 p.m. "Florodora." Matinee every Sat. at 2.30 p.m.

OLYMPIC.
Closed.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.
Closed.

PRINCESS'S
Closed.

ROYALTY.
8.30 p.m. "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." Matinees every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p m.

ST. JAMES'S.
8.30 p.m. "The Awakening." Matinees every Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

SAVOY.
8.30 p.m. "Pretty Polly." 8.30 p.m. "Patience." Matinee every Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

SHAFTESBURY.
Closed.

STRAND.
8.15 p.m. "Punctured." 9 p.m. "In the Soup." Matinee every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.

TERRY'S.
Closed.

VAUDEVILLE.
2.30 p.m. "Alice in Wonderland," and Saturday evenings only at 8.30 p.m.

WYNDHAM'S.
8.30 p.m. "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Matinees every Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

SUBURBAN THEATRES.

The following theatres are run on the same lines as a provincial theatre, and are visited each week by a first-class touring company. Full particulars are usually advertised in the *Referee* on Sunday.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N.
BOROUGH, Stratford.
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N.
BRIXTON, S.W.
BROADWAY, New Cross.
CORONET, Notting Hill Gate.
CROWN, High Street, Peckham.
DALSTON, Dalston Junction.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.
GRAND, Fulham.
GRAND, Islington.
LYRIC, Hammersmith.
METROPOLE, Camberwell.
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E.
PAVILION, Mile End Road.
PRINCESS OF WALES'S, Kennington.
QUEEN'S OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End.
ROYAL, Stratford.
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham.
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction.
STANDARD, Bishopsgate.
SURREY, S.E.
TERRISS, Rotherhithe.
WEST LONDON.

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA.
7.50 p.m. Ballets, "The Gay City" and "The Handy Man," and Variety Entertainment.

CANTERBURY.
8 p.m. Variety Entertainment.

EMPIRE.
8 p.m. Ballet, "Sea Side," "The Phantom Guards," and Variety Entertainment.

LONDON PAVILION.
8 p.m. Variety Entertainment. Matinees every Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

METROPOLITAN.
7.30 p.m. Variety Entertainment.

OXFORD.
7.30 p.m. Variety Entertainment. Matinees Saturdays at 2.15 p.m.

PALACE THEATRE OF VARIETIES.
8 p.m. The American Biograph and Grand Variety Entertainment. Matinees Saturdays at 2 p.m.

PARAGON.
8 p.m. Variety Entertainment.

ROYAL.
7.30 p.m. Variety Entertainment. Matinees Saturdays at 2.30 p.m.

TIVOLI.
7.30 p.m. Variety Entertainment. Matinees every Saturday at 2.15 p.m.

OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
The Mohawk Minstrels. Twice daily, at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

CRYSTAL PALACE, Sydenham.
Open from 10 a.m. till 10.30 p.m.

EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.
Mr. Maskelyne's Entertainment and Conjuring Tricks. Twice daily, at 3 and 8 p.m.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Twice daily, at 2 and 8 p.m.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, Westminster.
Open daily from 10 a.m. Grand Variety Show 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.

POLYTECHNIQ REGENT STREET. "OUR NAVY." DAILY AT 3 p.m. WEST'S ANIMATED PHOTOGRAPHS. ALSO "OUR ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA." PRICES, 5s., 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

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And all these with an average of 30 pupils only.

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CEDAR COURT is one of the finest country houses in the kingdom, standing on 20 acres of land, reaching almost to Richmond Park, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. DOWNSHIRE HOUSE, on the adjoining estate, is another magnificent country residence, formerly the seat of the Marquis of Downshire. There are many grass tennis courts, as well as cricket and football grounds; there are stalls and boxes for 20 horses, and there is a tent-pegging ground. The Wimbledon Golf Links are within ten minutes' walk, whilst proximity to the river affords opportunity for boating.

It must, however, be distinctly understood that games are never under any conditions allowed to interfere with the work.

CEDAR COURT AND DOWNSHIRE HOUSE,
ROEHAMPTON, SURREY, for resident pupils.
Station—Barnes, S.W.R.

TOWN HOUSE for promotion candidates and day pupils),
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	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	South Africa
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. Hall	South Africa
	2.	L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. O. J. H. Ball	South Africa
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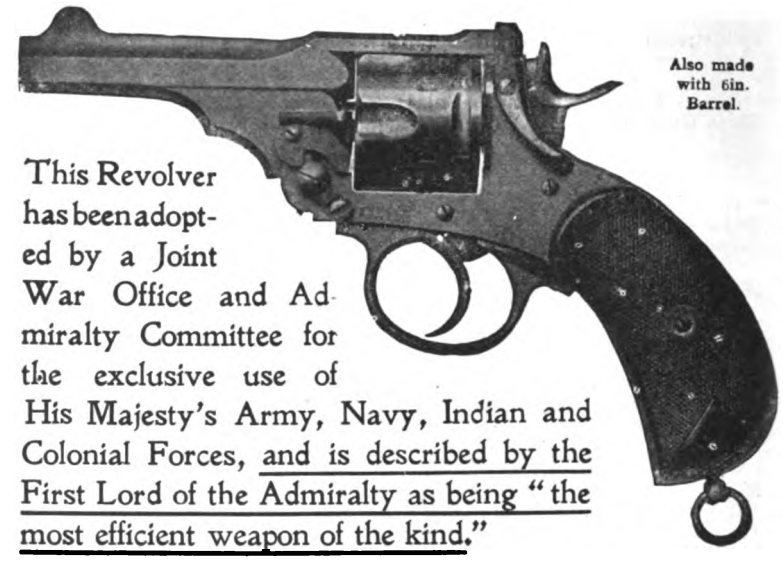

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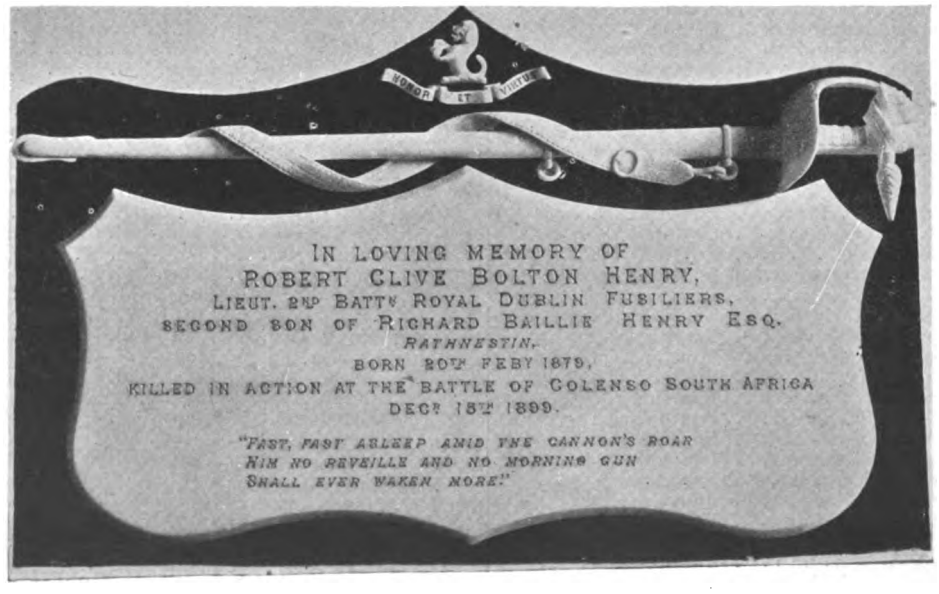

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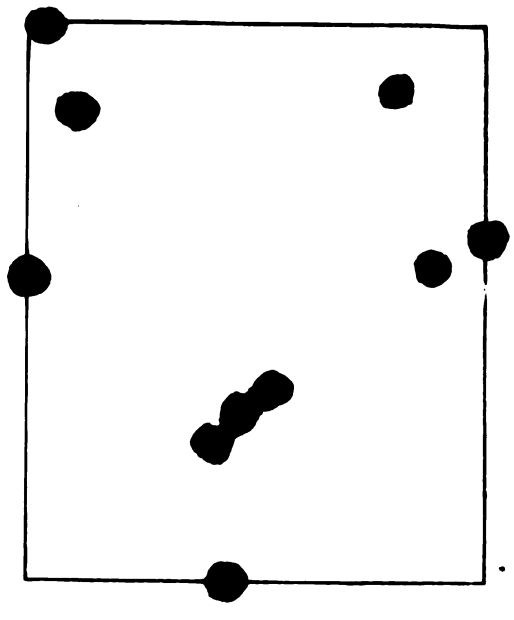
The "Navy and Army" Rifle Trials.

By G. T. Teasdale-Buckell.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

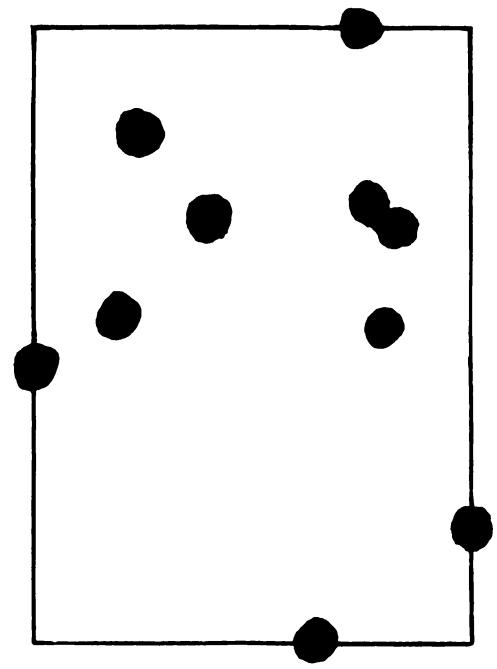
MARCH 6 repeated the wind of the week before, only on the later occasion there were snow and rain as well. The storm raged for an hour or two, so that no shooting was possible under the circumstances until the afternoon. It drove in the doorway of the tent with such force as to flood the wooden floor very quickly, and consequently everyone sought refuge in the more substantial buildings of the London Sporting Park. However, the rain cleared off in the afternoon and the sun came out for a few minutes, and in these scarce and short periods some very good targets were made by various shooters present, some of whom came from Scotland to compete. Again the heavier charges had a great deal the best of it, as nothing like good work was done by anything smaller than ·250. The real competition lay between rifles of that size and others up to ·320. I do not say that ·220 rifles cannot make good shooting at 100-yds.—they can—but they are heavily handicapped in bad weather, such as we have had. About the previous day's work I have said that there is room for improvement in cartridges, and on March 6 shooting amply confirmed this. One gentleman, for instance, had two consecutive miss-fires in one series of ten shots, and it was distinctly not the fault of the striker or of the rifle, for in each case the cap was struck fair and driven right into the case. Such very bad faults as these do not matter much except to the nerves of the shooter; but one cannot help wondering how it can be expected that minor faults such as spoil targets should be absent when large ones such as these are common. There was constant evidence of badly-loaded cartridges, which was most annoying. A beautiful group was very frequently ruined by one wild shot—a shot which generally showed a want of elevation and the too great effect of wind. This combination proved too little powder or too little cap charge. Another peculiarity I observed with some batches of cartridges was that the bullet had struck the target partially sideways, whereas the same rifle shot good groups with other ammunition, and shot each bullet in the orthodox manner.

On March 13 there was a great improvement in the weather, and with it we also had more good diagrams. Up to this day it looked as if American rifles and ammunition would carry all before them, but a batch of cartridges from Kynoch has rather altered the complexion of things, and in one case where it had been a question of which was worse—cartridge or rifle of English make—the Kynoch cordite loads settled the matter in favour of the rifle, which is as good as can be, and was only apparently bad because there was no ammunition sold with it by its maker good enough to make a diagram. As is well known, the American U. M. C. rifle cartridge has a great reputation amongst shooters and gunmakers,



·320 KYNOCH'S WINCHESTER CORDITE POWDER.
Exact size.

and it is deserved. The cartridge-makers who can compete with it are happy, and a riflemaker who builds miniature weapons for sizes not sold by the U. M. C. has hitherto run the risk of losing his reputation undeservedly. I have previously insisted on the importance of accuracy of rifle and regularity of ammunition in the learning of the rifle, and I cannot do more to drive this home than by describing what has happened in regard to one well-known make of rifle. I have notified gunmakers that no targets made by rifles entered by them, except winning targets, would be published. But that does not exclude the publication of such targets as have been made when rifles have not been engaged in competition, but have been used for the trial of various cartridges and different powders. One rifle which has been largely used for the trial of various makes of cartridges is a Greener sharpshooter; and so bad were the results from cartridges obtained



·310 KYNOCH'S CORDITE POWDER, GREENER'S SHARPSHOOTER.
Exact size.

from the makers of the rifle, who presumably ought to know what cartridge is best for a rifle of their own make, that I was on the point of discarding all further attempts to find a suitable cartridge for the weapon, being, as I have hinted above, in doubt whether the rifle was any good. Of course, a beginner would have doubted his own shooting and holding under such circumstances, but I am lucky enough to have two assistants who can trust their shooting under all circumstances; but with these advantages, I was unable to say whether the faults were in the rifle or in the cartridges. The latter were suspected, because Mr. Charles Greener had informed me that he had had a great deal of difficulty in getting what he desired, but as the rifle shot cordite powder all over the 12-in. target, and did not do anything very wonderful with black powder either, suspicion fell on the rifle itself; particularly as it was a heavier load than some of those American ones with which good targets were got constantly with other rifles. On March 13, however, a batch of Kynoch ammunition sent to me by the firm disposed of all doubt about the rifle at the first series of ten shots. Black powder had given us diagrams 5½-in. by 3½-in., cordite 5-in. by 4¾-in., which even on windy days is anything but fair shooting. The Kynoch loads brought these diagrams down to 3¼-in. by 2¼-in. at the first series of shots made by Mr. Dixon of the Kynoch Company, but, as I have already said, not in the competition. Their ·320 Winchester cordite ammunition shot from a Scotch rifle was equally regular, as shown by the first sighting target made with it, which is here reproduced. The position of the bull in respect to these shots is not material, and they do not serve to show in any way what results have been obtained in the competition. Both these targets were made by the use of open sights. Considering that, although the weather had greatly improved, there was a good deal of wind blowing across the range, there is every reason to be satisfied with this shooting. The English makers are evidently alive to the severity of the American competition, and do not mean to let them have it all their own way.

One of the objects of these trials is to discover the best nitro-powder for miniature rifles. It has not hitherto been generally believed that there was one equal to black powder; and it is getting some distance on the right road in proving the value of these Kynoch cordite powder cartridges and their superiority to black powder, as sold in the ordinary cartridges. Equally good results were obtained with other Kynoch cordite cartridges, and I hope to report on the work done by other nitro-powders very shortly.

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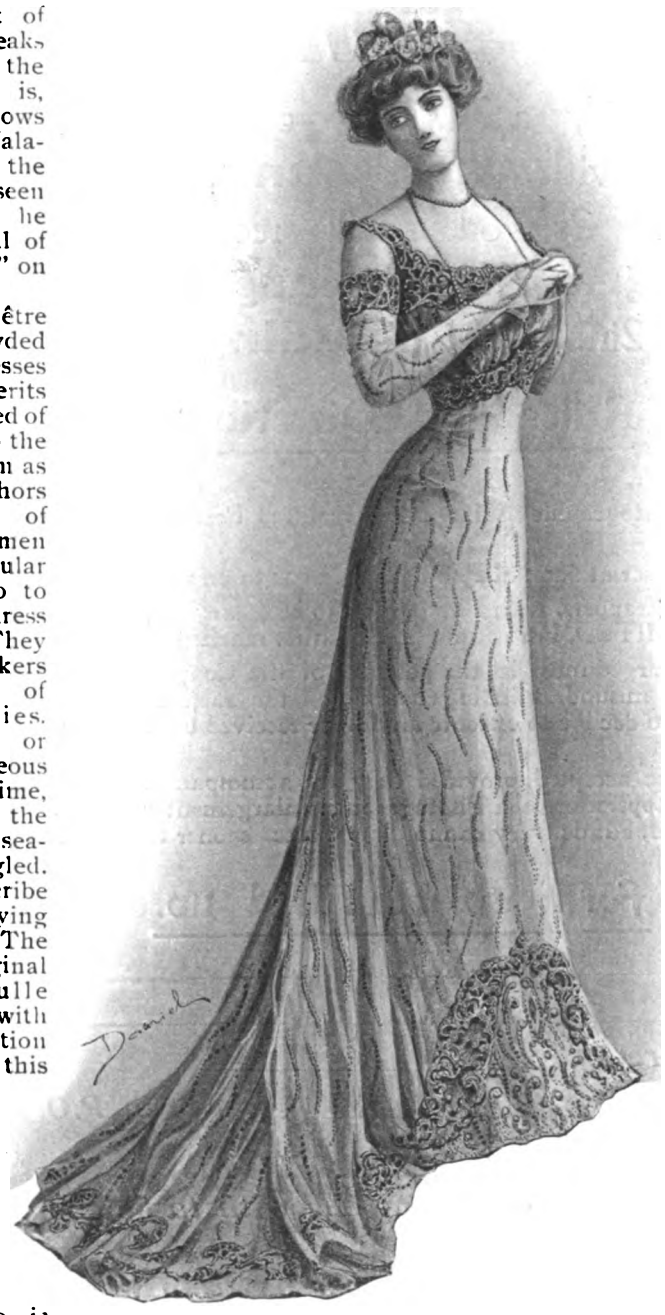
GOSSIP

PARIS, *March.*

MY DEAR CONSTANCE,—The craze for Modern Style, or Art Nouveau as it is called here, has not been of long duration, and M. Lavedan's play, "Les Medicis," which the Variétés brought out at so much expense, has given it its death-blow. Not even the clever acting of Jeanne Grenier, nor the remarkable toilette composed of a network of green silk interwoven with silver, embroidered with the head of a woman with Medusian hair, and the necessary accompaniment of reptiles and birds with long beaks and longer legs, could avert the downfall of the piece. It is, however, an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and M. Valabrègue, the witty author with the bored expression, is now seen occasionally to smile when he thinks of the proposed revival of his "Premier Mari de France" on this popular stage.

At the Athénée "Pour être Aimée" is played to crowded houses, more owing to the dresses in the second act than to the merits of the play. We are rather tired of being introduced constantly to the "half-world," but it would seem as if some of the modern authors only frequented this class of society, as their types of women are all drawn from this particular sphere. It is an error also to imagine that these women dress better than any others. They merely serve the big dressmakers for disposing of their stock of over-elaborate embroideries. There are perhaps twelve or fourteen dresses of most gorgeous design upon the stage at one time, but only two that can claim the merit of distinction. One is in sea-green, most artistically spangled. This, however, I need not describe in detail, as the accompanying sketch will explain it fully. The second dress is a most original combination of black tulle spangled and inserted with damask red muslin in imitation of roses. The effect of this is enhanced by the ingenious arrangement of mousseline de soie in pink and blue skirts, one above the other, beneath the dress of black tulle. The bodice is made with bands of jet upon tulle from the bust downwards, but at the neck the tulle is removed and the jet bands prettily arranged so that the flesh is plainly seen.



A DRESS IN SPANGLED CREPE.

The Auteuil Races have commenced, but the cream of Parisian Society is still in the South, and there is little to interest us as yet in the toilettes. I hear that at Cannes there are gay doings and that the tableaux vivants organised for the benefit of a charitable institution were an immense success. Cannes is the most cosmopolitan of little towns, and foreign Princes, Parisians, English, and Americans all helped in the good work. Munkacsy's well-known picture of Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters was represented by Mr. Hamon, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. March, and the Countess O'Brien; "Dante and Beatrice" by Mrs. Drouillard and Mr. March; "Sapho" by Mrs. Campbell and five Greek maidens; "Evensong" by Miss Van Hugel, Miss Lawrence, and Miss Vere-Vincent. Then followed four tableaux after paintings by Raphael and Laneret, and the "Empress Josephine at Malmaison" by the Countess Bernard de Pourtalès. Everything, I am told, went off beautifully, and the costumes were exact copies of the times.

There is very little to be told of spring fashions for the moment here in Paris. We are promised, however, bodices with small coat-tails, after the style of a riding habit, and tassles everywhere, pearls and diamonds dangling on evening robes, and silk and jet tassles on walking gowns. But of this I will tell you more anon, when things are a little more decided. At present the dressmakers are trying to content the representatives of the big shops from England and all parts of the Continent, and eccentric models are the order of the day. In another fortnight Parisians will be returning to the Capital, and I shall have something interesting to write to you.

A curious little scandal has just occurred in a family bearing an historical name. The old Count happening one day to stroll into the salerooms of the Hotel Drouot, to examine a collection of paintings that had belonged to a well-known art-collector who died recently, came, to his surprise, upon a beautiful portrait of his wife painted by a celebrated artist. When he questioned the Countess she appeared equally astonished, as she had, she said, never sat for her likeness. More puzzled than ever, the husband returned to the salerooms, and, following up the thread, succeeded in the course of the next few days in elucidating the mystery. And it was then that he discovered that the Countess, some twenty-five years ago, had had a *liaison* with the before-mentioned art-collector, at whose request the tell-tale portrait was painted. The "friendship" had lasted three years, and it was by his visit to the Hotel Drouot that the Count became aware of it. The lady is now about sixty, and the Count's friends rather blame him for making a scandal about an affair that happened a quarter of a century ago. Some say that it is his pride that influences him; but others smile, and declare that he is not sorry to have an opportunity of obtaining a divorce in order to place his coronet on a younger head.

Moral: Have your portrait returned with your letters. But the poor Countess never thought that the death of her former friend would be so doubly disastrous. Is it not a sad story?

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